

WORKING TOGETHER.

A million little sunbeams
Can make a pleasant day;
A million little raindrops
Can frighten them away.
Now if all the little children
Should sit down and cry together,
What should we do, what could we do
In such a spell of weather?
The sun might blaze in bluest skies,
'T would be a dreary place
Until we saw a happy smile
On every little face.

—*Youth's Companion.*

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JANUARY 17, 1903.

A NEW KEY.

"Aunty," said a little girl, "I believe I have found a new key to unlock people's hearts, and make them so willing; for you know, aunty, God took my father and my mother, and they want people to be kind to their poor little daughter."

"What is the key?" asked aunty.

"It is only a little word—guess what?"

But aunty was no guesser.

"It is 'please,'" said the child; "aunty, it is 'please.' If I ask one of the great girls in school, 'Please show me my parsing lesson,' she says, 'Oh, yes,' and helps me. If I ask, 'Sarah, please do this for me?' no matter, she'll take her hands out of the suds. If I ask uncle, 'Please,' he says, 'Yes, child, if I can;' and I say, 'Please, aunty.'"

"What does aunty do?" asked aunty herself.

"Oh, you look and smile just like mother; and that is the best of all," cried the little girl, throwing her arms around aunty's neck, with a tear in her eye.

Perhaps other children would like to know about this key, and I hope they will use it also; for there is great power in the small, kind courtesies of life.

THE BLUEBIRD'S NEST.

BY ELIZABETH PRESTON ALLAN.

"Hold still, pickaninnie," I said, "and let me take a picture of you."

The two little black children looked into the eye of my camera and grinned, and by that time the picture was made.

"What are you doing in the barrel, Zack?" I asked the boy.

"We's playin' bird nes', mistis," said Zack. "Sukey, she de ole bird whar sets on de nes', and I's de young uns, he-he-he!"

"I hope you never disturb the birds' nests, Zack," I said when I had done laughing.

"No, mistis," said the boy, "I done quit 'sturbin' nesties."

"What made you quit?"

"De debil."

"Why, Zack, what do you mean?"

"You see, mistis, las' spring de bluebird build in de whitethorn-bush by de spring, and every time I go for a bucket o' water, I put my han' in de bush, an' feel her back, jes to skeer her. One day I poke my han' in de bush, same as ever, an'—my stars alive—de bird warn't dar, and I tech a cold somethin' dat made my flesh creep. I drap my bucket and run like mad, and when I look behind, dar come dat blacksnake arter me hard ez it could come. I yell out big, and daddy come runnin' wid' his hoe, and chop him head off. But I ain't sturb no mo' nesties, for fear de debil git in er nudder serpent, and come arter me."

It was hard to keep from laughing again, at the thought of Zack's race with the blacksnake, but I wanted to give him a better reason for being kind to birds than his fear of the devil; so I made both children learn our Saviour's beautiful words about the two sparrows, sold for a farthing—and begged them to remember that God knew and loved all his little feathered creatures.

THE HAPPY LITTLE GIRL.

The happiest child I ever saw was a little girl whom I once met travelling in a railway carriage. We were both on a journey, and we travelled a great many miles together. She was only eight years old, and she was quite blind. She had never seen all these pleasant things which we see every day of our lives—but still she was happy.

She was by herself, poor little thing. She had no friends or relations to take care of her on the journey, and be good to her; but she was quite happy and content. She said when she got into the carriage:

"Tell me how many people there are in the carriage; I am quite blind, and can see nothing!"

A gentleman asked her if she was not afraid. "No," she said, "I am not frightened. I have travelled before, and I trust in God; and people are always very good to me."

But I soon found out the reason why she was so happy; and what do you think it was? She loved Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ loved her. She had sought Christ, and she had found him.

WHAT JESUS MAY SAY.

Two young girls were walking leisurely home from school, one pleasant day in early autumn, when one thus addressed the other: "Edith Willis, what will the girls say when they hear you have invited Maggie Kelly to your party?"

Edith was silent for a moment, and then, raising her soft blue eyes to those of her companion, she replied: "Ella, when mother told me to invite Maggie, I asked her the same question. She told me it made no difference what the girls said who thought Maggie quite beneath them because she was poor, and her school bills were paid by my father; and she asked me if I would like to hear what Jesus would say. She took her Bible, and read to me these words: 'And the King shall answer and say unto them, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

Ah! little readers, never ask what this one and that one will say while you are doing what is right, but what Jesus, your King, will say at the glorious resurrection morning that will soon dawn upon us.

BABY AUTOMOBILES.

Most of our little readers have seen an automobile, or horseless carriage, as it is sometimes called. These automobiles are to be found now in all our large cities, and on many of our country roads as well. The latest kind of automobile is a baby automobile, which is used as a toy by children whose parents can afford to provide them with this expensive plaything.

A baby automobile costs from two hundred to a thousand dollars, so you see only rich children can have such a toy. Still, there are many parents who are able to afford even such an expensive plaything as this, and in Central Park, in New York City, on almost any fine afternoon you can see several of these pretty little automobiles.

These little automobiles are made so that they will not run away with their tiny owners, some of whom are only five or six years old. But with this single exception, that they do not go quite so fast, a baby automobile is just the same as the larger-sized electric machines which we see spinning along our country roads.

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