



To Josie Limer Caldwell
From Grand-Mama
On Her Seventh Birthday
Dec. 15th 1888.



LITTLE GIRL AND HER BIRD.

A little girl read in her book,
How a wicked boy a wild bird took
From out its nest in the green-wood
tree.

A captive now 'tis forced to be,
And flutters its poor wings all day long,
And beats the bars of its cage so strong.



"Poor little bird!" she softly cried;
Then on her head her hood she tied,
Took down the cage of her own bird,
Opened the door, with joyous word.
"Fly, little bird, away," quoth she,
"Back to your home in the green-
wood tree."



Away, away, the glad bird flew,
Far out of sight, in heavens blue.
The wee girl watched with wondering
eye,
Till it had faded in the sky.
Then sat her down, and cried, "Boo-
hoo!
My bird is gone! What shall I do?"



Her pinafore with tears was wet:
'My bird again, I'll never get.'
At last she raised her weeping eye,
And there at hand, what should she spy
But birdie hopping in his door,
Tired of his freedom, back once more.



GIVING DOLLY MEDICINE.

Now, Rosalinda Waterpine,
Don't shut your mouth up tight
And 'fuse to take your medicine,
Because that isn't right.

Don't cry and make an ugly face,
And say you'll spit it out;
I'm doing this to make you well,
And so you mustn't pout.

For mammas always knows what's
best,

E'en little one's like me;
They hate to 'stress their little girls,
But have to—don't you see?

Once I was such a naughty girl,
And 'haved and fussed just so
When mamma gave me things to take;
But that was long ago.

Since I have grown so very big,
And lots of lessons say,
I've learned this verse from God's own
Book:

"Children, you must obey."

For God makes mammas very wise;
They always know what's best.
Come, now, and drink this bottle down;
Some day you'll take the rest.



GRAN'MA'S STITCHES.

BY MRS. A. E. THOMAS.

"Hush, dear," said mamma, while busy at
play

Were three little mischievous witches;
Little Charley and Lulu, and sweet baby
May,

"Hush! Grad'ma is counting her
stitches.

"Don't chatter so loud. Ah, see her lips
move,

To wreath in that smile which enriches
Your own lives and mine, my dear little
elves;

Ah, hear her now counting her stitches!

"See her pearly white ball, and her soft
bordered cap,

With little blue bows in the niches,
And the sheath for her glasses that lie on
her lap,

While she's busily counting her stitches."

The bright summer sped, and the beauti-
ful snow

Came falling, and filling the ditches,
When warm little toes, wrapped in soft
woollen hose,

Showed that grandma had counted her
stitches.

A CHILD'S LEGACY.

A little girl six years old was a
short time ago called home to God.
About a year before her death she
had a small writing-desk given her.
After her death her mother un-
locked it, and found this writing:
'I will mind my father and mother
always. I will try to have my lessons
perfect. I will try to be kind, and
not get cross.'

WHAT FOR?

I know a child, and who is she?

I'll tell you by and bye:

When mamma says "do this or that,"

She says "what for?" and "why?"

She'd be a better child by far,

If she would say, "I'll try."

THANKSGIVING DAY.

You needn't 'spect me to tend to you.

Dolly, darling,—because, you see,

To-day I've a woman's work to do,

I'm just as busy as I can be.

Company's coming to-morrow, dear;

Uncles and aunts, and a lot of cousins,

Coming to spend Thanksgiving here,

And grandma is making pies by dozens.

I work all day without once stopping,

How could I have a child about me?

Beating the eggs, and the raisins chop-

ping.—

What would grandma do without me?

Look at the edge of those elegant pies,

Would you believe 'twas done with a

door-key?

Listen! I'll tell you a great surprisel

Grandpa has killed the biggest turkey!

Now go back to your little bed,

I can't 'ford time to talk to you,

Have to be busy with hands and head

When I've a woman's work to do.

To-morrow you'll wear your bestest dress,

And you must behave your prettiest way;

There, go to sleep! When you awake, I

guess

You'll find it has come Thanksgiving

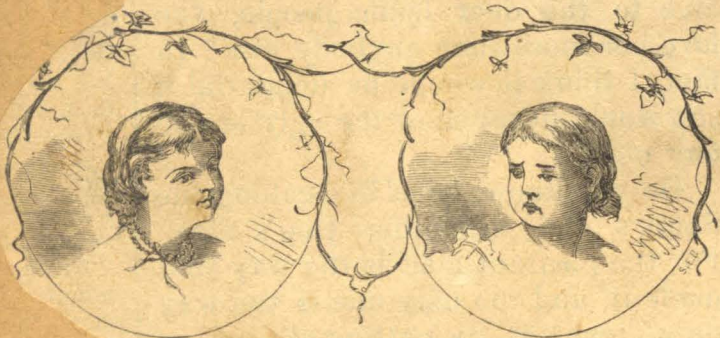
Day.

—Youth's Companion.

A TWO-FACED GIRL.

"Did I see the two-faced girl at the museum?" Oh! no. I don't have to go far to find one. In fact, we have one right in our own home.

One of her faces is very sweet and pleasant to look at. Her hair is rather curly, her mouth has a pleasant smile, and her blue eyes shine brightly. The words that come out of the



mouth that belongs to this face are pleasant, cheerful and kind; in fact, everything about this face is pleasing, and everybody that sees this face, says, "Dear me! what a sweet little girl! I should think her mother would take no end of comfort in her."

But when they say this, I am sure they have never seen the girl's other face, for this one is not nice to look at. There is a frown between her eyes, and the corners of the mouth go down instead of up. There is no smile on these lips, and the words that come from between them are as cross as can be. They sound like, "I don't care!" "No, I won't, either!" "You are as mean as can be, and I won't play!" "Shut up, or I will slap you." Horrible-sounding words, are they not?

Now, one of the strange things is, that this girl does not show both faces at once; and another is, that she seldom shows the ugly face to company. She keeps it for her mother and father, sisters and brothers; but the pleasant one always comes out like the sun from behind a cloud when company comes, or she is doing what pleases her. How nice it would be if she would always show the nice face to the dear home people, who love her more than anybody else! In fact, I think it would be delightful if she would never show the ugly one to any one.

Do you know, I feel like calling one Satan's and the other God's face? For the pleasant face is the way God made it, and the ugly one is the way Satan made it, by putting all sorts of wicked, cross and selfish thoughts and tempers into the heart.

A PARTY.

The party was held in the rushes beside Mud Lake last spring, but I have only just heard of it.

I am informed that all the young frogs of the season were there, and a right merry time they had, singing all



the songs they knew, and playing hop, skip and jump, as well as leap frog.

But it was noticed that some young frogs were better behaved than others; for, indeed, I am sorry to say, there were those present who seemed to think the party was meant only for them. They clambered into the rush swings and cried:

"Swing me! Swing me higher! Oh! you push me crooked!" as some of the more quiet ones tried to please them by pushing with all their might.

The cobweb hammocks were full of these restless fellows, and one said, "Your feet are poking me right in the back," and another, "Your eyes stick out so they hit me all the time. I wish you would get out and let me swing alone."

And when flies and lady-bugs were passed around for refreshments, these same impolite frogs darted out their tongues and took all they could, not caring whether any one else had some or not.

But there was one pretty, dainty little frog named Miss Polly Wog, who offered the rush swing and the cobweb hammock to others part of the time, and when the fly tarts were handed to her, instead of taking all she could, said to shy Miss Hoppity, who was sitting next to her on a log, "Won't you have some?"

Now, I must not forget to tell you that Miss Polly Wog sat on a log with somebody else before she went to the party, and that somebody was her mother. Madam Wog warned Miss Polly to be careful about her

manners, and treat the company present just as she would like to have them treat her; and Polly was such a dear, good little thing she remembered every word her mother said. Wasn't she a dear little froggie?

I have also been told that several other mamma frogs had talks with their children before they went to the party, but I fancy that what they said went in one ear and out at the other. And I have made up my mind that all kinds of children who mind their mamas are much the pleasantest.

HOW A POUTING LITTLE ONE LOOKS IN THE GLASS.

We suppose you have all seen an india-rubber face, and dare say you have amused yourself in pinching it one way and pulling it another, and seeing what different expressions it will put on. And when you stop pulling or pinching it, it returns to the same face that it was before.

Now, we must say to our young readers, that your faces are softer than india-rubber, and that they are full of little strings called muscles. These muscles, or strings, are pulled one way, or pulled another, just according to your feelings. Sometimes you feel grieved or sad, and the little muscles pull your face into a very doleful expression. The moment anybody looks at you, they know something is troubling you, and you feel sorrowful. But, if you see a funny picture, or if something happens to make you feel merry and glad, the little muscles pull your face into smiles, and dimples, and you look just ready to burst out into a broad laugh.

But when we do wrong, bad and wicked feelings are at work pulling these strings. Anger pulls one set of strings, and then you know what a disagreeable look the face puts on in a moment. Pride pulls another set of these strings, and so does vanity, or envy, or deceit, or discontent; and each of these brings its own peculiar look or expression over the face. And the worst thing about it is, that, if the strings are pulled too often, the face will not return to what it was before, but the strings will become stiff, like wires, and the face will keep wearing the ugly look it puts on all the time. By giving way to sin, or by indulging bad feelings, some people get their faces worked up to such a dreadful look, that, when you meet one of them in the street, the moment you see him, you can tell what his character is.

You know, dear young reader, the Bible tells us that sin is a reproach, or a disgrace, and, if we consent to it, or give way to it, it will pull those strings in our faces that will cause our very looks to be disgraceful. Do not let anger, nor pride, nor passion, get hold of the strings, or they will make you appear so ugly that no one will love to look at you. But let love, and gentleness, and good-will, and truth, and honesty, have hold of the strings, and they will make your faces beautiful and lovely.—*Mother's Magazine.*



JESSIE'S "PIECE."

"Mamma, couldn't Jessie speak her piece at our exhibition to-night? She looks so cute when she stands up to say it, with Sapphira Henderson in her arms," said Hildred Athington, "I'm sure everybody would clap."

"I have no objection, my dear, if



you think Jessie will not be frightened," said mamma.

"Oh! I don't think she will. She'll see all the rest of them speaking, and she'll think it fun."

And so it happened that little Jessie Athington spoke her piece at the exhibition given in Aunt Jennie's parlor the night before Christmas. This was the piece, and you see how "cute" she looked, by her picture. With a very low bow, she began:

MY DOLLY.

"Who lies so calmly in my lap,
And takes, whene'er I please, a nap,
Nor heeds me if I kiss or slap?
My dolly.

"Who always looks 'as good as gold,'
Nor smiles less if I frown or scold,
And ne'er grows cross, however old?
Dear dolly!

"I hold her gently in my arm—
I fain would shield her from all harm,
But I can't kiss her cold cheeks warm—
Poor dolly!

"Alas! she does not feel my tears,
She knows not all my hopes and fears,
She's only just what she appears—
My dolly!"



A GOOD GUESS.

"Now, Flora Flimsy, you are too big a girl to ride; you must come right along and walk by your dear mamma's side. The twins have to ride, 'cause Jenny June has broken her leg, and the blood all sifts out of Matie May's arm every time she moves; but you are a big girl, and haven't a split anywhere, so you can walk as well as not; besides, I am afraid the carriage will break down if

any more get in. Mamma says they don't make cardboard boxes near so strong as they used to, and I believe she is right; the back end of this carriage broke out the first thing."

Having arranged Jenny June's broken legs over the side of the carriage, and Matie May's broken arm so the sawdust—excuse me, the blood, I mean—would not run out, the little mother, Florence Grey, proceeded to draw the maimed twins in their pasteboard box carriage and make Flora Flimsy walk, whom she counseled

in the following manner:

"Turn out your toes, Flora, my dear, and throw back your shoulders. Don't turn round and stare after people in the street; it's very bad manners. And, Flora, you must remember that everything you do the twins will be sure to copy, 'cause you are the oldest, and a great 'sponsibility is on top of you; so I hope you will never do nuffing you don't want to see your little sisters do. Are you listening, Flora Flimsy, to what I say

to you?" said the thoughtful little mother, with a gentle shake.

Flora wore the same smiling expression all through, but I am afraid not a word went in at either ear. But I could not help thinking—I wonder if any one could guess what I thought?

"That the lesson Florence tried to teach Flora Flimsy would be a good one for boys and girls who have younger brothers and sisters to remember?" asked Dolly Brighteyes.

"You have guessed exactly what I thought, Dolly. How comes it you are such a good guesser?"

"Maybe 'cause my mamma tells me much the same thing Florence told her doll family," said Dolly.

A HOUSEHOLD FAIRY.

BY SIDNEY DAYRE.

"If I were only a fairy—well!
'Twould take me ever so long to tell
Of all the beautiful things I'd do
For everybody I loved, or knew;
For I'd have a wonderful wand of gold,
Like fairies carried in days of old.

"Mother should have a house as grand
As any you see in all the land;
A cap of lace and a velvet gown,
And a carriage to ride about the town;
She never should do a thing all day
But hold her hands like a lady gay;
And all this tiresome, tiresome work,
Which every day I am glad to shirk,
Would just be done—wouldn't that be fine?
The minute I waved that wand of mine!

"That's what I'd like to do, but oh,
I'm only a bit of a girl, you know!
Working away at homely things,
And not a fairy with shining wings.
I haven't a wand; and if I had,
Perhaps the fairies would think it sad,
If they had a chance to look and see
What a fearfully lazy girl I'd be.

"But I have two nimble hands, that know
How to knit and to mend and sew,
How to cook and to dust and sweep—
Come, and I'll let you take a peep.
So I'll hurry and do my very best,
While mother sits by the fire at rest,
And she will think, if she does not say,
One little fairy's alive to-day,
And for everything that a girl should do,
Can wave, not one little wand, but two."
—Companion.

"LITTLE CARRIE often asks, 'Would Jesus like for me to do this?' When inclined to dispute with her playmates, her teacher asks, 'Who will be like Jesus? Who will give up?' Carrie is always the first to say, 'I'll give up: the others may have it.'"



"THEY TOOK THEIR PLACES."

THE "GOODEST" MOTHER.

Evening was falling cold and dark,
And people hurried along the way,
As if they were longing soon to mark
Their own home candle's cheering ray.

Before me toiled in the whirling wind
A woman with bundles great and small,
And after her tugged, a step behind,
The bundle she loved the best of all:

A dear little roly-poly boy,
With rosy cheeks and a jacket blue,
Laughing and chattering, full of joy,
And here's what he said—I tell you true:

"You're the *goodest* mother that ever was."
A voice as clear as a forest bird's;
And I'm sure the glad young heart had cause
To utter the sweet of the lovely words.

Perhaps the woman had worked all day
Washing or scrubbing; perhaps she sewed;
I knew by her weary footfalls' way
That life for her was an uphill road.

But here was a comfort, children dear:
Think what a comfort you might give
To the very best friend you can have here,—
The mother dear in whose house you live.

If once in a while you'd stop and say,
In task or play, for a moment's pause,
And tell her, in sweet and winning way,
"You're the *goodest* mother that ever was."
—Margaret E. Sangster.

TOO LITTLE.

BY CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM.

The chair was hardly high enough,
Her head came just above the table;
Her little fist a pencil grasped
And scribbled fast as it was able.

"I'm writing stories," she explained,
And down the busy head bent lower;
"Ah, read one to me, dear," I begged;
And then the dimpled hand moved slower.

"O, auntie"—and the baby face
Drew back; then, swift the blue eyes lighting:
"I'd love to, only I'm so small
I don't know how to read my writing!"
—Wide Awake.



MAKING HER VALENTINE GO ROUND.

"That's the letter-man, I guess, and I hope it's a balumtine! I hope it is a balumtine!" said little Clara, jumping up and down with joy, as the bell in the front hall cried aloud in answer to a furious pull the knob on the outside of the door received.

The door opened in a minute, and the girl appeared, with a very large letter in her hand. She read slowly:

Floating, they sang, 'Good-bye, good-bye.'

"Where did the pretty flowers hide?

The Frost King hunts them far and wide."

"Dame Nature tucked them in the ground;
They'll all be back, now spring comes round."

"Is there a place for baby, say,
When all the sunbeams steal away?"

"Safe into mother's arms he'll creep;
She will sing him asleep, asleep."

THE DOLL'S MISSION.

My Eva has gone on a mission,
A regular mission, not fun;
She lives at the hospital yonder,
And wears a gray dress like a nun.

As soon as I heard of the children,
The poor, little, sick ones, you know,
With nothing at all to amuse them,
I knew 'twas her duty to go.

I loved her the best of my dollies;
Her eyes were the loveliest blue.
But doing your duty, 'most always,
Means something you'd rather not do.

—Child's Friend.

"Miss Clara Frink, 35 Flora Avenue, Smithville."

"Oh, that's me! I live in Smithville, don't I, Mary?" said little Clara.

"Well, yes; I guess it's for you. And I shouldn't wonder a

mite if it's a valentine," added the good-humored Mary.

"Why, of course it's a balumtine," said Clara. "Did you ever see a letter in a 'velope that had flowers and things pushed out all over it?" inquired Miss Clara, holding the beautiful thing up for them all to see.

Her seven little visitors crowded round her to look at the wonderful "balumtine," as it came out of its cover.

There it was, "a sure-enough balumtine," as Ada said, with hearts, and doves, and church-steeple, and young ladies and gentlemen walking to church arm-in-arm, and birds with letters for breakfast instead of worms—anyway, they had letters in their mouths.

"Ain't it sweet!" said one.

"Just lovely!" replied another.

"It's awful pretty!" said a third.

"I wish I had one just like it," said Tilda.

"Oh, it's too bad! I wish everybody in this room had one," said Clara, "but I'll make this one go round as well as I can, and you may all kiss the little angel with wings on his back and arrows in his cornucopia, 'cause he is so sweet; and maybe when you get home you will find the letter-man sent you each a balumtine too."

Clara is a nice little girl, and always tries to make people feel as happy as she can. A valentine is really a message of love, and ought never to carry anything but the kindest of thoughts and wishes.



BABY'S PLACE.

"Where did the little birdies go,
When winter came, with ice and snow?"

"Far in the heaven I saw them fly,



Sit still, dear Pussy, while I try
To take your likeness, dear,
Your ribbon blue,
& whiskers too,
I'll draw them
all quite clear.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF FIVE KITTENS.

Oh, Postmistress dear, you should have been here,
And seen the five kittens I had.
Poor sweet little dears! I almost shed tears
When I think of the fates they have had.

There were five of 'em—five small kittens—
—alive,
And, O, such cute antics they'd cut!
It would make you laugh, if you'd but hear half.
Their names were Pat, Pet, Pit, Pot, Put.

My papa, you see, went and named 'em for me
After I had called one Pet, you know;
He said that he thought 'twould be fair,
and I ought
To give all the vowels a show.

Black and white were three, 'ceptin' Patsy,
and she
Was kind of a yellowish-pale,
And little black Pot, who only had got
Some white on the tip of his tail.

They were warm, and well fed on nice milk and bread,
And chicken-bones, soup, and spare-ribs,
And varied their diet by making mice quiet
Out in the big barn and corn-cribs.

Well, then, Patsy, she had, on a sloping tree,
A warm, sunny spot where she bunked,
Till a big dog there crept one day as she slept,
And left little Patsy defunct.

A farmer one day bundled Put in his sleigh
And to his home, five miles off, drove:
That night we heard scratchin', and lifting the latch, in
Walked Put, and crept under the stove.

Soon Pit got to roam; at last he left home,
And then never more could be found.
He always *was* wild; I'm afraid the poor child
Has gone off somewhere an' got drowned.

Poor little black Pot in the horse stable got
One day when the horses were fed,
An' I fear had a kick—she was very much sick,
An' pretty soon, presently, dead.

But dear sweet old Pet, she lives with us yet,
Is now at my feet lying thinking;
She's an old cat, therefore, she does nothing but purr.
'Cept occasionally lazily winking.



THE NAUGHTY BABY.

He's a very naughty baby,
For he will not shut his eyes
And go to sleep, though I have done
My best to hush his cries.

He screams so loud he frightens me;
He's getting worse and worse;
I do wish mamma would come home,
Or get another nurse!

I've trotted him, I've patted him,
I've given him some food;
But nothing that I do for him
Will do him any good.

I'll toss him up, I'll carry him,
Play Creep-mouse and Bo-peep;
Perhaps if I can make him laugh
The laugh will make him sleep!

You naughty, naughty baby,
How could you vex me so?
One would not think you ever
cried!
To hear you laugh and crow!

Hush, hush! he's getting tired out;
Now very still I'll keep;
There's nothing like a hearty romp
To put a child to sleep.

—Our Little Ones.



"But I made a wreath
in the meadow,
To reach all around
my hat,
And no one thought of
saying to me:
'My little one, don't
do that!'"

A VISIT TO THE MEADOW.

"I've been down in the meadow;
Ah! if you had but seen
How the daisies and buttercups
Peep through the grasses green!

"Some are all gold, and shining—
Some have a fringe of snow—
Daisies and buttercups, I'm sure,
Are the sweetest things that grow.

"When I pick a flower in the garden
I'm always likely to hear
Some one saying, 'Be careful;
Don't gather too many, dear!'"



OUR PET.



THE SECRET.

"Look here, Jennie, I want to tell you something," said Kate, as the two little girls sat resting upon a log on their way home from school. "It's a secret," continued Kate, "and you must promise never to breathe it as long as you live."

"Whose secret is it?" asked Jennie.

"Oh! mine and some of the other girls'," answered Kate.

"Do the other girls want you to tell?" asked Jennie.

THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE.

A pin and a needle, being idle, began to quarrel, as idle folks are apt to do. "I should like to know," said the pin to the needle, "what you are good for, and how you can expect to get through the world without a head?"

"What is the use of a head," said the needle rather sharply, "if you have no eye?"

"What is the use of an eye," said the pin, "if there is always something in it?"

"I can go through more work than you can," said the needle.

"Yes, but you will not live long."

"Why not?" said the needle.

"Because you always have a stitch in your side," said the pin.

"You are a crooked creature," said the needle.

"And you are so proud that you cannot bend without breaking your back," said the pin.

"I will pull your head off if you insult me again," said the needle.

"And I will pull your eye out if you touch my head," said the pin.

While they were thus quarreling, a little girl came in and began to sew with the needle. In a short time she broke it at the eye.

Then she tied the thread round the neck of the pin, and in trying to pull it through the cloth, she soon pulled off the head. Then she threw it into the dirt by the side of the needle.

"Well, here we are," said the needle.

"We have nothing to fight about now," said the pin.

"Bad luck seems to have brought us to our senses," said the needle. "We are very much like men. They quarrel about the good things they have till they lose them, and find out that they are brothers only when they are in the dust together."—Selected.

"No; they would 'most kill me if they knew I'd lisped it," said Kate, with mysterious air.

"Did you promise not to tell?" Jennie next asked.

"Yes, of course," said Kate. "It would not be a secret if one didn't promise not to tell."

"If you promised not to, the other girls won't like it if you tell," said Jennie.

"They won't know anything about it unless you let on you know," returned Kate.

Jennie had already thrown her hat aside, and now sat thinking a moment; then she said, gently:

"Mamma says breaking a promise is the same as telling a lie, and I don't want you to do that, Kate, so you need not tell me your secret. If I was to tell you anything, and told you not to tell, I should not like it a bit if you did not keep your promise."

"And if I said I wouldn't tell, you wouldn't believe me, if I told the other girls' secret, would you?" said Kate, thoughtfully.

"I couldn't be quite sure," said Jennie, hesitatingly, as though she were afraid of hurting Kate's feelings.

"I never thought about it before the way you do," said Kate; "but I guess it is the right way. I'm going to ask the girls to-morrow if I can't tell you the secret; and if they don't care, then I can, can't I?"

"Why, yes, of course," said Jennie. "I'd like to have it my secret too, if they are all willing."

"I'll tell 'em they can be sure as anything you will keep it, 'cause I know you will," said Kate.

See, children, how completely Jennie had won Kate's confidence by the part she had acted in the matter of the secret.



THE TEA-PARTY.

With acorn cups and saucers,
And lovely oak-leaf plates,
A paper for a table-cloth,
And bits of stone for weights,
Because the wind in frolic
Might blow it all away,
We children had a company
In Cedar Woods to-day.

We had a loaf of gingerbread
From grandma's best receipt,
The very nicest kind of cake
For hungry boys to eat.
We had Aunt Sarah's cookies,
And biscuits made with yeast,
And sandwiches, of course, beside—
A real royal feast.

We'd asked our Cousin Lucy,
And Doctor Perkins' Fred,
And pretty Lottie Sanderson,
And merry Jack and Ned,
But, sitting by her window
As dull as dull could be,
We saw, as to the woods we went,
That fretful May McGee.

"Poor little lonesome cripple!
No wonder she is cross,
We all of us might be the same,"
So pleaded darling Floss;
And as we looked and listened,
We thought about a way
To make a sort of litter
And carry little May.

You should have seen her wonder,
You should have heard her laugh
We had a splendid time with May,
A better time by half
Than if we'd left her pining
A prisoner by herself,
As lonely as a single cup
Upon the kitchen shelf.

And since we've thought about it,
We mean to have a care,
And always in our pleasant things
Let some forlorn one share;
And thus, our mother tells us,
We'll keep the Golden Rule,
And send the happy times along,
At home, at play, in school.
—M. E. Sangster, in Congregationalist.

THE KITTEN IN DISGRACE.

I'm just the saddest kitten,
And this the strangest world;
I've thought about my sorrows
Until my brain has whirled.
To think that but this morning
So gay and proud was I;
Now faint and broken-hearted
I think I'd like to die.

Within the pantry hiding
A prowling mouse I spied;
I caught it quick as twinkle,
And everybody cried
"Oh what a pet and treasure
The tarts and cakes to save!
Whoever saw a kitten
So little yet so brave?"

They petted and they praised me,
Miss Nellie brought a cup
Brimful of cream with sugar,
And while I lapped it up
Said, as she tied a ribbon
Just underneath my chin,
"How sweet you look in scarlet,
My darling kitikin."

I lay upon the cushions
And in the softest chair;
And at last, tired of napping,
I wandered up the stair,
And there, upon the table,
A great glass globe I found
With shining golden fishes
All swimming round and round.

I sprang up close beside it
And scanned the water clear;
So deep it looked and chilly,
My heart beat fast with fear.
But thinking of Miss Nellie
I felt I could be brave,
And for her smiles and praises
Risk even a watery grave.

With paws and whiskers dripping,
I scarce had gained my prize,
When, at the doorway, Nellie
Screamed loudly in surprise.
She drove me from the table,
And cried, with many a blow,
"Out of my sight this instant,
You naughty kitten, go!"

She took away the ribbon
That bound my neck so white,
And shut me in the cellar
Without one ray of light.
Here, hungry and forsaken,
Not knowing why or how,
I think of just this morning,
And then remember now.



NOAH'S ARK.

WHILE journeying a short time since, we saw two or three children who were very much pleased with a present of Noah's ark, which one of them had just received. They could hardly wait until they got to their journey's end, they were so anxious to play with their toy. No wonder they kept talking about it. They doubtless had a good time after they got home. There is no telling how many hours they amused themselves with it, for Georgie does not act as if he would get tired for some time, and his sisters seem as deeply interested as he is, watching and helping him to arrange the procession.

While this little plaything serves to amuse children, it ought also to be used to impress on

their minds the great historical fact which it represents, viz: The salvation of Noah and his family from the waters of the flood, when God destroyed the world on account of wickedness. Let our little friends turn to their Bibles and read the account of the flood, and there see how dreadful was the punishment that fell on mankind because of sin; and, then let them fly to Jesus Christ, who is the ark of our safety, and who alone can deliver us from coming wrath.

Those boys and girls who delight in learning every word which fell from the lips of Jesus, and every event of His life, are laying up a treasure more precious than gold—one which will never fail.



OUR FLOWERS.

An! Maggie loves the lily fair,
And Annie loves the rose;
But John and I, and Willie too,
Love every flower that blows.

We love the golden buttercup,
We love the daisy white;
The violet blooming in the shade,
And the roses in the light;

The wallflower and the marigold,
And the pretty London-pride;
And the bluebell hanging down its head,
Its laughing eye to hide;

And the hollyhock that turns about
Its head to seek the sun;
Oh, dearly do we love the flowers,
And we love them every one.

Far better than our painted toys,
Though gilded bright and gay:
We love the gentle flowers that bloom
In the sunny summer day.

For it is God who made the flowers,
And careth for them all;
And for our heavenly Father's love,
There is not one too small.

He fans them with the gentle wind,
He feeds them with the dew;
And the God who loves the little flowers,
Loves little children too.

MOTHER'S WAY.

I could not find the button-hook
Although I tried and tried,
And peered in every single spot
Where button-books can hide.

Then mother kindly lent me hers,
And, with a smiling face,
Said: "If you'd never lose a thing,
Keep everything in place."

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Our little Minnie, four years old,
Is learning A, B, C,
And when she comes to W,
She calls it Double-Me.

Then sister Susy, teaching her,
Is very sure to say,
"You precious baby, W
Is not pronounced that way."

A kiss, a hug, and once again
They try the A, B, C,
But Minnie's dimples dance about
With fun at Double-Me.

And Susy feels discouraged, quite,
She don't know what to do
With such a naughty little puss,
Who won't say W.

If I were Sue, I'm sure I'd let
The darling run away,
And leave the queer old alphabet
Until another day.

—Companion.

GOOD-NIGHT.

When night succeeds the weary day,
We're wont to parting friends to say,
"Good-night," as by long habit taught,
And this with scarce a passing thought.
Yet, if we weigh those words aright,
There is much meaning in "Good-night."
The friend to whom the words are said
To-night may sleep in wakeless bed,
And so our words of wishing well
May be, to him, a last farewell;
Or, he who speaks may speechless rest
Ere day again shall seek the west,
And so beyond the heart's recall,
"Good-night" may mean farewell to all
We love: to eyes in which we've read
More than the faltering tongue has said,
To kindly word and deed and thought,
And good or ill our lives have taught,
To earth and azure sky above,
To foes we hate, and friends we love,
To flowers and birds and simple song,
To pleasant scenes we've strolled among,
To good that is, and sin's dark stain,
To works of hand and dreams of brain,
To more than simple speech can tell,
"Good-night" may mean a last farewell.

—H. H. Browne, in Portland Transcript.

For Happy Hours.

WHAT ELSIE THINKS OF SEWING.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"I don't like to sew. I like better to pick flowers in the garden or out in the woods; or to play 'I spy' when the girls come to see me; or to have a doll party.

"But mamma thinks a little girl ought to know how to do a great many things. I told her I'd study hard at school, and learn everything in the books with the hard names. And I told her I'd learn to cook things. I don't mind that at all; it's real fun to go into the kitchen and have Bridget give you some dough to make little cakes with. Yes, I told her I'd do anything but sew, if only she wouldn't make me do that.

"Mamma smiled and said I must learn all the rest of the things, and sewing too. Some little girls' mammas let them play all the time in vacation, but mamma says that even a little girl is not too young to be doing useful things.

"So every day I had to sit still for half an hour, and it seemed longer than the whole day. Sometimes I cried, and sometimes I dawdled away my time so that I didn't get my work done, and then



"So every day I had to sit still for half an hour,

mamma would look sorry, and grandma would shake her head, and everything was miserable.

"One day I said to grandma:

"Grandma, how old do people have to be before they like to sew?"

"I don't exactly know," she said. "I suppose it's different with different people. Some persons never do like to sew, I believe."

"Not when they get to be women, grandma?" I said.

"No, not even then."

"Then I do believe, grandma," I said, "that I am one of that kind. I'm sure I shall never like it."

Grandma put her hand on my head and stroked my curls and smiled at me (isn't it sweet the way grandmas smile?), and said:

"Why, my dear little girlie, you don't expect to go through life doing only the things you like, do you?"

"No, grandma," I said. "I know big folks have a great many hard things to do, and of course I shall have them when I'm a woman; but I don't need to begin yet, do I? I don't like to sew a bit better than when I began."

Grandma kept on smiling as she said:

"You are making a mistake, my little one. You think you are to sew because you may learn to like it. You can do it for a far better reason. Do it because it is your duty—because Jesus loves you and wishes you to do right."

"Oh, grandma," I said, "do you s'pose Jesus cares about how I do my sewing?"

"Yes, indeed," grandma said, "he cares for everything that concerns his little lambs."

"Well, I couldn't tell you all she said, but it was about little girls not stopping to think whether they like to do a thing, but just doing it the very best they can, because mamma wishes us to do it and Jesus wishes us to do what we are told."

"And now I don't mind my sewing half so much. And I've found out one thing more about it. I used to sit before the window while I sewed, and it didn't work well at all. The first thing I knew I'd see a hand-organ man's monkey, or something, and would watch it till I forgot all about my sewing. Or some of the girls would go by and would stop and talk with me. Or I'd look out towards the woods and

think how nice it would be to be going after wild flowers.

"Now I turn my back to the window and *won't* look out till I'm done. Sometimes I get into a hurry and don't care if I make big stitches. But other times I try to remember how good it is of Jesus to let even little girls do something for him, and to be pleased with them if they do it well. Then I make every stitch as nice and little as I can, and the first thing I know the hem is all done, and sewing doesn't seem bad at all.

"If you hate sewing, s'pose you try that way, too."



A LAST SUMMER'S WALK.

It was a long time ago—before the leaves were gone from the trees, and there was water in the brooks instead of ice, and grass on the ground instead of snow—that Agnes and Amy went out for a walk. They were only little girls, so we must not be too hard on them, if they did do something foolish; but let all the boys and girls who read this story stop a moment and think if they ever do anything like it.

Agnes was two years older than Amy, and that only made her six.

They were going to Aunt Susan's one afternoon, and instead of going round by the road, they went across the pasture, in which some calves were eating grass.

"Won't they bite us?" asked Amy.

"Calves bite! Oh! you little goosie!" said Agnes. "I'm not afraid of a whole pasture full of them." And so the little maids marched on. As the girls walked on toward the brook the calves came towards them,

as though trying to find out what kind of things those were done up in calico aprons, sunbonnets and straw hats.

Nearer and nearer they came until the calves stood on one side of the brook and the sisters on the other, looking at one another. Agnes held out a bunch of grass and called, "Co', boss, co', boss!" Soon one of the biggest calves jumped over the stream, and then you should have heard the screams and seen the girls run! The calves were so scared that they set up their tails and scampered to the other side of the pasture.

Now, what is it you are to learn

from these two little sisters? Can you guess?

Is it not to boast? Agnes was very brave so long as the stream of water was between her and the calves and she thought there was no danger. She even made fun of Amy for thinking of being afraid, but when she imagined there really was danger, she forgot her boasted bravery.

The best way is to show by your actions what you can do, and how brave you are; then it won't be necessary to tell about it. I know lots of children besides Agnes that brag just as much as she.

THE FIRST RIPE STRAWBERRIES.



HELPING MOTHER.

Early in the morning, before the
school-bell rings,
Helping wipe the dishes and set
away the things,
Running little errands, as little feet
can run,
Lightening mother's burden of the
day's work just begun.

Gathering baby's playthings scat-
tered in the way,
Picking peas for dinner, setting
plates for tea,
Hunting up the hens' nests, dusting
off the chairs,
That's the way we little ones can
lighten mother's cares.

LITTLE WINKY.

Mary was about four years old,
and the youngest of a large family
of brothers and sisters. She often
teased her mother to allow her to
sit up after supper as long as the
others. She did not think it was
right that she should be put to bed
so early, and one evening she was
granted permission to remain up as
long as she liked. But she soon
grew weary of looking at her books
and pictures, and was fast nodding
off to the land of dreams. When
roused by her mother, she exclaimed,
"O mamma, I'm not one bit sleepy,
only my eyes are *so winky!*" But
in less than three minutes she was
fast asleep.—*Sel.*



THE RAIN.

A cloud came up in the August sky :

"Oh! do you think it will rain ?

Or do you think it will pass us by!"

The little leaves said, "We are
parched and dry :

Will it ever be cool again !"

The cloud grew nearer and still more
near.

"Oh! will it rain, do you think?"

The little brook cried, "If it don't,
I fear

There will scarce be
moisture enough
down here
To freshen the moss by
the brink."

The meadow was parched
and brown and
dry,
And listlessly drooped
each bloom,
So wan and weak, they
could hardly sigh,
"If it doesn't rain, soon
we all must die:

Oh that the rain would come !"

A little girl stood in a dreadful pout,
And looked through the window-
pane :

"What are the ugly old clouds
about?

There, it's raining! I can't go out.
I wish it NEVER would rain!"

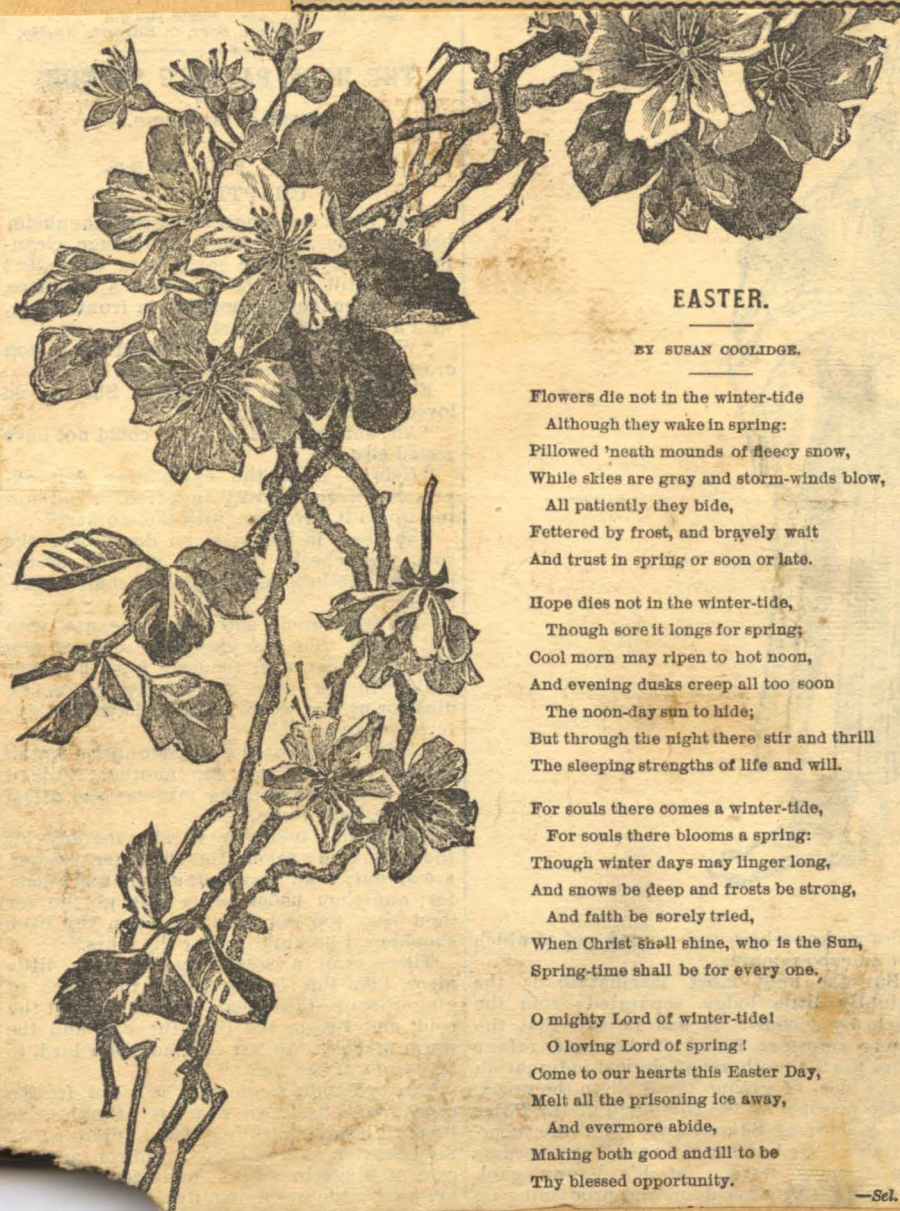
So all the day long she was glum and
sad;

But the little leaves danced through
the lane ;

And the brook, and the leaves, and
the flowers were glad

That a power far wiser than little
girls had

The sending of clouds and of rain.



EASTER.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Flowers die not in the winter-tide

Although they wake in spring:

Pillowed 'neath mounds of fleecy snow,
While skies are gray and storm-winds blow,

All patiently they bide,

Fettered by frost, and bravely wait
And trust in spring or soon or late.

Hope dies not in the winter-tide,

Though sore it longs for spring;

Cool morn may ripen to hot noon,
And evening dusks creep all too soon

The noon-day sun to hide;

But through the night there stir and thrill
The sleeping strengths of life and will.

For souls there comes a winter-tide,

For souls there blooms a spring:

Though winter days may linger long,
And snows be deep and frosts be strong,

And faith be sorely tried,

When Christ shall shine, who is the Sun,
Spring-time shall be for every one.

O mighty Lord of winter-tide!

O loving Lord of spring!

Come to our hearts this Easter Day,

Melt all the prisoning ice away,

And evermore abide,

Making both good and ill to be

Thy blessed opportunity.

OUR TREASURE.

BY H. C. DODGE.

We've got a cradle in our house
And we've got something in it
That's just as cunning as a mouse—
We love it every minute.

Sometimes its round, blue soulful eyes
Straight into yours are peeping;
Sometimes, because it is so wise,
It shuts them tight—for sleeping.

With smiles its dimpled hands reach out
To mamma when she's nigh it;
Its trembling lips so sweetly pout
If mamma rushes by it.

Sometimes its pink and pearly toes
Right in its mouth are sticking;
Sometimes, all by its self, it crows
And coos while gaily kicking.

If, when it hides on mamma's breast
In loving arms that fold it,
We try to coax it from its nest
To but a moment hold it.

Its knowing head turns if to say:
"No, thank you. Here my bliss is;"
Then mamma in her tender way
Quite smothers it with kisses.

All day it plays with laughter sweet
And gives us such a pleasure;
We think our home was not complete
Before we had our treasure.

What's in this cradle that we own?
You'll never guess it, may be,
So I'll just whisper you alone—
It is an angel baby.





HOW WE PLAY DOLL PARTY.

I have a dear little sister named Marie. She is six years old, and full of fun. We have very nice times together.

On Christmas, Santa Claus brought Marie, among her other presents, a beautiful large doll, with a set of dishes. We both had plenty of candy, and other dolls besides; and now we play doll party very often. I will tell you how.

First we set the dishes around on the table as mamma does when she has company. Then we put water in the milk pitcher and tea pot, and sugar in the sugar-bowl.

Next we put candy on the plates. We play that some is jelly-cake, some cream-cake, and some chocolate-cake. When the table is all ready, we invite and assist the dolls to the table, and seat them around us.

I sit at the head of the table, and Marie at the foot. I put sugar from the sugar-bowl in the cups, then water from the milk-pitcher, which we play is *real milk*. I then pour water from the tea pot into the cups, and we play that this is *real tea*. I pass it to each doll; and Marie puts cake in each one's plate.

Our dolls sit very quiet and straight at table, and behave very finely; and we play that they eat and drink a great deal. But, really, their mammas, who are Marie and I, eat and drink the cake and tea.

Marie slyly eats Fannie's cake, and I drink Bessie's tea; and then they must be helped to some more. And so we amuse ourselves till the cake is all eaten and the tea all gone.

After tea, the dolls are taken to the parlor, where they have a nice play with Marie, while I wash the dishes and put them away. When we have played with them as long as we wish, we take our dolls to their different rooms, which we call their homes; and our doll party is over.—*Sel.*

CORRECT.

"What is the ninth commandment?" said a teacher to a boy in Sunday school.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

"What is bearing false witness against your neighbor?"

"It is telling falsehoods."

"That is partly true; and yet it is not exactly the right answer—because you may tell a falsehood about yourself."

A very little girl then said, "It is when nobody did anything and somebody went and told of it."

"That will do," said the teacher, with a smile.

The little girl had given a curious answer; but underneath her odd language there was a pretty clear perception of the true meaning.—*Sel.*



THE NEW PARASOL.

I've got a brand-new parasol
(Of pink silk trimmed with lace),
But auntie says 'twill never keep
The shine out of *my* face.

Why not, I wonder: if it's held
Just in the proper place,
Why won't it keep the sunshine out
Of anybody's face?

She says thick clouds would hardly do
(Much less pink silk and lace)
To keep the merry sunshine out
Of such a dimpled face.

But mamma says, "Go take your walk,
And never mind Aunt Grace."
I 'spect I'll have to let the sun
Keep shining in my face!

—Elizabeth P. Allan.



She is reading her Sabbath-school book.

WOULD YOU?

Would you be beautiful?
Then be kind,
Affectionate, gentle,
And you will find
The beauty of soul,
And the beauty of mind,
The best of comeliness.

Would you be noble?
Then be true
In all you say,
And all you do;
Then honor will stand,
As a friend, by you,
Though earth be a wilderness.

Would you be lovely?
Then be good;
Walk as the lover
Of Jesus should;
A life like his
Will be understood.
For some are so comfortless. —Sel.

“STRAYED.”

She was toddling along, with one fist in her eye and the other in her mouth, crying just as hard as she could, when the policeman met her.

“‘Strayed,’ sure enough!” said he, glancing up at the card which hung on a barn door near by; “but it is something much more precious than a ‘bull pup.’ Some mother’s heart is ‘most broken, I know,” added the policeman, stooping to stop baby Edith in her blind wanderings.

“Poor baby!” said he kindly; “are you lost? Tell nice man where baby lives?”

“‘Dedie ’ants her mamma! Tate ‘Dedie to her mamma!” sobbed the child, as she rubbed her unfortunâte eyes harder than ever.

“Will baby tell the man where her

mamma is? and then he’ll take her to her mamma,” said the big policeman coaxingly.

But, “‘Dedie ’ants her mamma,” was all the poor little one could say. However, in a few moments, while



wiping away the tears with his great red handkerchief, Mr. Policeman spied a blue ribbon round baby’s neck, and, taking it in his hand, soon found there was a silver coin hanging to it, on which was engraved:



“Oh, ho! so you are Edith Hatch, are you? Well, come along, my dear, and I’ll take you to your mamma. Shall man carry Edith?”

“‘Es,” said the tired little one, and soon the big strong arms of the man placed the little stray in the loving arms of her anxious mother, whom he found not many blocks away, for little Edith had not really “strayed” very far; still, it might as well have been a hundred miles, for all she knew about getting back.

You should have seen how happy Edith’s mamma was. She thanked the policeman, and kissed and cried over her little one in turns.

“Tell you what, wife,” said the big man when he went home that night, “it gave me an awful big lump in my throat to see how that woman loved her little one and rejoiced at getting her back.”

“And yet,” said “wife,” “I suppose there is more joy in heaven over every sinner that repents and turns to the Savior.”

No child who can understand this story is too young to come to Jesus. Will not every one of you give the angels in heaven reason to shout with joy because you mean to be a follower of the Lamb?

WHAT SAYS THE CLOCK.

“What says the clock, when it strikes ONE?”

‘Watch,’ says the clock, ‘Oh, watch, little one.’

What says the clock when it strikes two?
“Love God, little one, for God loves you.”

Tell me softly what it whispers at THREE?
It is, ‘Suffer little children to come unto me.’

Then come, gentle lambs, and wander no more,

’Tis the voice of the Shepherd that calls you at FOUR.

And oh, let your young hearts gladly revive

When it echoes so sweetly, ‘God bless you,’ at FIVE.

And remember at SIX, at the fading of day,

That ‘your life is a vapor that fadeth away.’

And what says the clock when it strikes SEVEN?

‘Of such is the kingdom, the kingdom of heaven.’

And what says the clock when it strikes EIGHT?

‘Strive, strive to enter in at the beautiful gate.’

And louder, still louder it calls you at NINE,

‘My son, give me that heart of thine.’

And such be your voices responsive at TEN,

‘Hosanna in the highest, hosanna, amen!’

And loud let your voices ring out at ELEVEN,

‘Of such is the Kingdom, the kingdom of heaven.’

When the deep strokes at midnight the watchword shall ring,

‘Lo, these are my jewels, these, these, saith the King.’

—Little Gem.

LITTLE MISS BRIER.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

Little Miss Brier came out of the ground;
She put out her thorns and scratched everything ‘round.

‘I’ll just try,’ said she,
“How bad I can be;

At pricking and scratching there’s few can match me.”

Little Miss Brier was handsome and bright,
Her leaves were dark green and her flowers were pure white;

But all who came nigh her,
Were so worried by her,

They’d go out of their way to keep clear of the Brier.

Little Miss Brier was looking one day
At her neighbor, the Violet, just over the way;

“I wonder,” said she,
“That no one pets me,

While all seem so glad little Violet to see.”

A sober old Linnet, who sat on a tree,
Heard the speech of the Brier, and thus answered he:

“Tis not that she’s fair,
For you may compare

In beauty with even Miss Violet there.

“But Violet is always so pleasant and kind,
So gentle in manner, so humble in mind,

’E’en the worms at her feet,
She would never ill-treat,

And to Bird, Bee and Butterfly, always is sweet.”

The gard’ner’s wife just then the pathway came down,
And the mischievous Brier caught hold of her gown;

“Oh, dear! what a tear!

My gown’s spoiled, I declare;

That troublesome Brier has no business there;

Here, John, dig it up; throw it into the fire.”

And that was the end of the ill-natured Brier.

—Little Christian.





"GUESS WHO."

The geese poked their bills into the mud, sipped water, and quacked contentedly, while the water from the spring bubbled on merrily, just as though little Mary's mother had not gone away to stay a whole week, leaving the little girl very lonely and sad.

There she sat, digging her little bare toes into the dirt, and wondering how "poor little orphaned girls that had no mother nor father" ever lived at all.

I am sure there was a big lump in Mary's throat, and almost certain there were tears in her eyes, when something soft and warm came right over them, so that she could not see a speck of light, and a voice said :

"Guess who it is."

"Annie White," said Mary.

"No; guess again," said the voice, while the soft, warm hands pressed still more lovingly upon the blinded eyes.

"Oh! it's you Jennie Lovekin! I might have known it was you. I'm glad you've come. Now I won't be so lonesome."

"Well, I can't stay a minute. Mother wants a basket of dry cobs, and I thought maybe you'd like to go with me to get them."

"All right," said Mary. "Let me help carry the basket," and off they trotted together.

The lump went quickly out of Mary's throat and the tears out of her eyes, and they had a really nice time getting the pretty, clean, red and white

cobs from which the corn had been freshly shelled.

HER NAME.

"I'm lost! Could you find me, please?"
 Poor, little, frightened baby!
 The wind had tossed her golden fleece,
 The stones had scratched her dimpled knees;
 I stooped and lifted her with ease,
 And softly whispered, "Maybe."

"Tell me your name, my little maid,
 I can't find you without it."
 "My name is Shiney Eyes," she said.
 "Yes, but your last?" She shook her head:
 "Up to my house 'ey never said
 A single fmg about it."

"But, dear," I said, "what is your name?"
 "Why, didn't you hear me told you?
 Dust Shiney Eyes." A bright thought came:
 "Yes, when you're good; but when they blame
 You, little one—is't just the same
 When mamma has to scold you?"

"My mamma never scolds," she moans,
 A little blush ensuing,
 "Cept when I've been a-frowning stones,
 And then she says, (the culprit owns)
 'Mehitabel Sapphira Jones,
 What has you been a-doing?'"

—Wide Awake.



TEN LITTLE SERVANTS.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

I have ten little servants,
 That come at my call;
 They are cheery and willing;
 And active and small;
 They are dainty and dimpled
 (Mamma says) and sweet;
 But among all the ten
 Are not one pair of feet.

And never a one
 (It will cause you surprise)
 Has a nose or a mouth,
 Or a pair of blue eyes;
 And yet they are nimble
 At so many things
 That mamma sometimes says
 They surely have wings.

In the light of the morning
 They come with a broom
 And dust-pan and duster,
 To brighten the room;
 Then out to the garden
 They hasten away
 To gather for papa
 A button bouquet.

They wait upon mamma,
 And often she'll say
 Their magical touch
 Will drive headache away.
 They dress little sister,
 And brush her bright curls
 Till she is the sweetest
 Of all little girls.

They bake little cakes,
 When I give them a chance,
 Or on the piano-keys
 Lightly they'll dance.
 They set little stitches
 In hem or in fell—
 But of all they can do
 It would tire me to tell.

You think it extravagant,
 Keeping so many?
 Well, well—I am sorry—
 I cannot spare any.
 I need every one
 To obey my commands—
 These ten little fingers
 On two little hands.

—Golden Days.

THE ONE IN THE MIDDLE.

Five very plump birds met one pleasant spring day,
 And seated themselves in a row on a rail;
 The two biggest sat with their backs turned this way,
 And straight as an arrow hung each little tail.
 Then four of them merrily sang, "Summer's coming,
 And soon we shall hear the brown honey-bees humming,
 And see brightest sunshine—oh! hey, diddle, diddle!"
 "Except when it rains," said the one in the middle.

"And there will be roses, red, yellow, and pink,"
 Sang the four in a chorus once more; "and the rill
 Will give us the sweetest of water to drink,
 And grass-seed be plenty in field and on hill,
 And a host of our kindred their way will be winging
 Toward our home, all the news of the sunny
 South bringing,
 And we'll feast them on berries—oh! hey, diddle, diddle!"
 "Some berries are poison," said the one in the middle.

Then, "Don't be so cross," said the four coaxingly,
 As they looked kindly at her, "for certainly,
 dear,
 There is not the least reason that glum you should be—
 When the time that we've wished for all winter is here.
 Come, be happy and gay, and cease trouble to borrow,
 Take good care of to-day—hope the best for to-morrow,
 And join in our singing—oh! hey, diddle, diddle!"
 "I won't, and that's flat," said the one in the middle.

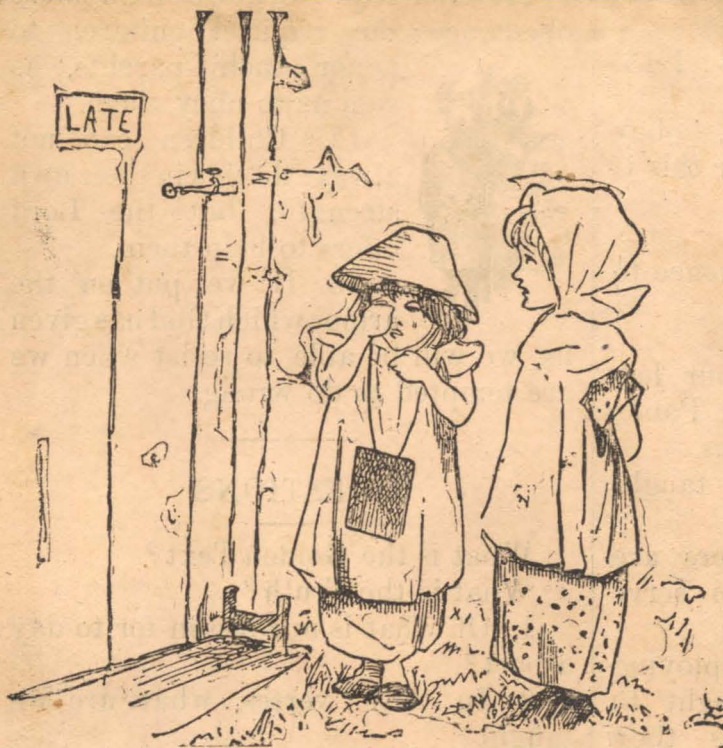
—Margaret Eyttinge, in Wide Awake.

GOD SEES ME.

God beholds me every day,
When I work and when I play,
When I read and when I talk,
When I run and when I walk,
When I eat and when I drink,
When I only sit and think,
When I laugh and when I cry,
God is ever watching nigh.

When I'm quiet, when I'm rude,
When I'm naughty, when I'm good,
When I'm happy, when I'm sad,
When I'm sorry, when I'm glad,
When I pluck the scented rose,
Which in my next garden grows,
When I crush the tiny fly,
God is watching from the sky.

When the sun gives heat and light,
When the stars are twinkling bright,
When the moon shines on my bed,
God still watches o'er my head,
Night or day, at church or fair,
God is ever, ever here,
Kindly guided lest I stray,
Pointing to the happy way.



LATE FOR SCHOOL.

There they stood at the door of the school-house, Sally and Dally, shut out all by themselves.

Not that it was very unpleasant to be shut out that bright morning, with the birds singing in the trees, and the flowers peeping up from the grass; it was rather better outdoors than in. This was what Dally thought about it,

as she smiled at the door and read the black letters like a piece of good news.

"You don't care a bit!" cried Sally, rubbing her eyes.

"No, I'd just as soon stay out," answered the little girl. "I don't mind being late; I never do."

No, Dally never did "mind" being late. She would come lagging down to breakfast when the rest of the family were nearly through; she was always the last one to think of gathering her things together before going to school, always the last to start, and often, too, the last one home again.

"Dally will never amount to anything unless she cures herself of this bad habit," said her father one day. "She will be late all her life, and the work which belongs to her will never be done."

But Dally did not cure herself. She did not mean to let it go on so for years, but she simply put off attending to it. She would say, "I will be more prompt by and by."

But the by and by did not come, and when the girl had grown to be a woman, she was careless and shiftless; her house was always untidy because she did not attend to things at the proper time, and her part of the world's work was never done.



A RAINY MORNING.

Ella sat by the camp-fire warming her toes, with about as cross a face as you often see on a little girl. Every day before, she had liked camping out, but to-day it was rainy, and she had wet her feet, and must stay by the fire till her shoes were dry. So she felt and looked very cross.

"Wish we'd stayed home," she snapped.

"I wish we could have done so, dear," said her mother, sadly, as she made the tea and the meat on to boil.

word for the worrisome child who clung to her skirts. Ella wondered why she never helped care for baby; mother was never free, day or night.

"Baby, come to sister," she said, holding out her arms. The tired little boy was very glad to come, and Ella made up her mind to make the care of baby her work every morning, for mother could move about so much easier.

And, thinking and planning how to help her tired mother, Ella soon forgot to frown, although the rain kept up all day.

NOBODY ELSE.

Two little hands, so careful and brisk,
Putting the tea-things away;
While mother is resting awhile in her chair,
For she has been busy all day.
And the dear little fingers are working for love,
Although they are tender and wee.
"I'll do it so nicely," she says to herself—
"There's nobody else, you see."

Two little feet just scamper up-stairs,
For daddy will quickly be here;
And his shoes must be ready and warm by the fire
That is burning so bright and so clear.
Then she must climb on a chair to keep watch.
"He cannot come in without me,
When mother is tired, I open the door—
There is nobody else, you see."

Two little arms round daddy's dear neck,
And a soft, downy cheek 'gainst his own;
For out of the nest, so cozy and bright,
The little one's mother has flown.
She brushes the teardrops away, as she thinks,
"Now he has no one but me,
I mustn't give way; that would make him so sad—
And there's nobody else, you see."

Two little tears on the pillow, just shed,
Dropped from the two pretty eyes;
Two little arms stretching out in the dark,
Two little faint sobbing cries.
"Daddy forgot I was always waked up
When he whispered good-night to me.
Oh, mother, come back just to kiss me in bed—
There's nobody else, you see."

Little true heart, if mother can look
Out from her home in the skies,
She will not pass on to her haven of rest
While the tears dim her little one's eyes.
If God has shed sorrow around us just now,
Yet his sunshine is ever to be;
And he is the comfort for every one's pain—
"There is nobody else, you see."

—The Argosy.

FOUR LITTLE TOTS.

BY AUNT CARRIE.

Two car seats were turned face to face, though one seat would have almost held them, they were such tiny travelers; and there were two short rows of faces, clean and smiling, and two short rows of dangling feet, for the longest legs of them did not reach the floor, and that was about all except four brave little hearts that were not afraid to make the long journey from Arizona to Pennsylvania all alone.

To be sure, the conductors were very kind to them, and the big brakeman sat down and talked with them a long time, telling them about his little girls at home, and passengers smiled at them and nodded to each other at the strange sight. Then their big lunch basket was well filled, so they had no fears of getting hungry before they reached Uncle John's in Pennsylvania.

And this is how these four little tots came to be traveling all alone: Their father had been killed in a mine, and their mother had been able to raise a little money to start the children to their grandma's at Johnstown, where they would be well cared for and could have good schools and playmates, intending to follow as soon as she could raise means.

So it happened that as the train pulled into R, the conductor whispered to me that there was a "picnic" party in the second coach, and I imbed in, and, following the nod of the brakeman, found our little travelers and learned their story. Miss Edna, the eldest, who was nine years old, was captain of the expedition, and right faithfully was she obeyed. She had a cute little bead-covered pocket-book, purchased of an Indian squaw, in which she kept her four "half-tickets," which she drew forth and showed to the conductor as composedly as though used to traveling all her life. She said:

"The first day we thought we would never tire looking out of the windows, and two windows were hardly enough for four pairs of eyes; so when the car was full, we took turns at sitting next to the window, and when there were not many passengers, we had a window apiece. There were mountains, and lakes, and rivers in deep holes, and eagles and rabbits and deer, and—O, everything! But when, by and by, Gracie and Willie began to get tired of seeing things and ask for mamma, I had to tell them stories about grandpa's horses and chickens, and Uncle John's baby. They have never seen a baby, you know,"—at which I smiled, for they seemed little more than babies themselves. "My mamma was the only woman in our camp, except some China women, and they are not like women, you know." I did not know, but could guess what she meant.

When it began to grow dark and the three little pairs of curious eyes grew tired, and three little heads commenced to bob about in a way that was very funny to me, if not to them, this little mother went through a ceremony with them which I venture to say had never before been witnessed in that car, and which drew the attention of every eye, and the sympathy of almost every heart, if one could judge from the interested looks and the suspicious glistening of eyes and cheeks in the lamplight. After blankets, and shawls, and bundles were arranged to make them as comfortable as possible, four sleepy little tots slipped off their seats and four curly heads bowed on the cushions, while the childish voices in concert repeated, as at mother's knee, the words which memory must have recalled familiarly to every one present, with recollections of mother and early home: "Now I lay me down to sleep." And when the last sleepy "All this I ask for

Jesus' sake," concluded the prayers, and curly heads were "tucked in" with coats and shawls, of which plenty were offered, I think there was not a passenger in that car who did not in some way feel safer from accident or danger, because of the contagious trustfulness of those precious little ones.

The next morning early I was at my journey's end, and as I left the car, with an orange in the lap of each, the little ones kissed their hands to me and appeared happy to think that their journey was nearly at an end and Uncle John's and grandma's not much farther away.

WHAT BILLY THOUGHT.

It was a red-and-gilt swallow, and though it would fly swiftly enough downhill, it would not fly uphill at all except as Nellie's firm steps led the way and her small, mittened-hand drew it. Nellie was perfectly satisfied, however. It was her last-Christmas present, and she thought it the prettiest sled ever made. From the garden gate she could ride away down the long hill to the orchard fence, and it was such fun!

Through the lower fence a sober and rather soiled little face was gazing at her as Billy Grey divided his time between watching her trips and forlornly making snow-balls for no particular purpose.

"Poor little Billy! I don't s'pose he ever saw such a nice sled before," mused Nellie, as she trudged up the hill again. "He hasn't any kind of a one, and ever so many poor children haven't. If I could be rich I'd give every poor little boy and girl the handsomest kind of a sled."

Glowing with her benevolent purpose, she explained it to Billy on her next flying trip down the hill.

"Billy Grey, do you know if I were rich I'd give you the prettiest sled yon ever saw."

"No, you wouldn't," said Billy, stoutly.

"Why, yes, I would too," answered Nellie, half indignantly. "What makes you think so?"

"'Cause that Sunday-school teacher said that folks that wouldn't do any good when they had a little, wouldn't do much if they had a good deal," declared Billy; "and if folks won't lend a ride or two when they have one sled, I just don't b'lieve they'd give away a sled if they had lots. So!"

Nellie looked soberly down at the snow for a minute before she said,—

"Why, you can ride some if you want to, Billy, right now."

It did not take Billy one minute to jump over the fence and accept the invitation; but Nellie trudged slowly up the hill after him with a very thoughtful face, for offering to give away sleds she did not own, was only a pleasure, but lending the one she did own, cost some self-denial. Yet she thought it very strange that Billy Grey, and not she, had been the first to find out the meaning of the Golden Text, "He that is faithful in that which is least will be faithful also in much."—*Selected.*



"She's coming now."

"She's coming now! Here she is!" cried another. "Let's go help her carry her flowers." Off they went, to meet May, who came tripping along, her pretty braids of yellow hair flying loose, a basket of the choicest flowers supported upon her head by one hand, while the other held a sprinkler of water with which to freshen the ferns and mosses.

"Here, May, we'll help you!" cried the girls, as they came up. "Oh, what splendid flowers! There's nothing so pretty at the church! But where's your hat, May?"

"Oh, Harry is coming with it; it was in my way," answered May, looking back for her brother. "Have you been waiting for me?"

"Yes, a little bit."

"Well, I had to go to Mrs. Miller's after these tulips; that's what kept me. Are the boys all there, with the strings and step-ladders?"

"Yes, all there."

"Then we will hurry up and get to work," said May.

So work they did, with such taste and skill that by five o'clock the plain little village church was transformed into a bower of beauty and woodland greenness.



AN UNSPOKEN PROMISE.

BY FANNIE E. NEWBERRY.

Katie and Sue were up to their elbows in work, for it was Saturday, and all the doll clothes were to be laundered and put away till next week.

"Dear me! what a lot," cried little Sue, plunging her plump arms deeper into the foamy suds, while Katie rinsed and pinned the clean garments on the line to dry. "Do you s'pose we'll ever get done?"—and then both laughed, for they knew that they were not in the least hurry to finish, but were just as happy as they could be in this work-a-day play of theirs.

It was not often that their mother allowed them to muss with water, but to-day she was very busy, and glad to turn them loose in the laundry, where they might splash and spatter to their heart's content.

"I'll tell you what," said Katie, "when we get these clothes all clean, let's dress our dollies ready for Sunday, then put 'em away on the closet shelf and play they're gone to church—will you?"

"Yes," said Sue, "that will be nice;" and they worked on with redoubled energy, till the line was full.

There was a gas stove in the laundry, and upon this they heated their four small irons, while good-natured Maggie, the cook, fixed them each a little table with clean covers. After dinner they began the pleasant task of pressing out the small things, chattering every minute as they worked; but were tired enough, when they had finished, to enjoy sitting down quietly upstairs in the play-room to dress the dollies. Shall I tell you how these looked, when the toilet was complete?

Well, Sue's dolly, Arabella Jane, wore a flounced white dress with a scarlet sash and cape, and a pretty, broad-brimmed hat with a bit of a feather on it. Katie's Clementina was in white also, worn over a blue slip, just the color of her jacket, and she had on a close muslin cap with a broad frill. Both looked lovely, I assure you, when laid carefully away on the broad closet shelf; and soon after, the tired little mothers were laid away on their broad shelf of a bed for the night.

Sunday awoke like a sulky child, with a chilly air and slow-dropping tears of rain, and the sisters looked from the window in dismay.

It was a long walk to church, and their mother knew how liable they were to croups and colds, so she said reluctantly,—

"No Sunday-school to-day, my darlings, but we'll have a little service at home. Get your daisy and lily books—we'll read the texts about those flowers and talk about their beautiful meanings."

"And, oh, mamma!" cried Sue, "mayn't we bring out our dolls, and set them up in their

all I like!" and she began calmly undressing it.

Susie looked at her in helpless perplexity a moment, and then—so contagious is a bad example—she took up her own Arabella Jane and began the same process.

When their mamma returned, both little girls were chattering like magpies, as they played they were traveling on a Pullman car, made up of all the chairs in the room; their pretty books lying neglected on the carpet, and the dolls with their disarranged wardrobes being disposed of in different sections of the sleeper.

"Why, children!" cried a distressed voice; and when they met their mother's sorry eyes their pleasure was instantly spoiled.

"I told her not to," cried Sue quickly, "but she said she didn't promise at all, and she would—so I did too."

"Katie, didn't you agree to my condition?" asked her mother, gravely.

"But I didn't say the promise, mamma."

"Not in words, perhaps; but when you went to the closet for your dolly you understood as well as Susie just what was to be done with her, didn't you?"

"Yes'm."

"Then you have done wrong, just the same as Susie, for you have broken your promise, and broken the Sabbath, too."

At this Katie burst into tears, and said penitently, "Oh, I know I've been naughty! Here's my dolly—

put her away till I'm good again, and next time I'll remember, I'm sure."

So both dolls went back into their cloister-closet until Monday morning, while the little service went sadly on without them.

A BOY'S CONFIDENCE.

A little boy came to his father, looking very much in earnest, and asked, "Father, is Satan bigger than I am?" "Yes, my boy," said the father. "Is he bigger than you, father?" "Yes, my boy, he is bigger than your father." The boy looked surprised, but thought again and asked, "Is he bigger than Jesus?" "No, my boy," answered the father; "Jesus is bigger than he is." The little fellow, as he turned away, said, with a smile, "Then I am not afraid of him."



The doll's wash-day.

little chairs to listen? We won't even touch them if you'll let us—please do!"

Her mother hesitated a moment, then said, "Yes, if you'll do as you say;" and with much delight the girls seated them in very dignified positions where they might hear every word.

But alas for good resolutions! Their mother was called away, and kept until the little girls grew restless and uneasy; then Katie picked up her doll and began to straighten its clothes, while Sue remonstrated.

"Oh, Katie, you mustn't; we promised not to touch 'em, even!"

"I didn't promise a single thing," said Katie, naughtily.

"But you looked yes when I promised," persisted Sue, "and that's the same thing."

Katie shook her small head obstinately. "You've got to say a promise to make it one, and I didn't—so I shall play with my dolly

THE LAND OF NOWHERE.

A SONG FOR DISCONTENTED BOYS AND GIRLS.

Do you know where the summer blooms all the year round.

Where there never is rain on a picnic day,
Where the thornless rose in its beauty grows,
And little boys are never called from play?
Oh! hey! it is far away,
In the wonderful land of Nowhere.

Would you like to live where nobody scolds,
Where you never are told, "It is time for bed."

Where you learn without trying, and laugh without crying,
Where snarls never pull when they comb your head?

Then ho! hey! you must hie away
To the wonderful land of Nowhere.

If you long to dwell where you never need wait,
Where no one is punished or made to cry,
Where a supper of cakes is not followed by aches,

And little folks thrive on a diet of pie,
Then ho! hey! you must go, I say,
To the wonderful land of Nowhere.

You must drift down the river of Idle Dreams,
Close to the border of No-man's Land;
In a year and a day you must sail away,
And then you will come to an unknown strand.

And ho! hey! if you get there—stay
In the wonderful land of Nowhere.

HOW PHIL AND THE BOYS WORKED UP GIVING.

"Yes, I always give for missions and everything else," said Phil. "I give something every Sunday, don't you?"

"Why, no; I give five or ten cents when I have a good deal of money and don't want it all for anything," said Tom.

"I give whatever papa or mamma gives me for it," said James. "Sometimes it's more, and sometimes it's less."

"Oh, I always give my own money!" said Phil. "I don't think it's any giving it at all unless you do that!"

"Yours is the best way, I'm sure," said Tom, soberly. "They say it's the regular giving that counts. And then, of course, what you give is just so much out of what you would like to spend on yourself."

"Yes," said Phil, feeling very self-denying and virtuous.

"I'm going to try your way," said Tom, "and I'm going to keep an account and see what it will amount to."

"What a noisy world this is!" croaked an old frog, as he squatted on the margin of the pool. "Do you hear those geese, how they scream and fuss? And what for?"

"Oh, just to amuse themselves," answered a little field mouse.

"Presently we shall have the owls hooting; what is that for?"

"It's the music they like the best," said the mouse.

"And those grasshoppers, they can't go home without grinding and chirping; why do they do that?"

"Oh, they're so happy they can't help it," said the mouse.

"You find excuses for all; I believe you don't understand music, if you like the hideous noises."

"Well, friend, to be honest with you," said the mouse, "I don't greatly admire any of them; but they are all sweet to my ears compared with the constant croaking of a frog."

—Pansy.

ABOUT PRINCE AND ANNA.

"I wonder what kind of a Red Riding Hood's grandmother Prince would make?" said Stella to Anna, as the great dog came, panting, and wagging his tail, into the room where they were dressing up their biggest doll in a Red Riding Hood costume.

"Oh! let's dress him up and see!" exclaimed Anna.

"Say we do. My white sunbonnet will do for the cap. Won't he look too funny for anything!" cried Stella.

So they proceeded to dress Prince up, to act the part of grandmother to their biggest doll.

Prince seemed to like the attention, if we may judge from the way he wagged his tail and insisted on trying to kiss first one of his dressing maids and then the other.

They coaxed him to sit up on a bench, while they arranged a table-cloth round him for a gown. Just as



they had got it beautifully "draped," in came Harry, and exclaimed:

"Halloo, grandmother! what a big mouth you've got!"—for indeed it did seem to get bigger and bigger every moment. "Here, see if you can eat a piece of bread with all those trappings on!"

Prince snapped at and "bolted" it in a minute, showing that bonnet-strings did not interfere to any alarming extent with his swallowing. In a moment he stopped panting, and placed his head on one side, as if listening; in

another he sprang through the open door, bonnet, table-cloth and all—for didn't he spy a strange dog in the yard, whose acquaintance he must make?

When at last poor Anna got back her white bonnet, all torn and dirty, and the table-cloth, slit almost to ribbons, she burst into a flood of passionate tears and scoldings, saying:

"He's nothing but a mean old dog, anyway!"

"You can't change a dog's nature by dressing him up in fine clothes," said Anna's mother. "Dogs will be dogs, and God has given us no reason to suppose that he wants their natures changed; but he has shown us that he wishes us to change our wicked natures, and has promised to help us do it, if we but ask him. I wish my dear little girl would remember this when she is tempted to fly into such a passion as I just now saw her in."

GATHERING VIOLETS.

WHAT a pleasant sound has the word violet! and what beautiful things are the violets themselves! Have you ever seen them hiding away in quiet places in the country, as if they didn't want to be seen, with bright drops of dew hanging all about them? No wonder the children love them; no wonder the ladies buy them in the streets, and take them home with them. The poor people love them, too, as well as the rich; and though they do not often see them in the country, living, as they do, in narrow streets, and dark, dismal courts and alleys, hid from the sun and air, yet they always feel the fresher and happier for looking at them, and breathing their sweet fragrance.



Unto you

WHAT'S THE USE OF GRUMBLING?

Suppose, my little baby,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose are red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad "'twas Dolly's,
And not your head that broke?"
Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?
Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser,
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest,
And learn the thing at once?
Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less while walking
To say, "It isn't fair?"
And wouldn't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,
And let your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?
And suppose the world don't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan
Whatever comes or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?



C.P. & G.



A RUBBER MAN'S LESSON.

"He made them laugh and laugh, oh, so hard!"

"Who made them laugh?"

"Why, the irrepressible Yorkshire-man."

"Where is the Yorkshire-man?"

"On the sofa beside Lucy. Don't you see him?"

"I see a funny thing that looks like a ball with a man's head on."

"That's the Yorkshire-man."

"Why do you call him that, auntie?"

"Because he was brought from a town in Yorkshire, England. He is made of rubber, like your ball."

"But you said he was some kind of a Yorkshire-man."

"Irrepressible?"

"Yes; that's it. What did he have that kind of a name for?"

"Irrepressible means that he can't be kept down. When his head was pressed down inside his fat body, so you

could scarcely see it, slowly it would come up, up, up, until with a funny little jerk his head would bob up straight, as much as to say, 'You can't keep me down.'"

This was the talk that Aunt Anna had with Sophie, her little niece, when she came home from a visit at Uncle Frank's, and brought with her a picture of Uncle Frank's three children, taken with Lucy and Herman sitting on the sofa, and Paul leaning over the end, showing them something in a book.

"We all agreed," said Aunt Anna, "that the Yorkshire man taught us a good lesson."

"That rubber thing teach lessons?"

"Yes," said auntie.

"In geography, or what?" asked Sophie, smiling.

"In perseverance," said auntie.

"He would not give up if his head were pushed in a thousand times, but always came up smiling. Now, don't you agree with the rest of us, that it would be a good thing if we did not give up any more easily than he, when we have something to do?"

"I guess so," said Sophie, looking at the torn spelling-book that lay on the carpet.

"I'm sure if you would study your lesson over as often as the Yorkshire-man bobbed up his head, you would have a perfect lesson."

Sophie got a hundred in spelling the next day. I leave you to guess why.



He resolved not to yield to temptation.

A PROFOUND SECRET.

"Can you keep a secret, Daisy?" asked Nell Clay of her younger sister.

"Yes, indeed!" replied Daisy, trying to look dignified.

Nell leaned down and whispered something in Daisy's ear, to which Daisy clapped her hands, and cried, "Oh, goody!"

"Remember it's a profound secret," said sister Nell.

Daisy ran off to school, feeling very important, and overtook Conny Travers on the way.

"Oh, Conny," she said, "I know something awful nice!"

"What is it?" asked Conny, opening her eyes very wide.

"Oh, I mustn't tell," said Daisy, screwing up her lips. "Sister Nell told me this morning. It's a profound secret."

"Oh, my! can't you tell just me?" pleaded Conny. "Won't you never, never, never tell?" whispered Daisy.

"Never, 's long as I live!"

"Honest and true?"

"True'n steel!" declared Conny.

"Well, Sarah Bell's father is going to give her a piano for her birthday, to-morrow; but they wouldn't have her know it for anything, until she comes home and finds it in the parlor."

"How splendid!" exclaimed Conny.

"It's a profound secret," said Daisy.

A few days later Mrs. Bell called upon Mrs. Clay.

"I suppose Sarah was surprised and delighted about the piano?" said the latter.

"She was delighted enough," was the reply; "but she wasn't a bit surprised. She heard it at school."

"That Conny Travers must have told," said Daisy, indignantly, after Mrs. Bell had gone home.

"But who told Conny," asked sister Nell.

"I did; but I didn't suppose she'd be mean enough to tell."

"And I didn't think you would," replied Nell.

"Well, children," said Mrs. Clay, "it's an old saying, that if you can't keep your own secret, nobody else will keep it for you. If you remember this, it will save a great deal of trouble."

THERE is inestimable blessing in a cheerful spirit. When the soul throws its windows wide open, letting in the sunshine, and presenting to all who see it the evidence of its gladness, it is not only happy, but it has an unspeakable power of doing good. To all the other beatitudes may be added, "Blessed are the joy-makers."—Willis.

THE TWO ANGELS.

There is an old tradition, brought from the mystic Eastern lands,

That either side the throne of God a recording angel stands,

Writing within his book all thoughts and deeds of men,

Sealing at night—nor, till the last great day, opening e'er again.

He on the right, with happy smile, receives

Those that are pleasant unto the Lord;

He on the left in sadness weeps and grieves,

So much of sinfulness he must record.

But if there is repentance and the prayer "Forgive" before the night,

The words are borne to heaven; and the sad angel's heart grows light,

And the page that had been blotted with sinfulness and woe,

Cleansed with the blood of Jesus, lieth white and pure as snow.

When the books are opened at the dawn of eternity, May the right-hand angel, only, testify for thee.

—Sel.

WHAT is the baby thinking about?

Very wonderful things, no doubt.

Unwritten history!

Unfathomed mystery!

Yet he laughs, and cries, and eats, and drinks,

And chuckles, and crows, and nods, and winks,

As if his head was as full of kinks

And curious riddles as any sphinx!

Who can tell what a baby thinks?

—J. G. Holland.





What do little girls like to do?
 They like to sit in a tree with a book,
 They like to wade in a shallow brook,
 They like to swing in a hammock,
 and talk,
 They like with their dollies to take
 a walk;
 They like fox-and-geese with all their
 heart,
 They like to drive in a two-wheeled
 cart.
 That's what little girls like to do?
 Don't you?

The Morning Song.

Sing, little daughter, sing;
 Sing me your morning song,
 Thanking our Father for His love
 And care the whole night long.

Sing out with cheerful heart,
 Sing out with cheerful voice;
 The tones of gratitude to God
 Will make my heart rejoice.

Thank Him for parents dear,
 Thy father and thy mother;
 Thank Him for little sister Bess,
 Thank Him for little brother.

Thank Him for pleasant home,
 Thank him for many a friend;
 For mercies which we cannot count,
 For mercies without end.

Thank Him for health and strength,
 Thank Him for clothes and food,
 Thank Him for light and the fresh air,
 Thank Him for every good.

Thank Him for pleasant days,
 For sunshine and for showers,
 For the green grass and lofty trees,
 And for the fair wild flowers.

Thank Him, O, most of all,
 For His most Holy Word.
 Wherein we read the wondrous love
 Of Jesus Christ, our Lord.

Thank Him that Christ has died
 That we might die to sin;
 Thank Him that Christ has risen again,
 That we His heaven may win.

Sing, little daughter, sing;
 Sing forth with heart and voice,
 Thanking the Lord for all His gifts;
 Rejoice, my child, rejoice.



A LITTLE BOY'S SERMON.

"Eddie," said Harry, "I'll be a minister, and preach you a sermon."

"Well," said Eddie, "and I'll be the people."

Harry began: "My text is a short and easy one—'Be kind.' There are some little texts in the Bible on purpose for children, and this is one of them. These are the heads of my sermon:

"*First.* Be kind to papa, and don't make a noise when he has a headache; I don't believe you know what a headache is; but I do. I had one once, and I did not want to hear any one speak a word.

"*Second.* Be kind to mamma, and do not make her tell you to do a thing more than once. It is very tiresome to say, 'It is time for you to go to bed,' half a dozen times over.

"*Third.* Be kind to baby."

"You have left out, be kind to Harry," interrupted Eddie.

"Yes," said Harry, "I didn't mean to mention my own name in the sermon. I was saying, be kind to little Minnie, and let her have your 'red soldier' to play with when she wants it.

"*Fourth.* Be kind to Jane, and don't scream and kick when she washes and dresses you."

Here Eddie looked a little ashamed, and said, "But she pulled my hair with the comb."

"People mustn't talk in meeting," said Harry.

"*Fifth.* Be kind to kitty. Do what will make her purr, and don't do what will make her cry."

"Isn't the sermon 'most done'?" asked Eddie; "I want to sing." And, without waiting for Harry to finish his discourse or give out a hymn, he began to sing, and so Harry had to stop.—*Selected.*

HELPING MOTHER.

Early in the morning, before the school-bell rings,
 Helping wipe the dishes and set away the things,
 Running little errands, as little feet can run,
 Lightening mother's burden of the day's work just begun.

Gathering baby's playthings, scattered in the way,
 Picking peas for dinner, setting plates for tea,
 Hunting up the hens' nests, dusting off the chairs,
 That's the way we little ones can lighten mother's cares. —*Sel.*



For Truth Seekers.

THE FINGER EXERCISE.

BY FANNIE E. NEWBERRY.

"Come Willie," said his father, "count with me. We'll have a finger exercise—see! One finger I hold up—one God above There is, who rules both heaven and earth in love. Two fingers—two ways lie before each one For good and ill; oh! choose the right, my son! Three fingers show the mystic trinity, The Father, Son and Holy Ghost—blest Three, Yet only One. You cannot understand? Nor I, my dear; we'll leave it in God's hand. Four fingers—and four Gospels help us on. Now name them over—Matthew, Mark, Luke, John. Five fingers—there were five wise virgins named, Who kept their lamps alight, while five were blamed Because they were not ready for their Lord; My son, be always waiting on his word. Six fingers mean six days for labor given, To vanquish sin and fit ourselves for heaven.

And seven—many meanings come to me:
 The Sabbath day; the year of Jubilee;
 The seven churches; candlesticks of gold
 Which kept the world alight in days of old;
 The seven angels whom John saw outpour
 Their dreadful vials—these, and many more.
 Eight fingers—so eight virtues should attend
 The praying Christian, even to the end;
 Faith, Patience, Purity, Peace, and Love,
 Hope, Perseverance, Praise to God above.
 Nine fingers—at the ninth hour Jesus died;
 The veil was rent, earth quaked, graves opened wide,
 But with that cry, which set his spirit free,
 Our souls were saved from death and misery.
 Ten takes them all—ten talents God has given
 To help our work of winning souls to heaven.
 My precious boy, use all your gifts, I pray;
 Nor hide one talent in the earth away."





"MINE'S-THE-BEST."

Did you ever hear such a funny name for a little girl? And yet that was what they all called her. Can any of you guess how she got such a name? I don't believe you can, so I shall have to tell you.

When she was a wee little bit of a baby her mother named her Olivia, and they all called her by that name until after she began to talk. It was then that she earned the name of "Mine's-the-Best."

Now watch her while she and Edith play. They were each laying a

railroad track of blocks on the dining-room carpet. Edith's was much the straightest, but Miss Olivia, after looking at them both, said, "Mine's the best." Mamma was teaching them to print on their slates. Edith's was really very well done, while it was difficult to tell whether Olivia's were letters at all; but she put her head on one side and said, "Mine's the best."

When they were learning some verses, Olivia always finished up by saying, "Mine's the best," even if she had to be told the first word of every line while Edith said the whole with only one or two mistakes.

"Whose dollies have you?" asked grandma, as Olivia came into the room with two dolls in a small wheelbarrow.

"Edith's and mine," answered the little girl; "but mine's the best," added she.

"Then this one with a broken arm and bald head must be Edith's," said grandma. "The other looks as though it belonged to a very careful little girl," added she.

"No, grandma; the one that's got its hair come off is mine, and I think it's the best, 'cause you don't have to comb its hair when it hasn't got any."

Do you wonder she got the name of "Mine's-the-Best"? I am sorry she says it so much, for it shows she is a selfish little girl, thinking more about herself than other people.

Perhaps mamma will be able to show her how ugly a habit it is, and then she will go back to her own dear name of Olivia.

Seems to me I have heard some other little girls and boys say much the same thing. Did you ever meet any, little readers, that ought to have been nicknamed "Mine's-the-Best"?

DOLLIE'S BATH.

"Girlies have to be washed, so dollies must be, too," said Mab, as she set Buttercup Belle into the bowl



of foaming suds, where she stood up almost straight until her stiffly-starched dress got wet through.

Mab stood on the stool for a minute or two, and looked at the doll with pleased face. But what makes her start so when the door opens behind her? She does not smile now, but looks quite ashamed. Ah! little friends, I am afraid she knows her mamma will not be pleased to have her spoil her pretty doll so.

You see, though Mab is a very little girl, she is not too little to know when she is doing wrong. If she and all other little children would stop a moment before they do things, and ask themselves if they would quite as soon mamma came in as not, I think they would leave undone a great many things that in their thoughtless-



WHAT THE SPARROW CHIRPS.

I have no barn or storehouse,
I neither sow nor reap;
God gives me a sparrow's portion,
But never a seed to keep.

If my meal is sometimes scanty,
Close-picking makes it sweet;
I have always enough to feed me,
And "life is more than meat."

I fly through the thickest forest,
I light on many a spray;
I have no chart nor compass,
But I never lose my way.

And I fold my wings at twilight,
Wherever I happen to be;
For the Father is always watching,
And no harm will come to me.

—Herald and Presbyter.

I thank the goodness and the grace,
Which on my birth have smiled;
And made me, in those Christian days,
A highly favoured child.

"I was not born as thousands are,
Where God was never known,
And taught to pray a useless prayer
To blocks of wood and stone.



UNCLE JOE'S KITE.

"Don't you wish you could fly kites, uncle?" asked Jenny, as they stood looking at the children in the next door-yard.

"Wish I could fly kites? Why, I do fly kites," answered Uncle Joe, laughing. "I had quite a time with a kite last summer."

"Tell us about it," said Rose, who had been listening. "What could you fly a kite for, I wonder?"

"Well, we were out surveying, and we found it necessary to have the rope

thrown across a very wide ravine. At first it troubled us a little; we hardly knew how to manage; but soon the thought struck me that we could send it over with a kite. So, in a very short time, we made a large paper kite, fastened the end of the rope, and away it sailed, taking our rope to the very spot where we wished to see it."

"So your kite-flying came in useful, after all," remarked Rose, in her old-fashioned way. Uncle Joe smiled.

"Kite-flying has come in and done a great work more than once," he said, thoughtfully. "Franklin drew electricity down from the clouds by means of a kite. Everything that we learn ought to be laid away in our memory for future use," he went on—"every bit of knowledge we get, however small, ought to be carefully treasured up—for some day, just when we are in trouble, it will come flying out like a kite, and carry our rope across the ravine for us. In other words, our bit of knowledge will show us the right thing to do, and so help us out of our trouble."

God puts us in a world where we may be ever learning, and he expects us to use our minds and the knowledge he gives us.

THE WOODLAND WEDDING.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

"Will you be my little wife, Squirrel, Squirrel dear?" said he, As he clasped her tiny paw. "Yes, I think I will," said she. Then he begged her to consent to be wed that afternoon. "That's too soon," she coyly said. "Not a bit," said he, "too soon. I've the snugest little cottage, on a lofty maple bough, Stored with the nicest things to eat, and quite ready for you now. Say you'll come to it at once, and bring happiness to me." "Well, I think I will; but pray do not tell any one," said she. "For I'm sure if it were known that a wedding was to be, Birds and wildwood people of every kind would flock to see. Dear me! I know I'd faint." "I'll breathe never a word," said he. "Mr. Owl shall be the parson, with one witness, and no more— Mrs. Owl, who can be present without stirring from her door."

So there was a quiet wedding in the wood that pleasant day— Bride and bridegroom both were dressed in furry suits of white and gray— And nobody knew about it, save the parson and his wife, Till at home the happy squirrels had begun their married life. "And I think that all true lovers should be wed our way," said she— "Without any fuss whatever." "You are right, my dear," said he.

GETTING ACQUAINTED.

Tom's mother went to see Jack's mother, and took Tom with her.

Tom was two years and a half old, and Jack was not quite two. I hope you will not be shocked when I tell you that Jack did not make a low bow and say, as he offered to shake hands, "Glad to see you, Tom—very glad. Be seated, won't you?" No, he did nothing of the kind; but both of the youths backed up against their mothers' knees and looked at each other for fully five minutes without so much as winking.

Pretty soon they pushed two chairs near together, and each mounted one. Now it may seem strange that Jack did not ask Tom how he liked the new President, or if he thought times would be better as the spring opened. That is what Jack's father would have said to Tom's father, if he had come to see him.

Jack, however, had another way



of entertaining his company. He began pulling off his stockings, while Tom looked on as solemnly as possible.

Don't you think they look very funny, sitting there looking at each other? And do you know, I think they never would have got acquainted if Jack's mother had not given them a plate of crackers made in the shape of dogs, elephants, rabbits, fish, and all kinds of animals. Then their tongues came loose, and my! how they did fly!

I am glad to say they did not quarrel over the crackers a single bit, but had the nicest kind of a "party," and this is the way they got "acquainted," as Tom's sister Nellie says.



GETTING ACQUAINTED.

Aggie's mother lived in Colorado, and Ada's in Maine. As the two mothers were sisters, of course Aggie



and Ada were cousins; and when Ada's mamma wrote to Aggie's mamma, or Aggie's mamma wrote to Ada's mamma, the little cousins had always sent messages of love to one another; and when any one asked either of them, "Whom do you love?" she was sure to reply, "Papa and mamma and my little cousin."

But I am now going to tell you the funniest thing about these two little girls. I wonder if you ever knew anything like it? Aggie's mother went with Aggie to visit Ada and her mother at their home, near the seaside;



PREPARING FOR THANKSGIVING.





“THE CAT’S GOT IT.”

“I’m going to have this milk!” said Anna, running toward the table.

“I guess I have as good a right as you!” said Horace.

“I didn’t have any milk for my breakfast,” said Anna, “and you did, Horace Hinsdale, you know you did!”

“Well, I didn’t have any at supper last night!” replied Horace.



DOLLY’S CRADLE SONG.

BY MRS. M. T. BABBITT.

Shut your eyes, O Nellie, darling,

Shut your little sleepy eyes,

Mamma wants to do your washing,

While the sun is in the skies

All your dainty little garments

Must be clean and white as snow,

For, I think, my baby darling

Just the nicest doll I know.

Now I lay her in her cradle,

Tuck the bed-clothes snugly in;

Draw the sheet and little blanket

Underneath the dimpled chin,

Pressing on the snowy pillow,

Rests the little curly-head;

O, how precious to the mother

Is her baby’s cradle-bed!

Give me joy, O little mothers,

Scattered o’er all the land;

Are we not a happy army

With our darling, dolly band?

We won’t envy Queen Victoria,

With her jewels, crown and throne,

For we each have richest treasure,

With a baby all our own.

“I’LL SAY MY PRAYERS.”

If I should say to you, little readers, that I was going to tell you a story about a little girl, the first questions you would ask me would be, “What is her name?” and “Where does she live?” So I will tell you at once. Her name is neither Effie, Etta, nor Ella, but plain honest Julia, and she lives in a town; not a large town, but a pleasant one in Berkshire

She is a bright little child, and as a rule good, though sometimes this little Julia is a very naughty girl, as I will tell you.

She was so naughty one day her mother told her she must go out in the dining-room, and stay till she was a good girl. She went out crying very hard, but in a little while said she would be good, so her mother told her to come in, but she didn’t look just right. There was

no smile on her face, and very soon she had to be sent out again; and again she came in with a promise to be good, but her mother had to send her out the third time. Now Julia, although she was only four years old, got very angry, and made a great noise for a few minutes. Pretty soon the noise ceased, and her mother went close to the door and listened, to see if she could hear anything. Sure enough she heard her saying the little prayer she had been taught:—“Dear Jesus, bless papa, and mamma, and Julia, and sister, and make me a good girl, for Christ’s sake. Amen.” Her mother opened the door very softly, and there she was on her knees; she got up with a very sweet smile, and said, “I’m a good girl now, mamma. I was so naughty, and felt so dreadful bad, I said to myself, ‘I’ll say my prayers,’ and maybe Jesus will help me to be a good little girl.” And sure enough, she was just the best girl you ever saw. Now this is a true story every word of it, and her whole name is Julia Allen Tucker.

Was not this a shocking way for a brother and sister to talk? I am really quite ashamed to tell you how they behaved, but that is what my story is about. Fortunately Harvey came into the room just as Anna and Horace had got this far in their quarrel, and he said:

“Guess you had better draw lots for it. Here are three matches of unequal length. Whoever draws the shortest one is to have the milk. I’ll draw for the cat,” said Harvey, laughing, for he did not like milk. “Anna’s the girl, so she must draw first,” added he.

With great care Anna selected the best looking match; then came Horace’s turn. His match was shorter than Anna’s, but when Harvey opened his hand, the one he held was shorter than either of them.

“Mine’s the shortest. The cat’s got it!” shouted he.

“I should say she had!” said Horace; for as they turned to the table, puss was already busily lapping away.

I could imagine a much prettier scene, in which Horace might say:

“You take the milk, sister.”

“No, you have it, Horace; I’d rather you would. Please do,” would be Anna’s pretty reply.

“No, I would not be so selfish,” Horace would say. “Let us divide it.”

A PLAIN LITTLE GIRL.

Once I knew a little girl,
Very plain;
You might try her hair to curl
All in vain;
On her cheek no tint of rose
Paled and blushed, or sought repose!
She was plain.

But the thoughts that through her brain
Came and went,
As a recompense for pain
Angels sent;
So full many a beautiful thing,
In the young soul blossoming,
Gave content.

Every thought was full of graces,
Pure and true;
And in time the homely face
Lovelier grew,
With a heavenly radiance bright,
From the soul’s reflected light
Shining through.

Shall I tell you, little child,
Plain and poor,
If your thoughts are undefiled,
You are sure
Of the loveliness of worth?
And this beauty, not of earth,
Will endure.

—St. Nicholas.



CLARENCE, PURR, AND THE CHICKENS.

There were twelve of them at first—the cutest little downy tufts that ever any hen mother was proud of—but one of them tumbled into the water-



ing-can, so now there are only eleven. Clarence has named them all, and says he knows each by its name, in which matter he must be much smarter than I, for the chicks are so much alike they make me think of the old lady who said of two colored boys: "Pompey and Sam look very much alike, 'specially Pompey."

After a few moments Purr, the cat, joins Clarence on the steps, and is warned about letting his

taste for chicken get the better of his honesty.

"'Member, Purr," said Clarence, "you must never mistake a chicken for a wild bird, and take it without leave. Raw chicken is not good, any way—mamma says so—and then the feathers might stick in your throat; and the mother hen would be awful cross, and bite you with her bill. She has not got any teeth—mamma said so—but she can bite, I know she can; for she bit a piece of skin right out of the back of my hand when I wanted to see the first little chicken that came out of the shell."

Purr kept up his little song all the while, rubbing first his nose on and then his head under Clarence's hand; but I fancy little of the warning was understood, and if he never caught a chicken, it was because he had so many other good things to eat that he did not care for it.

While Clarence sat on the step a big bird flew overhead. The mother hen spread her wings, and made a strange kind of noise. All the chickens ran and hid, either under her wings or a near tuft of grass. In less than a minute there was not a chick to be seen. "What made them do that, mamma?" asked Clarence.

"The hen saw the bird," replied mamma, "and thought it might be a hawk. Hawks are fond of chickens, and often pounce upon and kill them. What I admire the most is the quickness with which the chicks mind their mother. They—none of

them—stand and say, 'Why?' or 'What do I have to come in for?' but they all do as they are bid, the moment they are spoken to."

Nobody said anything about the lesson boys might learn of chickens, but I think Clarence felt sure his mother thought of it, for he had a bad habit of saying, 'Why?' and, 'What for?' almost every time he was told to do anything. If Clarence loves his mother, he will break himself of this habit, for it is a very troublesome one.

THE ROBIN AND THE CHICKEN.

A plump little robin flew down from a tree
To hunt for a worm which he happened to see;
A frisky young chicken came scampering by
And gazed at the robin with wondering eye.

Said the chick, "What a queer-looking chicken is that!

Its wings are so long and its body so fat;"
While the robin remarked, loud enough to be heard,
"Dear me! an exceedingly strange-looking bird!"

"Can you sing?" robin asked; and the chicken
said "No,"

But asked in his turn if the robin could crow.
So the bird sought a tree and the chicken a wall,
And each thought the other knew nothing at all.

—Grace F. Coolidge, in *St. Nicholas*.

WISHING.

One day a lonesome hickory-nut,
At the top of a waving tree,
Remarked, "I'd like to live in a shell,
Like a clam beneath the sea."

And just at that time a clam observed,
'Way down in the tossing sea,
"I'd love to dwell in a hickory-nut
At the top of a lofty tree."

Thus both of them wished, and wished, and wished
Till they turned green, yellow, and blue;
And that, in truth, is just about what
Mere wishing is likely to do.

—Harper's Young People.

BY E. WHITNEY.

What's the song the crickets sing—
Summer, autumn, winter, spring?

When I take my little broom
And go dusting through the room:
"Sweep! sweep! sweep! sweep!"

When I go to bed at night,
Then I hear them out of sight:
"Sleep! sleep! sleep! sleep!"

When I waken, every day,
If it's sunny, then they say:
"Peep! peep! peep! peep!"

But they feel as bad as I
When it rains, for then they cry:
"Weep! weep! weep! weep!"

—St. Nicholas.





A RIGHT BEGINNING.

Across the wheat field, to save the long walk around by the road, then through the bars, and out to the lane—this was the way to the little school-house in the grove. The way was well known to Sue, for she had been trudging it alone every day for months; but to Kenneth it was strange, and there were many new sights. A toad hopped out from his cosy nook under the fence to see the new passer-by. It seemed to Kenneth as if birds and bees were watch-

ing him and knew that this was his first walk to school.

Sue, who was reading in the First Reader, was glad to have her little brother with her, but was a little afraid he

would seem to the teacher very dull. Why, he knew only his A B C's, and a few words of three letters.

"Now, Kenneth dear," she said, kindly, "what are you going to school for?—can you tell me?"

"To learn to read and write, and lots of other things," said Kenneth, stoutly.

"And what's the good of all that?"

"So I will be a wise man, Sue—I will pretty soon, you know."

"Pretty soon!" said Sue, laughing a little. "Oh! no, you haven't begun yet."

"Deed I have," said Kenneth, holding up his head proudly. "Mamma says I have made the best beginning, for 'the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.'"

Ah! happy birds and busy bees, welcome this little boy who has already learned what is the secret of a happy life.



SUPPOSE:

BY PHEBE CARY.

Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head:
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose were read?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad 'twas dolly's,
And not *your* head, that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down;
Will it clear off any sooner,
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer,
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier,
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser
Than waiting like a dunce—
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less while walking
To say, "It isn't fair?"
And wouldn't it be nobler,
To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful,
You can walk upon your feet?

Suppose the world doesn't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation,
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatsoever comes, or doesn't come
To do the best you can?

THEY DON'T TRY.

A little girl four years old was playing busily with her numerous family of dolls. At length she said: "Auntie, my children are coming to see you. They are very full of mischief, and will spill water on your floor, and do lots of things. I try to make them do better, but I don't seem to succeed. They say their prayers, too, but I guess they leave—"

Here she hesitated, and so her auntie helped her along by saying: "Do they leave out that part of the prayer asking Jesus to make them good girls?"

"No," she said, "they say that; they ask Jesus to make them good girls; but I guess they leave it all for him to do, and don't try themselves."

After thinking a moment, auntie said: "They are like some little girls, are they not?"

The child looked up quickly, and replied: "Do you mean me, auntie? I do try, don't I."

—CONGRE





AUNTIE'S MADE-UP STORY.

"Auntie, won't you make up a story and tell it as you go along—all about this picture?" said Sarah, hold-

NAUGHTY DOLLY DUTTON.

"Come here, Dolly Dutton;
Let me sew on your button—
Where *can* my new thimble have flown?"
"Oh, grandma, I laid it
Right here, and Tom made it
All shiny and flat with a stone!"

"Dolly Dutton, my knitting
Was here, where I'm sitting.
Tell me, now, where *that* has gone?"
"Oh, grandma, I took it
And Kitty, she shook it
So funny, all over the lawn!"

"Dolly Dutton, that's shocking!
Your pretty red stocking!
Now, where are my needles and yarn?"
"Why, the faster Kit travelled,
The more it unravelled,
Till she wound it three times 'round the
barn."

"Dolly Dutton, I ask it—
Where *is* my work basket,
With its buttons and needles and
things?"

"Oh, grandma, don't scold me—
I've lost it—To n told me—
He—wanted to—borrow—some strings!"

"Dolly Dutton, your bonnet,
What *have* you got on it?
I wonder what next you will do?"
"Hen's feathers and grasses,
Stuck on with molasses—
Oh, no, Tommy did it with glue!"

"Dolly Dutton, take warning.
For surely, some morning,
Straight home to your mother you go."
"Dear grandma, now kiss me;
Just think how you'd miss me;
Your own darling Dolly, you know."
—*Golden Days.*

ing up her scrap-book to the ever-ready, story-making Aunt Mary.

"Why, yes, to be sure," said Aunt Mary. "This is a nice picture to make a story about; the children all look so clean and pleasant-tempered.

"First, then, I think the mother has gone away to see a sick neighbor, and left the oldest girl, who is standing in the door, to keep house. Her name is Kathrina. She was busy scrubbing the kitchen table when she heard music. She stopped scrubbing, and said to the baby, who was tied in a high chair and getting a little cross because his teeth hurt him, 'Let's go and see the man and the monkey.'"

"What makes you think his teeth hurt him, auntie?" asked Sarah.

"Because I see he has his hand in his mouth, as though they did," said auntie.

"Oh! is that the way you know the story?" asked Sarah.

Auntie smiled, and went on. "As I was saying, Kathrina took her brother in her arms and went to the door. There she found Gretchen, with Otto on her back. In a minute Bertha, one of the twins, came round the house, with her doll in her arms. Christina, the other twin, came through the door and sat down on the steps with her doll. So the whole family were there. Bertha offered the monkey a pear, but he seemed bashful and did not take it.

"What's the matter with your monkey?" said Gretchen, looking at the boy who was grinding the organ.

"He's very lonesome, Miss, 'cause it's me, and not father," replied the boy.

"What do you mean?" asked Gretchen.

"Why, father's sick, and I has to go with the organ and Pedro, and neither the organ nor Pedro likes it—leastwise the organ don't sound so good, and Pedro won't dance like he does when father's here. And worse than all, I have so few pennies to take home at night, it makes mother cry, and she says we will all starve yet."

"Poor boy!" said Kathrina. "I wish our mother was here; she would give you some pennies."

"We might give him our six pennies, and go without the buns to-night," said Christina.

"And they did."

LITTLE JESSIE.

"I don't go to school any more, now, 'cause I know 'most everything," said little Jessie to a lady whom they



met at the seaside this summer, and the little round-faced three-year-old went on weaving her daisy chain as contentedly as possible, feeling quite sure that her five months' training at the kindergarten had put her in possession of all the knowledge in the world.

BABY HAS GONE TO SCHOOL.

The baby has gone to school; ah, me!
What will the mother do,
With never a call to button, or pin,
Or tie a little shoe?
How can she keep herself busy all day,
With the little "hindering thing" away?

Another basket to fill with lunch,
Another "good-by" to say,
And the mother stands at the door to see
Her baby march away,
And turns with a sigh that is half relief,
And half a something akin to grief.

She thinks of a possible future morn,
When the children, one by one,
Will go from their home out into the world,
To battle with life alone,
And not even the baby be left to cheer
The desolate home of that future year.

She picks up garments here and there,
Thrown down in careless haste,
And tries to think how it would seem
If nothing were displaced.
If the house were always as still as this,
How could she bear the loneliness?



PUTTING THE DOLLS TO BED.

"I must be more strict with my dolls," said Miss Jane to her younger sisters, Minnie and Alice. "There is only one pair of boots among the five. Miss Slim left hers in the garden, and the birds flew away with them;



Prim put hers on the fire to warm them, and could not find them again; Grim lost hers the day we took them to the country; Mim can't find hers anywhere, and now none of them have boots but Trim."

"Don't you think, Jane," said Minnie, "we must buy another bed? and then two of yours won't need to get up in the middle of the night and let Alice's doll and mine take their places."

"I think with Minnie we must have another bed," said Alice.

"Yes," replied Jane, "and the bed must be big, and the sheets long, for Mim is growing so tall her toes stick out beneath the quilt. Now, my dolls, close your eyes, don't talk, and go to sleep. Good-night."

Now, some of this talk may not be very smart or interesting to some grown up people, but I liked to hear these little girls talk. Shall I tell you why? Because they never said cross things.

O NATSU SAN AND HER DOLL, O KIKU SAN.

Miss O Natsu San is a young Japanese lady—a very young lady, of eight years. As you see, she wears



her hair "banged." Wonder if that is where American girls got the style? I think they look about as pretty, with their hair "banged," as O Natsu San.

But how funny her clothes are! They are loose, and fastened round the waist by a silk scarf. Her stock-

ings are made with a place for the big toe, like thumbs to our mittens. Her pocket is in her sleeve, and her handkerchief is made of soft paper.

O Natsu San means "Summer;" and the name O Kiku San means "Chrysanthemum." So when this little lady holds her doll, I might say Chrysanthemum is nursed in the lap of Summer. A little Japanese girl will sometimes have a hundred dolls at a time.

The flowers in Japan have no perfume, and the birds never sing. Babies are carried on the backs of their nurses, who fly kites much of the time.

All the family sit on mats to eat their dinners off straw cloths spread over mats. Must seem like picnicking all the year round!

The Japanese flag has a globe on it, instead of stars and stripes; and the emblem is a chrysanthemum, instead of an eagle, as is ours.

The saddest thing of all about the Japanese is that they do not know the true God. Missionaries go to their country to try and teach them. Will you give some of your pennies to help send the gospel to these poor people who never heard of the loving Savior?

THE FLOWER TOT FOUND.

"What is it that keeps my gay little girl
So silent this long, long while?"
"Oh, I'm tryin' to 'member God mamma,"
Said To', with a happy smile.

"This morning I went to the little brook,
And what do you think comes next?
Why, I found some flowers as blue as blue,
That had for their name a text!

"The kind old gardener just passed by
As I was picking the posies;
He said, 'Good morning,' little Miss Tot,
And I said, 'Good mornin' Moses.'

"And I asked, 'Is any one's flower-bed here
Or did any gardener sow them?'
And he said, 'The flowers are free as air,
For the Lord himself did grow them.'

"He smiled at me, so I smiled at him,
And he said to me," said little Tot,
'These dear little own blue flowers of God's
Are called Forget-me-not!'"

"There's many and many of garden flowers
With a name so long it vexes,
So I think it's kind of our God to name
His own little flowers with *texes!*"

"I picked them gently as ever I could,
And looked in their little blue eyes,
And I kissed them softly, and brought them
home,
To make me happy and wise.

"So I'm tryin' to 'member God to-day,
And tryin' to forget Him not;
But I'm *bee-ry* new, with sittin' so still,"
And away flew smiling Tot.

Oh, children dear, each flower that grows,
And every bird that sings,
And the bees that hum, and the breeze that
blows,
And the butterfly's painted wings,

And the rainbow-ribbon that belts the skies
All speak, as the flowers to Tot;
They show us our Father, loving and wise,
And bid us "forget Him not."

—*Christian at Work.*

Now, children, just listen a minute, and I will tell you a little story which is all true, for I saw and heard it with my own eyes and ears. You see, I just happened to stop one night in a dear, good minister's house. There is a nice, good mamma in that house, and several little children, too.

After breakfast we were all sitting down to have prayers, or "worship," as some of you would say. I noticed a little girl, about eight years old (whom we will call Daisy, for I do not know her real name, and we must call her something); she was standing beside the center-table. All were seated but she and her papa, and there were only two chairs

left; one was high and stiff, the other an easy rocker.

"Daisy, why do you not sit down?" asked her papa.

"Because, papa," she answered, so anxious-like, "I did not know which chair you wanted; which one will you have?"

Was not that a polite girl? and so good and kind and thoughtful, too. Why, I have seen little boys, and girls, too, not larger than Daisy, who would run right straight and jump into the biggest and best chair in the room; and they would not care two cents if papa and mamma, or some old person would have to stand up.

SUNBEAM LOVE.



The little things of life are often precious. A sunbeam is a little thing; so is a baby's smile or a baby's kiss. But who that reads these lines, will fail to feel that each does its part in brightening our world.

A darling little infant
Was playing on the floor,
When suddenly a sunbeam
Came through the open door;

And falling on the carpet
It made a golden dot;
The darling baby saw it,
And crept up to the spot.

His little face was beaming
With a smile of perfect joy.
As if an angel's presence
Had filled the little boy.

Then, with his tiny finger,
As in a fairy dream,
He touched the dot of sunshine
And followed up the beam.

He looked up to his mother,
To share his infant bliss,
Then stopped and gave the sunbeam
A pure, sweet baby kiss.

O Lord, our Heavenly Father,
In the fulness of my joy,
I pray that childlike feeling
May never leave the boy!

But in the days of trial,
When sin allures the youth,
Send out thy light to guide him—
The sunbeams of thy truth!

And may his heart be ever
To thee an open door,
Through which thy truth as sunbeams
May play upon life's floor!

LOVING ONE ANOTHER.

Two little twin boys, looking as near alike as two peas—so near that their grandmother, living at a little distance, cannot tell them apart—are always kind to each other. One cannot enjoy any good thing unless the other shares it. They were in the grocery-store the other day, and the merchant, just to test them—there were several looking on—gave one of them a stick of candy. He waited a moment, thinking the man would give him one for Gordie. He did not do it. So the little fellow turned away to his brother, looked at the candy, broke it as nearly in the middle as he could, but he found one a little larger. This he gave to Gordie. Gordie took it, looked at the other piece, and said, "That isn't right; you bit

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GIANT VANITY.

Gracie's grandma has come to visit Gracie's mamma, and she has brought the little girl a beautiful string of beads to wear around her neck. Now this would have been all very well if Giant Vanity had not come to her just then and said: "These beads are much prettier than Cousin Ellen's. You must be a very good girl, that grandma should wish to make you such a handsome present. You look very beautiful with them on. I would not speak to those poor children who can't wear beads, if I were you." That was a very foolish thing for the giant to say, wasn't it? But Gracie listened, and thought it was just right, as she tossed her vain little head, and thought of nothing but how fine she looked. Giant Vanity is a giant that grows very fast, and he often makes people do very silly things. Strike a deadly blow at him, dear children, when ever you can.—Sel.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

"Grandmother," said little Gretchen, "why do you call this beautiful flower, blue as the sky, growing by this brook, a 'Forget-me-not'?"

"My child," said the grandmother, "to this brook I once accompanied your father, who was going on a long journey. He told me that when I saw this flower I must think of him; and so we have always called it the 'Forget-me-not.'"

Said happy little Gretchen, "I have neither parents, nor sisters, nor friends from whom I am parted. I don't know whom I can think of when I see the 'Forget-me-not.'"

"I will tell you," said grandmother, "some one of whom this flower may remind you—the God who made it. Every flower in the meadow says, 'Remember God;' by every flower in the garden our Creator says to us, 'Forget-me-not.'"

SHADOWS.

BABY'S afraid of the shadows,
The shadows grim and tall,
Which the firelight, bright and ruddy,
Sends dancing upon the wall.

How can he know, poor baby,
(He is not so wise as you
Who know they are *only shadows*,)
What fearful things they might do?

But now one is coming towards him,
Taller than all the rest,
And baby, half laughing, half crying,
Hides his face in his mother's breast.

The dreadful shadow stoops towards him,
And takes him up in his arms,
And baby finds his own father
The cause of all his alarms.

We all are children like baby,
And afraid of the shadows tall,
Which rise like spectres before us,
Or across our pathway fall.

We forget whose Hand controls them,
But when the last, darkest, come,
May that dear Hand guide us through them
To the light of our Father's Home.

Young Christian Soldier.

WITHOUT THE CHILDREN.

OH the strange, oppressive stillness
Where the children come no more!
Ah! the longing of the sleepers
For the soft arms of the children—
Ah! the longing for the faces
Peeping through the open door—
Faces gone for evermore!

Strange it is to wake at midnight
And not hear the children breathing,
Nothing but the old clock ticking,
Ticking, ticking by the door.
Strange to see the little dresses
Hanging up there all the morning,
And the gaiters—ah! their patter
We shall hear it never more
On our child-forsaken floor!

What is home without the children?
'Tis the earth without its verdure,
And the sky without its sunshine:
Life is withered to the core!
So we'll leave this dreary desert,
And we'll follow the Good Shepherd
To the greener pastures vernal,
Where the lambs have "gone before,"
With the shepherd evermore.



Jesus says. Suffer the Little Children to
Come unto Me, and Forbid Them Not,
For of Such is the Kingdom of God.

Mark 10: 14.

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CLARA'S WAY.

"Why, little sister, have you made a contract for all the clouds in to-day's sky to cut up into frowns?" said Clara Evans, taking Edith's hands into one of her own and putting the other arm about her waist, after she had finished buttoning the little girl's dress.

"Well, I just hate this old dress, and I think it is mean I have to wear it!"

said Edith. "Mabel has such a pretty new one, and I don't see why I can't have one too."

"I think it is a great deal meaner to wear such a horrid-looking face," said Clara. "Think, Edith, of the little girls papa told us about, who have nothing but ragged dresses, and no shoes or stockings; think how much better off we are than they!" Edith still hung her head and said nothing.

"Don't you remember what the strange minister said the other day in Sunday-school?—that there is nothing so beautiful as to be clothed with a meek and quiet spirit." Edith nodded her head, but was still silent. "Then, cheer up, little sister," added Clara; "run off, forget your dress and yourself in trying to make others happy, and I am sure you will have a nice time." Clara drew the little figure nearer her as she spoke, and Edith, smiling, shyly kissed her dear, good, big sister, who laughingly said, "I declare, there is not even a remnant of a cloud left to make baby frowns of; and I hope there is a good supply of sunshine to make smiles of," added she.

Edith ran off and had a nice time at the birthday party, even in an old dress.

I hope Clara will always be able to make her little sister compare her lot with others' who have much less than she, rather than with those who have more; and if you will only think of it, dear young friends, there are always a great many more people who are worse rather than better off.

MY BOY.

Two little shoes with the toes kicked through,
 One little dress of navy-blue,
 One broad hat with a ribbon round,
 One gay trumpet with deafening sound,
 A nice new kite with a white bob-tail,
 A little spade and a water-pail,
 A Noah's ark without the door,—
 All strewn about on the nursery floor.
 And in the midst lies the little lord,
 His plump hand grasping a motley horde
 Of pebbles and pennies, string and toy,
 He lies asleep, my baby boy.

—Companion



SUCH A PITY!

Edith was all washed and dressed, with her hair nicely brushed and tied back. She made no fuss even when the tangles pulled pretty hard, and mamma praised her very much.

Edith. "I know how." So saying, she ran out to the well, and got the bucket, with a little water in it, up to the top; but as she was tipping it, the handle slipped and the bucket ran down to the bottom of the well. The handle struck Edith on

But she spoiled it all in a few minutes. I think I will tell you how.

She asked Mary, the girl, to get her a drink from the well, as there was no water drawn.

"In a minute," said Mary. "I must wash the dough off my hands first."

"I can't wait a minute," said Edith; "I am so awfully thirsty. I'm going to draw it myself."

"You mustn't, Edith; you will wet your clean dress, and your mamma won't like it," said Mary.

"No, I won't," said



"OH BENNIE!"



LITTLE GIRLS AND LITTLE KITTENS.

"Kittie, you are a lazy little thing. You lie and sleep in the sunshine all the morning. Don't you wish you could do all the things that I can do?"

"Let me tell you how much I have done: First, I read a chapter in the Bible to grandma. Then I held a skein of yarn on my hands for her to wind. Then I dusted the dining room for mamma. Then I shelled some peas for dinner; these are the pods in my apron; I am going to carry them out for the little pigs to eat.

"Mamma says I have been a very busy little girl. Don't you think so too, Kitty?"

"But I am not going to scold you, you poor little thing. You would do things too if you could. But you don't know how to read, and you could not hold yarn, or shell peas. How funny you would look trying to do such things with your cunning little round paws!"

"God made me to be a little girl, and you to be a little kitten. You are happy when you sleep in the sunshine, and I am happy when I am helping mamma and grandma.

"Come, Kitty, we'll go and roll marbles and toss the ball, and have a good frolic. We can both do that."—SUNBEAM.



LITTLE ISABELLA.

Mother Nature's fourth child, named April, was always said to be a great cry-baby. The least little cloud which comes over her face sends down a shower of tears; and yet they say April's tear-drops help to give her next sister, named May, her sweetest flowers.

So we won't find fault with April for crying five or six times a day, if she feels like it, but put on our rubbers and carry an umbrella when we

want to go out. But see!

Here comes little Isabella,
With a great big umbrella,
And awfully wet feet, too.

This is because she forgot her overshoes. I don't know but the funny boy might say of her memory that it was as good as new, for she'd never used it. It really seems to me if there was

anything she ought to be particular to remember, she was sure to forget it. How much trouble this habit made, no one but her mother knew.

The night after she went out without her rubbers, she woke up with the croup. Her father had to dress and go after the doctor, for they were afraid she would strangle. The doctor had not been in bed a whole night for three weeks, because so many people had been sick, and this time he might have slept all night if Isabella had remembered to put on her overshoes. So might her mother and father, and she might have saved the four dollars her father had to pay the doctor for coming twice, if only she had practiced remembering.



A happy May-party.

SLIGHT MISTAKES.

BY XENOS CLARK.

A little girl at Concord does not understand encores, and so found fault with the audience at a recent children's concert in which she helped to sing a chorus.

"I know we didn't make *one* mistake," she exclaimed on the way home; "and yet they made us come out and sing it all over again!"

Arthur, who is forbidden to speak at the table, had his revenge the other day. As dinner began he was uneasy, and finally said, "Ma, can't I speak just one word?"

"You know the rule, Arthur."

"Not *one* word?"

"No, Arthur, not until your father finishes the paper."

Arthur subsided until the paper was finished, when he was asked what he wished to say.

"Oh, nothing; only Nora put the custards outside the window to cool, and the cat has been eating them up."

A CHILD'S EXPLANATION.

A little girl was wearying over her spelling-book. At last, in a distressful tone, she said to her brother, a few years older than herself: "O Paul, where do all these lots of miserable words come from?"

"Why, Gracie, you duncie, don't you know? It is because people quarrel so much. Whenever they quarrel, one word brings on another, and that's the reason we have such a long string of them."

"I wish they'd stop, it," sighed Gracie, "then the spelling-book wouldn't be so big."

Paul's explanation was funny, if not quite correct. One part of it, however, hit the mark: "Whenever they quarrel, one word brings on another"—that is, another angry word. So better not quarrel.

WHAT GRANDMOTHER SAYS.

BY SYDNEY DAYBE.

Perhaps you'll hardly believe it at all—
But every one must know
That when my grandmother says a thing,
Of course, it's exactly so.

She says, in all the great, great world,
She never has 'seen a place
Where things so sweet and so lovely grow
As on a wee little face.

She says there's never a diamond
Under the shining skies
That sparkles half so bright as those
She sees in bright little eyes.

She never has seen, in all her life,
Such white little dainty pearls
As peep from out the rosy lips
Of dear little laughing girls.

She says she has never, never found
In a garden full of flowers
A rose so rosy and sweet and fresh
As these little cheeks of ours.

But then—she says these diamonds
And roses and pearls will grow
Ugly and dull and dim (oh, dear!
How dreadful to see them so!)

Unless, with loving words and smiles,
We keep them shining bright.
I think we'd better remember this,
For grandmother's always right.

—Golden Days.

Advice to Little Ones.

As I sit writing I heard, only a minute ago, a mother call her little girl three times without getting an answer. I am fully four—yes, six—times as far from the mother as is the child, so it cannot be that she did not hear. What then is the matter? I know: she does not pay attention. She thinks more of her play and of pleasing herself than of helping mother. The mother looks as if she needed help; she is a tired-looking woman, with all the cooking, washing and mending to do for four children, none of whom seem to care to help her. Now I want you, each one, to ask yourself, Do I ever do so? If you find you do, stop it at once. You may not always have a mother to be kind to. Love her and help her all you can now while you may.

HELP MAMMA NOW.

"I wish I was a big, grown woman, so as to be able to help you, mother," said a little girl. "Bring mother's thimble, then, darling; that will be helping me," said the mother smiling. Just as if God meant for little children to wait until they grow up before helping their dear parents! No, no!

God gave them two nimble feet on purpose to take steps for mother, and eight fingers and two thumbs on purpose to bring and carry for her.





girl

A NURSERY LESSON.

Say, little child, who gives to thee
Thy life and limbs so light and free?
Thy moving eyes to look around,
Thy ears to catch the softest sound?
Thy food and clothing, friends and home?
'Tis God from whom those blessings
come;

And what shouldst thou do? canst thou
guess?

To prove to him thy thankfulness
For life and friends, for clothes and food?
"Be good."

And tell me, little one, I pray,
Who gives thee pleasure in thy play?
Who makes the happy girl and boy
To run and leap and shout for joy
When looking on the clear blue sky,
The clouds that float, the birds that fly,
Trees, flowers, and every pretty thing?
'Tis God from whom these blessings
spring;

And in return what shouldst thou do?
"Be good, and love him too."

—Johanna Baillie.





KNITTING.

Click! clack! the needles
go—
In and out, in and out;
Polly's learning how to
knit;
Granny never sees her
pout.
She would think it some-
thing shocking
Not to want to knit a
stocking!

"Put the worsted round
one needle,
Stick the other through
the loop;
Bring the wool just right
between them—
Hook it through. My
dear, don't stoop!
There! you see you've
done a stitch!—
Knitting's good for poor
or rich."

B-O-X BOX.

Baby May is a baby no longer, she says,
Since she trudges to school with the rest,
A square folded *hanchekif* close in her hand
(As dainty a maid as you'll find in the land),
And a tiny blue bow on her breast.



In spelling she stands at the head of her class,
This wonderful maiden of three.
The reason, perhaps, is that day after day
The teacher gives to her the same word
always,
So she never need miss, as you see.

With serious eyes and the sweetest grave lips,
May watches her schoolmates while
They spell "tinkle," and "mourning," and
"daylight" and "phlox,"
Then always in turn, spells "b-o-x box,"
While the children below her all smile.

They are proud of the dear little head of the
class.

Of her often-told b-o-x box—
There's a moral right here; do you mind if I
tell?

We all should be wise to do one thing as well
As May does, in being so *sure* how to spell
The one word she learned on her blocks.

—Sel.



CATCHING THE BUTTERFLY.

Harry loved to play in the fields,
and thought it grand fun to catch
butterflies. "They are so pretty!"
he said.

"Oh, my dear!" exclaimed Aunt
Mary, "will you ever learn to do as
you would be done by?"

"I don't see what that has to do
with catching butterflies. Is not he
a beauty?" cried thoughtless Harry.

"Yes, but look at your fingers!"
"That's nothing; that's only some
of the butter that came off his
wings."

Aunt Mary took hold of Harry's
wrist and led him to the table.
Opening a drawer, she took out a
little round glass in a frame. She
put the frame over Harry's fingers
and told him to look: "Does it look
like butter, child?"

"Oh!" said Harry, "it looks
like lovely little brown and yellow
and red feathers."

"Yes, feathers you have pulled
out of his delicate little wings."

"Did it hurt him?"
"I do not know how much it
hurt him, but you have spoiled his
pretty wings so that he cannot fly
half as well as he could before you
caught him."

"Aunt Mary, I didn't know; I
am so sorry! I'll never hurt a but-
terfly again; I'll only look at them."

"Who made the butterfly,
Harry?"
"God."

"Yes, and gave it those pretty
wings which you have spoiled. We
must be careful not to hurt, just
for fun, what God has made. Do
as you would be done by is our rule.
You understand now, don't you?"

—Sel.

SEWING FOR DOLLY.

NETTIE is quite a little girl; younger, I think,
than most of the children who read this paper.
But she is setting some of the older girls a good
example. You see her doll had managed to get
some of her clothes pretty badly torn. Dollies
will do this, just as children often do, to their
mothers' despair. The clothes must be mended, for,
as Nettie said, "Dolly was not fit to be seen."

Mamma was too busy at what she thought to
be more important things. Sister Minnie had her
lessons to study and could not attend to the mat-
ter now. "I will try to do it to-morrow, Nettie,"
she said. But Miss Nettie had no idea of allow-
ing her dear dolly to go in such a torn condition
till to-morrow.

So she found some thread and a needle, and to
work she went herself. And she really did very
well, considering. Of course the sewing was not
as nice as sister would have done, and could not
be compared for a moment with mamma's, but it
was good for a very little girl, and her doing it
herself showed that she had determination and
perseverance.

That is where she is setting you older girls an
example. Sometimes you are inclined to give
up doing things too easily. You might do more
than you think if you only had the determination.
This is so, whether it be doing a piece of needle-
work or learning a lesson or conquering a bad
habit.

MARY.

LITTLE Mary,
Laughing fairy,
Grandma's pet you are, I know.
Oh! what pleasure,
Tiny treasure,
On her kind heart you bestow.

Little sister,
When you've kiss'd her,
Laughs and crows in happy mood.
Father, mother,
Toddlings brother,
Love you all for being good.





ABOUT MARY.

“Oh, dear! I wish I could ever go to the Missionary Society, like Belle and Janet, and do things for other people; but I have always to stay home to tend baby or scrub,” said Mary, as she rocked the wicker cradle, in which lay her dear little brother almost fast asleep. “I don’t see why I can’t do things like the other girls,” whined Mary.

She thought she was talking to

herself, but Miss Harvey, her Sunday-school teacher, coming to see Mary, reached the open door just then, and could not help hearing what Mary said.

After saying “how-do-you do,” and talking awhile about other things, Miss Harvey said:

“I wonder what would have become of little Moses in his rush-boat if his sister Miriam had gone off to some missionary meeting and left the boat to take care of itself?”

Mary looked much astonished, and said:

“Of course Miriam would not leave her little brother in such a dangerous place alone, and maybe she knew she was doing more good by keeping watch over him than she could doing anything else.”

“Ah! Mary, that is just what I wanted you to say. And you and I may be equally sure that we are doing more good by doing the duties God puts right before us, than in running after others that look more interesting. So, my little girl, I want you to feel you are doing the best kind of missionary work by taking care of your little brother and helping mother, and leaving the Missionary Society work to those who have no such home duties.

DON'T TAKE IT TO HEART.

There's many a trouble
Would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did not we rehearse it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
Would vanish to-morrow,
Were we not unwilling to furnish the wings;
So sadly intruding
And quietly brooding,
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

How welcome the seeming
Of looks that are beaming,
Whether one's wealthy or whether one's poor;
Eyes bright as a berry,
Cheeks red as a cherry,
The groan, and the curse, and the heart-ache can cure.

Resolved to be merry,
All worry to ferry
Across the famed waters that bid us forget,
And no longer fearful,
But happy and cheerful,
We feel life has much that's worth living for yet. —*Georgiana C. Clark.*

DON'T LET MOTHER DO IT.

BY CARRIE ALTON.

Daughter, don't let mother do it!
Do not let her slave and toil
While you sit, a useless idler,
Fearing your soft hands to soil.
Don't you see the heavy burdens
Daily she is wont to bear,
Bring the lines upon her forehead—
Sprinkle silver in her hair?

Daughter, don't let mother do it!
Do not let her bake and broil
Through the long, bright summer hours;
Share with her the heavy toil.
See, her eye has lost its brightness,
Faded from her cheek the glow,
And the step which once was buoyant
Now is feeble, weak, and slow.

Daughter, don't let mother do it!
She has cared for you so long;
Is it right the weak and feeble
Should be toiling for the strong?
Waken from your listless languor,
Seek her side to cheer and bless;
And your grief will be less bitter
When the sods above her press.

Daughter, don't let mother do it!
You will never, never know
What were home without a mother
Till that mother lieth low—
Low beneath the budding daisies,
Free from earthly care or pain—
To the house so sad without her,
Never to return again.

For the Christian Observer.

NELLIE'S WANTS.

BY HELEN COWAN.

I's going to make a play-house,
And mamma, I wants my fings;
My dollies and my dishes,
And a whole big lot of strings.
I wants Carlo to be my pony,
And kitty to be my tow;
I'll not tie 'em close toger,
For den air'd be a wov.

I wants my tub and washboard too,
Some buen and some soap,
And just a weetsy bit of starch—
I dess strings will do for rope,
To make a long, long clothes-line wid;
For I wants to wash a lot
For ebry one of my dollies,
Dess ebry fing deys dot.

And mamma, I wants a bistit,
Some pickles, and some jelly,
A piece of pie, and chicken,
And a sugar lump for Nellie,
Your little bit o' baby dirl,
Dats four years old tomowo,
And Gran'ma says has neber seen
One fingle day of sorwo.

I wants to know what sorwo is.
I wants my rocking-chair,
And picture book dat papa dot—
I's lost it, I don't know where.
I wants a pen and some paper,
And a 'velop. I must write
A letter to my buddy Drew,
To put in de mail dis night.

All day long our little Nellie
Wanted this thing and then that;
And between each want her feet went
Pitter, patter, patter, pat,
Till near sunset; then she wanted
Mamma please to do uptairs,
Fix her bed, and tell her stories,
One, two, fre, den say her prayers.

WHAT CHILDREN CAN DO.

It is not much that we can give
In doing good to others;
But we in joy and peace can live
With sisters and with brothers.
To playmates all we can be kind,
Nor fill their hearts with sadness;
Our parents' wishes we can mind,
And crown their lives with gladness.

But, more than all, we can obey
The precepts of our Saviour,
And prove our love to Him each day
By goodness of behaviour.
So whether short or whether long
The life that is assigned us,
A memory like a pleasant song
We all may leave behind us.

WHY SHE WAS DISSATISFIED.

“I think the rain is very provoking!” said Bessie, looking out of the window with an angry frown upon her brow. “It always rains when I don't want it. It is spoiling the slides, and there wont be an inch of ice left in an hour to skate on. Now, where's my fun this afternoon, I should like to know?”

“You can stay at home, and sew,” said her aunt.

“I want to skate,” said Bessie. “This rain is very provoking.”

“The provoking is all in your own heart, Bessie,” said her brother. “If you only had blue sky inside, you would not mind the rain outside.”—*Ex.*



IN THE PLAY-ROOM.

"No, play I was the head nurse and you all had to mind me, and I said that these three children that

had the small-pox must be in one bed," said Gertrude.

"I don't want my small-pox child to sleep three in a bed," said Pauline.

"Well, anyhow, she has to," said Gertrude, "'cause there is no other bed for her to sleep in; and any way, I said I was the head nurse and you all had to mind me," added she, giving the three small-pox patients' feet an extra tucking in.

"Why can't we make another bed out of blocks, just as we did for Tina and Toodles?" asked Pauline.

"Are you going to fill the whole room up with beds?" asked the head nurse. "There won't be room enough for the doctor to step when he comes. I say the small-pox people must sleep together." And Gertrude nodded her head as though that settled the matter.

The next thing I heard was Gertrude saying, "You mustn't put on Capsicum's best dress now, Ethel. Who ever heard of such a thing as people having on their best clothes in a hospital?"

"Oh! you are so bossy, Gertrude Lightner! Nobody can do nothing to please you!" said little Ethel, with a scowl.

Although Ethel's grammar was not to be admired, I could not help thinking that what she meant to say of Gertrude was pretty nearly true. She always wanted to "boss" everybody and everything, and often spoiled many an afternoon by her disagreeable ways.

See what a lovely play-room these children have. Almost everything one could think of to make little girls happy and have a good time;

but much pleasure was lost to two of them by the third being so "bossy;" and yet I don't think she meant to be disagreeable. Perhaps if some older person would kindly point out her fault, she would try and cure herself of it. Let us hope so, anyway. And do you know that I am wondering how many of my little friends who read this story are "bossy" too?

Being "bossy" is one way of being selfish, and it is often a most disagreeable way of being so. Watch yourselves, dear children, that you do not become too "bossy."

WAKING UP BEAUTIFULLY.

"Mother," said a little boy, "I waked up thanking God." That is waking up beautifully. A child waking up so will never come down stairs cross, or find fault with his breakfast.

EDDIE'S TEMPTATION.

Edward wrote grandma a letter. He said:

"I want to tell you, grandma, how Satan almost caught me the other day. Mamma wanted me to go out and buy some tea. I was busy playing, and was just going to say, 'I can't go; send Mami,' when God spoke.

"Don't say that," he said.

"Then Satan—I knew it was Satan—spoke right up: 'Say it, say it; Mami can go as well as not.'

"Then God said again: 'Edward, won't you please me?'

"And I jumped right up and said; 'Yes, I will.'

"I was speaking to God, but mamma thought I was speaking to her. She gave me the money, and off I trotted. Satan comes when you don't expect him; doesn't he, grandma?"



OUR ALICE.

Does she not make a pretty picture, sitting there by the old gate? Dear, loving, gentle little thing! We all love this little Alice of ours very much, and pray God every day to guard her from all harm, and make her grow up a good woman.

The little thing is very fond of her slate, and is "witing a letter to papa," who she expects every minute will come home and make all sorts of pretty stories out of the funny little scribbles he finds there.

Have you a little baby sister like Alice? or a little brother? Are you always kind and gentle? Older

children have a great deal to do with the way the younger ones act, because the little ones naturally imitate them.

Be sure you give them a good pattern to copy.



GERTIE'S ALMANAC.

Monday to wash all the dolly's clothes;
Tuesday to iron and put away;
That takes a body the livelong day.

Wednesday to darn and to fix and mend;
Plenty of sewing, you may depend.
Thursday, if shining, we visiting go;
Then we are dressed in our best, you know.
Friday—O then we go out to shop;







WHICH WAS IT?

Why, you see, I was eating my supper,
Out there on the steps in the sun,
And Kitty and Dolly were with me—
When, just as I had hardly begun,

I thought I heard somebody calling,
"So Kitty and Dolly," said I,
"You stay and take care of my supper,
And I will be back by-and-by."

Now, mamma, dear, would you believe it!
I came back as quick as I could,
And there they sa'—Dolly and Kitty—
Looking, oh, just as quiet and good!

I laughed to myself when I saw them,
They sat up so prim and so droll,
And was just going to finish my supper—
There wasn't a drop in the bowl!

Oh no, 'twasn't *that* that I minded,—
I s'pose, anyway, it was cold;
But don't you see,—how shall I ever
Know which of them I ought to scold?



THE SNOW PRAYER.

A little girl went out to
play one day, in the fresh new
snow, and when she came in,
she said,

"Mamma I could not help
praying when I was out at
play."

"What did you pray, my
dear?"

"I prayed the snow prayer,
Mamma, that I learned once
in Sunday school. 'Wash me
and I shall be whiter than
snow.'"

"What a sweet prayer? And
here is a sweet promise to go
with it. 'Though your sins
be as scarlet, they shall be
white as snow.'"

What can wash them white?
—clean from every stain of
sin? The Bible answers: 'They
have washed their robes and
made them white in the blood
of the lamb.'—MORNING LIGHT.

A LITTLE GIRL'S FAITH.

—"What would I do if I
were to be blind?" cried grand-
mother, rubbing her eyes.

"I'll tell you what to do,
grandmother," said Jessie,
jumping up from her play-
things.

"What?" asked grandma.

"Go and tell Jesus," said
Jesse; "that is what I would
do."

"Perhaps he would not cure
me," said grandmother.

"Then he would help you
to say 'Thy will be done' and
then you would not mind it,
grandma," said the little girl.



LOST BELLE.

"That ain't our fence," said little Belle to herself, slackening her pace to a slow walk, and gazing at the high board-fence beside her. "Our fence hasn't got any door-plate on it like that," added she, looking at the notice "Stick no Bills" that was fastened near the top of the fence.

A lump came into little Belle's throat, a quiver on her lip, and a tremble in her voice, as she said, "Oh, dear! I wish I could see our back-fence."

Quickly following the tremble in her voice were tears in her eyes, and soon she cried aloud. A big policeman stooped down, and taking her kindly by the arm, asked:

"What is the matter, little one?"

This made her cry louder, and soon there were a strange lady and gentleman standing right in front of her, and some other people at the side. Some of them said, "Poor little thing! she is lost." And others said, "What on earth was her mother about, to let such a little thing out on the street alone!" But the big policeman kept on asking:

"Are you lost, little one? Tell me what your name is. Whose little girl are you?"

To the last question she answered:

"Papa's, and mamma's, and grand-
ma's, and everybody's little girl, and
—I want to go home—boo-hoo!"

"Well, tell me where your papa
lives, and I'll take you home," said
the kind policeman.

"He lives at our house—boo-hoo!
"Oh! I want to see him—boo-hoo!"

"What house is your street on?"
asked the policeman.

"The one Puddles lives on," sobbed
Belle.

"Who is Puddles?" asked the po-
liceman.

"The little girl that borrows my
kittie?" said Belle. "And my mam-
ma didn't let me go out on the street
alone at all; I just comed by myself,
and I guess she is lost too," added she
in broken tones.

WHAT CAN WE DO?

O what can little children do to make the
great world glad?

For pain and sin are everywhere, and
many a life is sad.

Our hearts must bloom with charity
wherever sorrow lowers;
For how could summer days be sweet
without the little flowers?

O, what can little children do to make the
dark world bright?

For many a soul in shadow sits, and longs
to see the light.

O, we must lift our lamps of love, and let
them gleam afar;

For how should night be beautiful with-
out each little star?

APRIL SHOWERS.

O Dolly, dear, it rains again!
The sky is always crying!
And just as I had got your clothes
Out on the line a drying!

It rained most ev'ry day this week;
And yesterday, you 'member,
It poured all day a steaay stream;
It seemed just like November!

And Tuesday, when I went to ride,
And wore my Sunday bonnet,
When I got home I counted more
Than thirteen spots upon it!

But mamma says I love the buds,
(And so I do—most dearly!)
And it's the rain that brings them out;
Ah! that I see quite clearly.

And mamma says that those who seek
The lovely, sweet May flowers,
Must not complain if it should rain
A hundred April showers.

So, Dolly dear, I'll wash again,
To-morrow, for my baby;
And then we'll lift the mosses up
And find some blossoms, maybe.
—*Youth's Companion.*



A BOY'S PROMISE.

The school was out, and down the street
A noisy crowd came thronging;
The hue of health, and gladness sweet,
To every face belonging.

Among them strode a little lad,
Who listened to another,
And mildly said, half grave, half sad:
"I can't—I promised mother."

A shout went up, a ringing shout,
Of boisterous derision:
But not one moment left in doubt
That manly, brave decision.

"Go where you please, do what you will,"
He calmly told the other;
"But I shall keep my word, boys, still;
I can't—I promised mother."

Ah! who could doubt the future course
Of one who thus had spoken?
Through manhood's struggle, gain and loss,
Could faith like this be broken?

God's blessing on that steadfast will
Unyielding to another,
That bears all jeers and any of
Because he pro...

CHILD-SAINTS.

What can little *eyes* do?
Read the sacred story.
What can little *feet* do?
Tread the path to glory.
What can little *hands* do?
Work, however lowly.
What can little *hearts* do?
Love the Lord, most holy.

Little *eyes* in glory see
Jesus on his throne;
Little *hearts*, from sorrow free,
Claim him for their own.
Little *feet* in glory take
Steps by Jesus trod;
Little *hands* sweet music wake
From the harps of God.

O when life's short day is past,
Unto me be given,
Happy place to find at last,
In the children's heaven!

—*Rev. Julius Brigg.*

A LOST DOLL BABY.

My doll baby's missing
Since earliest morn;
Sometimes I'm sorry
She ever was born.

I've hunted and hunted
All over the house,
In crannies and nooks
Too small for a mouse;

Down in the meadow,
And under the trees—
Ask'd all the butterflies,
Ask'd all the bees.

Where is the bell-man?
Oh! what shall I do?
Get out a hand-bill?
Pray, sir, would you?

Mamma's not worried;
For, as I went past,
All that she said was;
"Where had you her last?"

Doesn't she suppose
That if I knew
I'd go and get her
Without this ado?

—*Frank H. Stauffer, in Good Housekeeping.*



GOING TO APOLOGIZE.

“Oh! my dear, I am sure mamma would not want you to have that!” said grandma, as she came into the sitting-room and found Julia, with her little sticky fingers, turning the pages of her mother’s handsome plush album.

“She don’t care,” said Julia.

“Let me have it, dear, while you



go and ask mamma if you can look at it,” said grandma.

“I don’t want to,” said Julia, frowning, and actually slapping her dear grandmother in the face, adding, “I think you are real mean, and I wish you would go away from our house!”

“Why, Julia! Shame on you!” said a voice behind her, which Julia knew to be her mother’s, that lady having just entered the room.

Julia pouted and hung her head, just as though she were the abused one; and her mother said:

“Go into my room, Julia, and wait until I come to you.”

She went with slow, lagging feet, for she knew she must mind her mother; but on the way she kept saying to herself:

“I don’t care! she’s not my boss, I guess, and I wish she’d never come to our house at all!”

Pretty soon mamma came and sat down beside her; and putting her arm round the little figure, she said:

“Is my little girl happy?” No answer came, and mamma went on: “Let us see how many people Julia has made happy. There is grandma—dear grandma—who tells Julia such

pretty stories, wraps up her sore fingers, untangles her pony’s reins, finds her bonnet, and sews on her buttons—she can’t be very happy to have her little Julia slap her and say naughty words. Then there are the angels in heaven who saw it all. They cannot feel happy at the sight of a little girl doing such things.

THE CHILDREN’S PRAYER.

Mamma had gone up to the city with papa on the train, to spend the day doing spring shopping, so Alice and Ada, after many kisses from mamma and numerous charges to “be good little daughters,” were left with Lizzie, the girl.

“Don’t let’s do a single naughty thing all day,” said Alice, as they

heard the engine puffing and tugging away at the long line of cars that carried mamma from them.

“Well, you know we can’t be good by ourselves, so I think we’d better ask God right off to help us,” said Ada.

The two little sisters knelt down by



the lounge, and Alice said, very simply:

“Our Father in heaven, help us to be good all day. Make us kind to each other and to other people, for Jesus’ sake. Amen.”

“There isn’t any other people but Lizzie,” said Ada.

“But somebody might come, and we want to be kind to them if they do,” said Alice.

If you have any little piece of work to do, do it right off, and then play with all your might. You can’t in little bits, for much more you enjoy your play when the work is done, unless you

THERE were two little sisters and only one picture book. “Which shall I give it to, Hildred—to you or to Jessie?” said I. “To Jessie,” answered the dear child, with a sweet smile. Then, turning to Jessie, I said, “There is only one book, Jessie; which shall I give it to—to you or to sister?” “To me;

I want it,” answered the little one. She was very little, and perhaps thought, because her older sister said, “Give it to Jessie,” she ought to have it. This I cannot tell, but I cannot help admiring the unselfish spirit which made Hildred say, “Give it to Jessie.” This was what she always said when only one of them could have something nice. But if she lost the picture book and other pretty things, she gained every one’s love, and pleased the gentle, loving Savior. Who of you will follow her example?





BABY'S PLACE.

"Where did the little birdies go,
When winter came, with ice and
snow?"

"Far in the heaven I saw them
fly,
Floating, they sang, 'Good-bye,
good-bye.'"

"Where did the pretty flowers
hide?"

The Frost King hunts them far
and wide."

"Dame Nature tucked them in
the ground;
They'll all be back, now spring
comes round."

"Is there a place for baby, say,
When all the sunbeams steal
away?"

"Safe into mother's arms he'll
creep;
She will sing him asleep, asleep."



CHILDREN, did you ever see a balky horse?
Do you love and admire him? or do you feel
as though he was too hateful for anything
but the kicks and whippings he generally gets?
But do you know I have seen some children
that reminded me of a balky horse? And I
thought them even less lovable than the
balky horse, because they had souls and knew
better, and the horse did not. When you are
told either by the teacher or your parents to
do something that you know perfectly well
how to do, but, instead of doing it, you stand
and sulk, are you not like the horse that
knows how to go but will not stir a step? If
any of you that read this ever act
in that way, please never do
so again, and be as ugly and like not
the balky horse, but like him."

A POUTING GIRL.

Sniff, sniff, sniff!
Little May is in a tiff.
Snuff, snuff, snuff!
Don't you think she's cried enough?
Pout, pout, pout!
How her pretty lips stick out!
Drop, drop, drop!
Will the quick tears never stop?
Shade, shade, shade!
I am very much afraid
That she has forgotten quite
To be sunny, sweet and bright.

Creep, creep, creep!
A little smile begins to peep.
Oh, oh, oh!
Now she is ashamed, I know.
Fie, fie, fie!
Do not look so very shy.



MY DOG.

WHO welcomes me with glad surprise,
When sleep is banished from mine eyes,
And in the morning I arise?
My dog.

Who to my side doth softly steal,
And glances up with mute appeal,
Whene'er I sit down to a meal?
My dog.

Who tears my slippers and my hats,
And runs away with all the mats,
And terrifies the pussy-cats?
My dog.

Who humors all my "tricky" ways,
And every little sign obeys,
And trifling trouble soon repays?
My dog.

Who does with one eye open sleep,
And o'er my goods and chattels keep
A watchful guard, most true and cheap?
My dog.

Who hunts most eager when in quest
Of rats or mice, or such like pest,
And gives its quarry little rest?
My dog.

Who keeps the rogues and thieves at bay
When I go out by night or day,
Or guards my home? Ah! need I say,
My dog?

Who quick forgives a hasty kick,
A stone thrown, or a cut from stick,
Or any such ill-natured trick?
My dog.

Who looks most joyful when I'm glad?
Who looks most doleful when I'm sad,
Though I be rich or poorly clad?
My dog. —Chatterbox.

WORK FOR LITTLE FOLLOWERS.

BY MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

There's always work in plenty for little hands to do,
Something waiting every day that none may try but you.
Little burdens you may lift, happy steps that you can take,
Heavy hearts that you can comfort, for the blessed Savior's sake.

There's room for children's service, in this busy world of ours,
We need them as we need the birds, and need the summer flowers,
And their help at task and toiling the Church of God may claim,
And gather little followers in Jesus' holy name.

There are words for little lips, sweetest words of hope and cheer,
They will have the spell of music for many a tired ear.
Don't you wish your gentle words might lead some soul to look above,
Finding rest and peace and guidance in the dear Redeemer's love?

There are orders meant for you, swift and jubilant they ring,
Oh! the bliss of being trusted on the errands of the King.
Fearless march in royal service, not an evil can befall—
Those who do the gracious bidding, hasting at the Master's call.

There are songs which children only are glad enough to sing,
Songs that are as full of sunshine as the sunniest hour of spring.
Won't you sing them till our sorrows seem the easier to bear,
As we feel how safe we're sheltered in our blessed Savior's care?

Yes! there's always work in plenty for the little ones to do,
Something waiting every day that none may try but you.
Little burdens you may lift, happy steps that you may take,
Heavy hearts that you may comfort, doing it for Jesus' sake.

—Sch.



little story
in

My dear little lady! do try to be good
In your pretty red dress, and lovely brown hood,
Your hair is so curly, your eyes are so bright,
I know you are Papa's and Mama's delight.

A THOUGHTFUL DAUGHTER.

"What are you doing, my love?" asked a grandmother of a little girl, who was making a great effort to walk on tiptoe through the hall.

"I am trying to walk softly," she replied in a low voice; "for my mother has the sick headache, and the least noise, she says, will make her worse."

FOUND IN THE LITTLE DESK.

Not long ago a little girl in a Christian family died. She was only six years old. About a year before her death she had a small writing-desk given to her. After she died, her mother unlocked it, and found this writing:—

"THE MINUTE I WAKE UP IN THE MORNING, I WILL THINK OF GOD.

"I WILL MIND MY FATHER AND MY MOTHER ALWAYS.

"I WILL TRY TO HAVE MY LESSONS PERFECT.

"I WILL TRY TO BE KIND, AND NOT GET CROSS.

"I WANT TO BEHAVE LIKE GOD'S CHILD."

"MAMMA, ARE YOU THERE."

A mother one morning gave her two little ones books and toys to amuse them while she went upstairs to attend to something. A half-hour passed quietly away, when one of the little ones went to the foot of the stairs, and in a timid voice called out, "Mamma, are you there?"

"Yes, darling."

"All right," said the child, and the play went on. After a little time the voice again cried, "Mamma, are you there?"

"Yes, darling."

"All right," said the child again, and once more went on with her play.

And this is just the way we should feel toward Jesus. He has gone to the right hand of God he has left us down in this lower room of the world, to be occupied here for awhile. But keep us from feeling



ANNA AND EMMA.

"No, you sha'n't have my Phœbe Ann for the nurse girl," said Emma, snatching her doll from Anna, her older sister. "I guess I want her for a princess," added the little girl, pouting.

"Well, take your old doll, and that with it!" said Anna, flushing hotly, and giving Emma a sharp slap on the cheek.

This made the little girl cry as hard

as she could, and run to her mamma as fast as her feet would carry her.

No sooner was it done than Anna was sorry. She knew she was wrong, and called after Emma, saying:

"I'm sorry, little sister, and will not do so again. Please come back."

But no one except mamma

could comfort the little maid, and her flying feet carried her on to mother's room in spite of Anna's invitation to return.

"There! I've gone and done it again! Got mad and slapped sister, all about nothing, just when I was beginning to think I was growing a better girl and keeping from getting cross. I guess I forgot to ask God to help me this morning. Yes, I know I did." And Anna walked slowly to her own little bed-room.

A short time after, little Emma, coming in with her tear-stained face to tell Anna that mamma wanted to speak to her, found Anna on her knees at the foot of the little white bed.





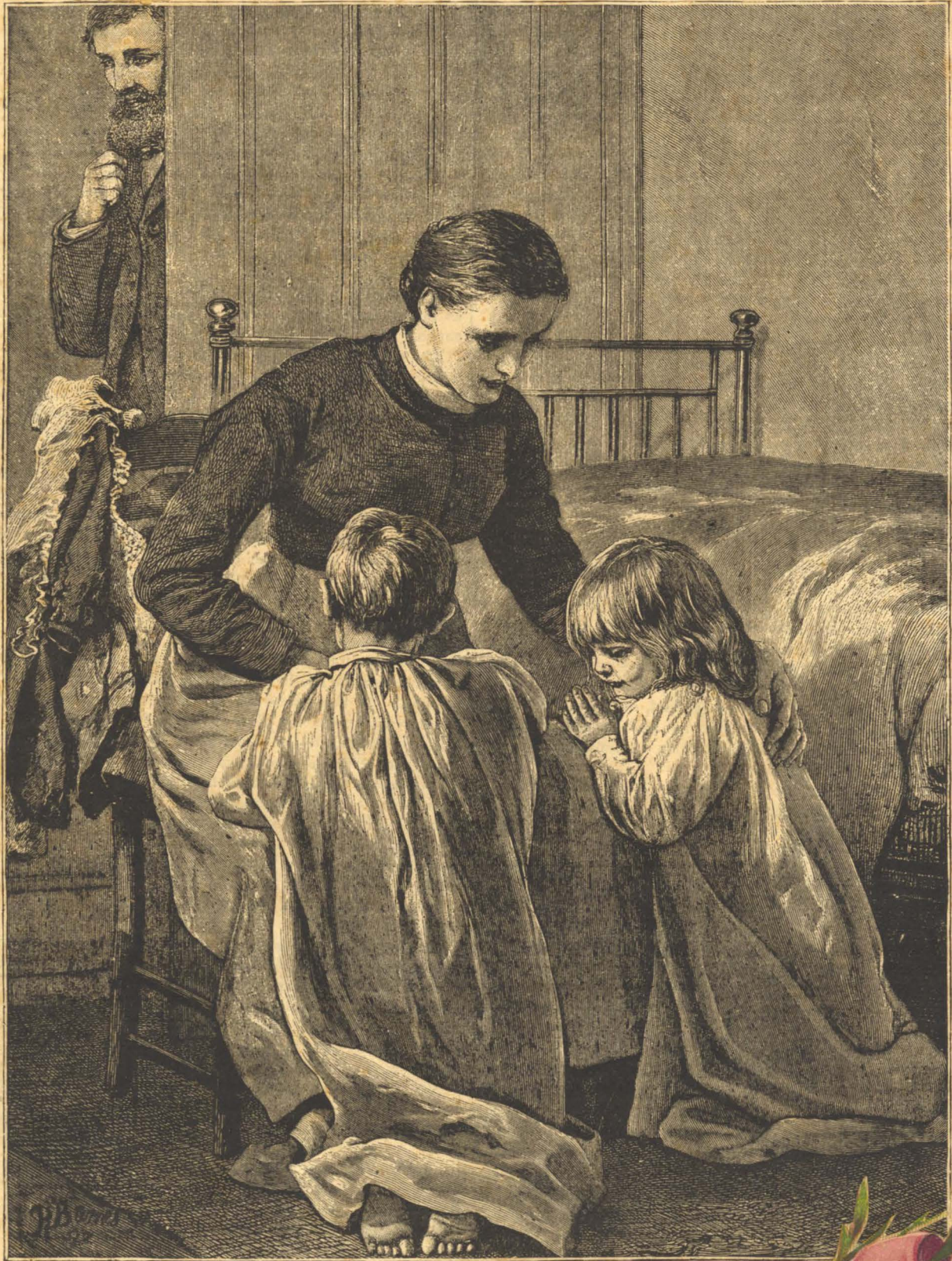
"Which art in heaven," repeated the children, one with her eyes bent meekly down, and the other looking upward, as if she would penetrate the heaven into which her heart aspired.

"Hallowed be Thy name," continued the mother.

Lower fell the voices of the little ones. In a gentle murmur they said: "Hallowed be Thy name."

"Thy kingdom come."

And the burden of the prayer was still taken up by the children—"Thy kingdom come."



THE EVENING PRAYER.





READING THE SWEET STORY.

I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He
said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love:
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.

In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

But thousands and thousands, who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home:
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest and happiest and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

EVENING HYMN.

Another day Thy hand has led
Our feet in paths of peace and love,
With food our every want has fed,
And given us blessings from above;
We thank Thee for Thy gracious care—
Forgive our sins, accept our prayer.

Protect us, Lord, we ask this night,
And far away all evil keep;
To Thee the darkness is as light,
Thou givest Thy beloved sleep,
Our souls and lives we trust to Thee;
Good angels send, our guards to be.

Bless me, Father, all this
Keep my soul from sin,
If I should die
Take me to

CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

BY REV. N. KEFF SMITH.

My Father, now before I sleep,
I bow to say my prayer—
I humbly ask that thou wilt keep
Me safe as angels are.

For little children Jesus died,
As well for people grown,
And now in Him, the crucified,
Oh! keep me as thine own.

And if I die before the light
Shines o'er the earth and sky,
Oh! take me then to heaven so bright,
To live, and never die.

Child's Morning Prayer.

My Father, I thank thee for sleep,
For quiet and peaceable rest;
I thank thee for stooping to keep
An infant from being distressed.
O, how shall a poor little creature repay
Thy Fatherly kindness by night and by day?



A CHILD'S PRAYER.

BY E. M. CHAPMAN.

Father, keep thy little one
Safe this night.
Through dark hours, until the sun
Brings us light.

While the earth is fast asleep,
All at rest,
Thine Almighty eye doth keep
Vigil blest,

And thine arm is strong to save;
We need fear
Neither darkness, storm, nor wave:
Thou art near.

In the morning may I wake
Fresh and strong,
Find new things to undertake
All day long.

In the rugged path of life
Guide thou me,
Bring me through its toil and strife
Safe to thee.

GOD BLESS MOTHER.

A little child with flaxen hair,
And sun-lit eyes, so sweet and fair,
Who kneels when twilight darkens all,
And from whose loving lips there fall
The accents of this simple prayer:
"God bless—God bless my mother!"

A youth upon life's threshold wide,
Who leaves a gentle mother's side,
Yet keeps enshrined within his breast
Her words of warning still the best;
And whispers when temptation tried:
"God bless—God bless my mother!"



Who kneels when twilight darkens all.

A white-haired man who gazes back
Along life's weary, furrowed track,
And sees one face—an angel's now,
Hears words of light that led aright,
And prays with reverential brow:
"God bless—God bless my mother!"

LITTLE TEMPLES.

"Ye are the Temple of God,"
Jesus, can a child like me
Thine own living temple be?
Yes, thy Spirit day by day
In my heart will deign to stay,
Then that heart must ever be
A fit dwelling place for thee.
Naughty tempers, thoughts of sin,
These things must not enter in.
But a temple is a place
Built for constant prayer and praise,
And the teachings of thy word:
Am I such a temple, Lord?

Yes, if all I do and say
In my work and in my play,
Shall be gentle, true and right,
Pleasing in thy holy sight.
Help me, Lord, for I am weak:
Make me hear when thou dost speak.
Cleanse my heart from every sin,
Make me beautiful within.
May thy presence from above
Fill my heart with holy love.
Then shall those about me see
That the Saviour dwells in me.

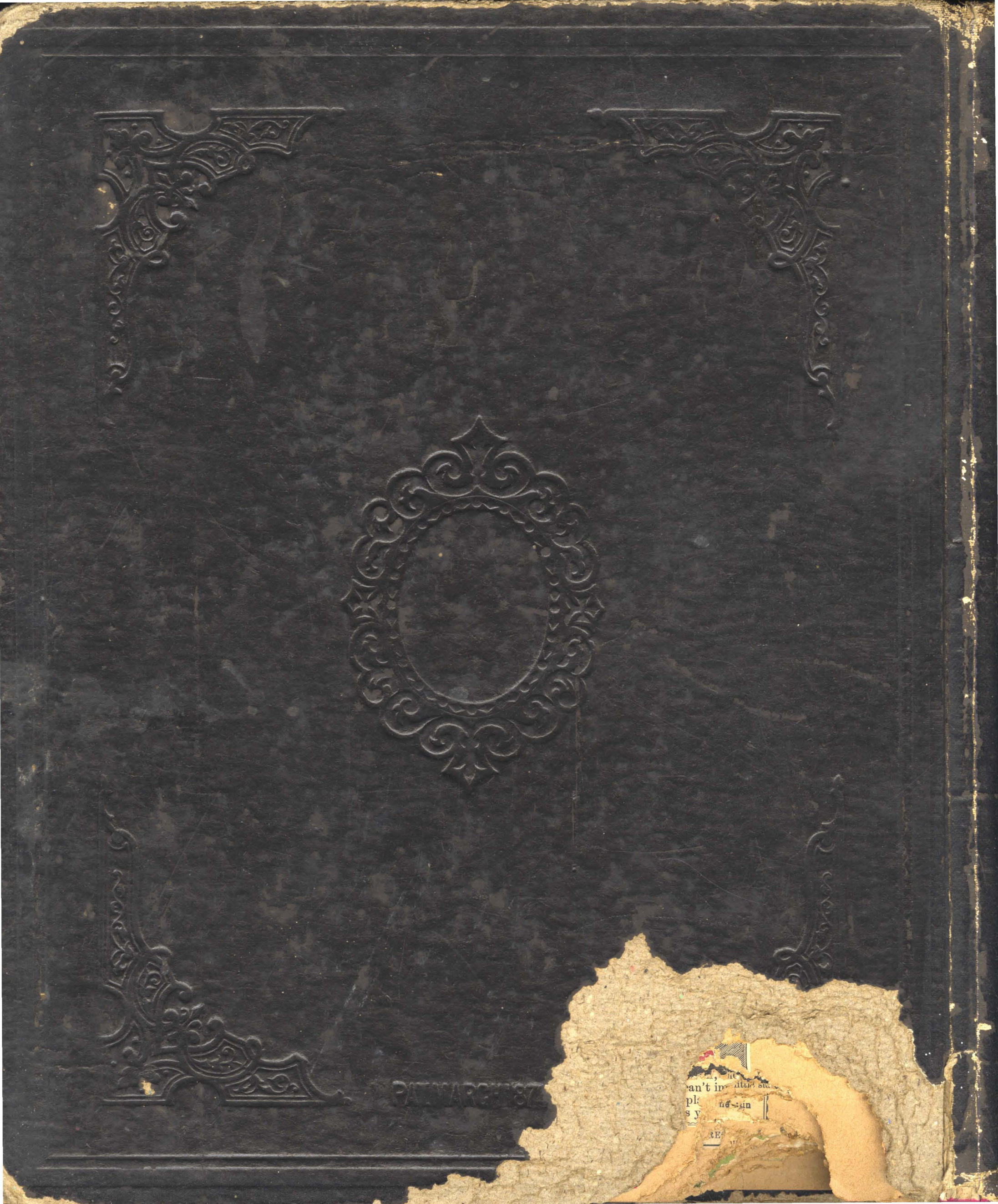
NEVER, my child, forget to pray,
Whate'er the business of the day;
If happy dreams have blessed thy sleep,
If startling fears have made thee weep,
With holy thoughts begin the day,
And ne'er, my child, forget to pray.



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