

What Ruth Did.

Little Ruth was playing in the yard, and seeing her mother a short distance from the house, she at once thought of some cakes and candy which her mother had forbidden her to take. She ran into the house and quickly opened the cupboard, but before taking them, she looked all around to see if there was any one near who would see her. On seeing no one she quickly put them into her pocket, and ran out of the house into the yard again.

She knew that it was naughty to do such things, but that was what she had been wanting, some cakes and candy.

So she sat down on the grass, and was just going to eat them, saying to herself: 'Mamma will never miss them, for I did not take much of either.'

But just then she happened to think of what her mother had so often told her to say, when she was tempted to do wrong. So she hesitated a moment, looking at the

cakes and candy which she held in her hand; then in a low voice she said: 'God is looking at me.'

She sat there for a moment, thinking of the all-seeing Eye that was ever upon her, then putting the cakes and candy back into her pocket, she arose and walked quietly and slowly into the house, and laid them back in the cupboard where she got them.

May all boys and girls who read this story about little Ruth, repeat the same words to themselves when they are tempted.—'Ram's Horn.'



Easter Eggs and Chickens.

Dame Dorking sits in the last year's
hay,
On a dozen eggs as white as
snow;
And where they are hidden safe
away,
None but I and old Dorking
know,
If they should come to mamma's
eyes,
She would take them all for custard
pies.
The hen is mine, and the eggs
are too,
And I want them all for Easter
Day.
Some I shall color a lovely blue,
Some shall be purple, and some
shall be gray.

Then mamma says surprised, 'Why
here,
Where did you get those eggs, my
dear?'
Now somebody else had heard the
news,
Of Tommy's hen and her stolen
nest,
And mamma was never known to
lose
The chance for a joke or harmless
jest;
Besides, she knew, ere Easter morn,
The twelve little chicks would all
be born.
So mamma a secret has as well;
For she kept her paints and
brushes there,
And as they broke from the dainty
shell

She touched their down with the
softest care,
Till soon they mingled their motley
hues,
Chickens in purples, grays, and
blues.
Do you wonder whose was the great
surprise,
When the brood ran out from off
the hay?
Well, a funny gleam was in
mamma's eyes.
And the hen looked puzzled, but
Tommy Day—
Oh, dear! when he found his mother
out,
He just rolled over and gave a
shout.

—'Australian Christian World.'