

purpose for her and leave them, that she may glean them, and rebuke her not. So she gleaned in the field until even, and beat out that she had gleaned: and it was about an ephah of barley. And she took it up, and went into the city: and her mother-in-law saw what she had gleaned: and she brought forth and gave to her that she had reserved after she was sufficed. And Naomi said unto her daughter-in-law, Blessed be he of the Lord, who hath not left off his kindness to the living and to the dead. And Naomi said unto her, The man is near of kin unto us, one of our next kinsmen. And Ruth the Moabitess said, He said unto me also, Thou shalt keep fast by my young men, until they have ended all my harvest. And Naomi said unto Ruth her daughter-in-law, It is good, my daughter, that thou go out with his maidens, that they meet thee not in any other field. So she kept fast by the maidens of Boaz to glean unto the end of barley harvest and of wheat harvest; and dwelt with her mother-in-law.

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TORONTO, NOVEMBER 29, 1902.

PRAYING AND DOING.

"Bless the poor children who haven't got any beds to-night," prayed a little boy as he lay down on his nice, warm cot, on a cold, windy night.

As he arose from his knees his mother said: "You have just asked God to bless the poor children; what will you do to bless them?"

The boy thought for a moment. "Why, if I had a hundred cakes, enough for all the family, I would give them some."

"But you have no cakes. What then are you willing to do?"

"When I get money enough to buy all the things that I want, and have some over, I'll give them some."

"But you haven't enough money to buy all that you want, and perhaps never will have. What will you do to bless the poor now?"

"I'll give them some bread."

"You have no bread; the bread is mine."

"Then I could earn money and buy a loaf myself."

"Take things as they are now. You know what you have that is your own. What are you willing to give to help the poor?"

The boy thought again. "I'll give them half my money. I have seven pennies; I'll give them four. Wouldn't that be right?"—Selected.

A HAPPY THOUGHT.

"And where is Tina this morning?" asked father.

"You know she was up late last night. I let her sleep this morning," said mother.

"But she is not up late every evening, and she always dawdles in the morning. It must be stopped." Mother called Tramp, who was over in the corner. "Go and wake up Tina, Tramp," she said.

You see how Tramp placed his paws gently on Tina's side while he barked in her ear.

Tina waked slowly, dressed slowly, and went down-stairs very slowly—for she knew what her father would say.

He was reading the newspaper when Tina came into the dining-room. She sat down softly and ate her oatmeal.

"Tina," said her father from behind the paper.

"Yes, papa."

"What shall be done with a girl who begins each day by troubling her mother and father?" Tina hung her head.

"I want you to think it over. After this you must not leave your room in the morning—if you are late—until you are ready to say what your punishment shall be for the offence."

The next day Tina forgot about the new rule until she was just going to leave her room. Then she stopped and thought awhile. As she entered the dining-room her father looked at her and said, "Well?"

"I—guess—I musn't go out after school, 'cos I'm late," Tina answered.

"All right, don't forget," said her father.

The hours after school were very long and lonely. Mother had gone out, and even Tramp wasn't much fun.

There was a very sunshiny little face at the table when father came down the next morning.

"I thought I'd come early," said Tina.

"Why, what a happy thought!" said

her father. "Suppose you think it every day!"

And Tina thought it every day. The breakfasts were always happy and bright then, because no little girl brought trouble into them.—The Mayflower.

BUBBLES.

Blow, blowing, bubbles blowing!
You would almost think 'twas snowing.

Bubbles falling everywhere,
Lightly, whitely, through the air.

O, so big they seem and round,
But when they fall on the ground

Every one will burst and go
Vanishing away like snow.

Now the thing that puzzles me
Is where can those bubbles be?

For a moment they were here,
Growing, glowing bright and clear.

Then a puff of air, and, lo,
Flashing out my bubbles go;

And if you search far and near,
You won't find a speck—that's clear.

But pray tell me, if you know,
Where, O where, my bubbles go?

—Our Children.

NED'S FAST.

Ned—or Uncle Teddie, as he was frequently called—was a handsome Bismarck setter—brown coat, white shirt-front, and white gloves on his paws.

He and his young master had been out gunning, and on their return the master was called to attend to the unloading of some cars connected with his father's business. Close to the railroad was a woodpile, and on this he laid his gun, forgetting it.

For three days the dog never left the woodpile, not even to eat or drink, and whenever any member of the family would come out he would run and bark, and run back of the woodpile and caper around.

The young master remarked that poor old Teddie was acting so peculiarly that he was afraid he was going crazy or mad, and would have to be shot. At last a suggestion was made to go to the woodpile and see—maybe there was something there. The idea was ridiculed, but nevertheless he went, and the dog nearly went crazy for sure: and there on the woodpile was found the gun. This was the cause of his strange actions. The dog was petted, made much of, and fed sumptuously for his faithfulness.—E. Grey, in Pets and Animals.