

tiful hymn which is often sung in our churches, and which begins with the words:

"Jesus, refuge of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the gathering waters roll,
While the tempest still is nigh."

Children should try to remember this text. It will help them when they grow up, if they should ever feel lost and lonely. The Saviour will always help. "A man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert (or refuge) from the tempest."

WHAT CURED KITTY.

KITTY was a pretty little girl with long golden curls, rosy cheeks, and blue eyes. But something was always happening to make her cry. Her mamma had talked with her and punished her, but the bad habit was not checked. Twenty times a day, at least, Kitty was in tears.

"I'm going to try a new plan with Kitty," said Aunt Susan, one day, as she was starting for the city. She wouldn't tell any one what the plan was; but, when she returned in the evening, she took out of her shopping bag a small pasteboard box.

"That's my plan for Kitty," she said.

She hadn't had time to take off her bonnet before she heard Kitty crying in the hall.

"What is the matter, Kitty?" she asked, as the little girl came sobbing into the room.

"James wouldn't let me look out of the window," answered Kitty.

Aunt Susan quickly opened the pasteboard box, and took out a little looking-glass, about as large as a silver dollar. It was set in a frame of red, green, and yellow stones, and had a jewelled ring for a handle.

"Look in and see how pretty you are, Kitty," said her aunt, holding the glass up before her.

Kitty looked in, and stopped crying at once. She was ashamed of the puckered, tear-stained face she saw.

"Won't you give this beautiful glass to me, Auntie?" she asked.

"Yes," replied her aunt, "if you will promise to look into it every time you cry. I will hang it on a ribbon around your neck, and whenever you begin to cry you must hold it up before you, so you can see how you look."

Kitty promised, and the pretty mirror was hung about her neck with a blue satin ribbon.

Half an hour later Kitty was told that it was time all little girls should be in bed. She began to wait at once.

"Remember the looking-glass, Kitty," said her aunt.

Kitty at once held up the little glass, but when she looked into it the tears stopped coming, and she began to laugh.

"I can't cry and look in the glass, too," she said. "The tears get in front of my eyes, and I can't see myself at all."

And it was so every time she cried. In order to see herself in the glass she had to stop the tears, and in this way her bad habit was cured.

And whenever she heard of any child who was called a "cry-baby," she would always say, "Somebody had better buy a little looking-glass."

F. B. H.

MISSIONARY APPLES.

I SHALL tell you a little true story which was told me by a lady who had been a missionary in far-away Japan. She is now living in England, and one day when she was visiting an aged lady there she noticed a fine old apple tree in the garden. It was springtime, and the tree was beautiful with blossoms.

When my friend spoke of it, the old lady said, "Yes, that is my missionary apple tree," and then she told the little story.

Many years before, a missionary clergyman had visited the place, and the old lady had entertained him at her home.

When he was going away he wished to pay her for her kind attention, but she would not receive anything.

"Then," said the missionary, "I will plant an apple tree in your garden as a token of my gratitude, if you will allow me." So he planted the tree, and it grew nicely.

When it began to bear apples, the lady said they should be *missionary apples*, and she sold them and gave the money which they brought to missions. Each year she had done this, and the neighbors, knowing it, were always ready to buy the apples, and to give her a specially good price for them.

It is always the way, children, when you are really trying to do a good work you will be pretty sure to find others ready to help you.

Even the tree seemed to have a blessing upon it, for it always bore plentifully, and it was getting to be an old tree when my friend saw it.

"Now," said my friend, "this good old lady has died since I came over to America, but I think, when I go back, I shall find her daughter still keeping on her mother's good work. The daughter told me that she remembered the missionary's visit, though she was a little girl then."

Now, my little soldiers, you and I ought certainly to find some way to help the missionary work of the Church, when we remember this steadfast old lady and her "missionary apples."

—Jennie Harrison.