

and became a full-grown, beautiful cat, with long silky hair and a great bushy tail; too fond of Elsie to think of scratching her, and perhaps too well fed and too well taught to take any very great interest in Mary's canary.—'Sunday Reading for the Young.'

Each Has a Work to do.

Each little star has its special ray,
Each little beam has its place in
the day,
Each little river drop impulse and
sway;
Feather and flower and songlet
help, too.
Each little child can some love
work find,
Each little hand and each little
mind;
All can be gentle, useful, and kind,
Though they are little, like me and
like you.
—Susan Coolidge.

What It Means.

A little girl was poring over her lesson leaf with a puzzled face. 'What does this mean, father?' she asked at last—"Give Me thine heart."

After a brief silence Mr. Gordon said: 'I will try and explain these words to you very soon, dear, meanwhile you have a purse, I think, have you not? Will you give it to me?'

Unhesitatingly the child produced a purse which contained just twopence halfpenny, a great treasure in her estimation.

A day or two after this incident Mr. Gordon called Margaret to him, and said, 'My dear, did you not give me your purse the other day?'

'Yes, father.'

'And why did you think I wanted it?'

'I think, perhaps,' said the little girl, smiling, 'that you meant to put something into it.'

'That is just what I have done,' said her father, laying his hand on her curly head. 'And does my little girl see that when God asks us to give our hearts into His keeping it is because He wants to put something into them? We are empty and poor, having nothing good of our own. Christ wants to make us happy, and holy, too, and He only can make us rich in good-

ness and in love and in all that is most precious and beautiful. We may always trust Him when He asks us to give up anything for Him; it is only that He may restore it to us enriched a thousandfold.'—'Young Soldier.'

The Gingham Nest.

'Mamma,' said Edie, coming in from school, 'our teacher wants each of us to bring her a piece of one of our school dresses to put into a quilt. Can't I give her a piece of this new gingham dress?'

'Yes, certainly,' said mamma; 'and I know of another place where some of your dress might be welcome. Some very little bits.'

'Where?'

'Mrs. Robin Redbreast is building a nest in the pine tree; and, if you take this handful of clippings and scatter them about under the tree, she may be glad to weave them in.'

Edie did so, and Mrs. Robin made good use of them. After the nest was done, Edie could look up and see the bits of red and blue, and she called it a 'gingham nest.'—Selected.

What the Bible Does.

'I don't see the use of reading the Bible,' said George, with a scowl; 'I like a reg'lar Indian story, with lots of fighting.'

'And I'd rather hear fairy stories,' said Kate.

Mamma was away for a whole month, and she had got George to promise that every night before going to bed he would read a few verses to Kate from the little Testament.

'All the same, the Bible is the best book,' said a voice from the other room.

'O, did you hear, papa?' cried George, turning red.

'To-morrow I'll explain to you why,' said papa, coming in for a good-night kiss.

The next day papa got out the globe from the schoolroom closet, where it had been put the day vacation began. Papa had some black chalk, and with it he marked parts of the countries.

'What makes you do that?' asked Kate.

'These are the lands where there

are no Bibles,' said papa; 'and the reason I mark them black is because the people's lives are dark and unhappy. Why, over here in China little girls used to cry because their feet were bound tightly to make them small; and in India it is sadness to be born a girl, for the women are treated so badly; and in many of these countries any one's life is hardly safe.'

'What does the Bible do?' asked George.

'It teaches people how to live good lives,' said papa; and he drew white marks through the black, to show where the Bible had been carried and the good it had done.

'Indian and fairy stories are all very well,' he said, 'but that is the best book.'—'The Little Pilgrim.'

The First Wrong Button.

'Dear me,' said little Janet, 'I buttoned just one button wrong, and that makes all the rest go wrong;' and she tugged and fretted as if the poor button were at fault for her trouble.

'Patience, patience, my dear,' said mamma. 'The next time look out for the first wrong button, then you'll keep all the rest right. And,' added mamma, 'look out for the first wrong deed of any kind; another and another is sure to follow.'

Janet remembered how one day, not long ago, she struck Baby Alice. That was the first wrong deed. Then she denied having done it. That was another. Then she was unhappy and cross all day because she had told a lie. What a long list of buttons fastened wrong just because the first one was wrong.—'The Picture World.'

For Tired Little Folks.

'Auntie, please tell me something nice to do. I'm tired of Sabbath. It's too late to go out, and it's too early for the lamp, and the wrong time for everything.'

'Well, let me see,' said auntie. 'Can you tell me of any one in the Bible whose name begins with A?'

'Yes; Adam.'

'I'll tell you a B,' said auntie; 'Benjamin. Now a C.'

'Cain.'

'Right,' said Aunt Sarah.

'Let me tell D,' said Joe, hearing our talk; 'Daniel.'

And so we went through all the letters of the alphabet, and before we thought of it we were called for supper, the house was lighted, and we had a fine time. Try it.—'Lessons for the Little Ones.'