

tens the year before. Mamma had put them away, saying:

'You can wear them when you climb Mt. Lowe.'

Think how you would feel if, on the Fourth of July, you were to put on your heavy winter clothes and wear mittens. That is how Robert felt when he started, but before he reached the top he was almost cold.

After the car had taken them more than half-way up they began to walk. In a little while they came to the snow. Robert shouted for joy and pulling off his mittens picked up a big handful. He dropped it very quickly.

'Oh,' he cried, 'it's cold,' and then how everyone laughed at him.

It was not long, though, before Robert was having one of the best times he has ever had in his life. He snowballed and made a snow-man and jumped in snow-drifts until he was so tired his father had to carry him part of the way going back to the car.

No one saw Robert put a snowball in his pocket just as they started. 'Jimmie and I can play with it to-morrow,' he said to himself.

When he was eating his supper his mother said:

'Robert what makes your coat so wet?'

He put his hand in his pocket. It was filled with water.

'Oh, dear,' he cried, 'I put a snowball in there and now it's gone.'

### Chinese Rhymes.

The Chinese 'Mother Goose' rhymes are not so unlike the English ones as might be expected. Here is one that is as popular with Chinese children as Jack and Jill is with us:

He climbed up the candlestick,  
The little mousey brown,  
To steal and eat tallow,  
And he couldn't get down.  
He called for his grandma,  
But his grandma was in town,  
So he doubled up into a wheel,  
And rolled himself down.

This one might correspond with our 'Lady Bug':

Fire-fly, fire-fly,  
Come from the hill,  
Your father and mother  
Are waiting here still.  
They've brought you some sugar,  
Some candy and meat,  
Come quick or I'll give it  
To baby to eat.

Chinese babies have their toes told to the following:

This little cow eats grass,  
This little cow eats hay,  
This little cow drinks water,  
This little cow runs away,  
This little cow does nothing  
Except lie down all day;  
We'll whip her.

—Adapted from 'The Chinese Boy and Girl.'

### Love One Another.

It was Saturday night, and two children small

Sat on the stairs in the lighted hall,  
Vexed and troubled and sore perplexed,  
To learn for Sunday the usual text;  
Only three words on a gilded card,  
But both the children declared it hard.

"'Love,' that is easy—it means, why this"—

(A warm embrace and a loving kiss);



'But 'one another,' I don't see who  
Is meant by 'another'—now, May, do  
you?'

Very slowly she raised her head,  
Our thoughtful darling, and gently  
said,  
As she fondly smiled on the little  
brother,  
'Why, I'm only one, and you are an-  
other,  
And this is the meaning—don't you  
see?—

That I must love you, and you must  
love me.'

Wise little preacher! could any sage  
Interpret better the sacred page?  
—'Good Cheer.'

### The Little Ball.

Madge had gone with Dottie to kindergarten one bright spring morning, and now she was sitting on the floor, one of twenty happy little folks who formed a big circle.

Miss Betty in a red waist was at the piano, and there were so many white aprons and red dresses and blue blouses and pretty hair ribbons that old Mr. Sun, looking in at the window, must have thought at first that he had found a garden full of pretty flowers. But the children's faces were brighter than anything else, and showed a great deal of excitement. Little heads bobbed for-

ward and twisted and turned so that bright eyes could follow a tiny ball that was being passed from one to another of the children while they sang:

"Little ball, pass along  
Slyly on your way;  
While we sing a merry song,  
You must never stay;  
Till at last the song is done,  
Then we'll try to find  
In what pair of little hands  
You've been left behind."

Miss Betty smiled as she saw how eagerly Dottie reached for it when it came to her. But the little girl was very slow to pass it on, and Miss Betty sighed as she thought, 'I hope Dottie isn't growing selfish.'

One little girl standing in the ring had her eyes tightly closed all this time, but when the music stopped they popped open as quick as could be, and she began to look all around the circle to see which little hands were holding the ball.

All little folks who have been to kindergarten know how she found it.

Miss Betty had seen Dottie reach for it just as the children had finished the song, then quick as a flash she hid it away under Madge's dimpled fingers.

'The dear child!' thought Miss Betty; 'she wanted it for Madge, not for herself.'

When the little girl who was hunting for the ball had looked almost all the way around the ring, Miss Betty played very softly; but when she came in front of little Madge the music suddenly grew very loud indeed, and she and Madge both laughed with glee and all the children clapped their hands, and the ball was found in wee Madge's lap and Dottie was the happiest of all.

'Isn't it nice to have company come?' she said when it was time to go home.

'Yes, dear,' answered Miss Betty; 'but the reason we enjoyed it so much was because we helped the company to have a good time.'—Eleanor Amerman Sutphen, in 'Evangelical Messenger.'

### Whistle or Whine.

Two little boys were on their way to school. The smaller one tumbled and began to whine.

The older boy took his hand in a fatherly way and said: 'Oh, never mind, Jimmy, don't whine; it is a great deal better to whistle.' And he began a cheerful whistle.

Jimmie tried to join. 'I can't whistle as nice as you, Charlie,' said he; 'my lips'll not pucker up good.'

'That's because you haven't got all the whine out yet,' said Charlie; 'but you try a minute, and the whistle will drive the whine away.'

So he did, and the last I saw or heard of the little fellows they were whistling away as earnestly as though that were the chief end of life.—The 'Junior Christian World.'