



HOW KATE HELPED HER FATHER.

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THERE was once a little girl living in the fresh green country, whose name was Kate. Kate's father was a farmer. He liked to have his little daughter with him while he was at work; for he knew the fresh air would do her good. She was glad to be waked early; for she was always ready to ride horseback, and liked, above all things, to help her father.

So she sprang up quickly, and found a bowl of nice bread and milk all ready for her breakfast. By that time her father came up, leading old Nell, who was all harnessed, and ready to be hitched on to the cultivator.

And now, for fear that you don't know what a cultivator is, I must tell you. It is a large three-cornered tool, shaped like an A. Under its frame it has big spreading teeth, which go tearing along between rows of corn or potatoes, heaping the earth around their roots. It has handles like a plow; but, as the person who holds them must be far from the horse, it is much easier for him if some one is riding and driving.

Now, this is the way in which Kate was to help her father. When they reached the field where the cultivator was, he hitched Nell to the traces, and left Kate to drive. She knew very well how to keep Nell's heavy feet off the hills of corn. But sometimes, while Kate was looking at the bobolinks, and listening to their songs, Nell would turn clumsily around, and down would go two or three of the little green hills. This made Kate more careful, and her father praised her for a famous little horse-woman.

Several times that morning she heard the notes of what her father called the planting-bird, singing, "Put in, put in! Cover up, cover up! Quick, quick, quick!"

In a few hours the field was cultivated; and her father said, "Now, would you like a canter home, Kate?"

"Of course I would, papa," answered Kate. Nell's pace was as easy as a cradle. They galloped on to the open door of the stable. Kate bobbed her head, and in they went, both tired, yet glad after their day's work.

A WRONG TURNING.

"I SHALL take my chance!"

The two boys had started at early morn to visit a distant village. They were cousins, and their homes lay in the same pleasant valley. At noon they had reached their destination. They were about to return immediately when their attention was attracted by a travelling circus, and in one way or another the time slipped by until the sun was rapidly declining. Then they hastened towards home.

"Let's try another road," said the elder lad. "It will be pleasanter than returning by the way we came."

His younger and wiser companion endeavoured to dissuade him, but he was obstinate, and declared that he knew the road perfectly. On they went; and now the sun had disappeared, night was creeping on quickly. Presently it got quite dark, and the boys halted, for the elder had to admit that they had lost their way. Before them the road branched off to the right and left.

"I shall take my chance!" said the foolish lad, and he went off to the left.

The other waited until a countryman passed, who informed him that the proper way was that to the right. He reached home in safety, while his companion was found next morning, exhausted and weary, lying under a haystack.

Two paths lie before us, dear children—the broad road that Christ tells us leads to destruction, and the narrow road to life eternal. Let us not say, "I will take my chance, and follow my own blind impulses," or take the road that seems pleasantest; but let us rather ask God to lead us, and to be our guide. The narrow path with Jesus is always the happiest path.

TWO SUNBEAMS.

STRAIGHT through a casement, open wide,
A sunbeam found its way,
And down upon a cottage floor
A shaft of brightness lay.

Sent from the gay, outer world,
A messenger apart,
It glorified the humble room,
And cheered the matron's heart.

It coaxed the little one from play,
And mocked, with true delight,
The vain attempts of baby hands
To grasp the lance of light.

"Catch if you can," it seems to say;
"I'd willing captive be,"
And danced before the wondering eyes
To the tune of baby's glee.

Bright shone the little golden head
As it flitted here and there,
As though the sun itself had lent
Of its shining store—a share.

And mother caught her darling up,
In the midst of his fruitless chase,
And showered kisses, warm and soft,
On the pretty baby face.

"You cannot catch the sunshine,
Tho' you followed the wide world thro';
You're mother's little sunbeam, dear,
And she has caught you, too!"

"Two sunbeams have I in my home;
Dark would it be, and drear,
Without the bright ray on the floor
And the bright face shining here!"

"God owns the sunlight, but he gave
This precious beam to mother.
Content am I to call *one* mine
And entertain the other."

Straight through the casement, open wide,
The sunbeam crept away,
And twilight shadows, stealing through,
Foretold the end of day.

The outer world in darkness lay,
But mother's heart is light,
For a golden head and a baby face
Kept home forever bright.

—Ella Randall.