



NO COLD CAN HURT ME!

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Little Mabel Martin has got a brand new fur muff and fur-trimmed coat, and is eager to go to Sunday-school.

"No cold can hurt me," she cries, and off to school she goes.

It is the warm heart within as well as the warm clothes without that keep her so cheerful and glad. Alas, many little girls are not so well clad as she. We should not forget the poor in our joy, but should try to make them happy too.

WHICH WAS CRUEL?

"O Donald!" cried Elsie, "why do you cut down the tender green things with your cruel scythe? It seems so hard to end their lives."

"It may seem cruel to you, miss," replied the old gardener, pausing from his work, "but suppose I should let the

briers and thistles and weeds grow until, by-and-bye, when you lost your croquet ball and went to bring it, your pretty hands were pricked and torn, or your dress filled with nasty clinging burrs, which would be the more cruel?"

"To let them grow, of course, Donald. I'll say nothing more."

"And," went on the old man, "there are some other things it is better to cut off while they are tender and growing, lest it be cruel to leave them—habits are only another kind of weeds and briers, and correction, though it seems hard to bear, is the scythe which cuts them off."

No one else can do the work you have been sent into the world to do; others may do some other work, but not your work.