

sort of noise like the rattling of castanets and a loud

'Grumble, grumble, bump, bump, tumble.

Can't, don't, sha'n't, won't, rumble, rumble.

'Here he is. You called him, little boy!' It was the old, old giant, Grumblebones and his servant I. Don't Wantto. Into his coal scuttle I. Don't Wantto popped Peter along with some of the tops and Jack-knives Peter had lost the week before, because he was careless and off they went, old Grumblebones leading the way, over the woods and the hills until they came to the land of Didn't Remember.

Small Peter just cried and cried, but it made no difference to old Grumblebones. They stepped over the slate pencil fence and I. Don't Wantto emptied out Peter into the largest and untidiest of the castle rooms and went off about his task of gathering up more lost things.

There small Peter had to stay, gathering and sorting broken toys, all day long and day after day. He had only the little clock for company and if he said, 'I don't want to,' because the piles were so high, in the castle door would appear I. Don't Wantto with his coal scuttle full of more lost things, and the piles would be deeper than before.

At last small Peter grew very patient because he found out that when he said 'I don't want to,' it made him more work in the end. So at last he never said it any more. He felt so sorry for the poor little clock that ticked away so cheerily all day long no matter how far behind it was with its time, and just kept him company all day long.

'You poor little thing,' Peter said one morning. 'I am going to set you ahead.'

So he climbed up on a pile of hobby horses and he reached up to the wall and pushed the little clock's hands, oh, so far ahead. Then, very suddenly the clock began to strike and such a strange thing happened. Down tumbled the walls of old Grumblebone's castle, down went the slate pencil fence, and there sat small Peter on his own doorstep again.

O but wasn't he just glad! He ran to school and he really wasn't late in spite of his having been for

such a long journey. When he came home, there on the nursery shelf stood a fine little cuckoo clock, with a clear face and it looked like the very same one that old Grumblebones had.

'To try to help you to remember, small Peter,' said his mother.

But do you think he needed it? Not he! After that Small Peter never lost his toys and he never broke his pencils and he never was late for school and he never spilled his porridge and he never said 'I don't want to' again.

Signs.

(Abbie Farwell Brown, in a 'A Pocketful of Posies')

I think to-day was washing day;
I saw, on passing by,
The little fairy handkerchiefs
Spread on the grass to dry.

There is to be a wedding soon,
The busy spiders spin
A gauze to make the fairy bride
Her veil so soft and thin.

For fear that showers may descend
The fairies have supplied
Umbrellas for the wedding guests,
Their finery to hide.

Up Hill.

'I cannot walk up this hill,' said the little boy. 'What will become of me?' I must stay here all my life at the foot of the hill. It is too terrible!

'That is a pity!' said his sister. 'But look! I have found such a pleasant thing to play. Take a step and see how clear a footprint you can make in the dust. Look at mine! Every single line in my foot is printed clear. Now you try, and see if you can do as well!'

The little boy took a step.

'Mine is just as clear,' he said.

'Do you think so?' said his sister.

'See mine, again, here! I tried harder than you, and so the print is deeper. Try again.'

'Now mine is just as deep!' cried the little boy. 'See! here, and here, and here they are just as deep as they can be.'

'Yes, that is very well,' said his sister, 'but now is my turn; let me try again.'

They kept on, step by step, matching their footprints, and

laughing to see the gray dust puff up.

By and by the little boy looked up.

'Why,' he said, 'we are at the top of the hill!'

'Dear me!' said his sister, 'so we are!'—Laura Richards, in the 'Golden Windows.'

The Four-Leaf Clover.

(Ella Higginson, in 'Christian Guardian')

I know a place where the sun is
like gold,
And the cherry blooms burst
with snow,
And down underneath is the love-
liest nook
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for
faith,
And one is for love, you know,
And God put another in for luck—
If you search you will find where
they grow.

But you must have hope and you
must have faith,
You must love and be strong—
and so—

If you work, if you wait, you will
find the place
Where the four-leaved clovers
grow.

What One Little Worm Did.

A number of people were once assembled in a grand park; and the owner pointed to a magnificent sycamore tree, which was dead and decayed to the core. 'That tree,' said he, 'was killed by a single worm.' Two years before it was as healthy as any tree in the park; but one day a worm about three inches long was seen to be forcing its way under the bark. A naturalist who saw it told the owner that if left alone it would kill the tree. The master of the park scarcely believed it possible; but, next summer, the leaves of the sycamore fell very early, and in the following year it was a dead, rotten thing. One worm can kill a whole tree. One sin or evil habit persisted in can ruin a child for whom Christ died.—'Children's Bread.'