

A GOOD METHOD.

BY ANNA M. PRATT

THERE was a little schoolma'am
Who had this curious way
Of drilling in subtraction
On every stormy day.

"Let's all subtract unpleasant things
Like doleful dumps and pain,
And then," said she, "you'll gladly see
That pleasant things remain."

"WHERE THE SHINE CAME FROM."

"WELL, grandma," said a little boy, resting his elbows on the old lady's stuffed chair arm, "what have you been doing here at the window all day by yourself?"

"All I could," answered dear grandma, cheerily: "I have read a little, and prayed a great deal, and then looked out at the people. There's one little girl, Arthur, that I have learned to watch for; she has a wealth of sunny brown hair, her brown eyes have the same sunny look in them; and I wonder every day what makes her so bright. Ah! here she comes now."

"Who? that girl with the brown apron on?" he cried. "Why, I know that girl; that's Susie Moore, and she has an awful hard time, grandma."

"Has she?" said grandma. "O little boy, wouldn't you give anything to know where she gets all that brightness from, then?"

"I'll ask her," said Arthur promptly; and to grandma's surprise, he raised the window, and called: "Susie, O Susie, come up here a minute; grandma wants to see you." The brown eyes opened wide in surprise, but the little maid turned at once and came in.

"Grandma wants to know, Susie Moore," explained the boy, "what makes you look so bright all the time."

"Why, I have to," said Susie; "you see, papa's been sick a long while, and mamma is tired out with nursing, and baby's cross with her teeth, and if I didn't be bright, who would be?"

"Yes, yes, I see," said dear old grandma, putting her arm around this little streak of sunshine; "that's God's reason for things; they are, because somebody needs them; shine on, little sun; there couldn't be a better reason for shining than that, because it is dark at home."

GOD'S SPARROWS.

A CHRISTIAN woman was visiting among the poor in London one cold winter's day. In trying to open the door of a third-story room in a wretched-looking house, she heard a little voice inside say "Pull the string up high." She looked up and saw the string. She pulled it, when it lifted

the latch and the door opened into a room where she found two little half-naked children all alone. They looked cold and hungry. "Do you take care of yourselves, little ones?" asked the woman. "No, ma'am, God takes care of us," replied the elder of the children. "You have no fire on this cold day. Are you very cold?" "Oh, when we are cold we creep under the quilt, and I put my arms around Tommy, and he puts his arms around me, and then we say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep, I'll sing my Maker's praise,' and then we get warm," said the little girl. "And what have you to eat, pray?" asked the visitor. "When Granny comes home she brings us something, Granny says we are God's sparrows, and he has enough for us, and so we say, 'Our Father,' and 'daily bread' every day. God is our Father."



WATER SELLER IN THE EAST.

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It is quite common in Constantinople and other Eastern cities for men to go around selling water, which they carry in skin bags. It does not look very inviting, and is apt to taste warm and insipid. Much nicer is the way in which young girls sell iced water in Italy, calling out with their musical voices, "Aqua gelata." In Venice the water one keeps is often flavoured with aniseed to take away its insipid flavour.

FREDDIE'S LESSON.

LITTLE Fred was dressed in his first pants and felt very proud. He thought he was almost a man.

He was in the habit of kneeling with his sister every morning to ask God's help and blessing for the day, but this morning

he looked at his new pants, and when his sister began to pray, "Lord Jesus, please take care of Freddie to-day, and keep him from all harm," he stopped her.

"No, Jennie, don't say that; Freddie can take care of himself now."

After breakfast they went to the garden and both climbed up a tree to get some cherries. While reaching for some "great big red ones," down fell Freddie, head foremost, into a place between the tree and the fence and was held fast. All he could do, there he stuck, and his sister, frightened and crying, could do nothing for him.

In this sad fix he cried out, "Jennie, Jennie, pray. Freddie can't take care of himself after all."

Jennie did pray indeed, and soon after she spied a man coming along the road. He saw the little boy, and with his strong arms soon got him out. Freddie never forgot this. He felt ever afterwards that he needed God to take care of him by day and by night.

TOUCH IT NEVER.

CHILDREN, do you see the wine
In the crystal goblet shine?
Be not tempted by its charm.
Children, hate it!
Touch it never,
Fight it ever.

Do you know what causeth woe
Bitter as the heart can know?
'Tis that self-same ruby wine
Which would tempt that soul of thine.
Children, hate it!
Touch it never,
Fight it ever.

Fight it! With God's help stand fast
Long as life or breath shall last,
Heart meet heart, and hand join hand,
Hurl the demon from our land.
O hate it!
Touch it never,
Fight it ever.

A BAD MARK.

"I'VE got a boy for you, sir."
"Glad of it; who is he?" asked the master workman of a large establishment. The man told the boy's name, and where he lived.

"I don't want him," said the master workman; "he has got a bad mark."

"A bad mark, sir? What?"

"I have met him every day with a cigar in his mouth. I don't want smoking boys."

"How you must have cried!" said auntie to her niece, who was badly scalded. "O, no; there was nobody there," was the candid reply; and certainly there was much of human nature in it. Many children do not care to cry unless some one can hear, and there are some no longer children who are fond of notice even if obliged to cry for it.