



DON'T TEASE.

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LITTLE brothers and sisters do not always do all that they might to be kind and thoughtful for each other; nor are they always considerate as they might be. Little boys often think that they must treat strangers with kindness and respect, it does not matter at all how much they tease or worry their little sisters.

Now, a little teasing is all very well, and we believe it may be the means of preventing sulking and of strengthening the temper, but when carried too far it only rouses anger and creates ill-feeling. In our cut, with the warning, "don't tease," we see the little girl standing against the wall and her brother poking fun at her. But we are sure from the general look of both of them that they are only playing and would not really cause one another a moment of unnecessary pain or trouble.

## TWO STORIES IN ONE.

I HAVE heard two stories about two little girls, and I will tell them both to you.

One little girl was very poor and very sick. She could not walk out in the bright sunshine at all, because she could not use her feet and limbs. Yet though she had no pretty clothes, nor costly playthings, nor rich food, she always seemed happy. She loved everybody, and everybody seemed to love her. She said she had many things to thank God for, and when her friends did her a kindness, she was sure to thank them with her very brightest smile. When some of her little mates put a wooden box on wheels, and took her out into the pleasant sunshine, she thanked God over and over again in her dear little heart.

The other little girl lived in a beautiful house, and was very well and strong. But she was not happy. She always wanted something better than she had, and never thanked God for anything. Which do you think pleased God the most?

## BOUGHT WITH HIS BLOOD.

SOME Africans are terribly blood-thirsty and cruel. A chief one day ordered a slave to be killed for a very small offence. An Englishman who overheard the order at once went to the chief and offered him many costly things; if he would spare the poor man's life. But the chief said:

"I don't want ivory, or slaves, or gold; I can go against yonder tribe and capture their stores and villages. I want no favours from the white man. All I want is blood."

Then he ordered one of his men to pull his bowstring and discharge an arrow at the heart of the poor slave. The Englishman instinctively threw himself in front and held up his arm, and the next moment the arrow was quivering in the white man's flesh. The black men were astonished. Then, as the Englishman pulled the arrow from his arm, he said to the chief:

"Here is blood; I give my blood for this poor slave, and I claim his life."

The chief had never seen such love before, and he was completely overcome by it. He gave the slave to the white man, saying:

"Yes, white man, you have bought him with your blood, and he shall be yours."

In a moment the poor slave threw himself at the feet of his deliverer, and with tears flowing down his face, exclaimed:

"O, white man, you have bought me with your blood, I will be your slave for ever."

The Englishman could never make him take his freedom. Wherever he went the rescued man was beside him, and no drudgery was too hard, no task too hopeless for the grateful slave to do for his deliverer.

If the heart of a poor heathen can thus be won by the wound on a stranger's arm, shall not we, who are "redeemed by the precious blood of Christ," give our whole lives to his service?

## A PROBLEM IN THREES.

If three little houses stood in a row,  
With never a fence to divide,  
And if each little house had three little maids

At play in the garden wide,  
And if each little maid had three little cats

(Three times three times three),  
And if each little cat had three little kits  
How many kits would there be?

And if each little maid had three little friends

With whom she loved to play,  
And if each little friend had three little dolls

In dresses and ribbons gay,  
And if friends and dolls, and cats and kits  
Were all invited to tea,

And if none of them would send regrets,  
How many guests would there be?

## PROMPTNESS AND ENERGY.

THERE was once a young man who was beginning life as a clerk. One day his employer said to him: "Now, to-morrow that cargo of cotton must be got out and weighed, and we must have a regular account of it."

He was an industrious young man of great energy. This was the first time he had been entrusted with the superintendence of work like this. He made his arrangements the night before, spoke to the men about their carts and horses, and resolved to begin very early next day. He instructed the labourers to be there at half-past four o'clock in the morning. They set to work, and the thing was done; and about ten or eleven o'clock the master came in, and seeing the young man sitting in the counting-house, looked very angry at him, supposing the commands had not been executed.

"I thought," said he, "you were instructed to get out that cargo this morning?"

"It is all done, sir," said the young man, "and here is the account of it."

This one act made the young man's fortune. It fixed his character. It gave his employer a confidence in him, that was never shaken. He found him to be a man of industry, a man of promptness, and he very soon found that he was one that could not be spared; he was necessary to the concerns of that establishment. He was a religious man, and went through a life of great benevolence, and at his death bed was able to leave his children an ample fortune.