

Twenty days passed. Then it occurred to Harry that it would be fine fun to take the goose to the pond to see her swim. So off they went together. They stayed away from the nest so long that when they returned to it the eggs were cold.

On the thirtieth day, Harry watched for the little goslings; also on the thirty-first and thirty-second days, but not one appeared. He was very sad. When the snow and ice came, he was without his six dollars, and had to make out another winter with an old sled and a pair of old skates.

As I think of Harry not obeying his father's instructions, and so losing the reward which would have been his, I am reminded of that hymn we so often sing:

A charge to keep I have,  
A God to glorify,  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky:

To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfil;  
Oh, may it all my powers engage  
To do my Master's will.

Arm me with jealous care,  
As in thy sight to live;  
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare  
A strict account to give.

Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely;  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I must forever die.

Jesus says: "He that is faithful in that which is the least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much." Let us each try to be one of those faithful servants whom our Lord, when he cometh, shall find watching.

### HELP ONE ANOTHER.

A thimble, a needle, and a piece of thread were all lying on a lady's work-table together. Now the needle had rather a hasty temper, and could give sharp pricks when it pleased, and this morning it was out of sorts; so it tried to pick a quarrel with the thimble, and said, spitefully, "You gave me some hard knocks yesterday, and I wish that you would be more gentle in future." "It is true I do push you hard sometimes," answered the thimble, "but you know it is only when you do not work properly, and our mistress makes me keep you up to it." "Pray don't you two quarrel," said the thread, wishing to be peacemaker. "You mind your own business!" retorted the needle. "My business is your business," said the thread, "for you are no use without me, and I am none without you." "That's just it," said the thimble. "A great deal of nonsense is talked in this world about being independent; but my own opinion is that people should try to help one another, for from the highest to the lowest we are all very dependent on the good services of our neighbours for something or other every day of our lives."

### FINDING FAULT.

The winds refused to blow;  
"No use," said they, "to try,  
From north or south or east or west,  
These folks to satisfy.  
The north wind is 'too cold';  
The west wind, 'bold and rough';  
The east is 'chilly,' they complain;  
The south 'not cold enough.'"

And so the windmills stopped,  
And ships lay idly by;  
The sun beat down from morn till night  
Because no clouds could fly.  
The people sighed for wind.  
"Blow hot or cold," said they,  
"From north or south or east or west,  
'Twill be the wisest way."

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## Sunbeam.

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### A SUNDAY DOG.

It used to be a common thing to see dogs at church with their owners in the country parts of England and Scotland, and as they usually behaved well they were not molested. But very much later than that a handsome setter in one of the Middle States not only went to church faithfully, but took it upon himself to keep all the family up to their duty.

His name was Joe, and his face was full of kindness and intelligence. The cocking-up of his left ear and a general expression of being on the alert were peculiar to him on Sunday, and he seemed resolved that every man, woman, and child on the premises should honour the day as he did.

He never made a mistake in the day of days, which he began by leaving his kennel earlier than usual to set about getting those children off to Sunday-school. There was a long country walk before them, and he knew they'd be late unless he kept at them. So he barked and scolded, and

capered about them, saying as plainly as dog-language could, "Do hurry, you thoughtless creatures. Don't you hear the first bell ringing?"

When the laughing flock was ready to start, Joe marched off with them and kept severe discipline in the way of wanderings by the roadside. But one Sunday morning this faithful guardian nearly fell into disgrace himself. He had rushed from his kennel to give chase to a rabbit, apparently forgetting what day it was, when the sound of the first bell suddenly reminded him. The knowing cock of his ear had dropped as he wheeled about and went off at full speed to hurry up his careless charges.

Joe always marched into Sunday-school with them and paid strict attention to what was going on. He also went to church afterward and established himself in the family pew without ever making a mistake.

### THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

That is what we sometimes call our Rob, for he is a boy who thinks a good deal. Whatever he sees that he does not understand he tries hard to study out for himself, and he manages to solve some problems which would seem almost too difficult for such a little fellow.

Rob is the owner of a foot-rule and yard-stick, and he takes great pleasure in measuring garden walks, fences, and many other things about the place. He will often guess at the distance from one point to another, and then measure it to see how near he came. He had some difficulty when he tried to find out the length of his own shadow, for sometimes it was quite short and at other times very long. Presently, however, he discovered it was long in the morning, grew shorter till noon, then grew longer all the afternoon till sunset, when it would disappear. He also learned that twice each day (once in the morning and once in the afternoon) the shadow was exactly of the same length as himself.

There is a beautiful tree near our house, which runs up tall and slim. Rob used to say that it almost touched the sky. He often longed to know its real height, but could see no way of measuring it. One morning he noticed the long shadow of this tree plainly marked on the smooth, green lawn. Just then a new thought came to him. Why not find out the height of the tree by the length of its shadow? He drove a stake into the ground, and found that its shadow was now longer than the stake. But he knew that shadows were growing shorter at this hour of the day, so he waited and watched. In about an hour the stake and its shadow were of the same length. Then Rob ran to measure the shadow of the tree. He found it to be thirty-one feet, and he felt sure that this was the height of the poplar. He was delighted with his discovery. He talked about it a great deal, and said some day he should try to measure the distance up to the moon!