



A PROBLEM IN DIVISION.

BY AUNT BETTY.

While Ted and baby were taking their midday nap five-year-old Tom went into the garden for a walk with mamma. It was the end of June, and the red raspberries were just beginning to turn colour—yes, here was a ripe one, and there was another and another. By the time they had gone the length of the two rows they had found eight beautiful, bright berries. "Take them in, Tom," said mamma, "and divide them among you; I must get some lettuce for dinner." When she came in a few minutes later there were two neat little groups of berries on the table, three for Ted, three for baby. Tom had eaten his two berries and returned to his play. He was only a little fellow, and did not know much about arithmetic; but he could divide eight berries among three children, and have no remainder. Can you?—*Youth's Instructor.*

THE GUIDING STAR.

The star the wise men saw with hope in its gracious beaming,
The star of a deathless love, still shines for a world's redeeming;
And still to the deepest depths the heart of the world is stirred
By the song that so long ago the Judean shepherds heard.

Sweetly the selfsame strain may rise from lips that falter;
Weakest of hands may bring the choicest of gifts to the altar;
'Gains the truest and best of giving there's never a bolt nor bar,
Wise and simple alike may follow the shining star.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

The cousins who were filling Grandma Lee's house to overflowing all agreed that there never could be nicer Christmas weather. The oldest cousins went off skating soon after dinner, the very little-cousins were all packed into the big sleigh for a ride with grandpa, and the middle-aged little folks went out for a snowball match.

Herbert was on one side, with Harry to make his snowballs for him. Sue, a bright, hearty little country cousin, who was "almost as good as a boy," was on the other side, with Grace and Harold to make her snowballs.

Both targets were pretty well covered with snow when a white flag was put up as a sign that they would stop to take breath.

As they stood stamping their feet, laughing and talking, Harry held out his cold hands towards Sue's head as if to warm them.

Now, Sue had two trials. One was a bright golden head that was almost red, the other was a fiery temper. I should be sorry to tell you how the hot, angry words began to fly. Of course it was a very little

thing to have a quarrel over, but the bloody battles have been fought over little things. I am not sure that blows would not have followed words if Grace had not been there.

Her sweet face was troubled, and she could think of nothing to say; but at last she began to sing a verse of the hymn they had all sung at family prayers that morning:

"Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way."

It was the only thing she could think of to do, and I am sure it was the best thing. The angry faces looked ashamed. There was a minute or two when everybody was too uncomfortable to speak. Then Harry, who was a gentleman, if he was a tease, held out his hand to Sue and said, "Sue, I was mean, and I'm sorry!"

And Sue, who had a warm heart, if she had a hot temper, said, "I was the mean one to get so mad at nothing."

I don't know who won the snowball game, but I know who won the words. "Well done!" that day. Don't you?

DISCOURAGING STUDY.

The case of the honest Irish servant who could never understand why his master perpetually required him to wash his chaise, since he went directly out and muddied it up again, is paralleled by an actual reply by a dull boy to an examiner in a French school.

The pupil had passed a wretched examination in French history.

"What do you mean by this?" asked the instructor. "Why don't you study your history?"

"What's the use?" drawled the pupil. "They're never going to get it finished. They're making it now!"



THE BIRDS'
CHRISTMAS TREE.