

THE REASON WHY.

I dare say you would have wondered as you looked at Davie's little, white sickly face, why God had thought it well to send him so much pain during his short life. He was six years old, but the lines of weariness and suffering round his mouth and eyes gave him an older look than children of that age generally have. No winter passed without severe bronchitis laying him low, and it took all the bright, summer days to get Davie well and strong again! Robin, his younger brother, was stout and sturdy, and never knew what it was to feel ache or pain. Why should one child suffer so, and the other be found free from it?

Davie could tell you the reason why.

Down in the village near his home lay a young girl dying. Davie heard his father tell how Sarah Dunn longed, with a great longing, to live till the primroses starred the green earth again, and he crept closer to his mother's side, and listened, with his grave, wistful face, to the news that the girl must pass away into eternity ere her longing was gratified.

The next February day dawned soft and mild, so breathless and warm that even Davie might be allowed to venture out. He came with his petition to his mother. Might he visit Sarah Dunn? He had something to ask her, and a present to carry her. The present consisted of three pure-leaved snowdrops that had nestled in a sunny garden nook and blossomed that very February day.

"I do not like to let you go, darling," answered his mother, "you have enough of sick-rooms and suffering; go out for a good run with Robin, and forget Sarah Dunn altogether."

"But, mother," pleaded the boy, "I am just the one to go to a sick-room, because I know all about it. I think God lets me be sick just for the sake of the other poor people who are in pain too." And tears filled his mother's eyes, as she stooped to kiss the strangely grave face, and bade Davie go his way.

So Davie went. Down the lane, holding nurse's hand, and gaining a delicate pink flush on his pallid cheek by the gentle exercise, Davie walked. Sarah Dunn's cottage and sick-room were soon reached, and nurse and Davie entered together. And then Davie walked up to the bed, and laid his flower-offering in Sarah's thin hand.

"I thought you would like them, because I heard you were sick," he said.

The girl thanked him, and looked lovingly at the flowers.

"I wanted to ask you something," said Davie very gravely, gazing intently at the sick girl's face. "Have you got Jesus to be with you all day long, and to help you bear your pain? And if you die soon, have

you got hold of Jesus' hand to help you in the valley? You see," he continued, "I know all about it, for I have been very sick myself, and I could not have borne it without Jesus. Do you think you have Him?"

"Yes, I do," said the girl, with a sudden burst of tears, "and God bless you for speaking like that to me."

"I often think," said Davie, thought-

And when his mother and I talked it over we agreed that God's ways are always wise and always best, and that out of suffering Davie would gain a power for ministering to weary souls that he could learn in no other school.—*Eva Travers Evered Poole.*

HOW DO YOU TREAT YOUR SOVEREIGN?

The anecdote of our sovereign lady, on

One showery day, the Queen, on foot and alone, entered the dwelling of an old woman. It is possible that the dame's sight was dim, for she did not recognize her royal visitor, whose face is so familiar to her people. The Queen had come to ask a trifling favor.

"Will you lend me an umbrella?" said the royal lady, who did not happen to have one with her.

The dame was of a somewhat churlish nature, or rather, we should say, of a suspicious disposition. The hospitality of her country would not allow her to refuse the request altogether, but she granted it ungraciously, and with grudging.

"I hae twa umbrellas," said the dame; "ane is a beauty, t'other is varn auld. Ye may tak this, I guess I'll never see it agen," and so saying she proffered a ragged concern, whose whalebone ribs might be seen here and there through the coarse, torn cover.

England's Queen quietly took the umbrella, which was better than nothing, and went forth into the rain, not by one word betraying her rank. The next day one of her Majesty's servants brought back the wretched umbrella; and then the cottager knew to whom she had lent it.

"Ay—ay—had I but kenned wha it was that asked for the loan, she wad hae been welcome to my best, to a' that I hae i' the world!" exclaimed the mortified woman, shocked and grieved at having missed such an opportunity of winning a smile from the Queen!

No one can admire the dame's over-cautious, grudging spirit: but still her fault was not a great one, for she did not recognize her sovereign. But if we could suppose that she owed her cottage and her daily food to royal bounty, and that she knew that she was asked for a loan by one who was not only her Queen but her benefactress, and that she intentionally—knowingly—insulted a monarch by offering her the worst, the dame's conduct would be utterly disgusting. We could hardly believe that any human heart could be so basely ungrateful!

Yet, oh! careless, wordly, selfish (so-called) Christians, how often such ingratitude is yours! Your Heavenly King asks for your time, how much do you give Him? as much as you can spare without feeling the loss!

Yet, oh! careless, wordly, selfish (so-called) Christians, how often such ingratitude is yours! Your Heavenly King asks for your silver and gold for His work, and what do you bestow on missions? Perhaps one-hundredth part of what you spend on your own pleasures or folly. There are those who know that it is the King Himself who asks for their time, their money, their work, and their prayers! And their joyful reply is, "Take anything—take my best—take myself! Thou art welcome to all that I have in the world!"—*C. M. Juv. Ins.*



THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

fully, "that's why God let's me be sick. It is just that I may know how good Jesus is, and tell other sick people how He helps us to bear pain, and to like even to die. Don't you think that's the reason why, Sarah?"

"I do, indeed," said the girl, as she kissed the child.

"And so do I," said nurse, brushing away a tear. "We must go now, Master Davie,"

which the following little story is founded, was repeated to me a few months ago at Amritsar. It may amuse my young friends, and not only awaken a smile, but leave a lesson behind.

It is well known that our Queen, especially in Scotland, loves to throw aside the trammels of state, and walk about in simple guise, sometimes entering the cottages of the poor.