

RECEIPT FOR A HAPPY DAY.

Take a little dash of cold water,
A little leaven of prayer,
A little bit of sunshine gold,
Dissolved in morning air.
Add to your meal some merriment,
Add thought for kith and kin,
And then, as a prime ingredient,
A plenty of work throw in.
Flavour it all with essence of love
And a little dash of play;
Let a nice old book and a glance above
Complete the well spent day.

THE YOUNG HOUSEWIFE.

Most girls with any time to spare do not trouble their heads very much about mending their own clothes, much less any one else's; and any little girl who begins by being well occupied in her free time when she is young will grow up and become a really active and useful woman. Look at these busy fingers in our picture working away so hard, and knitting a nice pair of warm stockings for her little brother. How he will treasure them when the cold weather comes on, and how glad he must be to have so kind and thoughtful a sister.

A SCHOOL-BOY'S STORY.

John Tubbs was one day doing his sums, when little Sam Jones pushed against him, and down went the slate with a horrid clatter. "Take care of the pieces," said the boys, laughing. But Mr. Brill, the master, thought it no laughing matter, and, believing it to be John Tubbs' fault, told him that he should pay for the slate, and have his play stopped for a week.

John said nothing. He did not wish to get little Sam into trouble, so he bore the blame quietly. John's mother was by no means pleased at having to pay for the slate, as she was a poor woman, and had to provide for several other little Tubbses beside John.

"I tell you what it is, John," said she, "you must learn to be more careful. I will not give you any milk for your breakfast all the week, and by this I shall save money for the slate, which it is right you should pay for."

Poor John ate his bread with water instead of milk; but somehow he was not unhappy, for he felt that he had done a kindness to little Sam Jones, and the satis-

faction of having rendered a service to another always brings happiness.

A few days after, Mr. Jones came to the school and spoke to Mr. Brill about the matter; for little Sam had told his father and mother all about it. Sam was a timid boy, but he could not bear to see John Tubbs kept in for no fault, while the other boys were at play.

"What," said the master, "and has John Tubbs borne all the blame without saying a word? Come here, John."

"What's the matter now?" said John to himself. "Something else, I suppose. Well, never mind, so that poor little Sam Jones has got out of his little scrape."

"Now, boys," said Mr. Brill, "here's John Tubbs. Look at him." And the boys did



THE YOUNG HOUSEWIFE.

look at him as a criminal, and John looked very much like a criminal, and began to think that he must be a bad sort of fellow to be called up in this way by his master.

Then Mr. Brill, the master, told the boys all about the broken slate, that John did not break it, but bore all the blame to save Sam Jones from trouble, and had gone without his milk and play without a murmur. The good schoolmaster said that such conduct was above all praise: and when he was done speaking, the boys burst out into a cheer. Such a loud hurrah, it made the school walls ring again. Then they took John on their shoulders,

and carried him in triumph around the play-ground.

And what did John say to all this? He only said, "There, that'll do. If you don't mind, you'll throw a fellow down."

ONLY A LITTLE CHILD.

I'm only a little child,
But mamma said, one day,
The weakest hands may do some work,
And the youngest heart can pray.

And O, I am so glad
To know that this is true,
That God hath in his harvest-fields
Something that I can do.

Some little corner where
My youthful hands would glean,
So I may bring my golden sheaf
When the grain is gathered in.

I'm only a little child,
But Jesus died for me.
Lord, give me every day new grace
To work for love of thee.

A BIBLE IN A LOG CABIN.

It was a dark and stormy night. The missionary's horse was tired, and he was wet and weary. For some time he had looked in vain for a cheering light in the lonely woods. At length he saw a faint glimmer through the trees. But when he had fastened his horse, and gone into the cabin, he thought he had never seen so wretched a place—cold and dirty, and almost without furniture. In the corner of the room was a ragged bed, on which lay a little girl. The missionary saw that the little girl's face was pale, and her hands thin. She was ill and a great sufferer. She smiled with a smile that showed peace was in her heart, while her body was suffering with disease. From under her pillow peeped a little book. It was the New Testament. Some agent from the Bible Society had dropped it in that desolate place. The missionary asked the little girl—

"Can you read?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you understand it?"

"A great deal of it, sir. I see there how Jesus came into the world to save sinners. He said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God.' And when I think of that I am happy. And in the dark night when I lie here, and cannot sleep for pain, I think of my Saviour and heaven, and he seems to be saying, 'Suffer that little child to come up to me, and forbid her not.' I am soon going to be with him for ever."

Thus that gift brought peace to the heart of the poor little girl—that peace which Jesus promised to his disciples when he said, 'Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth, give I unto you.'