



PUSSY'S ADVENTURES WITH THE BALL OF YARN.

SOME DAY.

BY EVA WILLIAMS MALONE.

I dropped a seed upon the snow,
Without a thought, a care;
I passed again, the snow was gone,
And lo! a flower was there!

I spoke a word of love and cheer,
To one from God astray;
A noble man, long after, said,
"You saved my soul one day."

Ah, tiny germ of deed or flower,
God only knows your worth!
For every snow must melt, some day,
And give the flower its birth!

THE SAME OLD TREE.

"Mamma," Joe cried, running in from school one morning, "you know the old elm Uncle Fred had cut down last summer, because he thought it was too near the house? Well, there is a new little tree growing in the very same place, and its leaves look just like the old ones."

"Oh, I'm so glad," cried mamma, "for I did love that elm. You know my father planted it the day I was born, and I was so sorry when it was cut down. I wonder who planted the new tree?"

Papa looked up from his paper.
"Let's go and see it," he said; "I've an idea it planted itself."

So they all three went to look, and there, sure enough, was a beautiful strong little elm tree growing bravely in the sunlight and holding up its green leaves, each one as beautiful as those that had grown on the old tree.

"Where did it come from?" asked Joe.
"It's the very same old tree, Joe, in a new form," his father answered. "The root of the old elm was hidden in the ground, and now it is sending up this little

tree, which may grow to be a much handsomer one than the other."

"This makes me think of something," said mamma, softly. "Long years ago was a country, and an enemy came and carried all the people away; and they thought they never would have a country any more, but God had sent them a story to comfort them. He said just as a tree would grow from an old root, so a new people would come from them, and a new country, and when it came it would be the happiest to live in that ever was."

"What would be so happy about it, mamma?" Joe asked.

"Oh, every one would be so kind and loving and gentle, for a wonderful King was to come, and even the animals would forget to be cross. I remember one thing was that wolves and lambs would live together, and fierce, wild leopards and little kids would go to sleep side by side, and a little child could lead them, and the earth would be full of the knowledge of the Lord."

"And did it ever come true, mamma?"

"Not yet, dear, but it is coming true some day when our dear Lord Jesus is King of all the earth, for it was his country the story told about."

FATHER'S TIME.

"My father," said the small boy to the woman who was calling on his mother, "knows what time it is without looking at his watch."

"What do you mean, Tommy?" asked the visitor.

"Oh, when I holler out and ask him what time it is in the morning, he always says, 'It's time to get up;' and when I ask him what time it is in the evening, he always says, 'Time to go to bed.'"

BEN'S BLACK DAY.

It was Ben Hardy's "black day." All the family knew it the moment he came to the breakfast table. There was that ugly frown, his mouth dropped, his eyes had no merry look in them as they so often had.

He had quarrelled with his brother John all the time they were dressing. John was an easy, good-natured boy and kept his temper very well. This only seemed to enrage Ben the more. He seized John's comb and threw it with all his might down on the marble hearth. It broke, and Ben looked scared, but he flung himself out of the room and banged the door. His sister Lucy was in the hall holding her doll. Ben tried to throw it on the floor, but Lucy saved it. Biddy, the waitress, had her share of Ben's temper. At last Ben's mother sent the boy upstairs to his room. Hours after, Ben crept downstairs to his mother.

"Mother," he said, "my temper gets worse all the time, and Biddy says"—here Ben sobbed—"that I'll be an awful bad man some day!"

Mother drew her little boy very close to her.

"It is a heavy burden on you, dear," she said, "and you never can bear it alone, but God has promised to help you if you ask him. But he has told us that we must do our part, too."

"Oh, I'll do most anything!" Ben said.

"He has said that if we confess our sins he will not only forgive us, but make our hearts clean. Now, I think that besides confessing to God, the least my boy can do is to confess to those he has treated so badly to-day."

Ben gave a great sigh. "Oh, I hoped it was being shut up—must I fess my sin to Biddy, too?" he asked.

His mother said, "What do you think Ben?"

A little later Ben came running in: "I feel lots better, mother; I fessed up to everybody." Then he came close to his mother: "And I asked God awful hard to help me," he said softly.

THE STOLEN CUSTARD.

In haste I bore the tidings:

"My darling, I'm afraid

Your pussy cat has stolen

The custard that you made."

I feared a burst of weeping,

But saw, with glad surprise,

A look of joyous rapture

Light up the childish eyes.

"Oh, auntie! I'm so flattered

To have dear Pussy feel

That I can make a custard

That's good enough to steal."