

THE DOLL'S MISSION.

Yes, Fido ate Annabel's head off;
I really suppose she is dead;
And Dora has swallowed her eyeballs;
And Claire has a crack in her head.

But Eva has gone on a mission,
A regular mission, not fun:
She lives at the hospital yonder,
And wears a gray dress like a nun.

As soon as I heard of the children,
The poor little sick ones, you know,
With nothing at all to amuse them,
I knew 'twas her duty to go.

I loved her the best of my dollies;
Her eyes were the loveliest blue;
But doing your duty, 'most always,
Means something you'd rather not do.

And when I remember the children,
So tired and lonesome and sad,
If I had a house full of dollies,
I'd give them the best that I had.

"I FORGOT."

CHILDREN, the story I am going to tell you is a true one, and I want you to learn from it how wrong it is for you to forget when you have made a promise to any one. How often we hear children say, "Oh, I forgot!" and think it is of no consequence.

One of the coldest days of last winter, a gentleman in Baltimore was going home to his dinner. He was muffled up, and didn't mind the cold wind much; but as he turned a corner he saw a little girl standing still on the sidewalk, and looking so very cold that he stopped to see if she got safely into the car that was coming. But she didn't get into the car, and so he crossed the street to speak to her. He found that she had been crying, and that the tears had frozen on her little cheeks. Her hands were stretched out stiff, and she took no notice when he spoke to her. He saw in a moment what was the matter; she was freezing to death right in the street.

He picked her up in his arms as tenderly as he could, and ran with her to the nearest drug store. There she was rubbed and rubbed, and they put some medicine between her teeth to warm her blood; but it was a long time before the kind man saw any sign of life, and when he did it was only a shiver and a sigh. When the little eyes opened they looked at him, but closed very quickly again. Would she live to speak, and tell who she was and where she lived?

After a while the eyes opened again, and then, in a low voice, she said: "Where's Allie?"

"There, my dear," said the gentleman, "don't try to talk just yet; wait till you feel better."

"But Allie's come, I guess. I got so cold waiting for him. Please let me go to him."

"Not just now, little dear; lie still and I'll try to find Allie; said the gentleman.

So she closed her eyes again, and seemed to sleep, but suddenly she roused and said: "There's Allie, I hear him."

A crowd had gathered round the door, and one little boy, very curious to find out what was the matter, had pushed his way into the store, and when he saw the little girl he cried out.

"That's our Bessie! It's Bessie!" It was this that roused the child, and she could not lie still till they brought him to her.

He looked very much frightened.

"Oh Allie!" said the little girl, as tears came into her eyes, "I waited so long and got so cold!"

"And will you please tell us, sir," said the gentleman, "why you let your little sister wait so long in the cold; it seems to have been your fault?"

"I asked her to wait and carry home my books while I went to see Frank Page's new dog, but I didn't have any books to bring home to-day—and—and—"

"And what? What about your little sister?"

"I forgot her," said the boy, hanging his head, and speaking very low.

"Forgot her! while you went to see Frank Page's new dog! and left her there to freeze to

death! Supposing we had not been able to bring her back to life, what then?"

"She needn't have waited," said the frightened boy, trying to excuse himself.

"Ah! and then you would have scolded her, no doubt, for not keeping her promise. This is a serious lesson to you, my lad, and I hope you'll remember it as long as you live. Now go get me a carriage, and I will take your little sister home."

DEAN STANLEY ON CHILDREN.

It is impossible to recall or define the charm which breathed through the Dean's annual sermons to children on Innocents' day. It cannot be explained or imitated. It depended in no small degree upon the place and the man. The darkening December afternoon, chandeliers simply wreathed with masses of ivy, the dim religious light of the choir, the beautiful shining faces of hundreds of little children, boys and girls, from the school boy home for his holiday to the child in the nursery; the simple and appropriate music, the brevity of the service and sermon, the gentle voice and loving manner and homely words of the speaker, made up a scene never to be forgotten, never to be reproduced. Childless himself, the Dean loved children with an almost pathetic tenderness, and it was delightful to witness his manner when he was speaking to them or conducting a few of them over the Abbey. He was fond of quoting the quaint remarks which little boys and girls had sometimes made to him. Nor did he at all feel that he was condescending when he addressed to them such simple words as these:—

Love honest work. Love to get knowledge. Never forget to say your prayers morning and evening. Never be ashamed to say them. It will help you to be good all through the day. Always keep your promise. Do not pick up foolish or improper stories. Never tell a lie. Be very kind to poor dumb animals. Remember always to be gentle and attentive to old people.—*Cannon Farrar, in Contemporary Review.*

MOTHER'S TURN.

"It is mother's turn to be taken care of now," The speaker was a winsome young girl, whose bright eyes, fresh color and eager looks told of light-hearted happiness. Just out of school, she had the air of culture which is an added attraction to a blithe young face. It was mother's turn now. Did she know how my heart went out to her for unselfish words?

Too many mothers, in their love of their daughters, entirely overlook the idea that they themselves need recreation. They do without all the easy, pretty and charming things, and say nothing about it; and the daughters do not think there is any self-denial involved. Jenny gets the new dress and mother wears the old one, turned upside down and wrong side out. Susan goes on the mountain trip, and mother stays at home and keeps house. Emily is tired of study and must lie down in the afternoon; but mother, though her back aches, has no time for such an indulgence.

Dear girls, take good care of your mother. Coax them to let you relieve them of some of the harder duties, which, for years, they have patiently borne, and when at length the green sods cover their graves, you will not be sick at heart with remorse for what might have been.

GETTING HAPPINESS.

The watched pot never boils; there are people forever in search for happiness who never find it. Happiness oftenest comes by indirection. You are intent on duty, and are surprised to find you have stumbled on more than you sought! To make happiness an end of your seeking is an easy way not to find it. It is a coy blessing. Hovering about your path it yet eludes your grasp. Attempt to put your hands on it, and, like the wild gazelle upon the mountains, it bounds away. The search for happiness is like the search for the end of the rainbow—it recedes as you advance. You cannot capture it. After all your planning and straining after happiness you will have to give up the pursuit and content yourself with following the plain and

plodding path of duty, and to find your joy in fidelity to conscience and in obedience to the divine will. Once in this state, happiness comes to you unsought, dropping down, as it were, from the skies—a surprising benediction in the midst of your cares and burdens, as though it would say to you: "You could not capture me, but lo! I am here, and at your service."

HOW THE SWALLOWS STOPPED THE CLOCK.

There is a story in *Harper's Young People* about two swallows that perched one morning on the hands of a great church clock, and seeing a hole in its face just large enough to enter, thought it would be a fine place for a nest. The swallows thought it would be delicious to live in a clock. No boys could disturb them, and unless some one should invent a new kind of a flying cat, they would never have any unwelcome and dangerous visitors. So they began to build. They carried hay and grass and cotton into the clock, and by night the nest was half finished. They slept in a neighboring tree, and in the morning flew back with fresh building materials. Something very strange had happened. The nest they had partly built had nearly disappeared. They had to begin again. All that day they worked hard. The next morning they found that the same cruel trick had been played on them. They now became very indignant, and that night they perched on the hands of the clock, so as to be near in case any one should try to destroy their nest. In the course of the night the hands of the clock turned around and tumbled them off; but in the morning they found their nest had only been slightly disturbed. They repaired the damage, finished their work, and moved in that night. For two days they were very happy, but on the third day a man climbed into the tower to see what had stopped the clock. He found nearly a peck of straw and grass and cotton that had been drawn by the wheels into the inmost recesses of the clock and had finally so clogged the wheels that they could move no more. Then he found the nest that the swallows had made, and threw it away, and stopped up the hole in the clock-face. And so it happened that the swallows had to go and build a nest under the eaves, after all.

BAD THOUGHTS.

Bad thoughts, if cherished, blight virtue, destroy purity, and undermine the stables foundations of character. They are like rot in timber; like rust in iron. They eat into the man. And when the process has gone on for a while, and there comes the stress of an outward temptation, down they go into a mass of ruins! Ships go out to sea, all bright with fresh paint, their sails all spread and streamer flying, and never come back—never reach port. Why? They met a storm and went down, because they were rotten. Under the paint was decay! Just so bad thoughts, vile, impure thoughts and imaginations, rot the manly oak of character, rust the iron of principle, slacken all the stays of virtue, and leave the man or woman to the violence of temptation, with no interior reserve power to withstand the shock. Bad thoughts fed and fattened are the bottom of vice of society.

What delight it is to see a bright, energetic boy, who is always willing to work, and never has a word to say against doing whatever he is told. Such a boy can always feel assured of the confidence of good people, and generally has a much easier time than the boy who is continually fretting and snarling, or playing and hindering others from work. The boy who is faithful and trustworthy will have two friends to the other's one, and never need fear that he is alone in the world for his friends will be of the kind who will always speak a good word for him, and his name will be sounded abroad as a boy who may be entrusted with anything. On the contrary, of the boy who needs constant watching, it is not so. He may have friends, but they are not the kind who are agreeable to the industrious boy. As you read this think, "To which class do I belong?" and if to the latter, change your course at once, and join the ranks of the faithful and true, and then you can feel that you are on the right side.