

"Count thumbs and all," added the employer.

"I have—there are ten," said the lad.

"Then never say you have not ten good friends, able to help you on in life. Try what those true friends can do before you go grumbling and fretting because you do not get help from others."

That was good advice for poor Dennis; but whether or not he ever acted on it we do not know.

Learn to help yourself when young, and it will come easy to you when you grow older. Why should a little boy leave his clothes, his toys, or his books scattered all over the house, and expect his mother to pick them up? Why should a little girl leave her room in disorder, expecting that "mother" will put it to rights? Ah! these good, dear, patient mothers! How much they do for their children! and it is because they do so much that the children should do what they can for themselves, and thus lighten their parents' load.—*S. S. Advocate.*

GRANDMAMMA.

K. L. H.

Grandmamma sits in the corner,
In her old-fashioned easy chair;
The sunlight falls on her forehead
And brightens her silver hair.
Her Bible lies open before her,
In her fingers her needles play,
For Grandma is busily knitting,
Knitting the livelong day.

She calls it only her pastime,
And says 'tis no work at all;
That is the part the children do,
When they help her to wind
her ball.

But mamma, looking up from the
basket
With its "mending pile" so tall,
Says, "If it were not for such pas-
time,
I'm afraid you'd go barefoot,
all!"

Sometimes 'tis a sock for grandpa;
Or a blue one for brother Ben;
Or a scarlet mitten for Jamie,
The fairest of little men.
But busily fly her fingers,
While a smile o'er her loving
face flits;
And a text and a prayer are woven
in
With every one she knits.

Blessings on dearest Grandmam-
ma,
And long may the corner, there,
Be bright with her loving pre-
sence,
In the old-fashioned easy chair.
For what should we do without
her?
And long may it be, ere the day
When Grandmamma's voice, and
Grandmamma's smile,
And Grandmamma's love are
away.

—*Children's Friend.*

HANS KELLNER'S CHANGE;
OR, "GOD IS GOOD."

In a small German village there lived a man, one Hans Kellner, who was known among his neighbors as the most passionate and quarrelsome man for many a mile round. But if he was the terror of little children, and the tyrant over all who were in any way under his control, I could not tell you the misery he made in his own house, nor the sorrow he brought to his thrifty pious wife.

Perhaps I may say, before I go further, that Hans would have been a better man, a better husband and father, had he not been so frequent a visitor at the inn of the village, "The Golden Stag," as it was called; poor Anna Kellner often wished that no such place existed.

But she had a great trust in God, so great that she felt He would surely hear her prayers that Hans might be converted from his evil habits; and never did day dawn nor night come

But vain was his attempt to utter a word. With terrible threats did the man order him off, shouting execrations after his retreating figure, in so angry a tone, that even Anna Kellner crept away from the side of her boy, and stood trembling in the doorway. She shuddered at the curses Hans was calling down on the head of one who wished to be to him a friend. This over, the wretched man betook himself to the "Golden Stag," there to drown his misery in drink.

But God was full of goodness and compassion, and He was about to spare Max that he might save his father from ruin of soul and body. It was a terrible night; it was the crisis of the illness, and Anna prayed and watched with throbbing heart and anxious eyes. Toward morning she saw a change for the better, the peaceful sleep taking the place of restless tossing, and with all her heart she gave thanks. She could not leave the child, but she bade a

had been the plague or terror of the village, fell down on his knees and said (as had been said to him), "God is good!"

I wish I could find space to tell you of the happiness which shone like the sun over this once unhappy home. I may only add that the "Golden Stag" has lost one of its best customers. If Hans Kellner is wanted, the place to find him is at his cottage door with his good wife and happy children round him.

Very often the pastor, who was once driven from the place, may be found in the Kellners' home. And when he or they refer to the time when Max was thought to be dying, Hans will sigh and smile as he murmurs, "God is good!" Perhaps he loves the boy all the more, since the little life was spared to become his own deliverance from his great snare.

"God is good!" Do we not all see it in His patience as He bears with our neglect, our forgetfulness, our wandering? Then let us give to Him all He asks—our lives, our hearts; and happiness will take up its dwelling within us, as it did in the heart and home of Hans Kellner.—*Friendly Greeting.*



THE TRAVELLERS FRIEND.

THE TRAVELLER'S FRIEND.

The Traveller's Friend, of Madagascar, differs from most other trees in having all its branches in one plane that is like the sticks of a fan or the feathers of a peacock's tail. At the extremity of each branch grows a broad double leaf, several feet in length, which spreads out very gracefully. Under these leaves, after sunset, a copious deposit of pure dew is found, which soon collects into drops, forms little streams, which run down the branches. Here the water is received into hollow spaces, of large size, one of which is found at the root of every branch. These branches lie one over another, and when a knife, or a flat piece of stick—for it is not necessary to cut the tree—is inserted between the parts which overlap, and slightly drawn to one side, so as to cause an opening, a stream of water flows out as from a small fountain. Hence the appropriate name of the tree.

"I'M ONLY A NAIL."

Living quite retired from the scenes of public and active life, as I was driving in a nail the other day, I thought to myself, all I want of that nail is to be still and hold on. I should be much dissatisfied with that nail if, in the wish to be useful, it should leave its place and go bustling over the house, interfering with the comfort and endangering the safety of the household.

Then I thought there were some human nails, and I concluded I was one; so here I am, waiting to hold whatever may be hung upon me, that's all.—*Ex.*

but she made little Anna, and Max, and Lotta pray too, that the father in heaven would bless and take care of their father on earth. Max, though often suffering from the passion of his father when he was excited by drink, was very dear to the man's heart. The man was proud of the big handsome boy, and in his sober moments would declare that something great must be made of him; he was not to remain unknown and obscure in a little village.

There came a day when Max was dangerously ill, and then Hans Kellner uttered oaths and curses in his rage. The child must not, *should* not die, he said! The poor mother prayed fervently, but resigned herself to God's will, as the doctor told her there was but little hope for Max, who lay tossing in his bed crimson with fever, and his breath hurried and painful. The village pastor came to the house, and, after speaking a few words of comfort to the child's mother, went to Hans, who sat smoking outside.

neighbor carry the news to her husband.

"Hans Kellner," said this messenger, "God has been good to you; for Max lives, and will recover." The simple words struck upon his ear with an unaccustomed sound, "God has been good to you."

And then he thought of what he had been to God. From that time a purpose seemed born within him to begin a different life, because the boy who was his heart's pride had not been snatched away by death. With quiet tread he sought the chamber where he had not dared to enter and witness the suffering of little Max. As his wife raised her weary but happy face, it seemed as if at a glance she knew that Hans were different—again like the Hans who had stood beside her in the good pastor's presence nine years before, and promised to be faithful to her till death.

"He will live," she whispered, pointing to the sleeping boy; and then the great rough man, who