



THE HEAVY BUCKET.

"TOO MANY OF WE."

"MAMMA, is there too many of we!"

The little girl asked with a sigh.

"Perhaps you wouldn't be tired, you see,
If a few of your child's could die."

She was only three years old—the one
Who spoke in that strange, sad way,
As she saw her mother's impatient frown
At the children's boisterous play.

There were half-a-dozen who round her
stood,
And the mother was sick and poor,
Worn out with the care of the noisy brood
And the fight with the wolf at the door.

For a smile or a kiss, no time, no place;
For the little one, least of all;
And the shadow that darkened the mother's
face
O'er the young life seemed to fall.

More thoughtful than any, she felt more care,
And pondered in childish way
How to lighten the burden she could not
share,
Growing heavier day by day.

Only a week, and the little Clair,
In her tiny white trundle-bed,

Lay with her blue eyes closed, and the
sunny hair
Cut close from the golden head.

"Don't cry," she said—and the words were
low,
Feeling tears that she could not see—
"You won't have to work and be tired so
When there ain't so many of we."

But the dear little daughter who went away
From the home that for once was stilled,
Showed the mother's heart, from that dreary
day,
What a place she had always filled.

ONE OF THOSE LITTLE ONES.

A FEW weeks ago, in a Western city, a poor
widow had died, leaving one child, a little
lame boy, to the cold charities of the world.
After his mother's funeral, the little fellow
was ill from the combined results of grief
and neglect, and it was then evident that he
would soon be united to his only friend.

He was left alone much of the day, there
being no one who could spare the time to
stay with him. It was often noticed that
the voices of two persons could be heard in
his little room. But when those in charge
entered, he would be alone and apparently
asleep.

One day they listened, being quite
that no one was with the child, and
overheard this strange monologue:—

"Is you right there, mamma?"

"Yes, my little boy, I is right here."

"Was you went away yet?"

"I wented back to heaven to tell
about my little boy."

"Did you was afraid, mamma?"

"No, my own little boy, 'cause God
nicer'n peoples."

Did you told him about me, mamma

"I tolded him I had a little boy nam
Harry,—an'—an'—"

There was a loud noise of sobbing th
and the listener without cried too. Present
the child's voice resumed:—

"Did you told God to let me come
there, mamma?"

"Yes, my boy; an' he said: 'Bime
bimeby.'"

"Mamma, I'se—so—tired—an'—an'
sleepy—an' I want to come an' stay with
you—and—God."

There was a long silence then, broken
sobs. The listeners went in, after resolving
their hearts to be thereafter very pain
with the motherless one.

But the next day he went home to
mother. "Bimeby" had come.—*Selected*

BESSIE SPARROW'S LETTER.

BESSIE SPARROW is a very little thi
But she goes to school, and she learns
lessons very well. One day her teach
said she must write a composition. Bes
thought about it until her little head
tired, and she fell sound asleep. Then
dreamed that she was sitting in a gr
lady's library, with ever so many big bo
all around her. And the beetles and a
came in and looked at her, and a butter
with wings like velvet and gold, came
alighted on her pen. When Bessie aw
she said, "What a beautiful dream I ha
had. I will write down all I have dream
It shall be my composition." When
had written it, her teacher said it was ve
beautiful. And Bessie sent it as a letter
her mamma.

SAYING GRACE.

A LITTLE three-year-old girl who vol
teered to say grace at the table, did so
follows: "O Lord, bress the things
eat, bress mamma and papa, and gany
and ganpa"—and here, casting up her ey
to her grandfather in the next seat, s
discovering that he was smiling, the lit
one closed her prayer by saying: "Beha
yourself, ganpa—for Christ's sake. Amen