

the point?" But mother shook her head and smiled.

'No, it was all my fault. Next time I'll plan something for him. And then, you know, he is so little, and he really wanted to help.'

Each Has a Work to Do.

Each little star has its special ray,
Each little beam has its place in
the day,

Each little river drop impulse and
sway;

Feather and flower and songlet
help, too.

Each little child can some love work
find,

Each little hand and each little
mind;

All can be gentle, useful and kind,
Though they are little, like me
and like you.

—Susan Coolidge.

A Story of Lights.

One night, when the sun had disappeared and birds had tucked their heads beneath their wings to rest, one of the night birds flew close to an electric light.

'Of what use are you?' asked the bird. 'You give so little light compared with the sun.'

'I do the best I can,' said the light. 'Think how dark this corner would be if I were not here! People walking and driving might run into one another, and someone might get hurt.'

'That's true,' said the bird, and away he flew. Then he came near a gas light, standing apart from houses and busy streets.

'Of what use are you?' asked the bird. 'You do not give as much light as the electric light.'

'I do the best I can,' said the light. 'Do you not see that steep bank just beyond? If I were not here, some one might fail to see it and fall.'

'That's true,' said the bird, and away he flew. Soon his sharp eyes spied a lamp in a window.

'Of what use are you?' asked the bird. 'You do not give even as much light as the gas light.'

'I do the best I can. I am in the window to throw light down the path, that Farmer Brown may see the way when he comes home. I do the best I can.'

'That's true,' said the bird, and away he flew.

But again his sharp eyes spied a light—a tiny candle light in a nursery window.

'Of what use are you?' asked the bird. 'Your light is so small. You do not give even as much light as a lamp.'

'I do the best I can,' said the candle, 'and I can easily be carried from room to room. Nurse uses me when she gives the children a drink of water at night or sees that they are snugly covered up in bed. I do the best I can.'

'That's true,' said the bird; and away he flew, thinking, as he saw the many lights here and there, little and great. 'All are helpers.' —'Kindergarten Review.'

Two Kinds of Comforters.

'To think I must stay here all this afternoon, and mother not at home with me! And it's such a fine day! And I wanted to go over to the corners to see the parade go by and I can't. Oh, dear!'

Bertie's voice was as doleful as his face, by which you will guess that it was very doleful indeed.

His brother James came in. Bertie looked forlornly at him.

'My head aches terribly,' he said.

'Well,' said James, 'I'm sorry you can't go with us over to the corners. But, of course, you know it's your own fault. Bertie gave a little grunt.

'It doesn't do any good to tell me that,' he said.

'But it's so. You went out after the rain, and got your feet soaking wet, and then kept on your wet shoes all the evening so mother wouldn't know. That's how you caught your bad cold. And you must see that your having to stay in is a punishment. But I'm sorry you have to stay in. I'll bring you some nuts, and I'll tell you all about it when I come back.'

Bertie turned in his chair with tears in his eyes as James went away. It was all so, but it did not help things at all to be told so. James had seemed to think it would.

The door opened again, and another face peeped in. It belonged to his little cousin, Elsie. Elsie was not much older than he was, but she was his favorite cousin.

'Do you feel very bad?' she said.

'Dread—ful,' said Bertie, trying hard not to cry before a girl.

'Too bad!! I knew you couldn't go way over to the corners, but I hoped you could come down by the creek with us and sail boats.'

'I can't go out of this room.'

'Well, I'll tell the girls—' She ran away so quickly that Bertie could not hear the rest she said.

He settled himself back in his seat, wondering how to get through the long afternoon. How dismal it was to be all alone! Tears came again, but he wiped them away quickly as he again heard the cheery voice at the door.

'I'm back. Shall I read to you, or can you paste pictures?'

'Oh, Elsie! Aren't you going with the girls?'

'No; I'm going to stay with you. Once I had to stay alone when I was sick, and I know what it is.'

It was so good to have her that he found himself able to paste pictures. Then she read to him until he fell asleep.

Don't you think Elsie's way was the best? She might have told her cousin, as James did, that it was his own fault, and then gone off to enjoy herself. But instead, she gave up her play and gave herself to help her cousin. That is Christ's own way.—'Sunbeam.'

The Runaway.

A little white cloud was sailing
high;

A little white cloud in the wide
blue sky.

She hurried along, nor dared to
stay;

This little white cloud was running
away.

The sun went down and the stars
came out;

The little cloud saw them all about,
And they frightened her so, the
shining train,

She cried herself into a shower of
rain.

—Harriot Brewer Sterling.

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