

HER NAME.

BY ANNA F. BURTON.

"Lost! Could you find me, please?
Poor little frightened baby!
The wind had tossed her golden fleece,
The stones had scratched her dimpled knees.
It stooped and lifted her with ease,
And softly whispered, "May be."

"Tell me your name, my little maid,
I can't find you without it."
"My name is 'Shiney-eyes,'" she said,
"Yes, but your last name?" She shook her
head;
"Up to my house 'ey never said
A single word about it."

"But, dear," I said, "what is your name?"
"Why, didn't you hear me told you?
Dist 'Shiney-eyes.'" A bright thought came:
"Yes, when you're good, but when they blame
You, little one; is it just the same
When mamma has to scold you?"

"My mamma never scolds," she moans,
A little blush ensuing,
"Cept when I've been a-frowning stones,
And then she says (the culprit owns),
Mehitabel Sapphira Jones,
What has you been a-doing?"

A SUMMER SHOWER.

"ARE you going berrying, Ruth? Oh,
please take Polly with you."

Ruth thought it would be easier to go
without her little sister, but she was used
to thinking of others, so she said, "Come
along, then, little girlie."

It was a grand frolic for Polly. She
re laughed aloud when she saw the berries
hanging on the bushes, and felt as proud as
of a queen when she had filled her little bit
in, of a basket. She brought it to empty into
all, of Ruth's large one, and Ruth said, "You are
with a great help, Polly: I think I must always
bring you with me."

After a while the sun grew very hot. The
birds stopped singing and the pretty wild
flowers were drooping on their stems. But
later a cloud came over the sun, and they
heard a peal of thunder.

Polly was frightened, and began to cry.
But Ruth smiled as she led her to the shel-
ter of some thick branches.

"I wish I were at home," whispered
Polly.

"Why, dear?"

"Then I should be in the house with
mamma, and I shouldn't be afraid."

You are out here with God, little one.
He is with you just the same as if you were
at home, and will surely take care of you.
He holds the thunder and lightning in his

hand, and they cannot move without his
will."

They watched the falling drops until the
short summer shower was over. The sun
came out again, and Polly cried, "Oh see,
Ruth! the bushes are all covered with
diamonds."

How they sparkled and shone! The birds
set up a lively twitter, and the dear little
flowers lifted up their heads and seemed to
smile. Polly said, "They look as if they
wanted to say 'Thank you.' Ruth, do you
think flowers know how to feel thankful
for the nice rain?"

"I cannot tell, dear. But we do. We
know how good the Lord is in sending us
rain and sunshine and everything else we
need. So we ought never to forget to be
thankful."

IS THAT MINE?

As I passed a beautiful house on Ashland
avenue the other day, I heard a little two-
year-old, who was taking a walk with her
father, turn to him and ask, "Is that mine,
papa?" She meant the house, which some-
way impressed her, as it did me, by its
remarkable beauty, as being a desirable
possession. Her father answered her:
"Yes, little daughter; it is yours to look
at, but not to live in." It struck me as
being a very beautiful answer. The child
seemed to be perfectly satisfied and happy
with it, as she would not have been had
she been answered in a simple negative.
Why not make the little ones all rich in
the same way? Give them to understand
that the most wonderful things in the
universe are theirs, as the sun and stars
and clouds, the wind and the rain; and
teach them how wonderful they are, by
calling attention to them and helping them
to understand. Teach them that all their
eyes can see, or their ears hear, belongs by
right to them. Make them rich in things
that may always be theirs. Let them know
that they are heirs to the common heritage
that is ever a blessing, placing the possessor
beyond the reach of poverty.—*Unity*.

"I TRIED TO BEAT, ANY WAY."

ONE of the beautiful days we had during
the last month, as I turned a corner in our
quiet village, I came upon a group of boys.
They were arranging a foot-race between
two five-year-old boys. One, who bore the
name of Willie, was a slight little fellow,
all muscle and no fat, while the other was
a solid little round-faced child, and bore
the name of Ray. Not that he was any-
thing like a ray of sunlight; still, that was
the name his mother gave him, and so we

call him. Ray and Willie were pitted for
a race to the next street-corner, and at a
signal from the starter Willie sprang as
though he hung on wires, while Ray moved
off like a log rolling uphill. Of course,
Willie was at the corner by the time Ray
had got his fat body one-half the distance;
but still Ray kept on, and never stopped
until he had touched the corner he had
started for; and then, after the cheers and
shouting had ceased so he could be heard,
he called out, "I tried to beat any way."
And he walked manfully away.

I had watched the race, and after hearing
Ray's cheering words I said to myself,
"Here is a lesson for me: 'I tried to beat,
any way.'" Many times we never try.
And if we do try, and fail, we too often sit
down and cry, faint-hearted and discouraged.
Such pluck as Ray possessed, governed by
a principle of right, is the kind all boys, as
well as all men, should possess to make life
a success.—*Christian at Work*.

A LITTLE GIRL'S SERMON.

A VERY little girl, whose father is a
minister, had been sorely tempted to play
at the water-pail, which stood upon a low
bench within her reach. It was thought
best not to remove it, but to make it a
"tree of the knowledge of good and evil."
More than once her chubby fingers had
been "snapped" by way of correction. At
two years old she went with grandma to
church, where her deportment was very
serious. On returning, some one said:
"Well, so you have been to church."
"Yes." "And did you hear papa preach?"
"Yes." "And what did he say?" "O—
he p'each, an' he p'each—an' he tell 'e
peoples 'ey mus' be—good chillens—an'—
not play in 'e water-pail!"

The conscientious baby is now a mature
Christian, teaching a great many other
children "not to play in the water-pail."

FALSE SHAME.

Do not be ashamed, my lad, if you have
a patch on your elbow. It is no mark of
disgrace. It speaks well for your indus-
trious mother. For our part, we would
rather see a dozen patches on your clothes
than to have do a bad or mean action, or
to hear a profane or vulgar word proceed
from your lips. No good boy will shun
you or think less of you because you do
not dress as well as he does, and if any one
laugh at your appearance, never mind it.
Go right on doing your duty. Fear God
rather than man; love him early, serve him
faithfully, and there shall be laid up for
you in heaven treasures that fade not away.