

bundles for me for the next week. But you wouldn't have a minute out of school for play."

"I'll do it," said Sue, sturdily. And so she did. Fortunately there were no stormy days, but the wind was sharp and keen, and sometimes treated her very rudely. But she persevered, and at the end of the week she had earned four dollars. And the janitor's little girls had a Christmas dinner, and Christmas toys in their stockings, too.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 21, 1901.

WORDS OF LOVE AND TRUST.

"If the flood comes and catches us, it will only carry us up to heaven the quicker." A little Chinese boy, Chengsah, said this. He, with his mother and her two other children, was watching the waters rise, while the rain came down in torrents. In the country where they lived there is a rainy season, when day after day dreadful rains fall. Suddenly during these rains of 1893 came an alarm such as is sounded in the great cities when fire breaks out. The neighbours cried, "Save your children! The flood is coming! An embankment has broken!" But the mother and her children could only watch and wait, while everybody around them was screaming and crying, and the flood seemed just going to sweep them away. Then this little boy spoke these words of love and trust in his Heavenly Father.

Suppose some dear little child, known to any one of us, was in such danger, and a mother's heart was aching to see his fear, and to think of the angry water coming nearer and nearer. How glad she would be to know that he was not afraid, but

was just looking across the great flood to heaven. She would be brave, too, if she was not brave before.

The flood passed by, and did not carry his mother and her children away. They are alive, to tell how sweet it is to have a Heavenly Father very near when fear and danger come, and to have his home all ready to take us in when the flood carries us out of this life.

THE CANDY BUTTONS.

Grandma could not believe her eyes. She had herself sewed buttons on Margaret's and Dorothy's new clothes; and now here they were come to have their little waists and petticoats buttoned, and not a button to be seen. Grandma was sure they were good buttons, for she had taken them out of the package mamma brought home with a lot of Christmas shopping.

The little girls, with laughing faces, stood in front of her, holding up their little clothes from dropping down, watching her astonishment. Then Dorothy said: "I'm going to 'fess, grandma."

"And I will, too," said Margaret. "We ate the buttons, grandma!"

"Ate buttons! O Margaret! you'll die. When did you do it? Answer quickly!"

"O grandma, they were candy, and so good," and Margaret smacked her rosy lips. "Dorothy wetted her finger to rub a speck of black off of one, and it tasted sweet, and then we bit one, and it was just like yellow taffy, and we ate them all up before we thought, and our clothes fell down; and please won't you forgive us?"

Dear white-haired grandma laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks when mamma said she had bought the candy buttons for a Christmas joke, never dreaming grandma would be caught.

LINCOLN AND "THE LITTLE GIRL."

A lady, who was a little girl in Springfield, Ill., before the war, tells this pleasing story of Abraham Lincoln's kindness, in "McClure's Magazine." He was then a lawyer and member of Congress, but he was not too proud to carry a trunk on his shoulder through the streets.

"The very children knew him, for there was not one of them for whom he had not done some kind deed. My first impression of Mr. Lincoln was made by one of his kind deeds. I was going with a little friend for my first trip alone on the railroad cars. I had planned for it and dreamed of it for weeks.

"The day came, but as the hour of the train approached the hackman, through some neglect, failed to call for my trunk. As the minutes went on I realized, in a panic of grief, that I should miss the train. I was standing by the gate—my hat and

gloves on—sobbing as if my heart would break, when Mr. Lincoln came by.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked, and I poured out all my story.

"How big's the trunk? There's still time if it isn't too big," and he pushed through the gate.

"My mother and I took him up to my room, where my little old-fashioned trunk stood locked and tied.

"Oho!" he cried. "Wipe your eyes and come on quick!"

"And before I knew what he was going to do he had shouldered my trunk, was down stairs, and striding out of the yard. Down the street he went, as fast as his long legs could carry him, I trotting behind, drying my tears as I went. We reached the station in time. Mr. Lincoln put me on the train, kissed me good-bye, and told me to have a good time. It was just like him."

THE CRADLED KING.

Behold the Child of promise!

Behold the new-born King!

To-day his glorious advent

Let every creature sing.

Around his manger cradle

Adoring bend the knee;

For, though his birth is humble,

There's none so great as he.

He comes to lift the burden

From every soul oppressed;

To heal the broken-hearted,

And give the weary rest;

He comes the world to ransom,

And set its captives free;

He comes, the Lord anointed—

There's none so great as he.

BELONGED TO THE "FLYING SQUADRON."

"Stay and have a game of ball," the boys urged Harry as he came down the schoolhouse steps at four o'clock.

"I can't to-night, boys," he answered cheerily.

"You don't have to go home," insisted Jim Carter.

"No, I don't have to," admitted Harry. "yes, I do too," he hastily corrected.

"Mother say you must?"

"No; but you see I belong to the flying squadron at our house, and I have to be at my post, ready for anything. I may get orders at any minute, and it would be a disgrace to be off fooling around when I'm needed."

That is the kind of a boy we like to hear of; a kind, too, that it is always handy to have about.—*Our Young Folks*

Whenever you see two ways before you at any point in life, you may be sure one of them is wrong, and it ought not to be any trouble to decide which one to take.—*Youth's Advocate*.

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