

## TAKE CARE.

Little children, you must seek  
Rather to be good than wise,  
For the thoughts you do not speak  
Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.

If you think that you can be  
Cross or cruel, and look fair,  
Let me tell you how to see  
You are quite mistaken there.

Go and stand before the glass,  
And some ugly thought contrive,  
And my word will come to pass  
Just as sure as you're alive.

What you have and what you lack,  
All the same as what you wear,  
You will see reflected back,  
So, my little folks, take care!

And not only in the glass  
Will your secrets come to view,  
All beholders as they pass,  
Will perceive and know them too.

Out of sight, my boys and girls,  
Every root of beauty starts;  
So think less about your curls,  
More about your minds and hearts.

Cherish what is good, and drive  
Evil thoughts and feelings far;  
For, as sure as you're alive,  
You will show for what you are.

—Alice Carey.

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## HOW HOWARD BOUGHT THE BABY.

Howard is a little boy, only six years of age, and lives with his papa and mamma in a village in the State of Michigan. One day he came running into the house, calling, "Mamma, mamma!" and seemed very much excited. His mamma asked him what he wanted.

"I do wish," said Howard, "we could buy Mrs. Lamb's baby. He puts his little arms around my neck, and hugs me so cute."

"Buy Mrs. Lamb's baby!" exclaimed the astonished mother.

"Why, yes," answered the little fellow, "I will take care of him all the time. We can buy his clothes, too; and you won't be bothered one bit."

"But," said Mamma, "Mrs. Lamb will charge more for her baby than we are able to pay."

"I know what we can do," said Howard "We can trade something for him."

Mamma laughed, and said: "I don't think of anything I can spare, unless it may be the basin of soft soap the soap man left here this morning. But, as Betty is doating on that for scouring the kitchen floor, you will have to ask her about it."

Away went Howard to the kitchen. "Take it along. Oh law! what a child!" said Betty, when Howard made known his wish.

In a few minutes Mrs. Lamb was surprised, on answering a knock at her back door to find there a small, red-faced boy, with a large basin of soap. "I've come to buy your baby and

all his clothes with this soap," said the little man.

As soon as Mrs. Lamb could speak for laughing, she said—

"Do you think I would be willing to part with my dear little baby for a basin of soap!"

"Oh, I do want him so much! Can't you trade him for something?"

"Well," answered Mrs. Lamb, "I might trade him for a big boy that I wouldn't be obliged to carry in my arms."

"Oh, goody good!" exclaimed the delighted boy. "I'll trade Fred for him, and send him right over when he comes home from school." Fred was Howard's brother.

"Take the soap home, and I will put the baby in his cab, and you may come back and get him," said Mrs. Lamb. Howard ran home and told his mother that he and Mrs. Lamb had made a trade, and that he would soon have a sweet little baby all his own.

In a short time Howard appeared at the front gate, looking very happy, indeed, and wheeling the baby carriage. "Mrs. Lamb says she will give the clothes when Fred comes. She wants time to pick 'em all up," he explained to his mother, who had been inquiring after the wardrobe. His mother told him that he had better amuse baby by wheeling the carriage about the lawn, and then returned to her sewing.

All went well for a time; but, by and by, the baby became tired and began to cry. Howard sang, turned somersaults, whistled and played all sorts of pranks, but to no avail. The baby only cried the louder. He then in despair called his mother; but his mother was too busy, and only reminded him of his promise. It was not long before Mrs. Lamb saw a tired and disgusted boy enter the gate with her baby screaming at the top of his voice.

"Mrs. Lamb," said Howard, "you needn't 'speat Fredy over. I don't want to keep this baby always. When I do want him, I'll borrow him."

A SEVERE TRIAL.—"I tried all the doctors in this locality for liver and kidney troubles (which I had for years) with no benefit. Four bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured me," says Lemuel Allan, Lisle, Ont.

## "I'LL PUT IT OFF."

Some little folks are apt to say,  
When asked their task to touch,  
"I'll put it off, at least to-day;  
It cannot matter much."

But time is always on the wing;  
You cannot stop its flight;  
Then do at once your little tasks;  
You'll happier be at night.

But little duties still put off,  
Will end in "Never done;"  
And "By and by is time enough"  
Has ruined many a one.

## AUNTY LISTENS.

"Where can those children be?" said Aunt May, as she finished her book, and rose up from her garden seat.

She had not missed them, at first; but soon, it was so quiet, that she knew the two little chatterboxes were gone.

She went towards the steps; and there she saw a pretty sight! Brother and sister sat on the top step, lovingly, side by side. Arty had a picture book on his lap, and was reading to Della. She had kitty in her arms, and was listening to the story which her brother read.

When they saw Aunt May, they said—"Oh, good! here's Aunt May!" "We wanted you to read to us," said Arty, "but we did not like to trouble you. So I tried to read to Della!"

Was that not nice? Those little ones were patient, and thoughtful for others, as all children ought to be. And so, Aunt May loved them, and was glad to do anything she could, to please them. She sat on the steps, in the shade, and told them a pretty story.

## ONLY A LITTLE HEATHEN.

She was a very wretched little heathen too, far up in Alaska. Her parents were dead, and no one loved her; all regarded her as a burden and wished she were out of the way. Her long soft hair was a tangled mat, her big dark eyes generally full of tears, her dark smooth skin was dirty, and on her half starved little body hung her sole garment, a ragged cotton frock. In this guise she strayed into Mrs. W.'s mission school and heard wonderful singing and wonderful things. She heard that most of the things she knew were bad and better unknown, that most of the things she did were bad and better not done, that there were many good things to do which she had no chance to do, that there was a heaven where she was never likely to go and a Saviour of whom she knew nothing. Among all the pupils the teacher's heart was fixed on this poor waif and longed to rescue her.

So the Indians gave the child to the teacher. The teacher took her home. She was a very happy little Indian now; but by and by there grew up in her child heart a great wish for an "American doll;" only a little doll, such as sells here for ten or fifteen cents, but costs more in Alaska. She began saving her pennies to buy a doll. One hot summer day she picked seven or eight quarts of berries, for which some one gave her ten cents. That afternoon at school the lesson was about Christ, who, though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor. This made the little girl think. Before she went to bed she came to her teacher with her beautiful ten cents. "Teacher, divide; Jesus half; me half." She would wait a little longer for her "American doll," and gave something to Jesus, "who loved us, and gave himself for us."

I am glad that when Christmas came this rescued heathen child got two little dolls on the Christmas tree. In six months, this little girl learned to speak English, to read the English Testament, to write her name, to sew pretty well, to do many kinds of house-work, to be tidy and pleasant mannered. Now her face is bright with smiles, she is clean, plump, and well clothed.

Whose pennies went to help this wonderful change, to send the missionary and give her means to rescue this one little heathen? For this is a true tale, every word of it.

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