

in the big field. There was a strong breeze, and it pulled hard; but John held on tight. It soon pulled so hard it pulled him along. Down through the big field he went, almost running. There was a brook running across the field. The kite would not stop. What was he to do? He would not let go, and it took him right into the brook. His feet slipped on the stones, and splash! he went into the cold water. As he fell, the string slipped out of his fingers, and away sailed the kite. John picked himself up and ran back to the house, crying: 'O, grandpa! It is a naughty kite! It pulled me into the brook, and now it has run away.'—Primary Education.

What There's Time For.

Lots of time for lots of things,
Though it's said that time has wings.
There is always time to find
Ways of being sweet and kind;
There is always time to share
Smiles and goodness everywhere;
Time to send the frowns away,
Time a gentle word to say,
Time for helpfulness, and time
To assist the weak to climb,
Time to give a little flower,
Time for friendship, any hour.
But there is no time to spare
For unkindness anywhere.

—Frank Walcott Hutt.

Three and an Apple.

(By Sydney Dayre, in the 'Child's Hour'.)

Ted and Tom and Jack were walking along a road in the country when they saw an apple lying on the ground.

'O-o-o-o-o!' It was three long O's in one. There was a scramble as three small boys rolled over and over together.

'I'll have it,' said Ted.

'You shan't,' screamed Tom. 'I saw it first.'

'I've got it,' said Jack, as they picked themselves up from the scramble.

What an apple it was, so large and red and round.

'I say,' said Ted, 'it ought to be all of us-es.'

'Yes,' said Tom. 'You're going to cut it into three halves, aren't you, Jack?'

'No, indeed, I'm not,' said Jack. 'I got it and it's mine. Must 'a' fell out of that wagon that went by. I'm going to take it home and eat it all alone by myself. Biggest apple I ever saw in my life.'

He held it out to admire it. Ted gave a jump and snatched it. Tom sprang at him and knocked it out of his hand. With a big cry of anger Jack threw himself into the fight, and the three rolled over together.

The apple rolled, too. It rolled and rolled down a little hill. An old cow was walking quietly along a road which crossed the foot of the hill, stopping now and then to take a nip of clover.

And just as Ted and Tom and Jack were gathering themselves up that cow saw that apple. She opened her mouth,

made one mouthful of it, and that was the last of it.

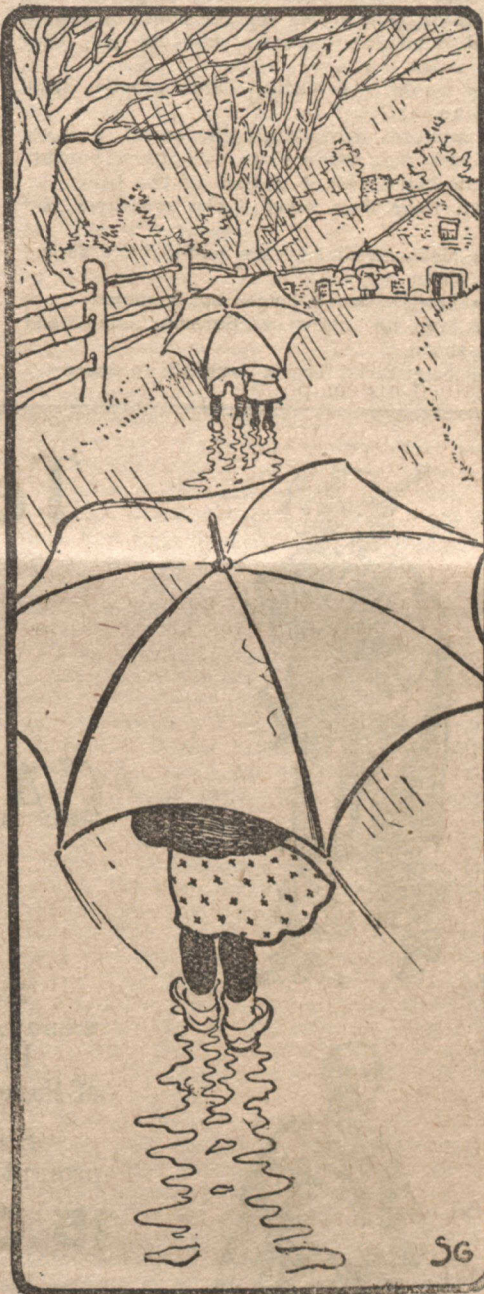
'I wish,' whimpered Jack, 'that we'd cut it into three halves.'

A Tale of a Green Umbrella.

(By M. I. Lombard, in the 'Children's Work'.)

I'll tell you a tale of a green umbrella,
A wee little dog, and his mistress Stella,
Who are all so brave that they go together
Out into the stormiest kind of weather.

Now do you suppose that this maid
named Stella,
Her dear little dog, and her green
umbrella,



—'Youth's Companion.'

Stay home from the Band because of the weather?

Why, no! Just as usual, they all go together.

'It may not be raining in China,' says Stella,

'So I'll go to the Band with my green umbrella;

'Twould be a great shame if the schools altogether

Should have to be closed on account of our weather.'

The Two Paths.

Up the hill (perhaps you know)
Always two long pathways go.
Something tells me that the one
Starting with the morning sun,
Smiling, cheery, wide-awake,
Is the one I'd better take.
Something tells me that the way
Starting with a cloudy day,
With the storm clouds in the air,
Is the path I'd best beware.
Little fears come rolling down
All the sorry Path of Frown.
But I think the Path of Smile
Well worth anybody's while.

—Frank Walcott Hutt.

Cinder and the Hat.

(By Bessie R. Hoover, in the 'Reformed Church Messenger'.)

As Cinder walked into the parlor on his way to the softest chair in the room, he was surprised to see a strange-looking object lying on the floor.

It was Dorothy's new leghorn hat, trimmed with pink rosebuds and white silk ribbon; but Cinder did not know just what to make of it, for he was only a kitten.

But the big hat with the pink rosebuds never moved from where it lay on the floor. Cinder came nearer and sniffed at the pretty buds and the green velvet leaves.

Then he started towards the big easy-chair. After all, the queer thing was not good to eat. But a breeze, coming through the open window, fluttered the white silk bows till they seemed to be alive. And Cinder pounced on the hat—may be it was made to play with.

He clawed the ribbons and worried the pink rosebuds, tearing them with his sharp teeth and chewing the rubber stems, while the poor buds nodded helplessly.

When the kitten tired of playing with the hat, he curled up like a gray ball in the crumpled crown and went to sleep.

'Sakes alive!' cried Aunt Elinor, as she came into the parlor, 'where did Cinder find this old hat?'

Dorothy was with her.

'Why, Aunt Elinor, it's my new leghorn hat. Oh, dear, oh, dear!'

'But how did Cinder get your hat, Dorothy?'

'I guess, Auntie, it must have been on the floor.'

'Didn't you hang up your hat?'

'N-o-o, I just came to the door and flung it in. I didn't suppose that anything could happen to it in the parlor. Can't you straighten it out, Aunt Elinor?'

'No; it can never be worn again; I shall put it in the rag-bag,' said Aunt Elinor, as she picked up the ruined hat. 'You, know, Dorothy, I have told you again and again not to throw your things about.'

'But I forgot to hang it up. I was in such a hurry to play,' answered the small girl.

'Well, this will be a good lesson; it will help you to remember.'

And that is the reason why little Dorothy had to wear her old brown sailor hat to the party the next afternoon.