



ROSALIE.

A THOUGHTFUL little Miss,
Is our pretty Rosalie,
She takes such care of doily,
Which she nurses on her knee.

OUR NEW PETS.

WE had canaries in cages one time, but Maudie forgot to feed them so often that Aunt Jane said we shouldn't have them any longer, so she gave them away. You see we lived with Aunt Jane because our mamma was dead. We loved Aunt Jane, of course, but she wasn't one bit like our own mamma. You see she had never been used to children, and I s'pose we were lots of trouble. But somehow, mamma never seemed to mind the trouble that we made her.

Well, we had some kittens once; but they got into the pantry and drank up all the cream Aunt Jane was saving for company. The next day we couldn't find our kittens anywhere, and Aunt Jane's eyes looked queer whenever we said those kittens were lost. Somehow, we didn't like to ask her if she knew where they were, 'cause we had no business to go into her pantry, but we did, and we left the door open, too.

We felt pretty lonesome after that, Maudie and I, until one day I s'covered our new pets. I heard a noise up in the old apple tree, and there were two of the cutest squirrels you ever saw. I brought Maudie to see them. We wanted awfully to catch them and keep them in a box in our room, but we remembered what Aunt Jane did to the birds and the kitties, so we thought we'd better let them stay in the tree. We were glad we did, for they didn't seem one bit 'fraid of us, and by-an'-bye we saw they had a nest, with three of the

cutest baby squirrels in it you ever saw. It was lots of fun to watch the old squirrels bring nuts to their babies, and feed them. Aunt Jane didn't touch those pets. Some who I think she liked to watch them frisk and play herself. They've gone to sleep for the winter; but next summer we'll have them again, I know.

LITTLE JACK.

HAVE you ever read of "Little Jack, the Boy Missionary?" Perhaps not. Well, little Jack was the son of Captain and Mrs. E. C. Hore. He was only eleven weeks old when, in 1882, they started for Africa, in company with a number of other missionaries, including Bishop Hannington. The baby was carried in a wheelbarrow to Mamboia, then back to Zanzibar, and afterward round a great portion of the African continent, while he also accompanied his parents on many of their missionary journeys into the interior. He quickly became very popular with the natives, by whom he was known as "the little missionary," and by his winning ways contributed much, it can hardly be doubted, to the success of his parents' missionary endeavours. He passed safely through the many dangers of Africa, and in 1888 returned with his mother to this country; but early in 1889 he was stricken with measles, and on the 5th of April of that year he died. A tablet, subscribed for by Sunday-school children, was put up to his memory in Highgate Cemetery. It bears the text: "A little child shall lead them."—*London Free Methodist*.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

BY PICCIOLA.

A GREAT many years ago, Gregory, a Roman monk, went into the slave market near the Forum, and saw, among others, some beautiful children, with long golden hair falling over their shoulders, fair, peachy complexion, and sad blue eyes, exposed for sale. Their pathetic expression appealed powerfully to his better nature. He asked who they were, and was told that they were from the people of the North, and were called Angles.

"Ah," said he, "they would be angels were they but Christians."

Their pleading faces went with the old monk into his cell and into his prayers, and he began to contrive means to convert them to the Christian faith. He determined to go to their country, England, but his friends induced the Pope to forbid his going. He obeyed reluctantly. A few years after this the Pope died, and Gregory was ordained in his place. Still intent on the conversion of the Angles, he sent Augustus-

ine, the great son of the still greater Monica, with forty other monks, and they were successful. Thousands among them were converted to the religion of Jesus, and among them the king, Ethelbert, bowed before the cross of Christ. In the little slave children of the Roman Forum was this prophecy fulfilled: "A little child shall lead them."

MOTHER GOOSE IN CHINA.

SOME people seem to think that Chinese children are all moon-faced, solemn-eyed little people, without a spark of life or fun in them. This is quite a mistake. They have their plays, and are very noisy in them sometimes; they have also their songs and rhymes, which they repeat as glibly and with as much zest as American children do their Mother Goose Melodies. It may interest some of the young folks who read our paper to know how their rhymes sound. The Chinese words are so short that it is not easy to get verses of the same length to rhyme in the translation:

Walk around, walk around!
Through the garden fair,
Sago cakes for all are found,
And soft rice dumplings rare.
A man is calling me,
The dragon boat to see;
I will not go for such a sight,
Though she beats my back
With all her might.

This is the translation of other verses to which the little Celestials listen intently:

Ants, ants, ants, both little and big,
Come out and carry off my little pig!
When the little pig gets big and fat,
We'll take him off and sell him.
"How much money," says the man, "for that?"
"Two basketfuls," we tell him.

A golden girdle you shall have,
And a silver girdle gay;
Then all the dames shall o'er thee rave,
And greetings to thee pay.
Let them worship; who's to blame
For winning such a wondrous fame?

—*Children's Work for Children*.

OBEYING MAMMA.

MARY, Ella and John went out in the garden to play. John rolled his hoop. But Mary and Ella looked at the flowers, and gathered a few. Just as Ella was going to pluck one from the bush by the fence, John said, "Mother don't want us to pick any from that bush." I am glad to tell you that the little girls went cheerfully away, and did not worry about the one they might not have. This was cheerful obedience. Do you always obey papa and mamma in that way? I hope you do.

MANY a man has made a goose of himself with a single quill.