

this bit of wood into a boat, the gutter into an ocean, and himself into a Columbus seeking out the unexplored,—this instinct to be happy we envy. The French say, "If you haven't what you like, like what you have"; and Paul said, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

A much worried woman was one day shocked by her small daughter asking, "Has God ever told you a story?" But she accepted the reproof, when the little girl added, "Then, why don't you believe Him, when He promised He'd take care of us?"

A child's sense of justice is frequently a surprise. He may resist the lawgiver, and the kind of rule he is giving out, yet he respects good government. A little child who had had several months of spoiling at his grandparents, in the midst of his tantrum exclaimed, in tones of withering scorn, to those who were trying to pacify him, "*My father* wouldn't let me act like this!"

One of the most attractive features in a child is his courtesy. His bluntness may at times seem brutal, but it is never meant to hurt. When asked what made her consent to kiss a deformed and very repulsive looking woman, a little girl answered, "She might think she didn't look so dreadful, if I were not afraid to kiss her."

St. John, N.B.

Undressing

Sometimes, when father's out of town,
At bedtime mother brings my gown,

And says to me:

"The fireplace is warm and bright,
You may undress down here to-night,
Where I can see."

So then I sit upon the floor,
And mother closes every door,

Then in her chair

She rocks, and watches me undress,
And I go just as slow! I guess
She doesn't care.

And then I stand up in my gown,
And watch the flames go up and down,

As tall as me:

But soon I climb on mother's lap,
And listen to the fire snap,
So comfortably.

Then mother rocks and cuddles me
Close in her arms, where I can see

The coal shine red.

I don't feel sleepy, but some way,
When I wake up, then it's next day,
And I'm in bed.

—May Kelly, in *December Century*

What Were Her Two Names?

There was once a very kind, good woman who lived in a city in Jesus' country. This was some years after Jesus had gone back to heaven. The woman was very kind to poor people, and sewed a great many coats and other things for them. But one day this kind woman died, and every one in the city who knew her, felt very, very sad, especially the poor people.

Now, not far from this city lived a good man, who had been one of Jesus' disciples when He was on the earth. So, the friends of the woman sent for him to see if he could help them, as Jesus would have done. When the disciple came, he went into the room where the dead woman lay; and he prayed to Jesus to make her alive again. Then he spoke to the woman, and all at once she sat up. And so all her friends were very glad and believed in Jesus. This woman had two names. *What were they?*

Mother's Reminder

Phœbe was mama's Reminder. When there was a cake in the oven, she always remembered and called out, "Isn't it time to look at the cake, mama?" every little while. One day mama made golden cake for tea, and set it in the hot oven and shut the door. There was company coming, and it *must* bake just right.

"Phœbe," she said, "come and be my Reminder." Then she thought of the tea canister with only a stray tea leaf or two left in it. "O dear! No, you must run down to the store", she said, "and get some tea. Whatever shall I do for a Reminder?"

"I know!" Phœbe cried, after thinking hard a minute, "I'll get a—a—what are those things that begin with 'sub,' mama? Dick is one in college, when they play ball—don't you know he told us?"