

by and by be able to do as well as her brother.

Now, don't you think Mary knew far more about Samuel's spirit than her brother did?—'Adviser.'

Only a Minute.

'You've been rather a long time gone, Mary, dear!' grandmother said gently.

'Have you wanted anything, grannie?' asked Mary, smilingly, bringing forward from behind her a bunch of early spring flowers; 'because I thought you would like these ever so much.'

'So I do, Mary,' her grandmother answered slowly. 'Where did you get them?'

'Up in Farmer Haycroft's fields,' said Mary triumphantly, trying to keep up the smile on her own face, and not to notice that her grandmother's was unusually grave.

The old lady put down her scissors, and laid the flowers on the table by her side without even glancing at them.

'I said, "Go straight to the shop and come home as quickly as you can, Mary," and I cannot enjoy your sweet flowers because you have not been obedient.'

'I came as quickly as I could,' said Mary, a little sullenly. 'You're so particular, grannie!'

The old lady sighed; then brightening, she drew the little girl to her, and fondly stroked her hair.

'We've got to learn; we've got to learn!' she murmured; and some of us have learned in the school of sorrow. I was only afraid that this fault of yours, dearie, would grow bigger if you gave it room!'

Mary tried not to shrink away from the touch of the thin hand. She wished she could clear up and be a good girl.

Perhaps her grannie guessed that, for she went on softly,—

'I knew a little girl, a great many years ago, who was told in a great hurry to deliver a letter at a certain house at the top of the village.'

'It was a large farm-house, at which her mother occasionally worked in busy times.'

'As she went up the steep street, she met a girl who was in service a short way off, and who had plenty to tell her about her place.'

'They stood talking for, perhaps, twenty minutes, and then the little girl thought of her mother's note.'

Hastily wishing good-bye, she dashed to the farm and gave it in.

"Stay a minute," said the mistress, opening the letter. "Why, my dear, the doctor's been gone this quarter of an hour. Your mother said she'd surely send by ten o'clock if she wanted him. She knew he was to call here. He's gone I don't know where, and won't be back till night!"

'But before night that little girl was motherless, Mary. And, oh! the sorrowful years that followed that one little bit of self-pleasing!—'Our Darlings.'

Ernest.

Do you know Hawthorne's story of 'The Great Stone Face?'

A little boy lived among the granite hills. High on the mountain-side was a face of solid rock.

Ernest (that was the boy's name) lived where he could see it morning and evening, and he loved its beauty. The story ran that one day in that valley would grow a man whose face would be like the great stone face. As Ernest grew older he watched for this noble boy. Looking for good in others, instead of faults, Ernest's own life grew fair, and his face strong and sweet.

One day, a man who had grown rich, came back to his home in the village. People said he was generous and would do much for his friends. Ernest hoped now to see the great stone face. But his heart sank. The great man's face was marred by selfish money-getting.

By and by, another boy friend, grown a man, came home. Flags and music welcomed him, for he had served his country. Ernest's heart bounded. Surely his would be the noble face. But love of glory spoiled it.

Ernest was growing old. He feared he would never see the man whose face was like the great stone face.

At last, a poet came. He, too, had been Ernest's boy friend, and had been away. Ernest longed for him, for he had sung beautiful songs, and his face should be noble. But the poet's face was not high, for he had not lived as he sung.

The poet cried, as he saw Ernest, 'Thine, Ernest, is the great stone face!'

It was true. Though Ernest had not known, all the while, by watching beauty, in the stone face and in

others, his face and life had grown beautiful.

Do you know we can grow like Christ by looking at him? His beauty is greater than Solomon's. So may yours be, and mine.—'The Sunbeam.'

How to Read the Bible.

Martin Luther used to teach his children to read the bible in the following way: First, to read through one book carefully, then to study chapter by chapter, then verse by verse, and lastly word by word; for he said: 'It is like a person shaking a fruit tree—first shaking the tree and gathering up the fruit which falls to the ground, and then shaking each branch, and afterwards each twig of the branch, and last of all looking carefully under each leaf to see that no fruit remains. In this way, and in no other, shall we also find 'the hidden treasures' that are in the bible.—'Forward.'

A Little Boy and the Stars.

You little twinkling stars that shine

Above my head so high,
If I had but a pair of wings,
I'd join you in the sky.

I am not happy, lying here,
With neither book nor toy,
For I was sent to bed because
I've been a naughty boy.

If I were with you, little stars,
How merrily we'd roll
Across the skies and through the
clouds,
And round about the pole.

O tell me, little stars, for much
I wonder why you go
The whole night long from east to
west,
So patiently and slow?

We have a Father, little child,
Who guides us on our way;
We never question—when He
speaks,
We listen and obey.
—'Rays of Light.'

Little Hands.

O little hands, dear little hands,
Are you ready for work to-day?
Are you ready, too, kind deeds to
do,

And be gentle in your play?

O little hands, dear little hands,
You have been so busy to-day,
Now gently rest; you have done
your best;
Rest from your work, and play.
—Florence E. Brown in 'Adviser.'