

stages of cleanliness clasped the doll and walked up and down, and I must confess that Mary Rose just stood it remarkably well. She just kept on smiling. When all had had a turn, Cousin Hilda carried her off with the promise: 'I will bring my Mary Rose to see you again next Saturday, and I want every one who wishes to hold her to have nice clean hands and faces when I come.'

Margaret was delighted that her pet had given the little alley children so much pleasure, and told Cousin Hilda she might take her as often as she liked.

On Saturday Hilda and Mary Rose were greeted with cheers when they came into the alley, and a number of clean hands were each stretched out to show they were 'jis' as clean!

After Mary Rose had been passed around from one to the other, Miss Hilda told them a beautiful story, to which they listened wonderingly. Then she asked them if they would like to go with her to a pretty room and play.

'Would Mary Rose be there?'

'Yes.'

Then they would go. The mothers consented, and soon the whole gang passed timidly into a kindergarten, where there were other little children playing merrily. Clean aprons were put on them, and some young ladies sang and played on the piano, and taught them a strange new game. It was entrancing. And there was Mary Rose sweetly smiling over the good she had done. Thus her mission life began, and the kindergarten became her home, for Margaret's mother thought it better for her to be entirely given up to the children. It was a pity she could not know how much pleasure she gave Nan and the others to whom the best reward for cleanliness, politeness and good nature was to walk up and down with Mary Rose. She never lost her charm, though, as week after week of service went by, she grew delapidated. One foot, then the other disappeared, then an arm and her hair looked like her little mothers'; but still she smiled as she was cuddled close to the little hearts that she made happy and taught to love.

And Margaret in her beautiful nursery was happier for the happi-

ness she had helped to give to some others.

The Little Loaf.

In the time of the famine a rich man permitted the poorest children of the city to come to his house, and said to them: 'There stands a basketful of bread. Each of you may take a loaf from it, and you may come every day until God sends better times.'

The children at once surrounded the basket, striving and quarreling over the bread, because each desired to obtain the finest; and they finally went off without a word of thanks.

Only Franziska, a clean but poorly clad little girl, remained standing at a distance, then took the smallest of the loaves left in the basket, kissed her hand gratefully to the man and went quietly and becomingly home.

The next day the children were equally ill-mannered, and Franziska this time had a loaf which was scarcely half as large as the others; but when she reached home and her mother broke the bread, there fell out quite a number of new silver pieces. The mother was frightened, and said: 'Take the money back at once, for it certainly got into the bread by accident.'

Franziska did as she was bid, but the benevolent man said to her:—'No, no; it was not an accident. I had the silver baked in the smallest loaf in order to reward thee, thou good child. Ever remain as peace-loving and satisfied.'

He who would rather have a smaller loaf than quarrel about a greater will always bring a blessing to the home, even though no gold is baked in the bread.—'Reformed Messenger.'

He is Looking for You.

'Hallo, little stranger! What is the matter?'

The rough-looking waggoner, softened his voice in speaking, for the child in the road was crying.

'I am lost! I can't find my father,' sobbed the child.

'Is he a big man with long, white beard?'

'Yes; that's my father.'

'It's all right, then, because he's looking for you. Keep right along, and if you don't find him, he'll find you.'

And the child dried his tears, and

sprang into the road again, for, if his father were looking for him, of course he could not fail to be in his arms again after a while.

Dear boy, dear girl, if you are trying to come to Christ, take courage, for he is looking for you, too, and if you only persevere you are sure to meet him in the way, and to hear his gracious voice saying: 'Come unto me.'—'The Spectator,' Melbourne.

The Little Cricket.

What are you saying,

You dear little cricket,
Chirping so shrill

In the dark-green thicket?

Piping and singing

The whole night through,

Don't you get tired

And wet with the dew?

I will try to be like you,

You dear little cricket,
Chirping away

In the dark-green thicket.

Whatever God bids me

I'll do with my might,

Though it's only the singing

A song in the night.

—'Picture World.'

'Keeps' for the Children.

These 'keep texts' are all in the Bible. Find them and learn them, and so make them yours.

'Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.'

'Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.'

'Keep thee far from a false matter.'

'He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life.'

'Take heed to thyself, and keep thy soul diligently.'

'Little children, keep yourselves from idols.'

'My son, keep thy father's commandments.'

'My son, keep sound wisdom and discretion.'

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