



EIGHT O'CLOCK.

A LITTLE SONG FOR BEDTIME.

A little song for bedtime,
When robed in gowns of white,
All sleepy little children
Set sail across the night
For that pleasant, pleasant country
Where the pretty dream flowers blow,
'Twixt the sunset and the sunrise,
For the Slumber Islands, ho!

When the little ones get drowsy,
And the heavy lids droop down
To hide blue eyes and black eyes,
Gray eyes and eyes of brown:
A thousand boats for dreamland
Are waiting in a row,
And the lerrymen are calling,
For the Slumber Islands, ho!

Then the sleepy little children,
Fill the boats along the shore,
And go sailing off to dreamland,
And the dipping of the oar
In the sea of sleep makes music
That the children only know
When they answer to the boatman's
For the Slumber Islands, ho!

Oh, take a kiss, my darlings,
Ere you sail away from me,
In the boat of dreams that's waiting
To bear you o'er the sea:
Take a kiss, and give one,
And then away you go,
A-sailing into Dreamland,
For the Slumber Islands, ho!

HOW TED LENT A HAND.

He is such a little boy, this Ted, and his legs are so short and his chubby fists are so very wee that you might think he would have to wait quite a long time before he could lend a hand that would be of any use; but he does not think so.

There was a fine shower the other night, and in the morning what should Ted see, right in front of his home, on prim, precise Cottage Street, but a mud-puddle? yes, a dirty, delightful mud-puddle! How he hurried through his breakfast so as not to lose a minute!

He had a baker's dozen of beautiful mud pies on the curb, and was admiring them for a moment while he rested,

upon those lovely pies, flattening them dreadfully.

He jumped up frowning, but when he saw the tired, sad face of the poor old washerwoman, Mrs. Connolly, the frown smoothed itself into a dimple smile; and he picked up that bundle, which had dropped off the tired arms which held several others, and carried it 'way to the avenue, which was as far as mamma let her little man explore the city, on account of the electric cars.

There he touched his hat and bowed, just as he had seen big brother Don do on the way to church when he met any of the college girls.

And Mrs. Connolly stood and smiled after him as he ran back to rebuild his pies. Such a happy little face! The solemn, slow-pacing professor whom he met brightened up and stepped off briskly and began to whistle!—actually whistle! Think of it! So you see Teddy lent, not only a hand, but two feet and a happy face, even if he was such a little boy.

THE BEST KIND OF RICHES

Hope Brandon was considered a very rich little girl because her papa had a great deal of money, and Hope was allowed to buy almost anything.

As she had no brothers or sisters with whom to share her pretty things, she grew very selfish. She thought she ought to have her own way in everything. Having our own way does not make us really happy, so you see she was only rich in money, and not in happiness, which is the best kind of riches.

In this she was very poor indeed.

But she did not stay poor always, for at church one Sunday the minister preached a beautiful sermon to the children, which made a great difference in Hope's life.

The minister chose for his text the words, "Even Christ pleased not himself."

He said, when it was hard to be unselfish Jesus was always ready to help if we only asked him to do so. Hope listened and longed to be like the loving, gentle Jesus. She felt a new love to him growing in her heart.

When she went home she went to her own room, and kneeling down, told Jesus that she loved him, and wanted to please him every day. She asked to be shown how she might help others.

She tried to be always on the lookout for something to do for others. Soon she learned to enjoy pleasing other people more than to please herself. Indeed she was so happy in her new life that she thanked God for it every day.