

HOW TO MAKE UP.

Two little people who couldn't agree were having a tiff, and "were mad as could be,"

They looked at each other in silence awhile, till a sudden glad thought made one of them smile.

Said she, "Say, you ain't very mad, are you, Bessie?"

"Well—no—" said the other, "nor you, are you, Jessie?"

"Then let us make up," little Jessie suggested. "Well—you be the one to begin," Bess requested.

But that didn't suit. So the tiff lingered still,

While the small-sized disputants were claiming their will.

When—what do you think brought at last sunny weather?

Just this: they agreed to begin both together.

FRANK'S "NEIGHBOUR."

FRANK is a boy with a large heart. He gives away his balls and kites and tops, and says cheerfully, "Never mind; I don't care about it."

Frank's grandma once gave Frank three shillings to spend as he pleased. For some time he was very busy and thoughtful. Then he came home one day from school and said, "Mother, I know a boy that's ill almost all the time, and I know a place at the sea-shore where he can stay two weeks for nothing, if he can only get there, but his folks are awful poor, and can't get the money to send him. Hadn't I better give him my holiday money?" Of course Mrs. Morris was willing; and so poor Tommy Smith had a fortnight at the sea-shore, which did him great good, because a kind-hearted boy loved his neighbour as himself.

THE LITTLE DOG-DRIVER.

I AM going to tell you a very little story about a very little dog. It was a brown-and-white King Charles spaniel. One day as I was passing along the street, I saw him sitting on the back of a small brown-and-white pony, as good-looking as himself. The pony was attached to a cart, standing before the door of a house. The master came out and jumped into the cart, and when he had taken the reins, doggie said, "Bow-wow-wow" to his friend the pony, and away they all went. When the pony lapsed into a lazy trot, the dog's "bow-wow-wow," soon quickened his speed. He seemed to take all his frisky ways and his little sharp "bow-wows" in a good-natured way. I could see their master was proud of them both.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

"MUSTN'T go now, dears, it's too hot." That is what mother said when Carrie and Sue wanted to go down the street and play with Mabel.

Now, what do you believe these little girls did? They frowned and pouted and looked, oh, so cross! And Carrie said, "Why-y-y?" just like a little snarling dog, and Sue said, "Dee me! dee me!" and tried to look just as cross as Carrie did.

Dear mamma smiled brightly as ever, and said, "The east porch is shady and cool, and you can play there until the sun goes down."

A little later Robert, their big brother, came out and found them sitting there looking very cross and unhappy.

"Why, what's the matter?" he said. "Have you broken your dolls or has your rocking-horse run away?"

"No, just hot!" said Carrie, and "Just hot!" said Sue.

"Oh, is that all! Why, this is not so bad! Of course it would not be nice to be out in this sun, but we're pretty well off. Here, sit down by me, you little thunder-clouds, and look at this book I am reading."

Of course the "little thunder-clouds" couldn't help letting a little sunlight come into their faces as they sat down to look at the pictures. It was a book about India, and Robert told them how in the hot season all work has to be done very early before the sun is high. The schools are opened at six o'clock. The *punkahs*, or great fans, are kept swinging all day and all night, and the doors and windows have mats over them, which are kept wet all the time. Even then the little children of the missionaries grow pale and sick from the great heat.

Dear, kind Robert told them many more stories about the pictures they looked at. At last, when mother came to the door and said, "Now, dear ones, you may go to Mabel's if you walk on the shady side of the street," they were both surprised. They sprang up and kissed the dear, patient mother, and said, "Oh, mamma dear, we are so glad we don't live in the *punkah* country!" And Carrie said, "I believe even you could not be patient with us there. If we are as cross as this in our country when the sun is a little hot, how dreadful we would be in India!"

Then they both ran away as happy as birds. Mother looked after them smiling, and Robert forgot that he had ever called them thunder-clouds.

"THEY that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion."

JESUS INVITES US.

JESUS invites little children to come to him. You remember the beautiful invitation, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not. for of such is the kingdom of God. He also says, "Those that seek me early shall find me"

It will be easier for you to be a Christian now than it will be when you get to be a man or a woman. Jesus says to you to-day, "Come unto me." Won't you tell him, "I will come just now," and not only say it, but do it?

THE BABY.

No shoes to hide her tiny toes,
No stockings on her feet;
Her supple ankles white as snows
Of early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress of purest white,
Her double, dimpled chin;
Her rosy lips and bonny mouth,
With not one tooth between.

Her eyes, so like her mother's eyes,
Two gentle, liquid things;
Her face is like an angel's face—
We're glad she has no wings.

WHAT ONE LITTLE BOY THOUGHT OF IT.

A GENTLEMAN once met a little fellow seven years of age on his way to school. Stopping him for a moment, he said—

"Well, my little boy, what do you intend to be when you grow up?" He had asked this question a great many times before, and some boys told him they meant to be farmers, some merchants, some ministers. But what do you think was the answer of this little boy? Better than all of them. "I mean to be a man," he said. It matters very little whether he be a farmer or a merchant or a minister, if he be a true man he must be a good man.

"You remind me," says Mr. Short, "of the answer which a little fellow once gave to a gentleman."

WHAT HE WAS GOOD FOR.

What are you good for?" said a gentleman to a little boy.

"Good to make a man of," was the prompt, appropriate, and significant reply.

A bright boy that, Mr. Short. We have known some boys who thought it manly to smoke the stumps of old cigars, or to swear, or to be drunk. But though some men do these things, there is nothing manly in them, they are bad habits, all of them, and boys ought to set the men a better example.