

## LITTLE DANDELION.

Gay little Dandelion  
Lights up the meads,  
Swings on her tender foot,  
Telleth her beads,  
Lies to the robin's note  
Poured from above;  
Wise little Dandelion  
Asks not for love.

Cold lie the daisy banks  
Clothed but in green,  
Where, in the days agone,  
Bright hues were seen.  
Wild pinks are slumbering,  
Violets delay  
True little Dandelion  
Greeteth the May.

Brave little Dandelion!  
Fast falls the snow,  
Beading the daffodils  
Haughty head low.  
Under that fleecy tent,  
Careless of cold,  
Blithe little Dandelion  
Counteth her gold.

Meek little Dandelion  
Groweth more fair,  
Till dies the amber dew  
Out from her hair.  
High rides the thirsty sun  
Fiercely and high;  
Faint little Dandelion  
Closeth her eye.

Pale little Dandelion  
In her white shroud,  
Hearath the angel-breeze  
Call from the cloud!  
Tiny plumes fluttering  
Make no delay;  
Little winged Dandelion  
Soareth away.

HELEN B. BOSTWICK.

## "HIS NAME SHALL BE IN THEIR FOREHEADS."

**H**OW will God write it, papa?" asked little Eve.  
"Write what?" asked papa, looking off his reading.

Eve got up from the low stool where she had been sitting with her book, and came across to him.

It was Sabbath evening, and these two were keeping house while mother was at church.

"See what it says," said she. Then she read: "And his name shall be in their foreheads." "It's out of the Bible," added she; "and I know it means God, because of that big H. How will God write it, papa?"

Her father put down his book and took her on his knee. "God will not write it at all," said he.

"Not write it?" exclaimed Eve in astonishment. "Then how will it come there?"

"Somethings write themselves," said her father.

Eve looked as if she didn't understand. But it must be true, since father said it; so she waited for him to explain.

"When you look at grandfather's silver hair," began her father, "what do you see written there? That he is an old, old gentleman, don't you?" continued he, as Eve hesitated.

"Who wrote it there?"

"It wrote itself," said Eve. Father nodded.

"Right," said he. "Day by day and year by year, the white hairs came, until at last it was written quite as plainly as if somebody had taken pen and ink and put it down on paper for you to read. Now, when I look in your mouth, what do I see written there? I see, 'This little girl is not a baby now, for she has all her teeth and can eat crusts.' That has been writing itself ever since the first tooth that you cut, when mother had to carry you about all night because it pained you so."

Eve laughed.

"What a funny sort of writing!" said she.

"When little girls are cross and disobedient," her father went on, "where does it write itself? Look in the glass next time you are naughty and see."

"I know," said Eve. "In their faces, doesn't it?"

"And if they are good?"

"In their faces, too. Is that what the text means?"

"That is what it means," said father. "Because if we go on being naughty all our lives, it writes itself upon our faces so that nothing can rub it out. But if we are good the angel's will read upon our foreheads that we are God's. So you must try, day by day, to go on writing it."—[Children's Paper.]

## A LITTLE GIRL'S VICTORY.

Two little girls were playing together. The older one had a beautiful new doll in her arms, which she was tenderly caressing.

The younger crept up softly behind her and gave her a sharp slap on her cheek.

A visitor, unseen and unheard, was sitting in the adjoining room and saw it all. She expected to see and hear another slap, a harder one in retaliation. But no. The victim's face flushed and her eyes had a momentary flash of indignation. She rubbed her hurt cheek with one hand, while she held the doll closer with the other. Then, in a tone of gentle reproof, she said:

"O, Sallie, I didn't think you'd do that!"

Sallie looked ashamed, as well she might, but made no reply.

"Here, Sallie," continued the elder girl, "sit down here in sister's chair. I'll let you hold dolly awhile if you'll be very careful."

Sallie's face looked just then as if there were some "coals of fire" somewhere around, but she sat down with the doll on her lap, giving her sister a glance of real appreciation, although it was mingled with shame.

The hidden looker on was deeply touched by the scene. It was unusual, she thought, to see a mere child show such calm dignity and forgiveness under persecution. Presently she called the child and questioned her.

"How can you be so patient with Sallie, my dear?"

"Oh," was the laughing answer, "I guess it's 'cause I love Sallie so much. You see Sallie's a dear girl," excusingly, "but she's got a quick temper, and—Sallie forgets herself sometimes. Mamma said if Sallie would do angry things to me, and I should do angry things to her, we'd have a dreadful time, and I think we would. Mamma said I should learn to give the 'soft answer,' and I am trying to."