

LOVE AND CHARITY.

ONLY a drop in the bucket,
But every drop will tell;
The bucket will soon be empty,
Without the drops in the well.

Only a poor little penny,
It was all I had to give;
But as pennies make the dollars,
It may help some cause to live.

A few little bits of ribbon
And some toys—they were not new,
But they made the sick child happy,
Which has made me happy too.

Only some outgrown garments—
They were all I had to spare—
But they'd help to clothe the needy,
And the poor are everywhere,

A word now and then of comfort,
That costs me nothing to say,
But the poor old man died happy;
And it helped him on his way.

God loveth the cheerful giver,
Though the gift be poor and small
What doth he think of his children
When they never give at all?

WHAT AN ANGEL WHISPERED
TO SUSIE

BY BESSIE PEGG MACLAUGHLIN

IT was a lovely garden. Hyacinths, purple and pink and white, bloomed there in the early spring-time; and later there were ranks of stately tulips decked in scarlet and gold; and yet later masses of wonderful glowing crimson and creamy tinted roses.

Often and often in the early morning a sweet, kindly face looked down into the faces of the flowers.

It was the face of a dear, elderly lady who loved them; and sometimes she turned from them to speak to two little girls at her side whom she loved yet more. The little girls called her "Grandma."

At Christmas the angels came for grandma.

She had been so lovely and pleasant in her life that those she left behind were very lonely without her.

It was lonely at church in the pew where she had sat for so many years. It was lonely in the library where her large chair stood empty; but no place was quite so lonely as the beautiful garden she had loved so much.

When the spring-time came again, the hyacinths, and sweet peas, and tulips all

seemed to inquire for their absent friend, and sometimes there were tears falling on them.

One day in June, when the roses were in their glory, sweet and glowing, the two little girls and their mother walked in the garden.

"O, mamma!" said Susie, with wistful, serious eyes, "Don't you wish grandma had some of these roses?"

"Darling, where grandma is there are more beautiful flowers than these."

Susie looked quietly for a moment into the heart of a snowy rose, then up to her mother's face, and said, "Mamma, I s'pose God is beautifuler than roses."

Surely "he has hid these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes." Some people are many years in learning that God the Giver is more beautiful than health or money or fame or human love, and yet he is willing to dwell in the heart of any little child.

A BEAUTIFUL FATHER.

"TELL your mother you've been very good boys to-day," said a school-teacher to two little new scholars.

"O," replied Tommy, "we hasn't any mother!"

"Who takes care of you?" she asked.

"Father does. We've got a beautiful father. You ought to see him!"

"Who takes all the care of you when he is at work?"

"He takes all the care before he goes off in the morning and after he comes back at night. He's a house painter, but there isn't any work this winter, so he's doing labourin' till spring comes. He leaves us a warm breakfast when he goes off, and we have bread and milk for dinner, and a good supper when he comes home, when he tells us stories, and plays on the fife, and cuts out beautiful things for us with his jack-knife. You ought to see our father and our home, they are both so beautiful."

Before long the teacher did see that home and that father. The room was a poor attic, graced with cheap pictures, autumn leaves, and other little trifles that cost nothing. The father, who was at the time preparing the evening meal for his motherless boys, was, at first glance, only a rough, begrimed labourer; but before the stranger has been in the place ten minutes the room became a palace and the man a magician.

His children had no idea they were poor, nor were they so with such a hero as this to fight their battles for them. This man, whose graceful spirit lighted up the other-

wise dark life of his children, was preaching to all about him more effectually than was many a man in sacerdotal robes in a costly temple. He was a man of patience and submission to God's will, showing how to make home happy under the most unfavourable circumstances. He was rearing his boys to put their shoulders to the burdens of life; rather than become burdens to others in the days that are coming.

He was, as the children had said, "a beautiful father" in the highest sense of the word.—*Ex.*

MOTHER'S LITTLE HELPER.

MAMMA said, "I've so much to do this morning I'm almost wild, and nobody in the world to help me."

"I'll help you, mamma," said her eight-year-old Laura.

"You? What can you do, child?" answered mamma, so tired that she forgot to thank the dear little daughter for her offer. "You go out and play, and that'll be one out of the way, and may be I'll get along."

"I won't trouble you, mamma. Let me do something—mend stockings. Shall I? I can do it nicely, I know."

She took stockings, cotton, and scissors, and soon was busy at work mending stockings, and singing gayly.

Dear little Laura! She did much good that morning. It helped her poor, tired mother out of her flurry to hear the little girl singing so sweetly. And when mamma saw how busy she was, she said, "The dear child! She does help me, that's sure."

"HATE EVIL"

DR. ARNOLD, of Rugby, that great and good lover of boys, used to say, "Commend me to boys who love God and hate the devil."

The devil is the boy's worst enemy. He keeps a sharp lookout for the boys. He knows if he can get them he shall have the men. And so he lies in wait for them. There is nothing too mean for him to do that he may win them.

And then, when he gets them into trouble, he always sneaks away and leaves them! Not a bit of help or comfort does he give them.

"What did you do it for;" he whispers. "You might have-known better!"

Now the boy who has found out who and what the devil is ought to hate him. It's his duty. He can't afford not to hate this enemy of all that is good and true with his whole heart.

Hate the devil and fight him, boys, but be sure and use the Lord's weapons!