

GUESS.

LIFE two lilies, white as snow,
That mother loves and kisses so;
Dearer they are than gold or lands;
Guess me the lilies—*baby's hands.*

I know a rosebud fairer far
Than any buds of flowers are,
Sweeter than sweet winds of the south;
Guess me 'he rosebud—*baby's mouth.*

I've found a place where shines the sun;
Yes, long, long after day is done;
Oh, how it loves to linger there!
Guess me the sunshine—*baby's hair!*

There are two windows, where I see
My own glad face peep out at me;
These windows beam like June's own skies,
Guess me the riddle—*baby's eyes!*

"MY."

JASPER had no brother and Lucy no sister, so they had to be playmates to each other. They played a great deal together. Lucy loved Jasper, and Jasper loved Lucy. But there was one thing which I am sorry to speak of; they often had a quarrel. Jasper was too fond of the little word "my."

One day Lucy was trundling a hoop in the yard when Jasper opened the gate and came in from school. "That is *my* hoop," he cried, rudely snatching it from her hands. "You sha'n't use my things so."

At another time Lucy stood in the garden-door reading a paper, when Jasper came along and looked over her shoulder. That's *my* paper," he cried, seizing it at once.

"Mother said I might have it," cried Lucy, holding it tightly.

"Give it up!" cried Jasper. "Let go *my* paper, Lucy!" he said in angry, threatening tones.

"Mother let me have it," persisted Lucy. Jasper pulled it out of her hands, and in the pull the beautiful paper was soiled and torn.

You see what the difficulty was. Jasper laid too much stress on "my," and it made him selfish and cross.

Suppose God should say, "It is *my* sun, it shall not shine on you," what should we do? Suppose God should say, "It is *my* rain; it shall not water your field," what would grow? Suppose mother should say, "It is *my* bread; you can't have it," would not the children go hungry? Suppose your father should say, "It is *my* money; I have earned it, you can't have it to buy clothes with," would not the children be ragged?

You see, God means to let us share together his blessings. Parents do not

heard up things for their own use; they enjoy what they have when their children enjoy it with them, and the moment any one in the family lays too much stress on *his* things or *her* things, as Jasper did, it makes trouble. How many brothers and sisters would be very, very happy if it were not for selfishness coming in, snatching and keeping things!

After awhile their Aunt Jane paid a visit and tried very hard to mend Jasper's ways. She could not bear to see such a fine little fellow spoiled by selfishness.

What do you think Mr. Jones gave Jasper out of his shop? A football. Jasper took it in his arms and ran home. "Lucy! Lucy!" he called as soon as he got into the house. Lucy heard his pleasant voice and ran joyfully to meet him.

"Lucy dear," he said, "see *my* football!—no, not *my* football, but *our* football, Lucy. You shall play with it when you please."

"Footballs are boys' playthings," said Lucy, looking much pleased.

"That's no matter," said Jasper. "My playthings shall be yours, Lucy, and your playthings shall be mine. We shall not say 'my' but 'our,' won't we, Lucy?"

And what answer do you suppose Lucy made? She put her arms around Jasper's neck and hugged and kissed him.—*Children's Paper.*

OBSERVE THE BIRTHDAYS.

LET the birthdays of each member of the family be always remembered when it comes. Let there be something a little out of the ordinary routine in the arrangement of the table; cookies fashioned as Johnnie likes them best; one of Frank's favourite plum puddings, or Julia's special liking, a loaf of ginger-cake; or a wonderful lemon pie, such as only mamma can make.

Then there must be presents; sometimes people may think they cannot be afforded; but reflect. The little one needs shoes, dresses, aprons, and many other things.

Purchase one or more for the birthday. It will seem just as much a present to her as though she were not obliged to have it.

Next come school books and story books, a set of furs and a pair of skates (should the birthday occur in the winter), a pretty little dinner basket, or if the parents can afford it, a little gold band for one of the white fingers, a necklace, a watch with a shining chain, or the pony that has been wished for so long.

Encourage the little ones in giving to each other, and remember father's and mother's birthday too, and, believe me, it

will be bread cast on the waters; the days will only be a few ere some returns, and there will be a never failing supply as long as you and your children live.—*Memphis Baptist.*

FACE YOUR TROUBLE.

"I HAD plowed around a rock in one of my fields for five years;" said a farmer, and I had broken a mowing-machine knife against it, besides losing the use of ground in which it lay, all because I supposed it was a large rock that it would take too much time and labour to remove. But to-day, when I began to plow for corn, I thought that by-and-by I might break my cultivator against that rock; so I took a crowbar, intending to poke around and find out its size once for all. And it was one of the surprises of my life to find that it was little more than two feet long. It was standing on its edge, and was so light that I could lift it into the waggon without help.—*Pleasant Hours.*

A HALFPENNY.

"CHARLIE," said the teacher of an infant class to a little English boy who, on account of his poverty, had come many Sundays without a copper for the missionary-box, but who had now eagerly dropped a coin into it—"Charlie, where did you get that halfpenny?" "Please, teacher," said the little fellow, his face all aglow with delight, "I found a ginger-beer bottle and sold it for a halfpenny, and thought I should like to put it into the missionary-box." Little boys, little girls, will you not learn a lesson from Charlie? There are many ways, if you look for them, of helping your little dark brothers and sisters who live far away across the mighty ocean, and who have never heard of the wonderful love of Jesus in dying for them, or of the bright home he has gone to prepare for those who love him.

JOT OR TITTLE.

"WHAT do *jot* and *tittle* mean?" asked Josie of her mamma, as she was studying her Bible lesson. "They mean something very little, just the least of all," said mamma. "And Jesus meant that all of God's words are true, and that God will keep them all. The very least thing he says in the Bible is all true. Everything God promises to those who love him, he will do for them, and he will punish the wicked and bad, just as he says he will, unless they are sorry, and ask him to forgive them. It is very comforting to think that God will do for us all that he has said he will. So we must love and obey God, and put our trust in him."