

And when I ask, say 'if you please;
The tablecloth I must not spoil,
Nor with my food my fingers soil;
Must keep my seat when I have
done,
Nor round the table sport or run;
When told to rise, then I must put
My chair away with noiseless foot,
And lift my heart to God above
In praise for all His wondrous love.
—'Dominion Presbyterian.'

The Partners.

(Felix Leigh, in the London 'Daily News'.)

The Beetle kept a dewdrop stall,
But no one came to buy,
'It's very queer, indeed,' remarked
The big Bluebottle Fly.
'But just look here—your partner,
sir,
I'm willing to become;
With me to help, I think you'll find
That we shall make things hum!'

Between the Beetle and the Fly
Arrangements soon were made,
And presently the stall began
To do a famous trade.

'Oh, yes,' the Beetle now explains,
To friends who pass that way,
'Since Mr. Bottle joined the firm
We're "buzzy" all the day!'

Howard and the Policeman.

(Alice Church Brown, in 'Christian Register'.)

Howard is a little boy five years old. He has big blue eyes, which can look very innocent when he has been naughty. And he is not very fond of policemen; in fact, he is very much afraid of them.

One beautiful afternoon in Spring Howard's mother told his sister Dora to take him for a walk, so they both could get the air. As she had not told them where to go, Dora decided upon Wood Island, a sort of park in the outskirts of the city. On the way they met a friend of Dora's, Beth Hamilton, and, as she had nothing in particular to do, she consented to go with them.

The air was balmy, and, as the children walked along, they chatted merrily. The two girls could talk so much faster than Howard that the little fellow could not get in a word edgewise. So he did not enjoy the walk as much as the girls did.

On the way to the park the

children had to cross a railway track. When they reached this place, they found that an engine was puffing to and fro right where they wanted to cross. It was not until they were pretty well frightened and about fifteen minutes had passed that they at last got across.

'My! but wasn't that a narrow escape?' said Dora in a frightened voice.

'Oh, lots of worse things have happened,' replied her friend, trying to look unconcerned, although her face was rather white. 'Why,' said she, 'a girl came here once with me, and a man chased us all the way home.' Dora and Howard looked over their shoulders, half expecting to see a man running after them. Even when she saw no one following, Dora involuntarily quickened her pace, and they finally reached the park safe and sound.

In the park was a sort of outdoor gymnasium. Near this was an outbuilding and a place to get rubbers checked while one is skating.

When the children neared this part of the park, Dora said, 'Beth, do you know on which days the gym is open for girls?' But Beth's answer was cut short by Howard's frightened cry, 'Look, Dora, here comes a policeman!' and he got behind his sister. As she was rather thin, she was not very much protection to fat little Howard. But he clung to her skirts for dear life. As the policeman drew near, Howard poked his head under Dora's arm and gazed with fascinated terror at him. The policeman walked slowly past, totally unconscious of the sensation he was causing. Howard was very much surprised as well as relieved when the man passed out of sight without touching him.

After Dora and Beth had stopped laughing over Howard's fright, Beth said she did not know when the gym was open, but offered to enquire of the old woman who stayed in the outbuilding. She had been gone four or five minutes on this errand, and Howard was watching the sailboats in the harbor, when another policeman came up the path behind him. It was too late to dive behind his sister, so he shut his eyes in silent despair, when—'Hello! my little man!' said

a cheery voice. Howard opened his blue eyes wide: it was the policeman who had spoken. The big man chuckled the little man under the chin and walked on.

That was the end of Howard's fear of policemen. He walked on air for the rest of the day, for the policeman had called him a 'little man.'

A Laugh in Church.

She sat on the sliding cushion,
The dear, wee woman of four;
Her feet in their shiny slippers,
Hung dangling over the floor.
She meant to be good; she had
promised;
And so, with her big, brown
eyes,
She stared at the meeting-house
windows,
And counted the crawling flies.

She looked far up at the preacher,
But she thought of the honey
bees

Droning away at the blossoms
That whitened the cherry trees
She thought of a broken basket,
Where, curled in a dusky heap,
Three sleek, round puppies, with
fringing ears,
Lay snuggled and fast asleep.

Such soft, warm bodies to cuddle,
Such queer little hearts to beat,
Such swift, round tongues to kiss
with,

Such sprawling, cushiony feet;
She could feel, in her clasping
fingers,

The touch of the satiny skin,
And a cold, wet nose exploring
The dimples under her chin.

Then a sudden ripple of laughter
Ran over the parted lips,
So quick that she could not catch it
With her rosy finger tips.
The people whispered, 'Bless the
child!'

As each one waked from a nap,
But the dear wee woman hid her
face,
For shame in her mother's lap.
—Selected.

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