

LITTLE LOUISE.

BY HELEN L. CHURCHILL.

LITTLE Louise, our three-year-old, with eyes of hazel, and curls of gold, and cheek with a cunning dimple dent, and mouth like a Cupid's bow down bent, from her little couch at her father's side, rose in the flush of morning-tide; and "Mamma, papa, dood-morning I say. Yesterday, I was naughty yesterday but I'll tell you why" (with a positive nod and the curly head); "'Twas 'cause the dood Dod, who helps little children, went away after a dreat long visit yesterday; but now he's come again, and so Louise will be dood to-day you know."

Dear little one, in whose innocent heart the demons of doubt and unrest have no part, who looks with unwavering trust above, never questions the truth that "God is love," surely the good Lord never be farther away from little Louise than yesterday!

A CHILD'S FAITH.

IN a town of Holland there once lived a poor widow. One night her children asked her in vain to give them bread, but she had none.

The poor woman loved the Lord, and knew that he was good; so, with her little ones around her, she earnestly prayed to him for food. On rising from her knees, her eldest child, a boy about ten years of age, said softly, "Dear mother, we are told in the Holy Book that God supplied his prophet with food brought by the ravens." "Yes my son," the mother answered, "but that was a very long time ago." "But, mother, what God has done once may he not do again? I will go and unclose the door to let the birds fly in."

Then dear little Dirk, in simple faith, threw the door wide open, so that the light of the lamp fell on the path outside. Soon afterward the burgomaster passed by, and noticing the light, paused, and thinking it very strange, he entered the cottage, and inquired why they left the door open at night. The widow replied, smiling, "My little Dirk did it, sir, that ravens might fly in to bring bread to my hungry children." "Indeed!" cried the burgomaster, "then, here's a raven, my boy. Come to my home, and you shall see where bread may soon be had." So he quickly led the boy to his own house,

and sent him back with food that filled his humble home with joy. After supper little Dirk went to the open door, and looking up, he said: "Many thanks, good Lord," then shut it fast again, for though no birds had come, he knew that God had heard his mother's prayer, and sent this timely help.

THE GRAVE-BED.

ARTHUR and Ethel came into the house with some late blossoms in their hands.

"See, mamma, this is all we can find in our flower-bed," said Arthur.

"Where do all the flowers go, mamma?" asked blue-eyed Ethel.

"They all lie down and rest," said mamma. "God takes care of them every one."

"Same as the little birds?" asked Ethel.

"Yes, and same as the little children. The flowers are not afraid to lie down in their little grave-bed, nor need a child be. God puts the flowers and the birds and the children to sleep when he is ready, and he takes lovely care of them all." Then mamma made a little verse for Arthur and Ethel to learn:

God each little life doth keep,
When we wake and when we sleep,
He will hold us here or there,
Safely in his loving care.

SARAH'S COMFORT.

"THERE'S one thing for which I am truly glad," she said to the cat, as she lifted her by the fore paws and rocked her back and forth in the library. "Nobody wants you, my dear old cat. They are giving away their things and selling them, and making money with them for the missionaries, but nobody will buy my cat. Flora has sold every one of her chickens, and Trudie Burns won't eat a single egg, because she wants to sell them for missionary money, and her brother Tom sells all his strawberries, and it seems as if there wasn't anything to keep and have a good time with, only my dear cat. I don't know how I am going to make missionary money, I must find some way, but I'm just as glad as I can be that there is nothing that can possibly be done with you, only just to play with you."

Alas for Sarah! The very next day she went with mamma to call on Mrs. Col. Bates, and while she sat and waited for Mrs. Bates to come, who should come puffing into the back parlor, where a man was waiting to see him, but

the old colonel himself, and what should be the first words he said but these tremendous ones?—

I declare I would give five dollars for a good mouser! Such times as we have with mice around these premises."

There was not in all the town a better mouser than Tabby, and Sarah knew it. And five whole dollars! It made her heart beat fast, and the tears came into her eyes. It took her two days to decide the matter, during which time she had so little appetite and moped around so sadly that her mother feared she was coming down with the measles. One morning Sarah knew, by the way her heart beat while she was dressing, that she had decided. Tabby was to be put into the willow basket and taken to Colonel Bates by her sad little self. She hurried now, she wanted no chance to change her mind. Swiftly her little feet flew over the ground, and she was at the colonel's just as that gentleman was going through the hall on his way to breakfast. He opened the door for her himself.

"If you please, sir," said little Sarah, holding up the basket and speaking very fast, "I have brought Tabby; she is a good mouser, and I know the missionaries ought to have the five dollars; but I love her very much, and would you please hurry and give it to me, so I won't hear her mew again?"

"What! what! what!" said Colonel Bates. "What have we here? Who are you, little one? and what am I to give you?"

"The five dollars, if you please you said you would you know, for a good mouser, and Tabby is the best one that ever was; my mamma says so. And the missionaries, you know, need the money, the heathen people do, and I mustn't be selfish and keep Tabby. Will you please be very good to her?" and a great tear, hot from little Sarah's blue eyes, splashed on the colonel's hand.

He stood dazed for a moment, then he took out his pocket-book. "So I promised five dollars for a mouser, did I? Who told you?"

"Nobody did, sir. I heard you say it the other day when you talked with a man."

"Just so, my tongue always was getting me into scrapes. Well, here goes! Colonel Bates is a man who keeps his word. Here's five dollars, and if it doesn't do the heathen good, it ought to, for your sake."—*The Missionary World.*