

Each little flower that opens,  
Each little bird that sings,  
He made their glowing colors  
He made their tiny wings.

The rich man in his castle,  
The poor man at his gate,  
God made them, high and lowly,  
And order'd their estate.

The purple-headed mountain,  
The river running by,  
The sunset and the morning,  
That brightens up the sky.

The cold wind in the winter,  
The pleasant summer sun,  
The ripe fruits in the garden,  
He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood:  
The meadows where we play,  
The rushes by the water,  
We gather every day:

He gave us eyes to see them,  
And lips that we might tell  
How great is God Almighty,  
Who has made all things well.

#### IN THE LIBRARY.

'The cover of your book speaks of careless handling.'

The assistant at the receiving window of the library spoke with a severity of tone, and Cornelia did not find it difficult to guess why. She had been waiting at the window full five minutes while the head librarian, a dignified and portly gentleman, had taken his subordinate sharply to task for some piece of carelessness. With considerable sympathy Cornelia had watched the assistant's flushed face, and listened to her efforts at an explanation. And now the assistant was repaying her kindly thought in this disagreeable fashion.

'It's only the paper cover that's torn,' Cornelia said, when she had recovered from her surprise. 'And that looked just as bad when I took the book out.'

'I think you are mistaken,' the assistant said impatiently. 'If it had, the book would not have been allowed in circulation.' She used her rubber stamp with a vehemence that seemed positively ill-natured, and shoved the book aside. 'Please stand away from the window. Don't you see that other people are waiting?'

Cornelia stood away from the window, and now her cheeks were burning. She said to herself that this assistant librarian was the most unpleasant person she had ever seen, and that she was really glad she had got her scolding. She moved on toward the card catalogue when a girl touched her arm.

'Please can I borrow your pencil?' she inquired.

'I am just going to use my pencil,' Cornelia returned. Her tone was a little cold and formal. While she had no intention of being rude, it was certain that she was far from cordial.

The girl moved away, and for some reason Cornelia's eyes followed her. She was rather shabby, and she led by the hand a little child, three or four years old. As Cornelia looked the little one pointed a finger at a picture on the library wall, and exclaimed admiringly:

'Look, Mami, look!'

'Hush. You mustn't talk in the library.'

And the older sister caught the younger by the shoulder, and shook her. The child's face reddened, her lips quivered, tears began to roll down her cheeks.

Cornelia's thoughts suddenly turned back. What an endless chain it was! The head librarian had censured his subordinate, with unnecessary severity. The

assistant had snapped at Cornelia. Cornelia had spoken to the shabby girl who asked a favor, in a way she would never have thought of doing if she had not been ruffled and out of sorts, and the shabby girl had shaken her little sister and the little sister was crying.

Straight across the room to the girl went Cornelia.

'Excuse me,' she said. The girl turned a flushed face.

'Were you in a hurry for a pencil?' Cornelia asked with her most winning smile. 'Because I'm not. I've got to search in the catalogue a while.'

'It won't take me but a minute,' said the girl, her expression completely changed.

And Cornelia took advantage of her softened look to pat the baby's wet cheek and say softly:

'Mustn't cry, honey. Everything is all right.'

She looked over her shoulder after a while, and the big sister and the little one sat side by side on one of the benches. The big sister's arm was around the little figure, and the baby was smiling again, while 'Mami's' face had resumed an expression of amiability.

'And a good thing, too,' thought Cornelia. 'Nobody knows what started the head librarian, but there's no sense in stirring up the whole town just because he's out of temper. This is a good place to stop.'

#### A QUERY.

A school teacher recited to her pupils the 'Landing of the Pilgrims,' and after she had finished she requested each pupil to try and draw from his or her imagination a picture of Plymouth Rock. Most of them went to work at once, but one little fellow hesitated, and at length raised his hand.

'Well, Willie, what is it?' asked the teacher.

'Please, ma'am, do you want us to draw a hen or a rooster?'

#### CONCISE.

One of the shortest summings up on record is believed to be that delivered by the late Commissioner Keir at the Old Bailey in a case where a man was charged with being in the unlawful possession of a gold watch and chain.

The appearance of the prisoner certainly did not correspond with the legitimate possession of such costly ornaments, but he asserted his innocence of the charge, and declared that he had found the watch and chain on the pavement.

The judge looked at the man in the dock, and then at the men in the box.

'Gentlemen of the jury,' he said, 'I have walked over the pavements of London during the last forty years, and I've never found a gold watch and chain there yet. Consider your verdict!'

#### THE RIGHT KIND OF A BOY.

A boy who had thoughtlessly hurt the feelings of a friend, called in the evening and said: 'Is Theodore in? I want to see him.'

The two had a few moments' earnest talk, after which Theodore came back to the living-room with a very bright face.

'Kenneth is a good fellow,' he said as his mother looked up inquiringly. 'He was rather horrid to me to-day when I made an error on third base, and he came around to-night to apologise. He said he was sorry that he had been rude, and he thought he had been unfair. There are not many fellows who take the trouble to ask your pardon when they have been in the wrong.'

'Kenneth is a manly boy,' said Theodore's father.

'Yes, and a generous one,' the mother added. 'We are glad to have you cultivate the friendship of a boy such as Kenneth. You won't go far astray when in his company.'

# Dr. J. J. GRESHAM

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