



SEEK IF THIS BE THY SON'S COAT

THE CHILDREN'S ROOM

How peaceful at night
The sleeping children lie,
Each gentle breath so light,
Escaping like a sigh!

How tranquil seems the room, how fair,
To one who softly enters there!

Whose hands are these, unseen,
That soothe each little bed?
Whose locks are those that lean
Over each pillowed head?
Whose lips caress the boys and girls?
Whose fingers stroke the golden curls?

Whose are these yearning eyes?
And whose this trembling tear?
Whose heart is this that cries,
Beseeching God to hear?
Whose but the mother's, in whose face
Love finds its sweetest dwelling place?

Here hopes in beauty bloom,
And heaven descends in light,
And lingers in the room
Where mother says "Good-night!"
Soft treading by the sleepers there,
Her very presence seems a prayer!

LITTLE MOTHER MAT.

THERE was trouble in the gardener's cottage on the great Elmwood place. The little, wee baby, who had not belonged to them for quite a year, was very, very sick. The old doctor drove over twice a day from the village three miles off, and the beautiful young ladies from the great house came and sat up at night, and poor Mother Dorsey didn't take her clothes off at all, day or night, nursing and watching dear little Jean.

As for Dimple, who wasn't much more than a baby herself, I don't know what would have become of her if Mat, the oldest sister, hadn't been such a little mother. Mat dressed Dimple in the morning and put her to bed at night, and in between times fed her, and took her off to the woods, and kept her away from the bees, and scolded her about biting the green apples.

Yes, Mat was a very good little mother; still, Dimple missed her "really" mother, and longed for Jean to get well.

"Mat," said Dimple, sitting close beside the older girl on the kitchen door-step, "fwat makes Dean sick?"

"Teeth," said Mat briefly.

Dimple put her finger into her own rosy mouth and felt her small, sharp grinders inquiringly.

"Fwat does teef do to her?" she asked again.

"Oh, they hurt her in trying to come out."

"Who makes 'em tum out?"

"God makes 'em," answered Mat, about at the end of her rops.

"Does Dod know how?" pursued the little questioner.

"Oh, yes," said Mat, rather shocked; "God knows everything."

"Does he know you is takin' tare of me?"

"Yes, of course, child."

"Then he m^o't tink 'at 'oo is a very nice 'ittle dirl," declared Dimple, nestling up closer to Mat; and the little mother had no answer ready for that speech but a hug and two kisses.

DOCTOR MARY.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

MARY'S mamma had gone out to make some calls, and had left her little girl to the care of Barbara, the hired girl. But it happened that Barbara was not so trusty as she might have been, and so, when a friend of hers dropped in to have a chat in the kitchen, Barbara left Mary alone and went down to her own quarters.

Mary was very lonely with only Fido and her dear dolly for company. She hugged Seraphina in her arms and patted Fido's shaggy head, at the same time saying, in a tone which showed she was almost ready to cry, "We think it's too bad, don't we, to leave little girls and little doggies all alone? Now what shall we do to have some fun, Fido?"

Fido barked a little shrill bark, as much as to say, "I'm sure I don't know!" while of course Seraphina didn't say one word.

But presently Mary spied the bottle of medicine which mamma had been giving her to cure the cold and sore throat which had troubled her for several days.

"Oh, I know what I'll do!" said she. "I'll play Seraphina is sick, and has to take nasty drops lil' I did. Now, my deary, you must have your face all tied up, same as I had when my throat was sore, and sit right up here in papa's chair like a lady. There, now! I shall give my little girl some medicine to make her well. Where is the spoon? Oh, here it is! I don't suppose mamma would let me if she were here. But she isn't, and Barby is n't, and—Oh, you keep still, Fido! You'll make me spill the drops."

Fido had come close up to her, and stood with his feet on the chair, watching his little mistress, and now and then giving short barks of disapproval which Mary would have done well to mind. As Mary tried to pour out the medicine she filled the spoon too full, and down ran the dark, thick stuff all over her pretty white dress, and even upon mamma's velvet chair. Then Mary began to cry and dropped the bottle, and oh, what a mess it made on the carpet!

Barby came running up, and mamma came in at the very same moment. Mrs. May reproved Barbara for leaving the little girl alone; but she had to reprove Mary, too, for she knew she ought not to have touched the medicine. So Mary's afternoon was quite spoiled.

BABY'S CLOCK.

BY MRS. LIVINGSTON.

NOBODY finks I can tell the time of day but I can. The first hour is five o'clock in the morning. That's the time the birds begin to peep. I lie still and hear them sing!

"Tweet, tweet, tweet!
Chee, chee, chee!"

But mamma is fast asleep. Nobody awake in all the world but just me and the birds.

Bimeby the sun gets up and it's six o'clock in the morning. Then mamma opens one eye and I hear her say:

"Where's my baby?"

N'en I keep still—just as still as a mouse an' she keeps saying:

"Where's my baby?"

N'en all at once I go "Boo!" and she laughs and hugs me, and says "I'm a precious."

Mamma's nice and I love her, 'cept when she washes my face too hard and pulls my hair with the comb.

Seven o'clock! That's when the bell goes, jingle, jingle, and we have breakfast.

All the eight an' nine an' ten an' eleven hours I play. I run after butterflies and squirrels, and swing, and read my picture book, and sometimes I cry—just a little bit.

Twelve o'clock. That's a bu'ful hour. The clock strikes a lot of times, and the big whistle goes, and the bell rings, and papa comes home, and dinner's ready.

The one and two hours are lost. Mamma always carries me off for a nap. I don't like naps. They waste time. When we wake up the clock strikes three. N'en I have on my pink dress, and we go walking or riding. And so the three and four and five hours are gone.

At six o'clock Bossy come home, and I have my drink of warm milk. N'en I put on my white gown, and kiss everybody "good-night," and says "Now I lay me," and get into my bed.

Mamma says:

"Now the sun and the birdies and my little baby are all gone to bed, and to sleep, sleep, sleep."

So I shut my eyes tight, and next you know it's morning. An' 'nate all the time there is.

NELLIE had been quiet for a good while. "What's the matter?" asked her mother. "I's unhappy." "Unhappy?" "Yes'm." "Why?" "I can't find of any question to ask."