



MAKING A GARDEN.

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MABEL and Fred are very busy. They have a garden of their own and have promised to keep it nicely hoed, raked and weeded. They both enjoy using the rake and the hoe, but the weeding they think rather hard work. But they are not sorry for the trouble they have taken when the bright flowers come up. Mabel and Fred are so very anxious to have their flowers grow well, because they are not going to keep them all for themselves. They are going to give a great many of them to their grandma, who is so old she can seldom go out, and some of them are to be sent to a little friend who is ill. As they work they are very happy thinking of all the kind things they will be able to do with their flowers. They are learning some lessons, too. They find that working and thinking for others makes one very happy. They see how much faster the weeds grow than the flowers and how carefully they have to watch their garden that they may pull up the weeds while they are very small. So they know what their mamma means when she tells them the little sins that come into the heart are just like the weeds in their garden. If they are not daily watched they will grow so fast they will spoil all the good things planted there.

THE AWFUL MAN AT THE KENNEL.

ROLAND STRONG started out one winter evening to put his dog in the kennel for the night, but came flying back with his eyes wide open with fright, and slammed the door shut and fastened it.

"What in the world is the matter?" asked sister Ethel.

"There's an awful fierce-looking man

out at the kennel. His eyes are so big, and he waved a gun at me. He's an awful man."

"Come, let's go and ask him what he wants," suggested Ethel.

With a howl of fear, Roland ran up to his room, bolted the door, undressed, dived in under the bed-clothes, and shook for an hour or two before he fell asleep.

The next morning at breakfast something about him seemed to amuse brother George and Ethel very much. Even papa and mamma smiled very strangely.

After breakfast, Ethel said: "Come, Roland, aren't you going to give Rover his breakfast?"

"I'm—I'm afraid that man—" But Ethel and George laughed so that he was ashamed to finish.

Ethel brought his cap and coat and led him out. When they were near the kennel, she pointed, and said: "There's your awful man, and the gun he waved at you."

It was only a snow image with a cane in its arm. George had made it early in the evening.

Roland was very much ashamed of his running from a snow man, but then, he was only six years old, and little boys can be forgiven for being afraid, when sometimes big men and women are so easily frightened at nothing.

THE FAGGOT GATHERER.

JAMES and Alice were looking over their scrap-album. This was not like other albums that I have seen, all pictures, or all stories or poems cut out and pasted in. It was not like any other I have ever seen. It was a large old account book, with lines ruled on each page. There were a great many pictures, and under each picture a story about the picture, or a description of it written entirely by the two children. They spent many happy rainy days and long winter evenings over their scrap book, and they were learning three very important things without knowing it: first, to learn all they could about things other people had seen or written about—that is, facts; and then to exercise their reasoning powers and imagination where they had not the facts to learn; and third, to express themselves well and accurately.

This evening they had a picture of a young faggot gatherer. It was James' turn to write. After much talking and consulting of books, he wrote:

"Faggots are bundles of small pieces of wood, twigs, or branches of trees used for fuel.

"Why do people gather such stuff to burn? Because they are too poor to buy wood. They cannot live in cities, because it would not pay men, nor even boys, to go far out where twigs and branches are plenty. And they could not bring enough to burn all winter, so these people must live in a wooded country where such fuel is easily found. They must live where

coal is dear and hard to get, and near railroads and in mountainous districts. I did wonder why they did not chop the trees, but Alice says they must live in countries where rich people own tracts of woodland, and the poor people not allowed to chop down a single tree. These rich people must be great lords of European countries, then—Germany, and other such monarchies. I am not am a Canadian."

LOVELINESS.

ONCE I knew a little girl,
Very plain;
You might try her hair to curl,
All in vain;
On her cheeks no tints of rose
Paled and blushed, or sought repair,
She was plain.

But the thoughts that through her
Came and went
As a recompense for pain,
Angels sent;
So full many a beautiful thing,
In her young soul blossoming,
Gave content.

Every thought was full of grace,
Pure and true;
And in time the homely face
Loveller grew,
With a heavenly radiance bright,
From the soul's reflected light
Shining through.

So I tell you, little child,
Plain or poor,
If your thoughts are undefiled,
You are sure
Of the loveliness of worth;
And this beauty not of earth
Will endure.

SOMETHING NICE TO DO

"AUNTIE, please tell me something to do. I'm tired of Sunday. It's too early to go out, it's too early for the lamp, and it's wrong time for everything."

"Well, let me see," said auntie. "you tell me anyone in the Bible name begins with A?"

"Yes; Adam."

"I'll tell you a B," said auntie: "Babes in the Wood."

"Cain."

"Right," said Aunt Sarah.

"Let me tell D," said Joe, hearing talk: "Daniel."

And so we went through all the of the alphabet; and before we knew of it we were called to supper, the table was lighted, and we had a fine time.

A MISSIONARY who lives in India he wears a kind of coat that he deems like, just because he can help more people by dressing in that way. Even in small ways we can please Jesus and help others, if we forget self and try to do things "for Jesus' sake."