



OUCH!

## THE HEART OF A CHILD.

How should the heart of a little girl be?  
As pure as the lily that blooms on the lea,  
As clear as the dews from the heavens that  
fall,  
As true as the mirror that hangs on the  
wall,  
As fresh as the fountain, as gay as the  
lark  
That thrills out in song twixt the day and  
the dark;  
As glad as the angels, when soaring they  
fly  
On the bright wings of love to their home  
in the sky.

OUCH!

Carlo has got more than he bargained for. He finds what comes of meddling with what does not belong to him. He has been trying a basket full of lobsters, and has got his toes pinched for his pains. I wonder if little folks ever do that sort of thing?

## TAKE CARE OF THE FOX.

"I am glad of one thing," exclaimed my little Helen, with a sigh of relief. She had been sitting very still for a good while, holding a picture book in her hand.

"Glad of what?" I asked.

"That I am not a hen," she answered.

"Not a hen! Why, darling, what do you mean?"

She brought me her book, and I saw at a glance what had disturbed her. She had been looking at the picture of a mother hen, frightened at the appearance of a fox.

"Poor thing! How scared she is!"

said the child, tenderly. "Will the fox eat her up?"

"Unless she can escape him," I answered.

"Oh, I'm glad that I'm not a hen, to be frightened or killed by a fox! It is so dreadful!"

"Maybe you are in as much danger as the hen," I said.

"Me? There are no foxes about here. Why do you say that, mamma? And, anyhow, a fox wouldn't hurt a little girl."

"I heard Mrs. Clare say something about foxes when she was here yesterday."

"What did she say, mamma?"

"She said, 'Take care of the little foxes.'"

"Oh, yes; I remember now. And I couldn't help wondering what she meant."

"She didn't, of course, mean live foxes that run about in the woods."

"I knew she didn't mean them. Are there any other kinds of foxes?"

"Yes."

"What kind? Where are they?"

"Inside of you."

"Oh, mother!" Helen exclaimed, a tremor of surprise in her voice. "Foxes inside of me?"

"Yes, my darling. And you are in as much danger from them as the hen you so pitied just now."

Her face wore a puzzled, half scared look. She thought a minute or two, and then said:

"Oh, I know what you mean. By foxes you mean naughty feelings."

"Yes. Foxes are cruel and cunning. They hurt and destroy. You know how cruel Herod was, and how the Lord called him 'that fox'?"

"His evil thoughts and wicked acts made him cruel and cunning as a fox."

And this same thing is happening now and every day. I have seen a great many people—children even—who appeared to me more like foxes than lambs, more like hawks than doves, they were so full of anger and cruelty towards each other.

"Ask the dear Saviour every day to keep your thoughts pure and right. Let Him control them."

## BERT'S PICTURES.

Bert was busy, with a bit of black crayon, drawing on the side of the shed.

"What are you doing, Bert?" asked his sister Hetty.

"Nothing much, only making pictures. I'd like to be an artist when I grow up. I'll draw a picture of you." With his crayon he drew a round face like a full moon, with the corners of the mouth drawn down.

"I never looked like that!"

"Yes, you did only yesterday, because you had to tend the baby when you wanted to go walking with Lucy Brown. You always look just so when anything goes wrong. You'd better be careful, else your mouth will grow so; you get cross so often."

That made Hetty angry. "I guess I ain't any crosser than you be! Who was it got shut up in the closet the other day for saying bad words? Who was it had to go without his supper the other night because he was so sick when he smoked a cigarette? Who—"

"Quit, Hetty! Please quit, and I'll never twit you for being cross any more," said Bert. "I'm just as ashamed of that cigarette as I can be, since I learned what they put in them—opium and arsenic and tobacco—and as for the bad words, I didn't know they were wrong. I heard some big boys use them; I didn't know what they meant."

"You know better now, don't you?"

"You'd better believe I do. I'll change your picture and make it look the way you do when you are pleased." A few strokes with the crayon made the mouth smiling, and put Hetty in good humour.

## HE TRUSTED HIS FATHER.

"Johnny, don't you think you've got more than you can carry now?" said Frank to his friend Johnny, who was standing with open arms to receive some bundles his father was giving him. "Never mind," said Johnny: "My father knows how much I can carry." He trusted his father. It takes us a long time to learn the lesson that Johnny had by heart. God is our kind loving Father who never lays a burden on us too great for us to bear. He will help us carry our burdens. He will surely help every girl and boy that asks Him, for He is the friend of young and old, of small and great. We should trust Him as Johnny trusted his father.