



CROSSING THE RED SEA.—EXODUS 14, 1921.

ROY'S WISH.

A. GIDDINGS PARK.

"I wish I was a little dog,"
 Roy, pouting, said one day
 To mamma, who'd refused him leave
 Out in the rain to play—
 "'Cause little dogs don't have to ask
 Their mamma if they may,
 But go just where they want to go,
 And always have their way!"
 And then he pouted all the more,
 Stamped loud, and kicked against the door.

Mamma looked grieved, yet no reply
 Her naughty boy she made,
 But when 'twas supper-time Roy's plate
 At table was not laid;
 Sat on the hearth he saw it placed,
 With scraps of meat and bread,
 His pretty silver cup, with milk
 Close by where Jip was fed.

A moment more, two chubby arms
 Round mamma's neck were pressed—
 A little boy with golden hair
 Was sobbing on her breast.
 "I don't—don't want to be—to be
 A doggie any more!"
 Sobbed little Roy, as though his heart
 Were smitten to the core.

Then mamma said, "I'm glad to find
 My little boy has changed his mind!"
 And gently kissed the tears away,
 While Roy was soon absorbed in play.

FLUFFY AND HER BABIES.

ONE day Gertrude was sick in bed, and she was so lonely and miserable that she cried as hard as she could. Mamma opened the door and looked at her little girl a moment, and then said:

"Poor little girlie! Mamma can't be with you all the time; but here's company for you."

Gertrude saw only a great bunch of roses in mamma's hand, and although she was very fond of flowers, she knew mamma would not call them company. So she opened her eyes very wide, and looked towards the door.

Mamma laughed, stooped down and lifted a basket from the floor, opened it and laid in her little sick girl's arms a beautiful white Angora cat. Its fur was two inches long, and so fine and soft that the cat looked almost like a tiny puff ball.

"Oh! the dear, lovely, fluffy thing!" cried the delighted child. "What shall we name it?"

"I think you have called it a very good name—'Fluffy,'" answered mamma.

So Fluffy it was always called.

A few months afterwards, Gertrude came running to her mother, for she was quite well now, and called. "Come, quick, mamma, Fluffy has three of the sweetest, teeny, little kittens you ever saw!"

Nobody in all that town had such pretty pets as Fluffy and her three babies.

DOT'S WELCOME

BY E. G.

DOT HUNT was a sweet child, and everybody loved her, because she was so lovely and lovable. She was an only child of a wealthy widow, and her home was one of elegance and culture. There never was a kinder or more generous child, or one more compassionate. If, while driving in the grand carriage beside her mamma, she saw a child grieved or hurt, she was not happy until she saw it comforted or helped. If a beggar child came to the door, she turned beggar, too, begging Ann, the cook, to feed the hungry.

When Dot was five years old, she went, one bright summer day, to church with her mamma. She was a perfect blossom in her snowy white dress, with a bunch of rose buds fastened in the broad sash.

At the church door stood a plainly-dressed woman with a very sad face, and beside her a girl of perhaps ten years, the latter wearing a calico dress and a very common-looking straw hat. People were going into the church very fast, but no one seemed to notice the sad-looking woman and her daughter. Presently a sunshiny voice broke the icy chilliness of the church-goers. It was Dot's.

"Isn't you doin' in to church?" asked Dot, of the little girl.

"It isn't our church, we're strangers, we don't know where to go," answered the little girl.

"It's God's church," Dot said reverently; "come with mamma and me; there's lots of room in God's church."

The weary woman looked into Mrs. Hunt's face questioningly, and, though the latter's face flashed, she seconded the little one's hearty invitation.

"Yes, do come with us, please, we will be glad to have you," she said. And, presently, seated side by side in God's house were the children of poverty and wealth.

There had been a number of witnesses of the pretty scene. There was more than one face flushed as the minister, during the reading of the morning lesson, gave this passage, "I was a stranger and ye took me in."

"Was it Jesus looking through that sad woman's eyes? Jesus looking through her little daughter's eyes?"

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me."

After the service, more than one fashion-

ably-dressed lady shook hands kindly with the "strangers," and made them welcome.

Dot never knew how forlorn, how homesick and how desolate those two strangers had been before her gentle welcome reached their souls, but she had taught "children of a larger growth" a lesson sadly needed.

And lo! how great a tree grows from a little acorn! The "strangers" who had come to the city from a bereaved home, from which both friends and money had been taken, found friends and pleasant employment. How far a little candle throws its beam!

A RIDDLE.

CAN you guess it?

I always run at man's behest,
 Giving myself no time for rest;
 Ah, what might not occur for harm,
 If I should sleep nor give alarm!
 I am no egotist, yet I
 Make myself heard, and am not shy;
 But rare the day when I agree
 With others in my company!

A DEAR ACQUAINTANCE.

SURELY children do get at the truth of things in a wonderful way, without fear or fashion or favour.

A little child, left at home one cold, tempestuous day, was applied to by a poor wanderer for shelter.

"I can't let you in," said the little one, from an upper window, "because my father don't know you." And she would not be entreated.

Suddenly the child's voice was heard again: "Do you know Jesus?"

The poor woman burst into tears, and declared that Jesus was her only friend.

Instantly the door flew open. "Oh, if you know Jesus," said the child, "it's all right, because he is our friend too."

Safe indeed are we in our friend, if they are truly the friends of Jesus.

BENJIE'S SCRAP-BOOK.

BENJIE was a little cripple. His back was not straight, like yours and mine, and his little legs were small and thin and useless. He was a bright, merry little fellow though, and far happier than many children who can run and play all day long, and who never know what it is to lie awake at night with backache.

He had a scrap-book, and his friends used to send him a great many pictures to paste in it. One day a fresh box of pictures came. As he was turning them over, he suddenly began to laugh. "Ho, ho! old fellow, what's your name? You old bird with a woman's face, you! Why, you look like old Bridget O'Toole, with her nightcap that she wears all day!"

Mamma was curious to see what sort of a bird it could be that looked like an old Irish grandmother. It was an owl, perched upon the edge of her nest.