

HOW BERT FOUND SOMETHING GOLDEN.

As Bert was walking along the street one day he picked up a piece of paper with these words printed on it in large letters: "Don't neglect a golden opportunity." Now Bert was a little fellow, and could not read very well, so he spelled it out: "D-o-n't n-e-g-l-e-c-t a g-o-l-d-e-n o-p-p-o-r-t-u-n-i-t-y."

"I wonder what that means. It must be made of gold," thought Bert. "O, no! If I could find one, I would not neglect to pick it up. Wonder how much it is worth, and what it looks like."

Just then an old gentleman passing by heard his last words, and said to him:

"What is it you so much wish to know?"

"What is a golden opportunity, and have you any?" asked the earnest little fellow.

"I have had a great many of them and lost them nearly all," sadly replied the man. "But keep your eyes open and your heart warm, and you will find them."

"Well, that is queer," said Bert. "I will keep my eyes open. But how am I to know one when I find it? Will it shine?"

"Your heart will tell you. Good-bye."

It was Bert's seventh birthday. His mother had given him seven bright five cent pieces, also a basket full of buns, cakes and rosy-cheeked apples. These were to eat on the way, as she had given him permission to visit his grandmother, who lived two miles in the country. As he walked along the dusty road he thought: "What is it like, a yellow butterfly or a piece of gold? I'll keep my eyes open, and who knows but I'll find one to-day?"

"Hallo, little girl, what is the matter; why do you cry?"

"I fell down and spilt all my milk, and Bessie won't have no breakfast, and she is sick."

"Well, why don't you give her yours?" asked Bert.

"There was only bread for me, and Bessie can't eat that."

Bert, after a moment's thought, took one of the bright nickels from his pocket and gave it to her, saying:

"There, stop crying; get enough milk for both of you; and here are some cakes, too. Now, don't tumble down again."

The bright happy look in the little girl's eyes made his heart feel warm. After awhile he sat down on a log to rest, as the day was warm. Hearing footsteps, he looked around

and saw standing near him, a pale woman with a baby in her arms.

"What are you doing here?" she asked. "Are you lost, or have you run away from home?"

"Neither," said Bert: "I am only resting." "I am tired, and wish that I might rest, but I can't, my baby cries all the time."

He gave the baby an apple to play with, and then he hurried on to his grandmother's. She was very glad to see him, and gave him a nice dinner. He then told her all that happened since he left home.

"And now, grandma, please tell me what an opportunity is, and if it is made of gold."

"My dear boy," said she, "an opportunity is a chance to do something that will benefit and make happier yourself or others, and whenever you do a good or kind thing for anyone, or help them by a smile or pleasant word, you have found and made your own a golden opportunity, and grandma feels sure that her boy Bert has done that this day."

Yes, Bert had, through the kindness of his little heart, or rather great heart, picked up the thing of gold, most precious. And the kinder and truer our hearts are, and the more we listen to the teachings of Him who is ever ready to help us, the more often we will think of and obey the words, "Don't neglect a golden opportunity."—*Exchange.*

"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

The summer sun shone broadly down over a lonely mountain in the north-west of Ireland. It burnt hotly on little Nancy O'Connor's dark, curly, hatless head, and on her bare, brown legs showing to the knee from under her red, patched frock, faded with winter rains and summer suns.

Behind Nancy, down below in a nook of the mountain, a blue curl of smoke rose from the crooked chimney of the little one-roomed cabin where she had lived alone with her grandmother all the seven years of her life. The roof was of turf sods—brown in winter, green in summer, where little patches of grass grew over it.

Nancy knew, as well as if she saw her, that Grannie was bending over the smouldering turf on the open hearth, watching the oaten-cake baking for tea.

Oatmeal porridge for breakfast, oaten-cake for tea. Only two meals, and no variety, excepting when Grannie made her way to the fishing village some miles off to see if the fishermen would buy her blue yarn stockings. Then perhaps she would bring home a dried herring or two, as well as the