

THE SNAIL'S LESSON.

"O Mr. Snail," said wee Bessie,
"If I were no larger than you,
I don't know—I really don't, truly,
Know what in the world I could do!

"I couldn't run, climb, or play 'I spy,'
I couldn't give mother a kiss,
I couldn't be helpful to others—
Why, everything good I should miss!"

Then Mr. Snail said very softly,
"Perhaps it may seem rather queer,
But I have a lesson to teach folks—
To go slow, but sure—that's it, dear!"

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, APRIL 13, 1901.

THE TESTIMONY OF A LITTLE CHILD.

"O, my people!" cried the preacher stretching out his hands to the room full of stolid hearers, "awake! awake, ye that love the Lord! This is not a time for sleeping! What more can this tongue say to you? Awake! awake, O foolish, sleeping children!"

In the instant pause that followed the earnest call, patter, patter, patter—the sound of little bare feet up the church aisle. The Rev. John Easton saw who was running to him—his four-year-old daughter, escaped somehow from the guard of the home nest that warm summer night, clad only in her trailing, dainty "nighty."

Without a word the little one clambered up the steep pulpit steps, grasping her white gown in her two chubby fists. What to her were the amused, watching people, the solemn hour? To papa she had run—papa's safe arms she would reach.

John Easton was a perfectly natural man. Therefore he was not easily disturbed. He stood still now and waited.

The last step overcome, the baby dropped the folds of her gown and held up her chubby hands to be "taken."

"Here I is, papa preacher! Did you want Effel? I's awake!"

The clear little voice had no "naughty" tone in it and not one quiver of self-consciousness.

"Papa preacher" lifted the wee lass in his arms. His sermon was certainly closed for that time. Perhaps it was just as well. Despite the warmth of his own spirit it had been like preaching to stones.

"Now, Ethel," he said, in a voice entirely new to the audience, "you interrupted papa. Are you ready to help him?" The bright head nodded gravely.

"Then let me hear you say what you can of the 'many mansions' chapter. Speak loudly so our friends can hear."

The people were awake now.

One hand tucked away in papa's thick curls—for papa and Ethel were closely alike—the other held fast in the big palm where it loved to nestle, the sleep-flushed, dimpled, serious, lovely face turned to "our friends," Ethel began:

"Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in—"

the sweet voice faltered and then went bravely on, "believe also in the Good Shepherd. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you all about it. I go to prepare a place for you. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, and do not be afraid.' Shall I say my verses, too, papa preacher?"

"Yes, my darling."

"Jesus takes care of the children,
Keepeth them all through the night,
Angels watch over their slumbers,
Until the glad morning light.
Why do you not trust the Saviour?
Hark! he is calling for you!
He who takes care of the children
Cares for the big people too!"

Then a sweet-faced woman came hurriedly but softly up the pulpit steps and took "Effel" in her arms.

"Good-night, papa preacher! I'm sorry I interrupted. I won't do it any more, truly!"

When the church doors had closed behind mother and child the preacher looked earnestly over the faces before him. The coldness, the hardness, the indifference had fled. Just as if he had not been "interrupted" he said:

"My people:

"Why do you not trust the Saviour?
Hark! he is calling for you!
He who takes care of the children
Cares for the big people too!"

"Will you answer that call? Will you believe the testimony of a little child? Will you become as that little child, simple in trust and faith, sincere in love? 'Hark! he is calling for you,' that Good Shepherd who never yet led lamb or sheep astray. If it were not so, he 'would

have told you all about it.' Will you accept him now?"

And that night there were added unto the church invisible a host of rejoicing souls.—*The Michigan Christian Advocate.*

WHEN MABEL WAS ILL.

BY JOHN A. CAMPBELL.

When Mabel caught a severe cold she had to stay in her bed for a whole week. She was very quiet and good, however, because she did not wish to annoy her mother; and everybody brought her pictures and toys, and nice things to eat.

Still, the last few days were very dismal ones, with the rain pattering against the windows, and if it had not been for Aunt Belle, Mabel must have grown restless and very lonely in her pretty room.

One afternoon auntie came in with some coloured paper and two pairs of scissors. "You and I are going to make some dollies for another little sick girl," she explained; "not a rich girl with a nice little brass bed and all the pretty things you have, but a very poor one, and her name is Katie. Her arm is broken, and she has no mother to take care of her. She is in a big hospital, round the corner."

Mabel was interested now. She and Aunt Belle cut a large number of dollies—blue and white and red—and Mabel made a bear and a fox, and then had to write their names on them for fear that the other little girl would not know what they were meant to be. Then mother brought a pretty basket, and into this were put the paper things, and an orange and a glass of jelly and some white grapes; and that afternoon Aunt Belle carried it to the hospital and gave it to the little girl who had the broken arm.

Mabel declares that that afternoon was one of the nicest she ever spent, and I, for one, believe it.

WHAT A LITTLE BROOK DID.

One spring day Ruth and Rex went for a run in the fields. The sun was warm, and the grass was springing green everywhere, and full of violets. They went to the meadow spring, from which a brook ran down a little hill and across the meadow into the fields beyond.

"Let's run a race with the brook!" said Rex, and so, taking hold of hands, they started. It was so narrow that Rex ran on one side of the brook and Ruth on the other. By and by the brook grew wider, and they had to stretch their arms, and Ruth slipped into the water once or twice, and then they parted hands and ran by themselves. After a while Ruth stopped and looked troubled.

"I cannot get to you now," she said. "But I can get to you," said Rex, and he gave a great leap and—fell in the brook!

Mamma did not scold her wet children, but she said, "Children, the brook that parted you is like a little unloving feeling that comes between your hearts sometimes. You must keep on the same side, and never let each other go, or there will be trouble."

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