

Page for the Young.

THE CHICKEN'S MISTAKE.

A little chick one day

Asked leave to go on the water,
Where she saw a duck with her brood at play,
Swimming and splashing about her.

"Indeed," she began to peep and cry,
When her mother wouldn't let her,
"If the ducks can swim there, why can't I?
Are they any bigger or better?"

Then the old hen answered, "Listen to me,
And hush your foolish talking;
Just look at your feet, and you will see
They were only made for walking."

But chicky wistfully eyed the brook,
And didn't half believe her,
For she seemed to say by a knowing look,
Such stories couldn't deceive her.

And as her mother was scratching the ground,
She muttered, lower and lower,
"I know I can go there and not be drowned,
And so I think I'll show her."

Then she made a plunge where the stream was deep
And saw too late her blunder,
For she hadn't hardly time to peep
When her foolish head went under.

And now I hope her fate will show
The child my story reading,
That those who are older sometimes know
What you will do well for heeding:

That each content in his place should dwell,
And envy not his brother;
And any part that is acted well
Is just as good as another.

For we all have our proper sphere below,
And this is a truth worth knowing:
You will come to grief if you try to go
Where you were never made for going.

ADELE'S FAIRY.

Once upon a time a little French girl, whose name was Adele, sat on the porch-steps with her elbows on her knees and her chin resting in her hands.

She was idle, not because there was nothing to do, for there lay her bag full of books, and she ought to have been getting her lessons ready for the morrow, instead of dreaming.

Suddenly a funny little woman came along and stopped right before her. She had bright, shining eyes, rosy cheeks and pretty white hair; and carried a basket on her arm.

Adele was afraid of the stranger at first, but the pretty woman smiled and said: "My dear, I am Mrs. Always B. Content, and live in Sunshine Terrace; sometimes I'm called Always Busy or the good fairy that multiplies things. How can I help you smooth out the frowns and puckers that are spoiling your pretty face?"

The little girl found courage to tell her friend that she was just wishing that she didn't have to go to school and study those tiresome lessons; she wanted to take long walks and play in the fields where the flowers grow.

"I never have anything like other girls; Estelle has a lovely string of beads," she continued. This prompted the fairy to lift the cover off her basket and say:

"You shall have six times as many strings as Estelle; so pick them out my dear."

Oh how beautiful! there they lay on pink cotton, ever so many strings of lovely pearl beads, just what she wanted.

The little girl reached out her hand, hesitated, then began to cry because she did not know how many to take. She must take six times as many, no more, no less.

This made the good fairy feel pity for Adele, so she said as she closed the lid of the basket, "since you do not know how many you want I will go away and come in the spring time, and perhaps your good friends yonder" (pointing to the books in the bag) "will help you to become one of my family, then you will know how to count your blessings and not your trials. By forgetting ourselves we increase our own happiness and that of everyone around us.

"Don't loiter by the way to and from school. Don't dawdle in the morning when you are dressing. Learn to do everything quickly and well. I know somebody who sits on the floor with one shoe in her hand dreaming away—consequently has to be called many times to breakfast."

While Mrs. Always Busy talked, Adele's face turned crimson.

"How did this fairy know she did all that?"

The truth is there are many little maids like Adele. Are you?

The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water, therefore leave off contention before it be meddled with. (Proverbs xvii. 14.)

Listen, my boy, I've a word for you,
And this is the word, "Be true! be true!"
At work or at play, in darkness or light,
Be true, be true, and stand for the right.

List, little girl, I've a word for you,
'Tis the very same, "Be true! be true!"
For truth is the sun, and falsehood the night
Be true, little maid, and stand for the right
—Select 7.