

POLLY'S PICNIC.

Polly was having a picnic all by herself one day, out on the lawn under the big maple tree.

She had carried out her table and chair, and her two dolls sat by her side in chairs of their own.

On the table was a nice red apple and two cookies and some "pop-corn." The popped corn was for the dolls, because, with a little help, they could be made to hold it in their hands.

Rover was stretched out on the grass, sound asleep. He was to have one of the cookies.

"I forget what they do first at picnics," said Polly to herself. "I don't think they begin by eating things."

While she was thinking about it a loaded waggon passed by, and as it came to the hill near the house, the horse stopped, and would not go on.

Perhaps he had been travelling a long distance and wanted to rest, or perhaps he did not like to draw a load up hill.

The man who was driving him began to beat and scold him, but still he would not move. Then the man beat and kicked him the harder, and Rover woke from his nap and barked furiously; but yet the horse stood still.

In a moment Polly had a bright thought. She caught up the red apple and ran out at the gate followed closely by Rover, and she said to the man:

"Please don't whip him any more. I can make him go."

Then she went before the horse, and held out the apple towards him, and he instantly forgot all his other plans, and thinking only of getting the apple, followed Polly, and quickly drew the heavy load to the top of the hill.

"Now you shall have it," said Polly, as she gave him the apple. "I can do without it at my picnic."

But the man, sad to tell, did not thank Polly for being so kind and brave, but only seemed angry that a little girl could do what he could not do.

Then Polly went back to her picnic, and ate one cookie, and gave the other to Rover, and the dolls had some popped corn. She did not miss the apple very much, because she was glad that she had helped the tired horse.

The apple was a little thing, and Polly was a little thing, but together they did a good deed.—*Youth's Companion.*

FAITHFUL IN LITTLE THINGS.

"This," said Deacon Hayes, "is probably the last ship I shall ever build, and I intend to have her as perfect as possible."

So he selected a beautiful model, and knowing that the owner wanted something very superior he spared no time or money in procuring the best workmen to be found; and then he watched over every stick as it was hewn and fitted in its place, every plank that was spiked on the timbers, every spar that was prepared. When they came to put the copper sheathing over the bottom of the ship, the deacon watched it very closely. At one spot he found the head of a copper nail which fastened the sheathing split. The deacon's eyes were becoming rather poor, but he saw the broken head. "Jim Spiker, I see a nail broken; isn't there a little hole by its side?"

"Not a bit of it, I'm sartin. There couldn't a drop of water get in there in a century."

So the word of Jim was accepted; the ship was finished and launched, and made two or three prosperous voyages. During one of these she lay at a wharf in Calcutta. Now, these waters swarm with that little pest, the ship-worm. They crawled all over the ship, but could not get through the copper sheathing. At length Mrs.

Teredo lit upon the broken nail, found the little hole, and squeezed herself in. Then she began to eat the timber and lay her eggs in it. Soon they hatched and increased till the timber was full of little teredos, and then the next and the next, till every stick in the whole ship was very badly worm-eaten. Still the ship looked sound, sailed well, and made her long voyage. At length, when in the middle of the great ocean, a terrible storm met her. The wind howled through the rigging, as if singing a funeral dirge. The waves rolled up, and writhed as if in agony. Every spar was bent, and every timber and spike strained to the utmost. The cargo which filled the ship was of immense value. The crew was large and the passengers were many. Worse and worse grew the storm, till at last a huge wave struck her with all its power. The poor ship staggered, groaned once, and crumpled up like a piece of paper. She foundered at sea, in the dark night, in that awful storm. The rich cargo all went to the bottom of the ocean. The drowned men and women sank down, down, miles before they rested on the bottom. All done through the neglect of Jim Spiker, who was too unfaithful to mend the hole made by the broken nail.—*From Leaves of Light.*

A WHOLE DAY DOING NOTHING.

"If I only could have a whole day to do nothing—no work and no lessons—only play all day, I should be happy," said little Bessie.

"To-day shall be yours," said her mother. "You may play as much as you please; and I will not give you any work; no matter how much you may want it."

Bessie laughed at the idea of wishing for work, and ran out to play. She was swinging on the gate, when the children passed to school and they all envied her for hav-

ing no lessons. When they were gone she climbed up into a cherry tree, and picked a lapful for pies; but when she carried them in, her mother said, "That is work, Bessie. Don't you remember you cried yesterday because I wished you to pick cherries for the pudding? You may take them away. No work to-day, you know."

And the little girl went away, rather out of humor. She got her doll, and played with it a while, but was soon tired. She tried all her other toys, but they didn't seem to please her any better. She came back, and watched her mother who was shelling peas.

"Mayn't I help you, mother?" she asked.

"No, Bessie; this isn't play."

Bessie went out into the garden again, and leaned over the fence, watching the ducks and geese in the pond. Soon she heard her mother was setting the table for dinner. Bessie longed to help. Then her father came back from his work, and they all sat down to dinner. Bessie was quite cheerful during the meal; but when it was over, and her father away, she said wearily, "Mother, you don't know how tired I am of doing nothing! If you would only let me wind your cotton, or put your workbox in order, or even sew at that tiresome patchwork, I would be so glad!"

"I can't, little daughter, because I said I would not give you work to-day. But you may find some for yourself, if you can."

So Bessie hunted up a pile of old stockings, and began to mend them, for she could darn very neatly. Her face grew brighter, and presently she said, "Mother, why do people get tired of play?"

"Because God did not mean us to be idle. His command is, 'Six days shall labor.' He has given all of us work to do, and has made us so that unless we do just the very work that he gave us, we can't be happy."



MUSIC HATH CHARMS.