

which, if Carl could have understood, would have told him another reason why the brook made the woods so pleasant.

I think he did understand a little, for he said: "Ah, I see you are a good friend to the birds; but still I do not see why you are so very crooked."

The little brook laughed as it again ran directly across Carl's pathway. "Why," it said, "I like to go out of my way, to tell the truth: sometimes there is a poor little flower that looks sick and miserable—it only needs a drink of water to make it quite comfortable—so I just give a little turn, and there is the drink. Then, there is a young tree whose roots are thirsty: I know it will grow up to be a great, noble tree, if I give it a little help, and so over I go to that side. Then, as I go farther on, I come to a pasture, may be: I could run straight by it, of course, and get to the river more quickly; but those nice, big eyed cows look at me so longingly, that, before I know it, I have slipped under the bars, and, the next thing, the cows are standing in the water. And how they do enjoy it!"

"I shouldn't think you would enjoy it," said Carl. "I should think it would stir you up, and get you all muddy."

"Oh, but I do enjoy it," replied the brook. "I can get clear again; those things don't last long; and it is so nice to have everything love you, and to feel that you are helping where you can. It would be easier to be selfish, but I don't believe I should be half so happy; besides, you don't know how much I learn from all these little varieties."

"There you are again!" exclaimed Carl, as the brook made another sudden turn. "What did you do that for?"

"Just to get out of the way of that big tree. There is no use treading on its toes when a little, roundabout twist will keep the earth from washing away from the roots. You see, they are so big, and stretch out so far, that they need a firm hold of the earth. They must have plenty of water, but they do not want enough to do them harm." By this time Carl was quite tired, and he was getting hungry too; so he said: "Well, little brook, you are very good, and it is very pleasant here, but I must say good-bye and go home to dinner. I'll come to see you some other day."

"Good-bye," said the brook.

Carl walked away while the water chattered on. He could see the ferns shaking with laughter as the brook made some funny speech.

The little boy went slowly along, for he disliked to leave the woods. Pretty soon he saw a land-terrapin lying on its back. Some boys had turned it over, and the poor thing had to lie there, without being able to move.

Carl had often done just the same thing to other terrapins, but somehow this didn't seem funny to him, so he carefully turned the terrapin back again, and it stuck out its queer feet and poked out its funny head, making off as fast as it could.

After a while Carl came to the road again, and as he passed the cornfield he saw that the cow was still there. The sun was very hot—hotter than when Carl had passed that way before—but he climbed the fence, drove out the cow, and, at the other end, put up the bars, which some careless person had left down. Then he travelled along, wishing he were at home. The

singing little brook had taught him a lesson, however, and when he did finally enter the house, it was with so cheery and happy a little face, that his mother stooped down to kiss him; and as he ran out to bring his father a cool drink from the well, the tired man put his hand on the sunburnt head, with a pleasant smile that meant a great deal to Carl.

And so the little brook and the little boy are still making a great many turns; but they are both helpers; and if the weeds and the flowers, the birds and the trees, love the little brook, so is Carl loved by those lives which grow along his pathway.

Daisy's Honesty.

Daisy greeted her teacher with a smile, and was taking her place among the other pupils, when she made a noise with her chair, at which the teacher, thinking it was Jennie Goldsmith, who sat next to Daisy, said: "Jennie, you may write ten pages of history."

Daisy raised her hand for permission to speak, and the teacher answered in the affirmative.

"Miss Blanche," said she, "I think I should write those ten pages of history instead of Jennie."

"Why do you think so, Daisy?" asked the teacher.

"Because it was I that made a noise with my chair," she said, while a bright crimson suffused her cheeks.

The teacher smiled and said: "I am very glad, Daisy, that you are honest enough to stand up for the truth. I will excuse you this time, hoping that it will never occur again."

A Little Traveller.

A pale little lad in a west-bound train glanced wistfully toward a seat where a mother and her merry children were eating lunch. The tears gathered in his eyes, though he tried to keep them back. A passenger came and stood beside him.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"Have you no lunch?"

"Yes, I have a little left, and I'm not so awful hungry."

"What is it then? Tell me; perhaps I can help you."

"It's—it's so lonely, and there's such a lot of them over there, and—and they've got their mother."

The young man glanced at the black band on the boy's hat. "Ah," he said gently, "and you have lost yours."

"Yes, and I'm going to my uncle; but I've never seen him. A kind lady, the doctor's wife, who put up my lunch, hung this card to my neck. She told me to show it to the ladies on the car and they would be so kind

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Discharging a watery fluid, and the burning and itching would drive her nearly wild. Unless we incased her little hands she would tear patches of skin from her face and hands. We tried many doctors and many remedies and at last gave the case up as hopeless. But our daughter Cora tried Hood's Sarsaparilla, to cure a scrofulous lump near the left breast which caused her much pain and after taking 4 bottles it disappeared. Blanche, who is now eleven, had spent seven years of suffering, so I concluded to give her Hood's Sarsaparilla. She took 5 bottles and her face is smooth and soft as a baby's, the color of a rose petal. Her hands are soft and white, where four months ago they were blue and red and calloused nearly like leather. I cannot express my gratitude by pen or mouth. It seems a miracle and our friends are surprised." MRS. ANNA L. CLARK, 401 E. 4th St., Duluth, Minn.

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to me; but I didn't show it to anyone yet. You may read it if you like."

The young man raised the card and read the name and address of the boy. Below were the words:

"And whosoever shall give drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

The reader brushed his hand across his eyes and was silent for a moment. Then, "I'll come back very soon," he said, and made his way to the mother and her children.

And presently little George felt a pair of loving arms about him and a woman's voice, half sobbing, calling him a poor, dear little fellow, begged him to come with her to her children. And for the rest of that journey, at least, motherless Georgie had no lack of mothering.

Little Builders.

"Ye are God's builders," every one of you, children, and are building a temple, not of wood or of stone, but of your own characters. Did you think of this, dears? You know in the Bible it says, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God," and "if any one defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy." God wants the temple in which He dwells to be pure and holy, or He cannot abide there. Youth is the time to lay the foundation of this temple, and its corner-stone must be obedience, not only to parents, but teachers and all in authority over you, and to God. Then, with such a firm foundation, you can build with such stones as the following: Honesty, industry, love, patience, perseverance, truthfulness, temperance, wisdom, sobriety, and make the temple beautiful, fit for the Holy Spirit. But if you build with hatred, envy, malice, intemperance, disobedience, which are but "hay and stubble," you defile the temple, and God cannot dwell therein. With which are you building, children?

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