

HARRY AND THE NEW MOON.

"PRETTY new moon,
How do you do?
Long I've been looking
And looking for you:
Where have you hid yourself,
'Way off' so far?
Or did you get lost,
Like the wandering star?

"If you only would tell me,
You pretty new moon,
Whereabouts you are living,
And where are you gone,
When you hide away from me
For many a week;
If you only would tell me—
Pretty moon, won't you speak?"

"'Tis a wonderful story,
My dear little boy;
I cannot half tell you
My work and my joy.
The great God has made me
And hung me on high,
To shine in the evening
And light up the sky.

"Sometimes I roll near you
While 'tis yet afternoon,
Just one edge you see then,
And call me new moon;
But when I get larger,
I shine all the night,
And give the grown-up folks
My pretty soft light."

LITTLE MARY VANCE'S CONVERT.

MR. JONES was a very wicked man. He made and sold the strong drink, which is just like poison to those who take it; and, besides, he drank it himself, and was often seen reeling through the streets. He was very violent in his temper, too, so that almost everybody was afraid of him.

Once, as he was staggering along the village street, he met little Mary Vance. Mary was the minister's little girl, and was going with her father and mother to the Wednesday afternoon prayer-meeting, and had tripped along quite ahead of them. She was a dear, loving little girl, and would not hurt anybody if she could help it; so when she saw the drunken man come along she crept up as close to the fence as she could, but she did not run, lest he might think she was afraid of him. But as he came along he spoke.

"Well, now, my little dear," he said in his thick, drunken speech, "how are you, and where are you going?"

"I'm going to meeting up in the meeting-house," she answered. "Won't you go too, Mr. Jones?"

"Well, I don't know but I will, seeing it's you," said the man. "But where shall I sit?"

"O you shall sit in our pew," said Mary; and she led the way, and when she had shown him into the pew she sat down beside him. "Surely he won't hurt me in church," thought the dear child.

The father and the mother came in. The father took his place at the desk, but the mother, seeing their pew so strangely occupied, walked into one a little distance behind, where she could watch Mary and see that no harm came to her.

After the prayer and singing the minister said, "Now, we shall be happy to hear from any one who has a word to say."

The poor drunkard rose. "I have a few words to say," he said. "I wish you'd pray for me, for I'm awful wicked."

The people looked at him, and, seeing him half drunk, were really frightened lest he should do some strange, bad thing, and they began to move away from him, some this way and some that, until he and Mary sat almost alone in the middle of the church. He noticed this. "See how they all hate me," he thought, "because I'm so wicked; and perhaps God will forsake me too. O how dreadful!"

They did pray for him, and the dear Saviour pardoned his sins and gave him a new heart. He went home a different man, gave up his wicked business, left off drinking, and began to serve God. And he always loved little Mary Vance for leading him, in her sweet, childish way, to the house of prayer that Wednesday afternoon.

NO JOKE TO BE A BABY.

Now I suppose you think, because you never see me do anything but feed and sleep, that I have a very nice time of it. Let me tell you that you are mistaken. How would you like every morning to have your nose washed up instead of down? How would you like to have a pin put through your dress into the skin, and have to bear it all day till your clothes were taken off at night? How would you like to be held so near the fire that your eyes were half-scorched out of your head, while your nurse was reading a novel? How would you like to have a great fly light on your nose, and not know how to take aim at him with your little, fat, useless fingers? How would you like to tire yourself out crawling away across the carpet to pick up a pretty button or pin, and have it snatched away as soon as you begin to enjoy it? I tell you it is enough to ruin any baby's temper.

LAYING UP TREASURE

FRED and Willie lived in a lovely woody place all the happy summer days. It would take a long time to tell even the names of all the acquaintances they made—not boys and girls and pleasant ladies and gentlemen only—O no; but birds and bees and butterflies and squirrels, and many, many other dwellers in the woods and fields. Perhaps none of these charming little people were more entertaining than a chipmunk, a bright-eyed little fellow who lived just at the back door. He was very shy at first, but Fred and Nellie were careful not to frighten him, but fed him on nuts, coaxing him every day to come a little nearer, until he lost all fear, and would run into the house and sit down on the sofa and wait until he saw some one from whom he could hope to get a nut. It was very funny to see how greedy he could be. He would take a nut out of Fred's mouth and put it into the little pocket on one side of his own mouth; then Nellie would give him another, and he would drop that into the other pocket, then he would sit up on his hind legs and cross his little paws in front, and look so bewitching that some one would give him still another, which he would carry away in his paws, walking carefully on his hind feet lest he drop the treasure. How droll he did look with both cheeks puffed out as though he had the worst kind of a swelled face.

What did chippie do with these nuts? Why, he carried them to his store-house and put them away for winter use; for well he knew that the day was coming when nuts would be few and far between, and his little appetite would be very sharp indeed.

"Sensible chap!" said Fred, one day. "Laying up treasure, isn't he?"

"Yes," replied thoughtful Nell; "may be we'd better learn a lesson from him."

"WHAT WILL JESU'S SAY?"

Two little girls were one day walking home from school.

"Edith Wills," said one, "what will the girls say when they hear you have invited Maggie Kelley to your party?"

"Ella," said her companion kindly, "when mamma told me to invite Maggie, I asked her the same question. She told me it made no difference what the girls said who thought Maggie quite beneath them because she was poor, and she asked me if I would like to hear what Jesus would say. So she took her Bible and read to me these words:

"And the king shall answer and say unto them, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."