



AH, PETER!

BY S D

PETER! Why do you stand out there? Don't you know it is raining hard? Perhaps you think that basket keeps it off you. But it does not. The rain beats right through it, and your shirt will be soaked.

It comes on a slant and will wet your trousers too. And it does not help things at all for you to put your hands in your pockets, Peter, and look as if you did not care if you are wet.

What's the trouble?

Just this. Peter's mamma told him to go to the orchard for some apples. Peter liked to go. He liked to pick up the red and yellow fruit lying under the trees. He liked to watch for a squirrel which sometimes came peeping about. But just as he was half way there it began to rain, and mamma called him back.

"It won't rain hard," he said.

"Yes, it will. Come back, Peter."

Then Peter got out of sight of his mamma and sulked.

"I don't want to go in," he said to himself. "I'll wait till it stops. The basket will keep me dry."

But the rain did not stop. It poured down harder and harder. At last he went back to the house as wet as a little rat.

"I think you'll have to pay for this," said mamma, as she put dry clothes on him.

And she was right. Haven't you noticed that we always have to pay in some way for wrongdoing? For three days Peter was in bed, with a sore throat and headache and fever. He had plenty of time to think about it.

SEARCH thy friend for his virtues; thyself for thy faults.

### THE BEST NUTS.

ONE morning Harold called for Charlie, his friend, on his way to the kindergarten. And they stopped at what Harold called the hot peanut man's to spend Harold's nickel, which had been given him because that for a whole week he had not missed his lessons.

"I think peanuts are the best nuts in the world," said Charlie as they walked on, eating.

"Butternuts are good too," said Harold, "and walnuts." But I tell you what, Charlie, when I was at grandma's farm, last summer, and when we were playing all day, and came in tired, and hot, and thirsty, grandma made us wash our faces and sit down for a while, and then would bring out a glass of milk and a plate of doughnuts, and doughnuts are the very best of all."

"That's so," said Charlie, "especially if she gave you a great big plateful, hot."

"She always did," said Harold.

"And she never seemed to mind how many of them we ate, and always asked if they were good, or if we had enough; and there isn't a shell to 'em, and they're just as big and fat and good!"

"Just like a grandma themselves," said Charlie.

### ASKING.

"God is always at home, isn't he nurse?" questioned a curly-headed child one night, after the last kiss had been given.

"Of course he is," said nurse, astonished at the question.

"Oh, how nice! Always at home if we knock at the door; always there if we go to look; always ready to give us anything. Thank you, dear God." And the child turned to sleep, glad in her thoughts of the great heavenly Father's love. She was one of Christ's "little ones," and had just been asking for his care and blessing. Do you like to think of God's nearness; of his readiness to answer prayer; and of his willingness to save?

"Papa likes us to ask him for what we want," is a common enough saying among children. Do you know that your heavenly Father likes to be asked? Although his hands are full of gifts, and his heart overflows with love, yet "He waits to be gracious," and likes to hear the "voice of our cry." When you were a tiny baby, your mother waited so anxiously until you were old enough to tell her all you wanted; she felt such joy when your little feet ran to look for her, on your return from a long walk; she loved to hear you tap at her door early in the morning, and to open it, and see your fresh face lifted up for a morning kiss.

God loves you to "ask," to "seek" him, to "knock." The little broken prayers you lip, the tiny, trembling knock at heaven's

gate, the echo of childish feet in his sanctuary are so sweet, so precious to him.

God loves you. Treat him just as one believing in. Trust him. Take hold of his promises, and just give God credit for meaning every one of them.

### CHARLIE'S CONCLUSION—AN INCIDENT OF REAL LIFE

BY MRS. M. ELLA CORNELL

"I wish you would tell me, mamma," Said four-year-old Charlie, one day, "What makes grandpa's beard and moustache, And the hair on his head, so gray."

I answered with smile and with sigh, "When grandpa was younger, his hair Was glossy and brown as your own, His face bore no traces of care;

"But now he is gray-haired and old, Grows older each day and less strong; The gray on his head is a sign That he may not live very long."

The child said no more at the time, But turned, and with loitering feet He stepped to the window and gazed With thoughtfulness out on the street

Then suddenly startled us all By uttering loudly this cry— "Come, quickly! come, see an old horse That surely will very soon die.

"If people with gray on their heads On earth will not much longer stay, Then surely that horse will soon die, For see, he is all over gray!"

### GIVE YOUR VERY OWN

WE feel best if we give to the Lord something of our own, something that it has cost us an effort to get.

"Papa, please let me have an apple tree this season," said a little girl.

"Why, my daughter?"

"So that I can call it my very own and use the fruit as I wish."

"But how do you want to use it?"

"I want to pick up the fruit and sell it and make missionary money, which will then be truly of my own getting."

It would be well for boys and girls to have a chicken, a sheep, a tree, a patch of ground, or something of the kind, the income of which they every year could use for church work.

To find life full of good opportunity in the little kindnesses—daily, unrecorded acts—and to fulfil these in love, is an important part of the true blessedness of life that goes far toward writing it on our hearts, that "each day is the best day of the year."