

found some little way to help, all unconsciously, somebody about her. The old colored janitor felt pleased all day long at the smile with which she greeted him as she passed him in the entry.

'Bless her honey chil'—she's a sunshine ray fo'sure,' he murmured, as he closed the door behind her.

Miss Norcross, the teacher, as Nan took her hand and bade her a pleasant good-night, felt the cares of the day grow lighter and her work less irksome.

'I tell you, Nan,' said her brother Ted one morning, as she whispered to him not to mind the weather, for another day would surely come in which he could try his new bicycle, 'you do a fellow good just by your sympathy. I'd advise you, little sister, to put out your card—"Sympathy Bureau! Conducted by Nan Armstrong, who is always ready to sympathize with any one in trouble. Office hours, from morning till bedtime." And as for pay'—

'Pay! O Ted,' interrupted Nan, smiling, 'that comes without asking. Ever since I've tried to be kind and helpful to others'—

'You've found,' broke in Grandma Allen, 'a joyful, contented little self all the time—and that there are some things that nobody else could possibly do!'

'Yes; and what you said, grandma dear, led me to find out what they are,' said Nan, sweetly, giving grandma a love kiss as she spoke.—A. F. Caldwell, in 'Zion's Herald.'

The Children's Prayer.

To say my prayers is not to pray
Unless I mean the words I say;
Unless I think to Whom I speak,
And with my heart His favour seek.

In prayer we speak to God above,
We speak the blessed Saviour's love
We ask for pardon for our sin,
And grace to keep us pure within.

But oh, if I am found to smile,
Or play, or look about a while,
Or think vain thoughts, the Lord
will see,
'And how can He be pleased with me?

Then let me, when I try to pray,
Not only mind the words I say,
But always strive with earnest care,
To have my heart go with my prayer.

—'Children's Friend.'

Bertie and His Mamma.

Bertie feels so happy when the time come for his bath. He likes to splash about in the water, and chase the soap and sponge. Then he is lifted out on to mamma's knee, and rubbed nice and dry with a soft towel.

Mamma loves Bertie very much, and Bertie loves his mamma too. Although he is such a little boy, Bertie is learning to please mamma by doing just what she wants him to do.

That is the best way in which other little boys and girls can show

geted about the room and thrummed on the window till she was nearly distracted.

'I wish you would read me some of your new picture book,' she said at last.

'I don't like reading out,' said Otto, 'it's like having school.'

'Tell me some of the stories then.'

Otto frowned, and pulled out the book and opened it. Then his face cleared. 'Look here,' he said, 'I'll put it on the floor, and then you can just glance at the pictures and go on working.'

'That's fine,' said Lena.



how much they love their parents. And we can all show our love to Jesus Christ in the same way—by doing just what He wishes us to do.—'Our Little Dots.'

Otto's Half-Holiday.

'Lena, come and have a game!'

'No, I can't,' said Lena, quickly, 'there was a frost last night.'

Otto stared at her blankly. 'Well?' he asked, 'what about that?'

Lena laughed a little. 'It's like this, Otto: in the summer I promised old Hans a pair of mittens for the winter, because he has rheumatism in his knuckles; and here's a frost and there is only one done.'

'Humph!' grumbled Otto, 'that's all very well; but on a half-holiday a fellow wants a game. Can't you do it to-night?'

Lena shook her head dolefully. She wished now that she had not spent so many evenings reading her library book. Hans' gloves had suggested themselves, but she had said, 'Plenty of time yet,' and now Otto wanted a game and could not have one.

She got out the knitting rather slowly and sat down, and Otto fid-

Otto lay down on the floor and turned over a few pages, and Lena's needles went click, click, click, till suddenly Otto said, 'Well, I never! Here's the very thing the master talked about to-day.' Then he launched into a description, and finally, somewhat to Lena's amusement, he began reading aloud from the book. It was really very interesting, and the mittens were getting on at a great rate when Otto suddenly ceased reading, turned over on his back, and said, 'Lena!'

'Well?'

'Has old Hans any logs in his yard?'

Lena considered somewhat wonderingly. 'Yes,' she said at last, 'I believe he must have, because he said he wished he was ten years younger and could chop them up.'

'Who chops them?' said Otto.

'Peter Venn,' said Lena; 'and he takes half for doing it. Isn't that a shame? I'd do it for nothing if I

'God help me evermore to keep

This promise that I make,
I will not swear, nor smoke, nor chew,

Nor poisonous liquors take.
I'll try to get my little friends

To make this promise, too;
And every day I'll try to find
Some helpful work to do.'