



A STRANGE SERVANT.

## LITTLE THINGS.

ONE little grain in the sandy bars;  
 One little flower in a field of flowers;  
 One little star in a heaven of stars;  
 One little hour in a year of hours—  
 What if it makes, or what if it mars?

But the bar is built of the little grains,  
 And the little flowers make the meadows  
 gay,

And the little stars light the heavenly plains,  
 And the lit'le hours of each little day  
 Give to us all that life contains.

—*Earnest Whitney.*

## BEHAVING AT SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

I OFTEN think of the remark of a bright little girl, aged two years and a half. She said, "When I get so I can behave myself, I am going to Sunday-school."

Many of the little boys and girls who are old enough to go to Sunday-school do not behave themselves very well while there. They take more pleasure in whispering to their companions, and gazing about them, than in listening to what the teacher or superintendent may be saying. They forget that they are in God's house, and, while there, should behave as if they could see God looking directly at them; for his eyes see all our actions, and he knows every thought of our hearts.

## A STRANGE SERVANT.

WHAT a strange servant this is. How would you like to have such a huge animal sweep your house and yard? Yet elephants will do this and many other household tasks very carefully. They will rock a cradle and take care of a baby with the greatest fidelity and gentleness.

"WHAT WILL MOTHER SAY?"

"WHERE did you get such a nice apple, Fred?"

"Never mind where I got it: you may have half." But the big brother shook his head. Fred had not bought the apple, he knew, for they had started out without a cent in their pockets, and it was still early morning, so that they had not earned any money. Sandy did not like the look of things.

"Oh, well, don't be cross; I'll tell you where I got the apple—picked it up under Goody Black's stand; under it, mind you, on the ground. No harm in picking apples out of the dirt, I reckon?"

But Sandy shook his head again: "No matter where you got it, Fred, it ain't yours; it's Goody Black's; she didn't sell it to you, nor lend it, nor yet give it. How came she to part with it?"

"I s'pose you mean I stole it, Sandy

Brune; but you'd better mind how you call me a thief; and if the apple will stick in your throat, you needn't eat any; that's all."

Fred raised the apple to his lips, and the next minute he felt Sandy's arms across his shoulders. "Stop, Fred!" said the big brother; "what will mother say?"

Instantly there came to the boy's eye a picture of that dear mother, brave and kind and loving, saying, "Keep yourselves clean inside, boys, and I'll keep you clean outside."

Goody Black's apple went back to her stall, but I hope she gave our boys one apiece; don't you?—*Elizabeth P. Allan.*

## GOOD-NIGHT.

"GOOD-NIGHT, little darlings, good-night!  
 God keep you safe till the light."

The mother prays low, scarce daring to speak,

As softly she kisses each dimpled cheek.

She smooths out the covers, and pulls up the spread,

And gently caresses each brown curly head;

She lovingly gazes on each feature fair,

While fervently breathing to heaven her prayer:

'God keep you safe till the light;

Good-night, little darlings, good-night!"

## LITTLE BROTHER.

WHOSE brother? Yours, Harry, and Susie, and Ned, and Mollie! You have seen him many a time, but, own up honestly, have you ever once treated him as if you knew and believed that he was your brother? Perhaps you haven't believed it. He doesn't look very well, and very likely he acts almost as bad as he looks. But, for all that, he is your brother, for God made him, and Christ died for him!

Maybe he would look and act better if his more fortunate brothers and sisters treated him with more respect and kindness. Suppose they should speak to him pleasantly when they meet him, help him to little pieces of work by which to earn some better clothes, maybe look up a hat and some shoes for him, invite him to Sunday-school and make it pleasant for him when he comes, lend him books and papers now and then—in short, treat him like a brother—who can tell what the result would be?

The effort would be sure to do us good, and it might make a man out of the poor little brother!

CHEERFULNESS is an excellent wearing quality. It has been called the bright weather of the heart.