

BE CAREFUL

BE careful what you sow, boys!
For seed will surely grow boys!
The dew will fall,
The rain will splash.
The clouds will darken,
And the sunshine flash
And the boy who sows good seed to-day
Shall reap the crop to-morrow

Be careful what you sow, girls!
For every seed will grow, girls!
Though it may fall
Where you cannot know,
Yet in summer and shade
It will surely grow;
And the girl who sows good seed to-day
Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, boys!
For the weeds will surely grow, boys!
If you plant bad seed
By the wayside high,
You must reap the harvest
By-and-bye;
And the boy who sows wild oats to-day
Must reap the wild oats to-morrow.

Then let us sow good seeds now!
And not the briars and weeds now!
That when the harvest
For us shall come,
We may have good sheaves
To carry home.
For the seed we sow in our lives to-day
Shall grow and bear fruit to-morrow.

THE WISE OLD WRAPPER.

Two little frocks hung side by side on the hooks. They were just as pretty as they could be. One was trimmed with lace, the other with velvet, and just because of this difference they quarrelled.

"I'm nicer than you are," said Blue Frock.

"I'm a brighter colour," said Pink Frock.

"No, you are not," said Blue Frock.

"Yes, I am," said Pink Frock.

"I stick out all round," said Blue Frock, who had the lace on it.

"But you are not half so smooth and nice as my velvet makes me," said Pink Frock.

"How silly you two children are," said an old silk wrapper, on the wardrobe door. "Have you ever heard my history?"

"No," said little Blue Frock and Pink Frock in one breath.

"Ah, a story has its uses," said the silk wrapper, in its strange, foreign voice. "Well, turn yourselves this way; you will hear better. To go very far back, I will tell you that I am made of silk, and silk is made by little worms, who feed on mulberry-leaves. They spin out silk threads—just as spiders do—to wrap themselves up in and go to sleep, so that they can become butterflies. But men and women take this silk, ravel it, wind it on spools, and weave it into yards and yards of beautiful stuff that they call many fine names, such as damask and satin and

velvet. So the little worm does not get much good of its spinning. I was made of a beautiful piece of silk into a wedding-gown for a Chinese lady. You know all about Chinese ladies."

"Oh, no, we don't," said the two Frocks quietly.

"Have you never heard of their strange ways? Well, I have not time to tell you so very much. They have one curious custom, though, which you ought to know. It is this: when Chinese baby-girls are very little, their feet are put into wooden shoes and bound down tightly, so that they cannot grow. As their bodies become larger the feet remain as small as ever; and when the child is a woman, no matter how large she is, her feet are as small as when she was a baby. This they think very elegant."

"Can they walk?" asked the two Frocks.

"No, they can only hobble, and it hurts them dreadfully."

"Oh, how wicked!" said both the Frocks.

"Yes, it is; but they are not the only people who do wrong."

The little Frocks looked ashamed.

"Please go on with your story," they said rather softly.

"I was made into a wedding-gown," said the wrapper. "I was pure white, with silver leaves all over me—very beautiful—and I was very anxious to see the bride who was to wear me, but I never did. A man came to the place where I was living, and said he wanted me for the French market. He paid a great price for me, and I was packed up and sent away. I can't tell you all I suffered in the dark hold of a vessel at sea, and the worst of it was some salt water got into the box where I was, and when they came to look at me they said I must be dyed. Now, I knew that meant something dreadful, and so it did; for I was put into a pot of horrid red stuff, and when I came out of it all my lovely silver leaves were gone. They said I was only fit for linings; but a lady bought me and said I would do well enough for a wrapper, and a wrapper I became. Now, since sooner or later we shall all reach the rag-bag, don't you think we ought to be humble and not think too much of ourselves?"

Both the little Frocks nodded till their buttons touched. This was the way they kissed each other. They never quarrelled after that, and they had the pleasure of knowing that the old wrapper would not go to the rag-bag in a long while, for some one had said it would cut up beautifully into squares for a quilt.

THE EDUCATED MOUSE

UNCLE Albert had just come from Australia, where he had been living a great many years. Susie had never seen him, but he had written her so many nice letters, and sent her and her mamma so many pretty presents, that Susie had learned to love him dearly, and was very happy because he had come.

When arrived, he was carrying a

large box covered with paper that had holes cut in it. Susie wondered what was in it. After supper, Uncle Albert said, "I have a hungry little friend in that box. May I bring him to the table and give him these crumbs?"

He uncovered the box, took out a pretty cage, opened the door, and out ran a white mouse.

"Come, Mus, dance for your supper," said Uncle Albert. "Susie, sit still, or you will frighten my little friend. He is a very well educated gentleman, as he will show you, if you keep quiet."

Mousie danced all over the table, and Susie just had to squeal a little bit with delight.

"Now be a soldier, Mus, and present arms," said Uncle Albert, handing the mouse a lead pencil. It did that, and a great many other things that Uncle Albert had taught it to do. Susie declared that it well deserved to be called the educated mouse.

Uncle Albert had taught Susie a lesson of kindness, though she did not at first think of it as such.

The educated mouse showed by its ways that the kindness of Uncle Albert had won its obedience to his word.

Susie was taught that very often little people may spoil their own pleasures and that of others, by not keeping quiet. These were some of the good lessons taught by the educated mouse.

DAISY AND JUDGE.

HARRY TURNER has two pretty little spaniels, Daisy and Judge. They have long ears and bushy tails. Daisy is very fond of music. She will lie on the rug in the parlor and listen to the piano, and when some part of the music pleases her more than another, she twitches her ears and moves nearer to the player. She seems to prefer sweet, soft music. Judge is very intelligent. He knows when it is time for Harry to come from school, and he will go to the front door and watch down the street until he sees Harry turn the corner, and then he runs down to meet him.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS

APRIL 29.

LESSON TOPIC.—Joseph Forgiving his Brethren.—Gen. 45. 1-15.

MEMORY VERSES, Gen. 45. 3-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.—If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him, and if he repent, forgive him.—Luke 17. 3.

MAY 6.

LESSON TOPIC.—Joseph's Last Days.—Gen. 50. 14-26.

MEMORY VERSES, Gen. 50. 24-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.—Prov. 4. 18.