

## THE REASON WHY.

"WHEN I was at the party,"  
Said Betty (aged just four),  
"A little girl fell off her chair,  
Right down upon the floor;  
And all the other little girls  
Began to laugh but me—  
I didn't laugh a single bit,"  
Said Betty, seriously.

"Why not?" her mother asked her,  
Full of delight to find  
That Betty—bless her little heart!—  
Had been so sweet and kind.  
"Why didn't you laugh, darling?  
Or don't you like to tell?"  
"I didn't laugh," said Betty,  
"Cause it was me that fell!"

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## Sunbeam.

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## "TRY."

A GENTLEMAN travelling in the northern part of Ireland heard the voices of children, and stopped to listen. Finding that the sound came from a small building used as a school-house, he drew near. As the door was open, he went in and listened to the words the boys were spelling. One little boy stood apart, looking very sad. "Why does that boy stand there?" asked the gentleman. "Oh, he is good for nothing," replied the teacher. "There is nothing in him. I can make nothing of him. He is the most stupid boy in the school." The gentleman was surprised at his answer. He saw the teacher was so stern and rough that the younger and more timid were nearly crushed. After a few words to them, placing his hand on the head of the little fellow who stood apart, he said: "One of these days, you may be a fine scholar. Don't give up. Try, my boy, try." The boy's soul was aroused. His

sleeping mind awoke. A new purpose was formed. From that hour he became anxious to excel; and he did become a fine scholar. It was Adam Clarke, who became the eminent Wesleyan minister and commentator. The secret of his success is worth knowing: "Don't give up, but try, my boy, try."

## THE FOX AND THE HARE.

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

IN a snug little grotto, beneath a high bank covered with foxgloves and ferns, lived a sly old gray fox. He was so very old that he could not go far to search for his food, so he was obliged to play all sorts of tricks to get it. One night as he sat at the mouth of his hiding-place, feeling very hungry from having had nothing to eat for a long time, he observed a fine, fat young hare lamely feeding on the juicy turnip tops.

"O dear!" sighed the fox, "If I were only a little younger, what a rare supper I could make of that young thing! But I can't catch her." Then an idea struck him. "Hem! hem! hem!" said he in a loud voice.

The hare was startled and looked round. "Sweet miss," said the fox, coaxingly, "I'm old and feeble, and I can't fetch my supper; will you get it for me?"

"O, yes," said the hare, who was a giddy, thoughtless young thing, but very good-natured. "What would you like? Some fresh, dewy clover?"

"Dear me, no," said the fox; "that would not suit me at all."

"O, it is delicious!" said the hare. "But what should you like?"

"Just walk into my house," answered the fox, "and I will show you the sort of things I like."

Now his den was strewn all over with the bones of rabbits and ducks and pheasants and chickens.

"Wait a minute," said the hare, "till I finish this turnip top." Then she skipped gaily up to the fox. "Now I'm ready," said she.

And so was the fox. He just gave her backbone one nip, and she was as dead as dead could be.

Do not listen to the fine words of strangers, whoever they may be. And do not choose your friends until you know something about them.

## A NEW KEY.

"AUNTY," said a little girl, "I believe I have found a new key to unlock people's hearts, and make them so willing; for you know, aunty, God took my father and my mother, and they want people to be kind to their poor little daughter."

"What is the key?" asked aunty.

"It is only a little word—guess what?"

But aunty was no guesser.

"It is 'please,'" said the child; "aunty, it is 'please.' If I ask one of the great

girls in school, 'Please show me my parsing lesson,' she says, 'Oh, yes,' and helps me. If I ask, 'Sarah, please do this for me?' no matter, she'll take her hands out of the ends. If I ask uncle, 'Please,' he says, 'Yes, child, if I can'; and I say, 'Please, aunty.'"

"What does aunty do?" asked aunty herself.

"Oh, you look and smile just like mother; and that is the best of all," cried the little girl, throwing her arms around aunty's neck, with a tear in her eye.

Perhaps other children would like to know about this key, and I hope they will use it also; for there is great power in the small, kind courtesies of life.

## THE BEST GIRL.

"WHO is the best girl in your school?" I asked of a group of schoolgirls.

"Lucy Jones," was the quick reply.

"What makes her the best?" I asked.

"She recites best," answered one.

"She's always ready, and never keeps the class waiting," said another.

"She never gets excused," said a third.

"She's never late," said a fourth.

"She keeps all the rules," said a fifth.

"She's really nice at play, and never gets angry," said a sixth.

"She helps me," said the smallest.

"And something else," said one who had not spoken before.

"Ah! what is that?" I asked.

"My mother says that Lucy loves and obeys God," answered the child.

Yes, that was it; Lucy was working for Jesus by setting a good example.

## IT'S VERY HARD.

"It's very hard to have nothing to eat but porridge, when others have every sort of dainty," murmured Dick, as he sat with his wooden bowl before him. "It's very hard to have to trudge along through the snow, while others roll about in their coaches."

"It's a great blessing," said his grandmother, as she sat at her knitting, "to have food when so many are hungry; it's a great blessing to have a roof over one's head when so many are homeless; it's a great blessing to have sight and hearing and strength for daily labour when so many are blind, deaf, or suffering."

"Why, grandmother, you seem to think that nothing is hard," said the boy, still in a grumbling tone.

"I, Dick; there is one thing that I do think very hard."

"What's that?" cried Dick, who thought that at last his grandmother had found some cause for complaint.

"Why, boy, I think that heart is very hard that is not thankful for so many blessings."

TRUST in God, and always do right.