



'A LITTLE CANDLE.'

LITTLE SARA'S WISDOM.

She was all ready for bed, but Aunt Callie was seized with a desire to hear her recite her verses which were being prepared for the Sunday-school concert.

So Sara, in her long white nightgown, with bare toes just peeping from under it, and her lovely yellow hair in a go-to-bed tangle, struck an attitude at the foot of her crib, the wax candle burning brightly on the window seat at her side, and in a sweet clear voice began:

Jesus bids us shine
With a clear, pure light,
Like a little candle
Burning in the night.

In this world is darkness,
So we must shine,
You in your little corner,
And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine
First of all, for him,
Well he sees, and knows it
If our light is dim.

He looks down from heaven
To see us shine;
You in your little corner,
And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine,
Then, for all around;
Many kinds of darkness
In this world are found,

Sin, and want, and sorrow,
So we must shine;
You in your little corner,
And I in mine."

Auntie and Grandma both declared that she said it beautifully, and that when she pointed upward with the words, "First of all for Him,"

she looked something like an angel. Then mamma closed the door on the audience, and said to Sara, "Now, little Sara, let us kneel down by your white bed and ask Jesus to take care of you all night."

"No," said little Sara, in a very determined tone, "I don't mean to say any more prayers."

Then was mamma astonished and grieved, but she controlled her voice and asked quietly, "Why not, little daughter?"

"Because, mamma, I truly don't think it does a speck of good," said this ignorant little skeptic. "You know when Robbie fell down the tree, that time, and broke his arm, and we couldn't go to the donkey ride, nor the climbing party, nor nothing, because Robbie was hurted, I ask God every single night for most a year, I guess, to make him all well in the morning, so we could do what we wanted to, and he never did at all; Robbie's arm isn't well yet. Now what good does it do to ask things?"

Mamma looked at the determined little rebel with sorrowful, astonished eyes. Could this possibly be the sweet little girl

who three minutes ago was saying in such a reverent voice,

"Jesus bids us shine.
First of all, for Him."
and who at this moment Grandma was saying looked, she was sure, almost like an angel!

Mamma considered a moment, while she turned down the white spread and made everything ready, then, wrapping a bright plaid around little Sara, she lifted her in her arms, and sat down with her before the low book-rest on which the large Bible lay spread open.

"Will you find it for me, dear?" she said. It was Sara's turn to look astonished.

"Find what, mamma?"

"The verse which says that in answer to little Sara's prayer Robbie Burns's arm shall be cured at once."

"Why, mamma, I can't find places in the Bible, and I don't know any such verse, besides. I don't know what you mean! Course Robbie's name isn't in the Bible. He wasn't made when the Bible was printed. How could it be there?"

"But, my darling, you said you prayed for Robbie to be cured at once, and he was not and that therefore it did no good to pray. Now what right had you to say that, unless there was a verse in the Bible which promised you that Robbie should be cured at once, if you asked?"

Sara stared, and thought. At last she said,

"But, mamma, none of our names are in the Bible; and you said I could be sure that Jesus would take care of me, if I asked him."

"O, yes! darling my name is there. When it says, 'Whosoever will, let him come unto me,' I know that my name is meant; and the Bible promises me certain things. It says he will care for me day and night, and not let anything happen to me but what is best; and it says he will always hear when I pray, and do for me just what he sees ought to be done; but I have never seen a verse in which it said that it would be better for Robbie to have his arm cured right away; so, though I ask God to cure it, I know that I have no right to tell him when he shall do it, because my time might not be the best time. If my little Sara has found the verse in which he promises this, I think she ought to be able to show it to me."

"Well, but, mamma, of course it would be best for Robbie to be cured right away?" Mrs. Burns shook her head. "My little girl doesn't know that; and unless God has told her so, she has no right to say it. God knows best what his children all need."

Little Sara was still for as much as three minutes, staring straight at the candle which had helped her in her recitation, then she said, drawing a long relieved sigh, "I guess maybe I made a mistake, I don't believe there is any such verse. I guess I'll ask him to cure Robbie as soon as he thinks he can."

"She isn't an angel yet," said mamma,

smiling and sighing, when she told Grandma this story.

"She is a poor little sinner, who thinks, like some older ones, that she knows more than God; and while she talks about 'shining for him' in one breath, she murmurs at his ways in the next."—Myra Spafford in the *Pansy*.

AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

BY EDITH HOLFORD.

It was the evening of the first day of the new term, and the girls were gathered in groups, busily talking, recounting holiday adventures, and making plans for the coming term.

Ethel Mason stood alone. "I wonder what they are doing at home to-night," she thought; and then the ready tears came afresh, father, mother, and the little ones seemed so far away.

"Why, my dear, what a sorrowful face! One would think you had all the woes of the world to carry." Ethel started as the hand of her teacher rested on her shoulder. A few kind questions and Miss Finlay knew the truth—Ethel was homesick, lonely, miserable.

"So you thought that the best cure for your troubles was to brood over them?" Ethel looked down, and Miss Finlay went quietly on: "Try to forget self for a while, and think of somebody else; there is May Acton, the little new girl over yonder by herself, poor child; her father and mother sail for India to-morrow; couldn't you go and help to bear her burden? I think it would be a bit of service for our Master, Ethel."

"I will try," answered the little girl, humbly; she and Miss Finlay understood one another. A bright idea came into her mind; so, presently, having armed herself with an album full of dear home faces, and a little book of texts and flowers, which were to serve as an introduction, she crossed the room. May's pale face brightened as Ethel sat down beside her and said: "Would you like to look at these? I think photographs are such a comfort when I am away at school."

Perhaps it was rather an awkward beginning, but the effort was appreciated, and May answered gratefully: "I should like to see them very much."

The two were soon chatting over the photographs, Ethel explaining them, and telling of the merry Christmas-time, Wilfred's pranks, and Baby Mabel's pretty ways. Then May forgot her shyness, and told Ethel how it had been arranged that she and Willie should go to school, but spend their holidays with the younger ones, Edgar, Charlie and Nellie, at grandma's, till the happy time when father and mother would come home from India, never to go away any more. Miss Finlay noted at least two sunny faces as the girls gathered in the dining-room for evening prayer, and possibly it may not have been altogether by chance that the chapter she read contained these words: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

May wrote a long letter to her mother that week, full of her new surroundings; how lonely she felt at first, "till such a

nice girl, called Ethel Mason," was kind to her; how Miss Finlay was so good, and never seemed cross, only grieved when the rules were broken, as if it hurt her.

And far across the sea Mrs. Acton read the letter and passed it to her husband, saying: "God has been very good to us, our child has found friends in her school-life;" then, lifting up her heart in thankful prayer, she asked for a blessing on the gentle governess and the school-girl who had befriended her little daughter.

Of all this Ethel knew nothing; but months after, when she was searching her Sunday-school hymn-book for a hymn she wanted, and her eyes fell on this couplet,

"Making others happy
Will make me happy too,"

the remembrance of that first night in the term came to her, and she said to herself with a little smile: "Yes, Miss Finlay was right, and this hymn is true, I know, because I've tried it."

Ethel is a woman now, school-days long gone by, but I often hear her quote the hymn, and I think she believes in it more than ever. How many of my little readers will try to practise it too?—*Sunday-School Treasure*.

THE GOOD SENSE OF A HORSE.

A gentleman named Andrews, residing in California, had a span of bright little horses, to which he was very much attached. He never separated them. In the stable, the field, and the harness, they were always together. This caused a strong attachment to grow between the horses. On one occasion he took some friends, in his carriage, drawn by these horses, to a lake not very far from his dwelling, on a fishing excursion. Taking the horses out of the carriage he led them to the border of the lake, and tied them to two trees, a few rods apart, that they might feed on the grass that grew around them. Then he went into a shanty near by, and sat down to wait for the return of his friends who were fishing.

He had not been waiting long, before he heard the sound of a horse's foot approaching the shanty. The next moment he saw one of his horses standing at the door. The animal put his head in and gave a loud neigh, and then turned round and galloped back towards the spot where his master had left him and his companion fastened safely to the trees.

Surprised at finding his horse loose, and at his singular conduct, Mr. Andrews immediately went after him. On reaching the spot where he had left the horses, he was surprised to see the other horse in the water, entangled in the rope which had fastened him to the tree, and trying hard to keep his head above the water. Mr. Andrews at once took hold of the rope, released the horse from it, and led him out of the water. While he was doing this, the other horse stood by, watching what was going on with the greatest interest. And when he saw that his companion was safe on dry land, he seemed greatly pleased. He went jumping round his master, shaking his head and wagging his tail, as if he were trying to say, "I am very much obliged to you, sir, for saving my companion from drowning." Now there are several things worth noting in the conduct of this horse. Think of his readiness to notice the trouble his companion was in, the effort he must have made to break the strong rope that bound him to the tree, the good sense he showed in going at once for his master to come and save the life of his companion; and then the way in which he tried to show his gratitude to his master, for the ready kindness he had shown. All this is very interesting in that horse. And an animal that can act in that way deserves our careful study and our kindest treatment. Horses are wild in some countries, but they are all tame with us. In the times when the Bible was written, horses were not used for riding on, and for bearing burdens as we use them now. They were employed chiefly for warlike purposes. It is of the war-horse Job speaks when he gives the remarkable description of it. See Job 39: 19-25.—*From Bible Animals*.

If God made the world you need not fear that he can't take care of so small a part of it as yourself.—*Rev. Edward Taylor*.