

## A LITTLE GIRL'S TALK.

A few Sundays ago I heard a little girl's talk over her pocket-book, before church time. Her brother said to her:

"Where's your money? There will be a contribution to-day."

She went to get her pocket-book.

"I have two silver ten cents and a paper one."

Her brother said:

"A tenth of that is three cents."

"But three cents is such a stingy little to give. I shall give this ten cents. You see I would have had more here, only I spent some for myself last week; it would not be fair to take a tenth of what is left, after I have used all I wanted."

"Why don't you give the paper ten cents? The silver ones are prettier to keep."

"So they are prettier to give. Paper ten cents looks so dirty and shabby. No, I'll give good things."

So she had put one ten cents in her pocket, when some one said:

"I hope we can raise that three hundred dollars for Home Missions to-day."

Then that little girl gave a groan.

"Oh, is this Home Mission Day? Then that other silver ten cents has to go too." And she went to get it with another doleful groan.

"I said: 'If you feel so distressed about it why do you give it?'"

"Oh, because I *made up my mind* to always give twice as much to Home Missions as anything else, and I shall just stick to what I made up my mind to."

Now this little affair set me to thinking.

First. We should deal *honestly* with God in giving. "It is not fair," said the little girl, "to count your tenth after you have used all that you want."

Second. We should deal *liberally* in giving. If the fair tenth is a petty sum, let us *go* beyond it and give more.

Third. Let us give our best things. That which is the nicest to keep is also the nicest to give.

Fourth. Let us give until we feel it.

## DANGER.

While I was walking in the garden one bright morning, a breeze came through and set all the flowers and leaves a fluttering. Now that is the flowers talk, so I pricked up my ears and listened. Presently an elder-tree said: "Flowers, shake off your caterpillars."

"Why?" said a dozen all together, for they were like some children who always say "Why?" when they are told to do anything. Bad children those.

The elder said: "If you don't they'll gobble you up."

So the flowers set themselves a shaking till the caterpillars were shaken off.

In one of the middle beds there was a beautiful rose who shook off all but one, and she said to herself, "Oh that's a beauty! I'll keep that one."

The elder overheard her, and called: "One caterpillar is enough to spoil you."

"But," said the rose, "Look at his brown-and-crimson fur, and his beautiful black eyes, and scores of little feet. I want to keep him. Surely one don't hurt me."

A few mornings after I passed the rose again. There was not a whole leaf on her; her beauty was all gone, she was all but killed, and had only life enough to weep over her folly, while the tears stood like dew-drops on her tattered leaves.

"Alas! I didn't think one caterpillar would ruin me." One sin indulged has ruined many a boy or girl.—*Christian Weekly.*

Give thanks O little children,

The Lord has heard your prayer;  
Has opened wide the doorways  
That all His love may share.

Good news to heathen nations

On wings of faith is borne,  
Salvation to the lost ones,  
And joy to all who mourn.

He rends the gates of darkness

He pours His light within,  
He rears the cross of Jesus,  
Redeems the world from sin.