

She felt that only one person in the world could do anything to comfort her, and that she must go to him at once, and tell him of her sorrow, and perhaps he would pray to God for her. So she carried her little boy away to the room which was always kept in order for Elisha, and laid him upon the bed, and then she took a servant with her, and set out to visit the prophet.

When Elisha saw her coming, he felt sure that she was in trouble, and he sent his servant to meet her, and to ask, 'Is it well with thee? is it well with thy husband? is it well with the child?' and she answered, 'It is well,' because she knew that God always does what is kind and good, and although He had taken away her darling child, she would not murmur against His will. Elisha soon found out what had happened, and he went home at once with the poor mother.

Could he do anything for her? She believed that he could, for she knew that God answered his prayers, and gave him power to work miracles. And God saw that she had a faithful heart, and trusted in Him, and He listened to Elisha's prayers, so that the little boy's soul came back again to his body, and he was restored to his parents.—'Sunday Reading.'

### Mischief Unawares.

The central attraction of a certain country toy-shop was a big india-rubber ball. Its smooth sides were brilliant with red and blue and green and yellow stripes, and the little children looked at it with deep affection as they passed and re-passed to school.

One day, however, the ball was taken down, carried away, packed up in brown paper, and despatched by parcel post. The next morning when little Dickie Dover came pattering down to breakfast the big parcel lay on his plate.

Oh! what joy there was when Mother's clever fingers unfastened the string, and the big ball rolled out. Dickie screamed with delight when it ran away from him and hid itself under the sofa, and father had to bring his walking-stick to hook it out again.

Finally the big ball was put on the sideboard, and Dickie looked at it lovingly between each mouthful of bread and milk.

After breakfast Mother cleared all the plants out of the hall, and Dickie was free to toss his new ball

as far and as high as he liked. He bounced it up the stairs, and watched it roll down, its colors looking ten times more glorious in the sunshine.

The front door stood wide open, and presently Dickie turned and looked pensively out into the shady garden. Suppose he threw the ball out there. No sooner thought of than done. He lifted the ball high above his head, and flung it out. Then he paused. The ball was bounding across the grass, where lay the pet donkey enjoying a rest, and that mischievous ball went straight for the donkey, and gave him a resounding slap on the ribs. The donkey was a little surprised, and he showed it by getting up rather quickly, and walking round and round the ball, which, so suddenly arrested, stood still, waiting for its owner to set it going again.

Dickie wanted his ball, but he was a trifle afraid of the donkey; so he approached cautiously and unhooked the donkey's tether, thinking, as he tried to explain in his own language afterwards, that the donkey would get out of the way. So he did. He trotted amiably to the gate, and through it, and down the lane, while Dickie, grasping his wandering plaything in both arms, followed in his wake.

Evidently the donkey enjoyed a ramble by himself, for he went on calmly and steadily down one lane after another, till he entered the High Street; and behind him came Dickie, without hat or attendant, but with the ball.

And so it came to pass that Dickie's father, coming out of the Bank, beheld his donkey sauntering down the street at its own sweet will; and then his eyes fell on his little son. At the same moment Dickie saw his father, and precipitated himself, ball and all, into his arms.

'Dobbin runned away!' he explained, feeling, oh! so happy and safe in those strong arms. 'Dobbin wouldn't listen when Dickie called him.'

Then Dobbin was caught, and Dickie rode home bare-backed, with his father's arm still round him; and when he and the precious ball were once more safely deposited at home, his father bent and kissed him.

'Don't go after Dobbin again, Dickie, even if he does run away; little boys are more precious than donkeys!'—'Our Darlings.'

### Cent or Dimes.

A little boy eight years old opened his bank one day in the presence of his father, and counted his money as he arranged it in piles. There were fifteen cents in coppers, twenty-five cents in five-cent pieces, and one dollar in silver dimes.

'There!' exclaimed the boy, pushing aside the fifteen pennies, 'I'm goin' to give those to the missionary society.'

'Ah,' said the father, 'and what are you going to do with the silver?'

'Buy candy and peanuts for myself.'

The father looked steadily at the boy until the latter's face blushed.

'What's the matter, papa?' he asked.

'There is nothing the matter with me,' was the quiet answer.

'But there is with me — that's what you mean, I know. I'm a mean old pig—that's what I am, but I won't be any longer — so there!'

He put the pennies and nickles back in the bank, and doing up the silver dimes, he said:

'I'll give this pile to the missionaries, so I will.' And he did.—Ernest Gilmore.

### Children Helpers.

Ah! what would the world be to us,  
If the children were no more?  
We should dread the desert behind  
us  
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,  
With the light and air for food,  
Ere their sweet and tender juices  
Have hardened into wood.

That to the world are children;  
Through them it feels the glow  
Of a brighter and sunnier climate  
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!  
And whisper in my ear,  
What the birds and the winds are  
singing  
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,  
And the wisdom of our books,  
When compared with your caresses,  
And the gladness of your looks

Ye are better than all the ballads  
That ever were sung or said;  
For ye are living poems,  
And all the rest are dead.  
—'Longfellow.'