



THE DOLL'S TEA PARTY.

FLORA and Ella are having a party for their dolls. Flora's doll is called Maria, and Ella's is Lucy. There they sit like two little ladies with their dolls in their arms. Flora says to Ella's doll, "Will you have some tea, Lucy?" and Ella answers for her, "Yes, if you please." Thus they talk, and have a good time. After awhile they will undress their dollies, and put them to bed.

Flora has a very pretty little doll's house, with tiny little chairs and tables in it, and a pretty little mantelpiece. Ella has no doll's house, for she is poor and cannot afford one, so Flora often asks her little friend over, and they play together, as you see them in the picture.

Last Christmas Flora's big bother made her a pretty set of furniture, with a scroll saw, for the doll's house, but they are nearly all broken now, for her little brother Fred got at the house one day and broke them. But the girls don't mind that, for Fred is only a baby and does not know any better.

THE SERPENT'S APPETITE.

It is an old Eastern fable that a certain king once suffered the evil one to kiss him on either shoulder. Immediately there sprung therefrom two serpents, who, furious with hunger, attacked the man, and strove to eat into his brain. The now terrified king endeavoured to tear them away and cast them from him, when he found to his horror that they had become part of himself.

Just so it is with every one who becomes a slave to his appetite. He may yield in what seems a very little thing at first; even when he finds himself attacked by the serpent that lurks in the glass he may fancy he can cast it off. But, alas! too soon he finds that the thirst for strong drink has become a part of himself. It would be almost as easy to cut off his hand. The poet Burns said that if a barrel

of rum were placed in one corner of a room, and a loaded cannon in another, pointing toward him, ready to be fired if he approached the barrel, he had no choice but to go for the rum.

The person who first tempts you to take a glass may appear very friendly. It was not a dart that Satan aimed at the fated king. He only gave him a kiss. But the serpents that sprung from it were just as deadly for all that.

Oh, be careful of letting this serpent of appetite get hold of you, for it will be a miracle of grace, indeed, if you are ever able again to shake it off.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

HE CARRIES THEM UP THE HILL.

SOME children had once been committing to memory the twenty-third Psalm,—that beautiful psalm in which David speaks of God as his shepherd. After they had learned their lesson, they went on talking about what Jesus, the Good Shepherd, does for his sheep and lambs.

"He guides them," said one of the children, "and feeds them, and drives away the bears and lions from them."

"Yes," said the smallest child among them; and "*He carries them up the hills.*" This is true; and it shows us how great the tenderness of Jesus is. I suppose this dear child was thinking of that sweet passage in which the prophet Isaiah, when speaking of Jesus, said: "*He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom*" (Isaiah xl 2).

SOME TREE-TOP BABIES IN INDIA.

"WHEN the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
And down will come hush-a-by baby and
all."

Always in the top of a tall cocoanut tree was a little cradle, and in it, cuddled up close together, were five little black babies. One day the big black mother went away for food, never thinking that anything could hurt her babies, so far above the ground and out of everybody's reach. But something *did* hurt them, and the mother never saw her babies again. The cocoanut tree was in the garden of little Rosie's home in Madras. When they built the new chapel, the tree was so near to the walls that the masons said it must be cut down. So one morning papa took his axe and went out to cut down the big tree. Rose stood on the veranda watching him.

After papa had cut for a long time, the men tied a rope round a tree, and pulled

and pulled until it fell with such a crash that it made Rose jump.

No one knew anything about the little black babies and their cradle until one of the Telugu women found them lying on the ground. She brought them to the "dora," as they called Rose's papa. He was very sorry that the poor little babies were killed, and I think the mother must have been very sorry too. I am sure she loved her babies, even though they were only five little black crows.—*LittleHelpers*

I BELONG TO JESUS.

I BELONG to Jesus. I must never go
In the way of sinners, well enough I know;
Wicked men shall be as chaff before the
wind;
They may boast of joys, but sad shall be
their end.

I belong to Jesus. I must never dare
Go where Satan spreads allurements bright
and fair,
Lest I fall a victim to the tempter's wiles,
To the voice of flattery, the deceiver's
smiles.

I belong to Jesus. I must never think
I can take the wine-cup even once to drink.
If I taste the poison I shall taste again,
And the deadly habit bind me like a chain.

I belong to Jesus. I must bravely flee
Every youthful folly, so I may be free,
Free to serve the Lord with earnest heart
and hand,
Listening to his counsel, following his com-
mand.

I belong to Jesus. I must serve him well,
For I would in heaven with him come to
dwell;
Others may the broad road choose and walk
therein,
As for me, I purpose heavenly joys to win.

CROWNING CHRIST.

A TEACHER described to her Sunday-school class of small boys the crown of thorns that was put on the brow of Christ in his mock trial. Shortly after one of the class was discovered twining a wreath of rare flowers. Being asked what he was doing, he replied, "Long ago Jesus wore a crown of thorns, and even died for me; and now I am making him a wreath to show how much I love him." The flowers we should put in the wreath for Christ's brow are love, faith, and obedience. He said, "If ye love me, keep my commandments."

TO-MORROW is not elastic enough in which to press the neglected duties of to-day.