



THE LOG HORSE.

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THESE three little folks have found a log horse. The horse lets them all ride at once. He does not trot fast. He is very gentle, and will not rear up or throw them off. Charlie cracks his whip, and says, "Go along," and Effie has put up her bonnet on a stick for a flag. Carlo enjoys the fun and keeps up a lively barking. I hope the horse will take the children where they want to go.

## A BOY'S CONFIDENCE.

A LITTLE boy came to his father, looking very much in earnest, and asked: "Father, Satan bigger than I am?"

"Yes, my boy," said the father.

"Is he bigger than you, father?"

"Yes, my boy, he is bigger than your mother."

The boy looked surprised, but thought again and then asked: "Is he bigger than Jesus?"

"No, my boy," answered the father, "Jesus is bigger than he is."

The little fellow, as he turned away, said with a smile: "Then I am not afraid of him."—*Selected.*

## "GOOD-MORNING."

DON'T forget to say "Good-morning!" say it to your parents, your brothers and sisters, your school-mates, your teachers; and say it cheerfully and with a smile. It will do your friends good. There's a kind of inspiration in every "Good-morning!" heartily and smilingly spoken that helps to make hope fresher and work lighter. It really seems to make the morning good, and to be a prophecy of a good day to come after it. Such greetings cheer the discouraged, rest the tired ones, and somehow make the wheel of life run more smoothly.—*Bible Banner.*

## PLAYTHINGS OF THE INDIAN CHILDREN.

THE Indian children, living in their wigwams in the west of the United States and Canada, love playthings as well as other children. The boys play with bows and arrows, and the girls with dolls or substitutes for them. The dolls are of rags, with hideous faces painted on them, and daubed with streaks of red in a style admired by them. To these, however, they prefer a live plaything—or a "meat baby," as the little girl once said; so they make pets of ravens, young eagles, and puppies. A young Indian girl is often seen with the wise head of one of these birds or the fat, round face of a poppy sticking out of her blanket behind. They also imitate the life of their mothers, and rig an arrangement with two poles crossed on the back of a dog, as the squaws do on the back of a horse, on which queer vehicle they carry jars of water or anything they choose. The babies of the Indians, strapped into their cradles, play with the dangling strings of beads or other articles which are hung before their faces to make them squint, that being considered a great beauty.

The Esquimaux children have toys in plenty, and they are twice as useful as our toys; for making them entertains and occupies the parents, and playing with them does the same for the children. From ivory they carve the animals of their country—bears, wolves, foxes, geese, gulls, walruses, seals, and whales. These are quite small,—none three inches long, and some not more than one inch,—but so well carved that the animal is easily recognized.

LET us learn upon earth those things which call us to heaven.

## A RAINY-DAY SONG

They wanted to go in the fields to play,  
But the rain-drops dashed and pattered  
away

On the window, all day long,  
So they fretted and cried, little Ralph and  
Ted,

But the baby lifted its shining head,  
And, "Only listen," he softly said,

"The rain is singing a song!"

Then I whispered, "Bless him, the bonny  
boy,

Whose ears are open to sounds of joy

Though rainy days be long.

Our world has many a storm, my dear

But still, through trouble and pain and  
fear,

The heart that listens will always hear

God's rain drops singing a song!"

## NELLIE'S DAILY BREAD.

"MAMMA," said little Nellie one day at breakfast, suddenly, "every morning I pray to God to give me my daily bread, but really it is you who gives it to me—isn't it?"

"Let us think a moment about that, Nellie," replied her mother. "Where do I get the bread I give you?"

"From the baker, mamma."

"And he gets the flour out of which he makes it from the miller, and the miller gets the grain out of which he made the flour from the farmer, and the farmer gets the grain—where does the farmer get the grain, my little girl?"

"Why, out of the ground," said Nellie. "Don't you remember Uncle George was cutting wheat and oats when we were at the farm?"

"Well, now, suppose that Uncle George put grain in the ground, and God sent no sunshine, and no dew, and no rain, would Uncle George have any harvest?"

"Why, no," said Nellie, looking sober.

"Then, you see, it is God, after all, who gives us each day our daily bread, and when we have fruitful seasons and plenty to eat, we ought to be very thankful to our kind Father in heaven who never forgets to give us what we need."—*Our Lambs.*

## HELPING THE MINISTER.

"THERE was one thing that helped me very much while I preached to-day" said a minister, once.

"What was that?" asked a friend.

"It was the quiet attention of a little girl who sat and looked at me all the time I talked, and seemed to try to understand what I said. She was a great help to me."

Think of that, dear little ones, when mamma and papa take you to church, and see if you can't help the minister, too.