

"Will grandpa be in heaven, Mamma?" a little boy once asked.

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Then I don't want to go there! He'd be always coming in as cross as a bear and saying, What are these boys about?"

A little boy was beating his feet against the seat in Sunday School and laughing. "What are you laughing about?" said the teacher, "I was thinking what if my feet was ponies, how I would go!"

They were expecting the minister to dinner: "Is everything ready, my dear?" asked the head of the house. "Yes; he can come now as soon as he likes." "Have you dusted the family Bible?" "Goodness gracious! I forgot that!"

"Mamma, where do cows get the milk?" asked Willie, looking up from the foaming pan of milk which he had been intently regarding. "Where do you get your tears?" was the answer. After a thoughtful silence he broke out, "Mamma, do the cows have to be spanked?"

*Christmas Day—Visitor in S. S.*—Where did the wise men come from?

*Boy.*—From Boston.

"Mamma," said a little girl to her mother, do you know how I get to bed quick?" "No," was the reply. "Well," said she, in great glee, "I step one foot over the cr.b, then I say 'rats!' and frighten myself right in."

"My son," said a good mother to her young hopeful, "did you wish your teacher a Happy New Year?"—"No, ma'am," responded the boy. "Well, why not?"—"Because," said the youth, "she isn't happy unless she's whipping some of us boys, and I was afraid if I wished her happiness she'd go for me."

"Ma, has your tongue got legs?"—"Got what, child?" "Got legs, ma?"—"Certainly not; but why do you ask that silly question?" "Oh, nothin', only I heard pa say that it runs from morning till night, and I was wondering how it could run without legs; that's all, ma."

A little fellow, on being asked what he thought fire-flies were made for, answered: "I think God made them for candles to light the little frogs to bed; because the poor little frogs wouldn't want to go to bed in the dark, would they? And God is good to all the animals."

"Now, George, you must divide your Christmas cake honorably with your brother Charles." "What is honorabe, mother?" "It means that you should give him the largest piece" "Then, mother, I'd rather Charlie should divide it."