

"MORNING STAR" DIALOGUE.

ONCE there was a little girl,
And what do you think she had?
A bright new ten-cent piece;
And I tell you she was glad.

Once there was a little dime,
And where did it find itself?
Dropped in the mission fund,
In the bank on the parlour shelf.

Once there was a mission fund,
And where do you think it went?
It helped to pay for a mission ship,
To the heathen to be sent.

The ship went bounding o'er the sea
Till it reached the lands afar;
And because it brought such light and joy,
They called it the "Morning Star."

Once there was a heathen child,
And what do you think said she?
"I thank the girl who gave her dime
To send this ship to me."

Once there was a little girl,
It might have been myself!
That put her dime in the mission fund,
In the bank on the parlour shelf.

OUR BABY.

I NEVER could see the use of babies. We have one at our house that belongs to mother, and she thinks everything of it. I can't see anything wonderful about it. All it can do is to cry and pull hair and kick. It hasn't half the sense of my dog, and can't even chase a cat. Mother and Sue wouldn't have a dog in the house, but they are always going on about the baby, and saying:—

"Isn't it perfectly sweet?"

The worst thing about a baby is, that you're expected to take care of him, and then you get scolded afterwards. Folks say:—

"Here, Jimmy, just hold the baby a minute, that's a good boy;" and then as soon as you have got it, they say, "Don't do that! Just look at him! That boy will kill the child! Hold it up straight, you good-for-nothing little wretch!"

It's pretty hard to do your best and then be scolded for it; but that is the way boys are treated. Perhaps when I'm big, folks will wish they had done differently. Last Saturday mother and Sue went out to make calls, and told me to stay at home and take care of the baby. There was a football-match on, but what did they care for that? They didn't want to go to it, so it made no difference whether I went to it or not.

They said they would be gone but a little

while, and if baby waked up I was to play with it, and keep it from crying, and "be sure and not let it swallow any pins." Of course, I had to do it. The baby was sound asleep when they went out, so I left it just a few minutes while I went to see if there was any cake in the pantry.

If I was a woman I wouldn't be so dreadfully suspicious as to keep everything locked up. When I got back upstairs again the baby was awake, and was howling as if he was full of pins. So I gave him the first thing that came handy to keep him quiet. It happened to be a bottle of polish, with a sponge on the end of a wire, that Sue used to black her boots, because girls are too lazy to use the regular blacking-brush.

The baby stopped crying as soon as I gave him the bottle, and I sat down to read a paper. The next time I looked at him he'd got out the sponge, and about half of his face was jet black. This was a nice fix, for I knew nothing could get the black off his face; and when mother came home she would say the baby was spoiled, and I had done it.

Now I think an all-black baby is ever so much more stylish than an all-white baby, and when I saw that the baby was partly black, I made up my mind that if I blacked it all over it would be worth more than it ever had been, and perhaps mother would be ever so much pleased. So I hurried up and gave it a good coat of black. You should see how that baby shined! The polish dried as soon as it was put on, and I had just time to get the baby dressed again when mother and Sue came in. I wouldn't lower myself to repeat their unkind language.

When you've been called a murdering little villain and an unnatural son it will rankle in your heart for ages. After what they said to me I didn't even seem to mind about father, but went upstairs with him almost as if I was going to church, or something that don't hurt much. The baby is beautiful and shiny, though the doctors say it will wear off in a few weeks. Nobody shows any gratitude for all the trouble I took, and I can tell you it isn't easy to black a baby without getting it into his eyes and hair. I sometimes think it is hardly worth while to live in this cold and unfeeling world.

"KEEP CLOSE TO ME."

"KEEP close to me and they cannot hurt us." That is what Charlie said to his little sister Jenny. They were going along the way and met a herd of cattle. They were both afraid; but Charlie thought if they

would just keep close together, the cattle would not hurt them. Charlie was right, for the herd passed on, and the children were safe. I want to tell my little readers of One who says, "Keep close to me, and nothing can hurt you." It is our dear Jesus who says that. Jesus is great and strong, and if we put our hand in his, and walk close by his side, nothing can ever hurt us. I wish all my little readers to keep close to Jesus.

BE IN TIME.

BE in time for every call;
If you can, be first of all;

Be in time.

If your teachers only find
You are never once behind,
But are like the dial, true,
They will always trust to you;

Be in time.

Never linger ere you start,
Set out with a willing heart;

Be in time.

In the morning up and on,
First to work, and soonest done;
This is how the goal's attained;
This is how the prize is gained;

Be in time.

Those who aim at something great
Never yet were found too late;

Be in time.

Life with all is but a school;
We must work by plan or rule,
Ever steady, earnest, true,
Whatsoever you may do,

Be in time.

Listen, then, to wisdom's call—
Knowledge now is free to all;

Be in time.

Youth must daily toil and strive,
Treasure for the future hive;
For the work they have to do,
Keep this motto still in view—

Be in time.

MAY'S GARDEN.

MAY had a little garden, and the weeds popped their green heads up before the good seed had time to sprout. She had to pull some out every day or they would have smothered her flowers.

May's heart is a little garden, and there is good seed planted in it, but she must watch every word and thought and act, for the naughty ones are like weeds, and will smother the good ones. She does not want to raise briars and nettles where sweet flowers can grow.