

THE LAND OF NOWHERE.

Do you know where the summer blooms
all the year round,
Where there never is rain on a picnic
day,
Where the thornless rose in its beauty
grows,
And little boys never are called from
play?
Oh! hoy! it is far away,
In the wonderful land of Nowhere.

Could you like to live where nobody
scolds,
Where you never are told, "It is time
for bed;"
Where you learn without trying, and laugh
without crying,
Where snarls never pull when they
comb your head?
Then oh! hey! you must hie away
To the wonderful land of Nowhere.

How long you dwell where you never need
wait,
Where no one is punished or made to
cry,
Where a supper of cakes is not followed
by aches,
And little folks thrive on a diet of pic-
nics,
Then oh! hey! you must go, I say,
To the wonderful land of Nowhere.

How you must drift down the river of Idle
Dreams,
Close to the border of No-man's-Land:
Within a year and a day you must sail away,
And then you will come to an unknown
strand.
And oh! hey! if you get there—stay
In the wonderful land of Nowhere.

LITTLE LESSON FOR A LITTLE
GIRL.

BY DOROTHY KEYS PACA.

LITTLE Mabel Owens was sick. And
what was still worse, she had been sick
for some time, and was likely to be in
that same condition for many days to
come, which was "baddest" of all, Mabel
thought.

The trouble came about in the autumn
when Mabel went chestnut hunting and
fell from that tall tree that looked so
very easy to climb and wasn't easy at
all. Just as the daring adventurer reach-
ed out for a still higher branch, something
snapped and before she knew what was
happening she struck the ground with an
awful bump, and ever since, her knee had
been done up in a plaster case, and the
little girl had to lie in bed, with nothing
to do but amuse herself with her eyes and
fingers the best she could. Then, too,
Mabel's mother was poor, and obliged to
work to help in caring for the little ones,
so the invalid couldn't have refreshing
drinks and dainty food to help her on to
recovery, and many times her throat grew
pained, and her head feverish and
how she did long for some good things,

ice-cream, and lemonade, and just then her
eyes rested on some artificial peaches orna-
menting a white straw wall basket. "Oh!
how I would like some peaches!"

Mabel had asked her mother to hang
the basket in her room, for she thought
those peaches just the prettiest she had
ever seen. But now, the sight of them
only acted as a torment, for the longer
she looked at them the more she wanted
some real peaches, and those she knew she
couldn't have, for they were too poor to
buy fruit at that season, fruit that came
all the way from sunny California.

Still the longing was there, and turn her
eyes where she would, she only saw great
yellow peaches, and finally a lump seemed to
rise up in her throat, and two big, salt tears
splashed down on the pillow. And just
then a happy thought came to her.

"There," she said, "I'm ashamed of you,
Mabel Owens! I'll shut my eyes real tight
and just pray to the Lord to make me not
want those peaches."

Following that resolve, she held her
eyes shut with her fingers and said out
loud: "O Lord, please make me not to want
those peaches, even when my throat is
very dry, and please don't let me forget
that I prayed to you not to want them,"
which was a very queer prayer indeed; at
least so thought the doctor, as he stood in
the door and heard the words.

But, being a wise doctor, he didn't let
the little girl know he had overheard
her appeal, for he saw she was too feverish
and excited then for much talk, so he just
drew his own conclusions and decided that
this patient needed something besides
medicine.

After some cheerful talk and a few jokes
the doctor left, inwardly talking to him-
self as he drove off:—

"'Peaches,' she said. She wants peaches.
Hum! rather expensive desire, that! Well,
I suppose she ought to have them. The
Lord wouldn't put it in my heart to send
them to her if he didn't want her to have
them;" so, driving straight to a fruit
store, a basket of the longed-for fruit was
purchased and sent on its way to give
happiness to one little soul, while up above
one more unselfish act was recorded for
that good old doctor.

At first Mabel couldn't believe her eyes
when the pretty little basket of real
peaches was placed on the bed beside her.
And it was not until one was peeled, and
her hot throat felt the cooling fruit "just
sliding down," as she expressed it, that
the fact was realized,—she actually had
what she longed for—peaches.

"And to think, mamma," she said, "I
prayed the Lord not to let me want them,
because I thought I couldn't get them,
and here they come, just as though he
sent them; isn't it funny?"

"Not 'funny,' Mabel, dearie. It only
shows that we have a very loving Father,
who always finds a way to help us when
he sees we are trying to help ourselves."

LEARN to cultivate a cheerful temper.

"FOR ME"

LITTLE Carrie was a heathen child, about
ten years old, with black eyes, dark skin,
curly hair, and slight neat form. A little
while after she began to go to school, the
teacher noticed one day that little Carrie
did not look as happy as usual. "My
dear," she said, "why do you look so sad?"

"Because I am thinking."
"What are you thinking about?"
"Oh, teacher! I do not know whether
Jesus loves me or not."

"Carrie, did Jesus ever invite little chil-
dren to come to him?" The little girl
repeated the verse, "Suffer little children
to come unto me," which she had recently
learned at school.

"Well, who is that for!"
In an instant Carrie clapped her hands
and said, "It is not for you teacher, is it?
for you are not a child. No, it is for me'
for me!"

From that hour Carrie knew that Jesus
loved her; and she loved him back with
all her heart.

Now if the heathen children learn that
Jesus loves them and believe his kind
word as soon as they hear him, ought not
we, who hear so much about the dear
Saviour, to believe and love him too?
Every one of us ought to say, "It is for
me: it is for me!" and throw ourselves
into the arms of the loving Saviour.

POLLY'S ANSWER

MOLLY and Polly belonged to the same
Sunday-school and to the same Sunday-
school class.

"Do you think, children," asked the
teacher this morning, "that God has re-
membered to give us any blessings?"

"Yes'm," said Molly.
"Yes'm," said Polly.

"Well, when he has given us so many
nice things, what ought we to do?"

"We ought to be glad about them and
enjoy them," said Polly.

"We ought to thank him," said Molly,
giggling a little at Polly's queer answer.

Let me tell you something about Molly
and Polly. When it rains, Polly remem-
bers how bright it was last week, and what
good times they had, but Molly forgets
that it ever has been a bar weather. When
the sun shines, Molly thinks "it is so
awfully hot," but Polly likes to feel every-
thing grow." Molly does not see why she
has to study such long lessons. She wishes
she could play all the time, Polly says that
working hard beforehand makes recess all
the more fun when it comes.

Molly wishes she could have as many
playthings and parties as her next-door
neighbours; Polly says she wouldn't
change places with anybody in the world,
so many nice things are always happening
to her.

That Sunday morning when Molly
laughed at Polly's queer answer, the
teacher said she thought it was a good
one; she said she thought that being glad
over our blessings was one very nice way
to be thankful. What do you think!