

SEVEN JOHN-JUMP-UPS.

BY ELIZA E. HEWITT.

Seven Johnny jump-ups
Merrily at play,
In a country garden,
On a summer day.

One was dressed in yellow,
One in glossy brown,
One in royal purple,
With a golden crown

Every little fellow
Did his very best;
No one sulked or pouted,
Jealous of the rest.

To the winds they courtesied,
To the sunbeams smiled;
Each one good and happy,
Like a loving child.

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"MY WAGGON."

Robbie had a cart given him on his birthday. Though Robbie was only a little boy, not seven years old, the cart was big enough to be of real use. Dick, who was nearly three years younger than Robbie, could sit in it, and then his two brothers could give him such a nice ride. But the best thing was to fill the big cart with the fallen leaves and take them off to the stable-yard.

"We'll play the leaves are hay and I'm the farmer," said Will.

"No, I'm the farmer, for it's my waggon," said Rob; and then, I am sorry to say, the two boys began to quarrel.

"Robbie," called mamma, "when Aunt Mary wanted to give you a waggon, I said I was afraid you and Will would quarrel over it. You might as well take papa's axe and chop up your waggon at once"

"Chop up my beautiful waggon? Why, mamma?"

"Yes, for you are spoiling it quite as badly as if you cut it up. If you get along pleasantly with it and take turns in being the farmer, you will enjoy yourself, but just as soon as you are cross and selfish you won't have any fun at all."

Robbie stood sticking the toe of his shoe in the loose dirt. "It's my waggon," he wa, thinking, but then something whispered, "but you might play it was Will's half the time; mamma knows." "I'll tell you, mamma, Will can be Mr. Post and 'borry' my waggon!" And the little boy ran off, quite ready to be unselfish.

Mrs. Drake laughed, for Mr. Post was a neighbour who was all the time trying to borrow everything possible. He even tried to borrow a horseshoe.

So Will was Mr. Post, and he and Rob and Dick raked and swept the leaves again and again till every dead leaf was gathered up and put in the stable-yard. Then "Mr. Post" very gravely returned the waggon, and, strange to say, it was not hurt at all!

"We've had such fun," said the boys as they ate their basins of bread and milk.

"It is really more fun to be kind and pleasant, isn't it?" said mamma.

"Yes, it is," said Will, while Rob asked, "Why don't we think of pleasant plays always, mamma?"

"You must learn, little by little, to be pleasant and kind, just as Carrie learns to knit. If Robbie will only try to make Will and Dick happy and not think about Robbie, and if Will only tries to make Robbie and Dick happy, you will soon have to think of pleasant plays."

"Dick love everybody," said the little boy, jumping down to give each one a "big hug."

"Come, let's give Dick a ride in our waggon," said Rob; and no one heard any more about "my waggon."

LUCY'S DISCOVERY.

BY H. T. WILDER.

"Here, mamma," cried Lucy, running in from the garden on a warm September day, and carrying something in her hand; I didn't know lilies of the valley did this."

"Did what?" said mamma, in a big easy chair, as she turned from her book to her daughter.

"Did that," said Lucy, holding up a lily of the valley stem, on which, instead of pretty, white, fragrant blossoms, were round, bright red berries, as large as a pea.

"Isn't it funny, mamma?" she went on. "It isn't a lily of the valley at all, only I found it out in the flower-bed where the lilies grow, and this queer thing grew right up from the leaves just the way the flowers did when we picked so many for Aunt Edith's wedding."

"Yes, it is curious," said mamma, taking the stem with the red berries on it and examining it. "I think there are many people, big and little, who do not know

where lilies of the valley keep their seeds. One reason is, that the flowers themselves are so beautiful that they usually are all picked, and very few are left to go to seed. Then, again, lilies are not planted from the seed, so there is no care in saving them. You know we plant the root, or the bulb, as it is called, in the ground when we want more to grow, and do not save the seeds as we do of the pansies and sweet-peas, and then it is such a modest, shy flower, you know, that it hides itself away under the leaves, whether it is in its white or red dress."

"Why, yes, mamma," said Lucy, who had listened attentively, feeling very carefully of the red berries, fearful that they might drop off; "I think that is what made it red. It is so modest that it has blushed at being found. I am going to ask Lou Swift if she has ever found a blushing lily of the valley in her flower-bed. She knows so many things more than I do. I want to s'prise her," and, giving mamma a kiss, away she ran with her treasure.

DOGS IN CHURCH.

In Scotland the shepherds are frequently accompanied by their faithful dogs to church. An amusing story is told of the Queen's first visit to Crathie church, near Balmoral. A fine dog belonging to the clergyman followed him up the pulpit steps, and lay down against the door during the sermon as "still as a stone."

The next day Sir George Gray, who was then in attendance on Her Majesty, met the clergyman, and remonstrated with him for allowing his dog to be on the pulpit steps, feeling assured that it would annoy the Queen. The clergyman at once politely promised that his pet should be kept "out of church" next Sabbath.

During the following week the clergyman was honoured with an invitation to dinner with the royal family. After dinner, in conversation, the Queen inquired why the dog was not on the pulpit steps as before. "Please your Majesty, I kept my dog at home, as Sir George thought he would annoy your Majesty," was the reply.

"Oh no!" replied the Queen; "let him come as usual. I wish that everybody behaved at church as well as your noble dog."

FALSE BEAUTY.

Hearing a young lady praised for her beauty, Gotthold asked: "What kind of beauty do you mean—merely that of the body or that also of the mind? I see well that you have been looking no farther than the sign which nature displays outside the house, but have never asked for the host that dwells within." Many a pretty girl is like the flower called the imperial crown, which is admired, no doubt, for its showy appearance, but despised for its unpleasant odour. The pride and selfishness dwelling within more than counterbalance all the beauty of form and face.