

THE LIGHT OF A SMILE

If it drizzles and pours,
Is that any reason
The weather indoors
Should be dull, like the season?
There is something makes bright
The cloudiest places.
Can you guess? 'Tis the light
Of the smiles on your faces

"AS A LITTLE CHILD."

There is an incident which took place during last Christmas between two of our infant-class children:—

Bertha—"Chrissy, what should you like to have best this Christmas?"

Chrissy—"A dolly."

Bertha—"So should I. I wonder what we'd better do?"

Chrissy—"My teacher says we ought to ask Jesus for everything we want."

Bertha—"Let's go and ask him."

Away trotted the two little mites upstairs, into their bedroom, and, kneeling down together, asked Jesus to send them a dolly.

On Christmas morning the children came down-stairs, full of excitement and wonder; and there, sure enough, lay two dollies. "Oh," said Bertha, "I wonder what we ought to do now?"

Again Chrissy came to the rescue. "Teacher says we ought to thank Jesus when he sends us what we want."

"Come on, then; let's go and thank him."

And off they ran, with their treasures clasped in their arms; and kneeling down in the very same place where they had sent up their petition, they thanked Jesus for sending them such nice-looking dollies.

What a lesson for some of us older children. We may not get "everything we want," but like the ten lepers how few of us "return" to thank him for what we do receive.

If, instead of always looking at our troubles, and thinking of our cares and worries, we were to watch his hand, and trace his goodness in all our lives, our mouths would be filled with praise continually.

WITTILY ACKNOWLEDGED.

A laughable little story is told of a woman on the witness stand in a French court. She was asked her age, and answered that she was thirty years old.

"But," said the magistrate, "did you not tell me you were thirty when you appeared before me two years ago?"

"I think it very likely," she replied, smilingly acknowledging her falsehood, and not at all abashed. "I am not one of those women who say one thing to-day and another thing to-morrow.

BEPPO, THE LITTLE ITALIAN.

You know there are men who make a business of sending children out to beg. When you remember that they teach the children to tell falsehoods to get people's pity, and that they are cruel to the children beside, it is dreadful indeed.

Beppo was a little Italian, who had been one of his "boss's" best beggars. He had a delicate, pathetic face, and when he told his story in soft tones, with appealing aid from his brown eyes, few could help giving to him. He always had the best supper in the tenement, for being such a good worker. His father and mother were dead and he had no home but the room in the tenement where his master lived.

One day Beppo stumbled into a mission school. He usually fought shy of such places, but this did not look like a mission. Growing plants were on the low window-shelves, and between the white curtains, Beppo saw a bright room, filled with ladies and gentlemen and children.



Thinking it a promising place to beg, Beppo tried the door. It opened and he went in. When he came out, his whole world had changed. He had learned that God hates lying.

Poor Beppo! He didn't know what else to do. He only knew, with his impulsive heart, that he could never lie again.

That night, for the first time, Beppo went supperless to bed. In the morning, when the master portioned their work to the children, Beppo refused to tell his tale. "What?" demanded the man.

Beppo, shrinking, repeated that no matter what happened, he could not do that wrong; he would tell no more lies.

It would take too long to tell how the man tried to control Beppo, and how the boy at last went to the good people at the mission school and told his trouble. They pitied the little fellow, and soon found for him a happy home and honest work.

Are you as determined as Beppo that nothing, not even a wicked little heart, can make you disobey God?

THE RHYME THEY LIKED TO TELL.

BY GRETA BRYAR.

"Tell me, mamma," asked Freddy, "which is the wind that brings the cold?"

He had just come in fresh from his outdoor sports.

"Tell me," said mamma, turning to her next younger darling, blue-eyed Katy who was watching the feathery flakes of snow, falling, falling; "making not the least little speck of noise," the dainty little girl had told her brother.

"The north wind," said Katy, "and all the snow—"

"Listen," said mamma, breaking in upon the pretty rhyme she had taught her little girl and boy to repeat. "Come here, both, my darlings," opening wide her arms.

Freddy and Katy climbed one on either knee, and each rested a head on mamma's shoulder.

They like to sit so when the day is going away and the darkness is beginning to come.

Papa looked in a half-hour later. He found them still sitting so. They were telling over in pretty rhyme, "What the Winds Bring." He sat down, and asked them to say it all over again, so he could have a part in the telling.

And they did. Freddie first asking a question, which papa and mamma together answered; then Katy asked hers, and it was answered in the same way.

"Which is the wind that brings the cold?"

"The north wind, Freddy; and all the snow

And the sheep will scamper into the fold,
When the north begins to blow."

"Which is the wind that brings the heat?"

"The south wind, Katy; and corn will grow

And peaches redden for you to eat,
When the south begins to blow."

"Which is the wind that brings the flowers?"

"The west wind, Freddie; and soft and low

The birdies sing in the summer hours,
When the west begins to blow."

"Which is the wind that brings the rain?"

"The east wind, Katy; and farmers know,

That cows come shivering up the lane
When the east begins to blow."

NO TIME FOR OTHERS' FAULTS.

If one watches himself as thoroughly as he ought he finds his time is so nearly all employed that he has but little left to look after the faults of others. He is also generally so surprised at what he learns about himself that he has no inclination to criticize his friends even though he really finds time to do so.