



ANDY'S TIN TRUMPET.

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*Jane*—Now, Andy, be a good boy, and put down that trumpet. Kitty and Bella are asleep, and you must not wake them.

*Andy*—Why, it's time they were up and at play. *Too-too-too!*

*Jane*—Oh, stop that noise, you rogue! They have both bad colds, and I have given them some sage-tea.

*Andy*—Why did you leave Bella out on the door-step all night, if you did not wish to have her take cold?

*Jane*—That was an accident, Andy. I let her make a visit to Ellen Ray's, and Ellen brought her back and laid her on the door-step. The night was chilly, and Bella took cold.

*Andy*—Took cold! Oh, what a likely story! And how did Kitty take cold? Oh, I'll tell you, she dipped one of her fore-feet into a saucer of milk; I saw her do it. *Too-too-too!*

*Jane*—I shall have to take away that trumpet, if you do not stop.

*Andy*—Where's the use of stopping now? That gray kitty has waked up, and means fun. *Too-too-too!*

*Jane*—There! They are all awake now.

*Andy*—Yes, the sage-tea has cured them, and they are all ready for a frolic. *Too-too-too!* Dolls and cats, come out to play, for it is a pleasant day. *Too-too-too!*

THE best way to procure the most enjoyment from any pleasure, is to have others share it with you.

## THE OBEDIENT BOY.

I READ a very pretty story the other day about a little boy who was sailing a boat with a playmate a good deal larger than he was.

The boat had sailed a good way out in the pond, and the big boy said, "Go in, Jim, and get her. It isn't over your ankles, and I've been in after her every time."

"I daren't," said Jim. "I'll carry her all the way home for you, but I can't go in there; she told me not to."

"Who's 'she'?"

"My mother," said Jim, softly.

"Your mother! Why, I thought she was dead!" said the big boy.

"That was before she died. Eddie and I used to come here and sail boats, and she never let us come unless we had string enough to haul in with. I ain't afraid, you know I'm not, only she didn't want me to, and I can't do it.

Wasn't that a beautiful spirit that made little Jim obedient to his mother even after she was dead?

## A RAINY MORNING.

ONE Sunday morning last summer the rain was falling fast. Jennie's mamma said she could not go to Sunday-school. But by-and-by Jennie slipped out, and soon came to the door of the Sunday-school. She was carrying an umbrella and a dolly, and was not very well dressed. The teacher was glad to see that Jennie loved the Sunday-school so much, but she thought it best to send her home again for that morning.

## OLD WINTER.

"I LOVE old Winter," Mary said,  
"He looks so good and bright,"  
Espying in her picture-book  
The fine old man in white.  
His hair and beard were just like snow,  
His eye was sharp but gay,  
Brimful of fun, as if his heart  
Was set on naught but play.

"He's gay and kind and bright enough  
To children such as we,"  
Said Herbert, taking up the book  
The old man's face to see.  
"But, let me tell you, to the poor  
He's not so very nice;  
He pinches till he makes them cry,  
He's hard and cold as ice."

Then little Mary knit her brow  
And donned her thinking-cap.  
"Why, we can coax old Winter up  
And help the poor, mayhap;  
We'll give them caps and coats and mits,"  
She said, "and skates and sled;  
And then old Winter couldn't pinch,  
He'd be their friend instead.

"He doesn't mean to be unkind  
To any one, I'm sure;  
How should he know the difference  
Between the rich and poor?  
We'll share our food and clothes with them,  
He'll share his favours too;  
So you and I, my brother dear,  
Have something quick to do."

## CHILDREN.

CHILDREN are the salvation of the race. They purify, they elevate, they stir, they instruct, they console, they reconcile, they gladden us. They are the ozone of human life inspiring us with hope, rousing us to wholesome sacrifice. If, in the faults which they inherit, they show us the worst of ourselves, and so move us to salutary repentance, they also stimulate our finer qualities; they cheat us of weary care; they preach to us, not so much by their lips as by their innocence; their questions set us thinking, and to better purpose than the syllogisms of philosophers; their helplessness makes us tender; their loveliness surprises us into a pure joy. A child is a sunbeam on a winter sea, a flower in a prison garden, the music of bells over the noise of a great city, a fragrant odor in a sick-room. If any one thinks this exaggerated, I am sorry for him. It is literally true for me, and for tens of thousands who have far more right to it. These fingers tingle with a kind of happiness while I am writing about them here.  
—*Bishop of Rochester.*