

THREE BUGS.

BY ALICE CARY.

THREE little bugs in a basket,
And hardly room for two!
And one was yellow, and one was black,
And one like me or you.
The space was small, no doubt, for all
But what should three bugs do?

Three little bugs in a basket,
And hardly crumbs for two;
And all were selfish in their hearts,
The same as I or you;
So the strong ones said, "We will eat the bread,
And that is what we'll do."

Three little bugs in a basket,
And the beds but two would hold;
So they all three fell to quarrelling—
The white, and the black, and the gold—
And two of the bugs got under the rugs,
And one was out in the cold!

So he that was left in the basket,
Without a crumb to chew,
Or a thread to wrap himself withal,
When the wind across him blew,
Pulled one of the rugs from one of the bugs,
And so the quarrel grew.

And so there was war in the basket,
Ah, pity 'tis, 'tis true!
But he that was frozen and starved at last
A strength from his weakness drew,
And pulled the rugs from both of the bugs,
And killed and ate them too!

Now when bugs live in a basket,
Though more than it well can hold,
It seems to me they had better agree—
The white, and the black, and the gold—
And share what comes of the beds and crumbs,
And leave no bug in the cold.

THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

"SECOND class in arithmetic!" called the teacher, and the girls rose in their places, awaiting the tap of the bell. Tessa Johnson, flushed and worried, bent over the slate on which was the example that would not come right. And that example must be carried into the class "Nine times six are how many? Quick!" she whispered. Lilla Grant, without looking up from the map she was drawing, answered, "Fifty-four," and then the bell sounded, and Tessa went to the recitation. The answer on the slate was like that in the book at last.

But Lilla dropped her pencil in dismay. What had she done? Whispered! And tomorrow would be the last day of school, and the roll of honour would not contain her name.

This roll of honour was a new idea in the school. When the present teacher had come, the school had been far from orderly, and she had been trying to bring about a better condition of affairs. One of her methods was to have each pupil report

at night her own behaviour during the day. The names of those who refrained from whispering during the term would constitute the roll of honour. This was to be framed and hung where all the visitors could see it on exaltation day.

Lilla had tried very hard to make one of the list. Nobody knew what temptations she had resisted. And now, at the very last moment, she had been off guard—and failed. Her heart sunk at the thought. Tears rushed to her eyes. But—that had no business to come in, nevertheless it came—had she really whispered? Many of the girls made signs. They spelled words with the deaf and dumb alphabet. Some even wrote on the slate and passed notes without calling it whispering. She had made no noise when her lips had framed the words. Scarcely a breath had passed them. Was it whispering after all? Might she not report perfect and no one be the wiser?

The teacher glancing that way, was pleased to see Lilla giving such close attention to her map. She could not see the inward struggle—she could not hear the prayer for strength, but there was One who did see and hear, and sent the needed help.

When Miss Farnham called the names that night, it seemed very hard that Tessa should answer perfect. Her eyes refused to meet those of Lilla.

The hardest part, however, was yet to come. Aunt Sarah, with whom Lilla lived, was careful of her appearance and manners, providing her with clothing and food, but gave not the comfort and sympathy the motherless heart craved.

As usual, Aunt Sarah required a strict account of the day's doings. Of course Lilla told just what had taken place. The lady's face grew very stern and forbidding. "I should think," she said, "gratitude, if nothing more, would lead you to do better. Didn't mean to, indeed! I am about discouraged."

Aunt Sarah did not intend to be unkind, but she will never know what bitter tears and sobs her words called forth. Long after the others were asleep, Lilla lay in the darkness, feeling, oh! so wretched. At last she sunk into an uneasy slumber. Suddenly the room grew light like day, and beside her stood a shining angel. He was more grand and glorious than anything she had ever seen before, but she did not feel afraid. He unclasped and opened a great book, and while Lilla wondered what it could mean he seemed to know her thoughts.

"This," he said, "contains the names of those who have been overcomers in times of temptation. It is the Saviour's roll of honour." Then he turned the page toward her, and she read, in golden letters, the names of Stephen and Paul and John, and all the host of martyrs who had suffered for the faith, and many, many names of men and women—yes, and children; and the last name recorded was her own. Could it be true? She rubbed her eyes, but still remained in bright letters—

Lilla Grant. And then she heard a voice that thrilled her, saying, "My child, I know it all. I care for thee."

When she awoke it was morning, but the blessed dream lingered with her, giving her peace and joy all day.

The school visitors examined Miss Farnham's roll of honour, headed by Tessa Johnson's name. Aunt Sarah frowned at Lilla, and the child felt sorry for the careless whisper that had cost her so much, but she felt more glad than she could express that no untruth of hers had shut her away from the Saviour's presence, and thinking again of her vision, she softly murmured, "My name is written in the Book of Life."

WHAT DICK MINDED.

DICK was not in a good humour. In the first place, he wanted to go driving with mamma and auntie, and he couldn't go, then cook was making ginger-snaps and would give him but two, while he wanted ten, and now Sybil was scolding him for breaking all the blossoms off mamma's little flowering almond bush. It seemed to be a crooked sort of day with Dick, for the next thing he did was to get one of Aunt Belle's drawing pencils, which nobody was allowed to touch, and go to drawing men on the stuccoed wall of the house.

"Oh, Dick, you mustn't do that! 'deed you mustn't," remonstrated the older sister. "Well, what bad thing can I do then?" he demanded.

Who could help laughing? Sybil couldn't, and this made the small boy very angry. It was no use talking to him now; to all Sybil's threats about what would be done to him he only made answer that he didn't care.

"But, Dick, don't you mind seeing mother look sorry?" at last Sybil said in despair.

This called a halt at once. The great moon-faced man waited for his terrible heard while Dick was remembering how it felt to have mamma look sorry. That terrible beard never grew. When mamma came back Dick was swinging on the lawn-gate waiting to kiss her. The peculiar men were scraped off the house, but mamma could not make up her mind to scold Dick when she found how much he had minded about her looking sorry.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

APRIL 1.

LESSON TOPIC.—Jacob's Prevailing Prayer.—Gen. 32. 9-12, 24-30.

MEMORY VERSES Gen. 32. 28-30

GOLDEN TEXT—I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.—Gen. 32. 26

APRIL 5.

LESSON TOPIC.—Discord in Jacob's Family.—Gen. 37. 1-11.

MEMORY VERSES, Gen. 37. 3, 4.

GOLDEN TEXT—See that ye fall not out by the way.—Gen. 45. 24