



A KISS THROUGH THE TELEPHONE.

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BY JOHN INRIE, TORONTO.

THE telephone,
In merry tone,
Rang "Tinkety, tinkety-tink!"
I put my ear
Close up to hear,
And what did I hear, do you think?

"Papa, hello!
'Tis me, you know!"
The voice of my own little miss,
"You went away
From home to-day,
And you never gave me a kiss!"

"It was a mistake,
I was not awake,
Before you went out of the house,
I thought that a kiss
Would not be amiss
If I gave it as sly as a mouse!"

"So here goes, papa,
And one from mamma,
And another when you can come home;
Just answer me this,
Is it nice to kiss
When you want, through the dear telefome?"

"Hello?" I replied,
With fatherly pride,
"I've got them, as snug as can be,
I'll give them all back,
With many a smack,
Whenever I come home to tea!"

TOM'S LESSON.

Go and get it! Go and get it, I say."
Poor little Dash crept close to his young master's feet, looking up into his face with earnest, pleading eyes, as if he would say: "Please, please don't! I cannot do what you want."

Tom was trying to make Dash swim after a stick which he had thrown into the river. Now, Dash was not a water-dog, having no more love for it than a cat, and foolish Tom was bent on making him love the water. He kicked the poor little animal away and repeated his order, then, angry that it was not obeyed, he seized him and threw him into the water. The dog was sorely frightened, but by hard struggling reached the bank, and crawled to his master's feet with a pitiful whine, wet, panting, and trembling. The cruel boy caught him up with rough words, and was just going to throw him in again, when a pair of strong arms seized him, and a man's voice said: "Here! Now we'll see how you like to swim."

It was Tom's turn to be frightened. He turned pale, trembled, and caught his breath, as the stranger lifted him in his strong arms as easily as he had poor Dash; he began to beg: "O sir, pray, pray don't! I cannot swim, indeed I cannot! Don't throw me into the water! I will never, never do so again!"

The man paused, but did not let go his hold.

"Neither can your dog swim," said he, "but you meant to make him do it, just to amuse yourself. Why can I not make you do it to amuse me? I am as much larger and stronger than you are larger and stronger than that poor, panting, trembling dog."

Tom still begged and promised, and the stranger released him, saying "Now, my boy, let me give you a kind word of advice. Never treat another, whether human being or dumb animal, as you would not like to be treated yourself. Never try to make anybody or any thing do what God, when he created it, did not make it to do, or to be. If you keep these rules, you will be a better, wiser, happier boy."

And Tom knew in his heart that the man was right, and the lesson, though it seemed severe, was given in kindness.—*The Children's Hour.*

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

HARRY and Grace are two lively little children, who find it hard to keep still. But they always sit very quietly while Grandma Brown reads Bible stories to them on Sunday afternoon.

They could tell you a great many Bible stories, though they are not yet large enough to read in the Bible for themselves. Harry is to have a Bible for his "very own" next birthday, and he is trying hard to learn so that by that time he can read his own book.

Here are some verses that grandma has taught them:—

"I am so glad that our Father in heaven
Tells of his love in the Book he has given.
Wonderful things in the Bible I see;
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.

"Though I forget him and wander away,
Still he doth love me wherever I stray,
Back to his dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me."

INDIAN GIRL'S LETTER.

THE following is a copy of part of a letter from a little Indian girl to her Sunday-school teacher. It shows what our Indian schools are doing for the children. The peculiar use of English words will be noticed:—

"DEAR FRIEND, I am very happy to inform a few words to you. I hope and trust that you are well. I was ever so sorry when you went away, especially in church, when I did not see you there, and at our class. I could not help from crying for you; but I trust the Lord will bless us all. We go to Sunday-school and church every Sunday. I try to be good. Please inform me soon as you can, for I am in anxiety to hear from you. I now send my love to you, and shake hands with you many times. Good-bye.—I am,

"MARTHA CAROLINE K—."