



THE PORTRAIT.

HER NAME.

"I'm losted! Could you find me, please?"

Poor little frightened baby!
The wind has tossed her golden fleece,
The wind has 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 Shiny-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 Shiny-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,
"Mehetabel Sapphira Jones,
What has you been a-doing?"

THE PORTRAIT.

This little girl has been getting her portrait taken, and when nurse brought her home she showed mamma how she sat, and this is just the way in the picture, her shining curls falling so prettily over her shoulder. She has got her new straw hat on that mamma bought her the other day, all trimmed with pretty blue rosettes of ribbon and the pretty lace collar that papa brought for her when he went away; I am sure that it will be a good portrait, because she sat so quiet.

HAROLD'S BUTTONED BOOTS

BY NELLIE LETITIA M'CLUNG.

"You're a girl-boy! a girl-boy! wearing buttoned boots. See the boy with his mother's boots on!" cried Aleck, excitedly, pointing to the little new boy who had come out to play on the street.

Little Harold looked down in dismay at his new shining boots. They had been the pride of his little heart until now.

Aleck's excited manner had attracted Jack and Tommy, who were playing marbles on the sidewalk, and they came running down to see what it was all about.

They looked curiously at the little stranger, who shrank from their gaze while the big tears gathered in his eyes. If he had not been a brave little boy, he would have run home crying to his mother. But he stood his ground, trying in vain to think of some word to say in defence of his footgear.

Aleck's mother had overheard Aleck's remarks, and came out to the gate.

"Good-morning, little boy!" she said pleasantly, "you are going to play with Aleck and Jack and Tommy, aren't you? What lovely boots you have! See, but Harold has buttoned boots, just like the grown-up men wear! They are so nice looking, and keep out the dust, and the water, too; I must try to get a pair, Aleck!"

Little Harold's face brightened, and he kicked up the dust with one foot.

"Aleck will take you round to the swing, and give you a good, long swing, won't you, Aleck?"

But Aleck had disappeared! "I will!" cried Jack and Tommy, eagerly taking Harold's hands, and running with him round to the back garden, where the swing was.

Aleck was standing at the kitchen window, with a very red face when his mother came in.

"Poor little Harold!" she said, "how lonely he looks this morning. I hope the boys will be kind to him. I am sure they will, dear."

"Mother," said Aleck, still looking out of the window, "I was making fun of the poor little chap's boots when you were out."

"I know," answered his mother gently, "I remember when we came to Winnipeg first, you often came home crying bitterly because the boys made fun of you. Do you remember, Aleck?"

"I do," said Aleck, and kissing his mother quickly, he ran out to swing the new Manitou, Man.

The Bible is a window in the prison of hope, through which we look into eternity.

Children, obey your parents.