



THE LITTLE SNOW-SHOVELLER.

Merrily whistling along the street,
With his little pug nose and his hands
and feet

Sharply bitten by old Jack Frost,
His curly hair by the rude wind tossed,
Armed with his shovel, goes Pat Magee;
In search of a job, of course, is he.

Brave little chap! 'tis little he cares
For old Jack Frost; and the storm he
dares

With a merry face and a merry song,
As through the snow he paddles along
This blue-eyed lad—o'er the slippery
street,
Hoping the chance of a job to meet.

Give him a dime and see him work;
Pat is not a bit of a shirk;
In goes his shovel with might and main,
Making the snow fly off like rain,
Here, there, and everywhere, in a trice,
Till your walk grows speedily clean and
nice.

Then, cheeks as red as the reddest rose,
Shouldering his shovel, off he goes;
Merrily whistling on his way,
His boyish heart so happy and gay,
That neither for wind nor frost cares he,—
This little snow-shoveller, Pat Magee.

JOHNNY'S CALCULATIONS.

Johnny was poring over his mental arithmetic. It was a new study to him, and he found it interesting. When Johnny undertook anything he went about it with heart, head, and hand. He sat on his high stool at the table, while his father sat just opposite. He was such a tiny fellow—scarcely large enough to hold the book, you would think, much less to study and calculate; but he could do both, as you shall see.

Johnny's father had been speaking to his mother; and Johnny had been so intent on his book that he had not heard a word; but as he leaned back in his high chair to rest a moment he heard his father say: "Dean got beastly drunk at the club last night; he drank ten glasses of wine. I was disgusted with the fellow."

Johnny looked up with bright eyes, and said to his father: "How many did you drink?"

"I drank one," said the father, smiling down at his little boy.

"Then you were only one-tenth drunk," said the boy, reflectively.

"There, there!" interrupted his father, biting his lips to hide the smile that would come. "I guess it's bedtime for you, and we'll have no more arithmetic to-night."

So Johnny was tucked away in bed, and went sound asleep, turning the problem over and over to see if he was wrong; and just before he lost himself in slumber he had thought: "One thing is sure; if Dean hadn't taken one glass, he would not have been drunk. So it is the safest way never to take one, and I never will."

And the next thing Johnny was snoring, while his father was thinking: "There's something in Johnny's calculation, after all. It is not safe to take one glass, and I will ask Dean to sign a total abstinence pledge with me to-morrow." And he did so, and they both kept it.

So great things grew out of Johnny's studying mental arithmetic.

NANNIE'S GIFT.

Nannie Dane is a sweet little girl, just six years old. She is not a pretty child, for her face is very thin and freckled; but her heart is so good and loving that those who know her best love her dearly.

Her father, is a big, silent man, and her mother is always tired and busy; so Nannie does not have so many kisses and fond words as she would like. Her two little brothers are rather rough, and only the baby seems to be as loving as Nannie herself. She is one of the best little girls in the school, and learns very fast; not because she is so quick, but because she tries so hard, and wants to do just what her teacher says.

One day, just before Christmas, when all the children were talking about stockings, and trees, and Santa Claus, Miss Hart said to her class, "The principal is coming in to-day to hear you read and spell, and to-morrow to see how well you can add. I want you all to try hard, and to the five best I will give a Christmas present the last day of school."

Nannie's eyes opened wide. She had never had a Christmas present in her life, for her father was poor, and it took all his money to buy bread and clothes and pay rent. He had given her one shilling the day she was six, and that was the only

present she had ever had. She had never spent it, though she had often been teased to do so by her brothers.

When Miss Hart spoke about the Christmas present, a delightful idea came into Nannie's mind, and she resolved to be one of the five best; and so she was, though her heart beat so hard she could hardly see to read when the principal called her name.

The next day Miss Hart brought a basket to school with her, and just before the children went home she took off the cover and gave to the three girls and two boys each a large red apple. All ate their apples on the way home, except Nannie. She did not even show it to her mother, but hid it away so quietly that nobody knew anything about it. Her little brothers twitted her for not being one of the five best, but she did not say a word.

On Christmas morning, while Mrs. Daze was out of the room, she put her apple and shilling on her mother's plate. Then she looked with eyes full of love to say, "Merry Christmas," when she came in. I think angels looked with eyes of love on Nannie then.

WHAT HE WANTED MOST.

A lady who was shopping noticed a very small boy who was employed as "Cash" in the store, and, being interested in him, began to ask him questions. "Wouldn't you like to live with me and have everything my little boy has?" she inquired.

"What does your little boy have?" asked the child, fixing his large, serious eyes upon her face.

"Oh! he has books and tops and a pony." And she enumerated a lot of things.

"Has he any papa?" asked the child.

"Oh yes! he has a dear, kind papa, who gives him all those things."

"Then I would like to be your little boy," said the child, gravely; "for my papa is dead, and I would rather have him than any of the other things."

The lady, who had been merely talking with the child for amusement, had hard work to keep back her tears at this naive confession.

YOUNG ASTRONOMERS.

Rev. W. F. Crafts has collected the following sayings of young astronomers: A little child said the stars were drops of the sun. Another child thought the moon and stars were lights that God had hung in the sky for children to slide by. Another child imagined the stars were little holes or windows for heaven's light to shine through. One very bright star suggested the idea of a door to a little boy through which a baby brother had gone into heaven. An inquisitive little girl wanted to know whether the old moons were cut up into little stars. Another youthful star-gazer solved a most perplexing problem to her own satisfaction when she affirmed that the stars were little pieces left over when the moon was made.