

## TIME ENOUGH.

Two little squirrels out in the sun,  
One gathered nuts, the other had none.  
"Time enough yet," his constant refrain,  
"Summer is only just on the wane."

"Listen, my child, while I tell you his fate.  
He roused him at last, but he roused him  
too late;  
Down fell the snow from the pitiless  
cloud,  
And gave little squirrel a spotless white  
shroud."

Two little boys in a school-room were  
placed,  
One always perfect, the other disgraced;  
"Time enough yet for learning," he said;  
"I'll climb by-and-by from the foot to  
the head."

"Listen, my darling: Their locks have  
turned gray,  
One as a governor is sitting to-day;  
The other, a pauper, looks out of the door  
of the alms-house, and idles his days as  
of yore."

Two kinds of people we meet every day,  
One is at work, the other at play;  
Living uncared for, dying unknown—  
The busiest hive hath ever a drone.

Tell me, my child, if the squirrels have  
taught  
The lesson I long to impart to your  
thought;

Answer me this, and my story is done:  
Which of the two would you be, little  
one?

## WHAT A SMILE DID.

BY DR. NEWTON.

GERTRUDE WHITE, a sweet little girl  
about nine years old, lived in a little red  
brick house in our village.

She was a general favourite in Cherry-  
ville; but she had one trouble. Will Evans  
would tease her because she was slightly  
lame, calling her "Tow-Head" whenever  
they met. Then she would pout, and go  
home quite out of temper. One day she  
ran up to her mother in a state of great  
excitement:

"Mother, I can't bear this any longer!"  
she said: "Will Evans has called me 'Old  
Tow-Head' before all the girls."

"Will you please bring me the Bible  
from the table?" said the good mother.  
Gertrude silently obeyed.

"Now will my little daughter read to  
me the seventh verse of the fifty-third  
chapter of Isaiah?"

Slowly and softly the child read how  
the blessed Saviour was afflicted, oppressed,  
yet "opened not his mouth."

"Mother," she asked, "do you think  
they called Him names?"

And her eyes filled with tears as the  
sorrows of the Son of God were brought  
before her mind.

When Gertrude went to bed that night  
she asked God to help her to bear with  
meekness all her injuries and trials. He  
delights to have such petitions.

Not many days had passed before Ger-  
trude met Will Evans going to school, and  
remembering her prayer and the resolu-  
tion she had formed, she actually smiled  
at him.

This was such a mystery to Will that he  
was too much surprised to call after her,  
if, indeed, he felt any inclination; but he  
watched her till she had turned the corner,  
and then went to school in a very thought-  
ful mood.

Before another week passed they met  
again, and Will at once asked Gertrude's  
forgiveness for calling her names. Ger-  
trude was ready to forgive, and they soon  
became friends, Will saying:

"I used to like to see you get cross; but  
when you smiled I couldn't stand that."

Gertrude told Will of her mother's kind  
conversation that afternoon, and its effect  
upon her. Will did not reply; but his  
moistened eyes showed what he felt, and  
he said he never would call her names  
again.

## AN OLD DITTY EXPLAINED.

You all know the old "Sing a Song of  
Sixpence." Have you ever read what it  
meant?

The four-and-twenty blackbirds repre-  
sent twenty-four hours. The bottom of  
the pie is the world, the top crust is the  
sky that overarches it. The opening of  
the pie is day-dawn, when the birds began  
to sing, and surely such a sight is "a  
dainty dish to set before the king."

The King, who is represented as sitting  
in his parlour counting his money, is the  
sun, while the gold-pieces that slip through  
his fingers are golden sunshine. The  
queen, who sits in the dark kitchen, is the  
moon, and the honey with which she  
regales herself is the moonlight.

The industrious maid, who is in the  
garden at work before the king—the  
sun—has risen, is the day-dawn, and the  
clothes she hangs out are the clouds, while  
the bird which so tragically ends the song  
by "nipping off her nose" is the hour of  
sunset. So we have the whole day—in a pie.

## THE LITTLE HOUSEHOLDER.

"O, YES, I have all kinds of tenants,"  
said a kind-faced old gentleman, "but the  
one I like best is a child not more than ten  
years of age. A few years ago I got a  
chance to buy a piece of land over on the  
west side, and did so. I noticed that there  
was an old coop of a house on it, but I  
paid no attention to it. After awhile a  
man came to me and wanted to know if I  
would rent it to him.

"What do you want it for?" said I.

"To live in," he replied.

"Well," I said, "you can have it. Pay  
me what you think it worth to you."

"The first month he brought \$2, and the  
second month a little boy, who said he was  
the man's son, came with \$3. After that  
I saw the man once in a while, but in the  
course of time the boy paid the rent regu-  
larly, sometimes \$2 and sometimes \$3.  
One day I asked the boy what had become  
of his father.

"He's dead, sir," was the reply.

"Is that so?" said I. "How long since?"

"More'n a year," he answered.

"I took the money, but I made up my  
mind that I would go over and investigate,  
and the next day I drove over there. The  
old shed looked quite decent. I knocked  
at the door and a little girl let me in. I  
asked for her mother. She said she did  
not have any.

"Where is she?" said I.

"We don't know, sir. She went away  
after my father died, and we've never seen  
her since."

"Just then a little girl about three years  
old came in, and I learned that these three  
children had been keeping house together  
for a year and a half, the boy supporting  
his two little sisters by blacking boots and  
selling newspapers, and the elder girl  
managing the house and taking care of the  
baby. Well, I just had my daughter  
call on them and we kept an eye on  
them. I thought I wouldn't disturb  
them while they were getting along. The  
next time the boy came with the rent I  
talked with him a little, and then I said:  
'My boy, you are a hero. Keep on as you  
have begun and you will never be sorry.  
Keep your little sisters together and never  
leave them. Now look at this.'

"I showed him a ledger in which I had  
entered up all the money that he had paid  
me for rent, and I told him it was all his,  
with interest. 'You keep right on,' said I,  
'and I'll be your banker, and when this  
amount to a little more I'll see that you  
get a house somewhere of your own.' That  
is the kind of a tenant to have."