

in his brown eyes. Though he liked to hear about the beautiful land, he had no wish to go there just directly, and he felt sorry for this girl, who seemed so sad and sorrowful. 'Can't you just ask me what it is you want to know? I don't know much myself, but I'll try to tell you.'

'Why, tell me about him you said you were going along with; how can you know anything about him, you haven't ever seen him?' said the girl impatiently.

'I'll tell you what I know,' said the boy; 'it's just this. I's only a poor ignorant boy as nobody makes no count of, except the little 'un here, and Jesus Christ is just greater than we can ever think, and yet he's my friend, and he's taking me to his house to live along with him.'

'But how do you know all this?' asked the girl again.

'Cos I know a friend means somebody as loves you,' was the answer, 'and I know Jesus Christ loves me. How does I know? Because he came all the way down from his beautiful land to look after me. I know he loves me 'cos he died for me, and because I feel it in my heart here; I can't tell you no more than that.'

'Very well, that will do, and thank you,' said the girl. 'Maybe we'll see each other up there some day. Now, run along.'

Long after she was left alone the girl sat on, and every now and then she repeated the words of the boys—'I know he loves me, 'cos he died for me.' Presently she got up, and walked feebly away.

### Two Kitties.

'Oh, mother, what a darling!' cried little Kitty Green with delight, when she saw the tiny kitten which had been sent to her by her grandmother. 'Isn't it a real beauty?'

'Yes, dear,' replied her mother, 'and grannie hopes that you will call it Kitty.'

'Why, that's my own name! There will be two Kitties in one house. Oh, how funny!' and the little girl laughed merrily.

'Yes, you are my Kitty, and this is your Kitty,' answered Mrs. Green, with a smile.

'And I must take as much care of my Kitty as you do of me, mother, must I not?'

'Yes, dear,' was the reply.

Then Kitty held her kitten closer to her, and promised to be very kind

to it, and the kitten rubbed its pretty head against her shoulder, and purred its thanks.

It was a very obedient little kitten, and when put to bed by its mistress, in the doll's cradle, it lay quite still with its head beside Dolly's on the pillow, and fell asleep with its paws round Dolly's neck.

Kitty Green soon thought that hers was the dearest kitten in the world, but I am sorry to tell you that she once made her pet feel very sad. One afternoon, when she ran in from school, and found that her Kitty had been playing with her ball of white knitting wool, and had unwound several yards, she was so angry that she caught up the poor little creature and boxed its ears, then she drove it out of the house.

On her way back to the sitting-room she met her mother, and there was a look on Mrs. Green's face which showed plainly that she had seen Kitty's unkind deed, and was very grieved.

Kitty hung her head, and her face got very red, and she sat down on her stool looking rather miserable. 'Mother, my naughty little Kitty has been rolling my ball of wool about,' she said, presently, 'and—and I have punished her.'

'Yes, I know you have punished her,' answered Mrs. Green, gravely, 'and I am very, very sorry, Kitty, for you are to blame for the mischief, not the poor kitten—you deserved the punishment. If you had put your wool away in the box, as I told you to do, your Kitty could not have got it; but you left it on the edge of the table with an end hanging to the floor, so no wonder it was pulled down. I hope you will soon see that you have been very unkind and unjust.'

The little girl hid her face in her hand, and then she burst into tears, and told her mother how sorry and ashamed she felt, then she asked if she might go out and fetch her poor Kitty in.

Well, a few minutes later the little kitten was brought back, and hugged and kissed, and a new red ribbon was found for its neck, and, as Kitty Green tied the bow, she gave Kitty a promise that she would never be so unkind again.—'The Prize.'

### A Noble Life.

Many years ago, a boy employed at the Blantyre Print Works, in Scotland, determined that he would somehow obtain an education.

Every leisure hour he had he stu-

died such books as he could obtain. He worked hard at Blantyre factory in summer, harder at Glasgow University in winter, and rose step by step till he became Dr. Livingstone, the missionary and explorer of Africa, whose name as a Christian traveller will live to all ages. When he died, a martyr for civilization and Christianity, a nation sorrowed for him as for one who could never be replaced.—'Buds of Promise.'

### The Children's Message.

(M. B. C. Slade in the 'Standard'.)

I've been thinking, little sisters, if a heathen child should be  
Hither brought from some lone islet  
in the far-off southern sea,  
And should ask why summer garlands  
deck our house this wintry day,  
Why we seem so glad and happy,  
Annie, dear, what would you say?

I would tell the lovely story of the  
Babe of Bethlehem;  
How they laid Him in the manger,  
when by night He came to them;  
I would tell how Mary dressed Him,  
and, with soft and fragrant hay,  
I think the manger-bed she made,  
where baby Jesus lay.

I would tell that gentle shepherds,  
watching o'er their flocks by night,  
Saw, suddenly around them, the  
shining glory-light,  
And heard the angel's tidings about  
a Saviour's birth,  
And then the heavenly chorus,  
'Good will and peace on earth.'

I'd tell the wondrous story about  
the guiding star,  
That led the holy wise men from  
eastern lands afar,  
Until they found sweet Mary, and  
Jesus-child with her,  
And gave Him precious presents—  
gold, frankincense and myrrh.

Then I would tell how Jesus, this  
little, blessed child,  
Grew up to perfect manhood, holy,  
pure, and undefiled;  
How, living, serving, dying, Him-  
self for us He gave—  
He loved us so He lived and died,  
our souls from sin to save.

Then to the little heathen child I  
think that I would say,  
'Don't you think that we have shown  
you why we love the Christmas  
day?  
Don't you see we must be happy,  
and our happy gladness show,  
Upon the birthday of the One who  
blessed and loved us so?'

And then we all would promise the  
heathen child that we  
Would send the knowledge of His  
love to lands beyond the sea.  
Till all the world shall Christmas  
keep, rejoicing for His birth.