



THE JOLLY OLD COOPER.

BY ALFRED SELWYN.

A jolly old cooper am I,
 And I'm mending this tub, do you see?
 The workmen are gone, and I am alone,
 And their tools are quite handy for me.
 Now hammer and hammer away!
 This hoop I must fit to the tub:
 One, two—but I wish it would stay—
 The workmen have gone to their grub.
 How pleased they will be when they find
 That I can do work to their mind!

Yes, a jolly old cooper—but stop!
 What's this? Where's the tub? Oh,
 despair!
 Knocked into a heap there it lies.
 To face them now, how shall I dare?
 The knocks I have given the tub
 Will be echoed, I fear, on my head.
 They are coming! Oh, yes! I can hear,—
 I can hear on the sidewalk a tread.
 Shall I stay, and confess it was I?
 Yes, that's better than telling a lie.

DOING "EVEN SO."

"Did you order the soup-bone on your way to school this morning, Sam? If so, it didn't come."

"Why, no, mother; I forgot it."

Sam's mother looked more vexed than you might have expected, for, of course, little boys will forget sometimes, and people have to be patient with them.

But Sam was not surprised. He knew that it was not just now and then that he forgot; it was almost all the time. He forgot to open the window in the morning when he left his bedroom, and mother always had to attend to it; he forgot to shut the front door behind him; he forgot to wear his overshoes when it rained; he forgot to wash his hands and brush his

hair for dinner; he forgot to feed the goldfish; he forgot to water the geraniums—O the list would be so long that you would fall asleep over it were I to tell you all the things that Sam constantly forgot to do. And he did not seem to think that it was his fault. He always said, "I forgot," as if it were a perfectly good excuse.

"I am going to give you some medicine, little boy," said his mother, "to improve your memory."

"Medicine, mother, out of a bottle?"

"No, not out of a bottle. You will find out about it presently."

That night at tea Sam's cup had no sugar in it, and he made a very wry face.

"O, I told Hannah that she might forget the sugar," said his mother; "you are used to forgettings."

My, what a week that was! Everything went wrong with Sam. There was no salt in his oatmeal, no spoon at his plate, no gown under his pillow, no fire in his bedroom, no water in his pitcher, no buttons on his shirt-waist. The things that other people had been used to doing for him all went undone, and to every complaint his mother answered, smiling: "Why, Sam, you ought not to mind people forgetting."

But mothers do not like to see their little boys unhappy or even uncomfortable; so pretty soon his mother said: "Suppose we start over again, little son, and keep the golden rule: 'Whatsoever ye would that men, women, and children should do to you or for you, do you even so to them.'"—*Mayflower.*

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

She was a little eight-year-old girl in the hospital, where the days had been long for her and the nights, some of them, still longer. But things looked brighter now, for she could sit up, and even walk a little around the room.

One day they found her—the King's Daughters, who were visiting in the ward—sitting on the edge of her cot, and sewing away, making a new foot for an old stocking.

"What in the world are you doing," they asked, and were told that only two pairs of stockings belonged to the little one when she came into the hospital, and the feet of both were now quite worn out. So from the two pairs the tiny child was trying to make one which should be whole. The story was told at home to the small brothers and sisters of the visitors, and how it touched their warm little hearts! From their own savings they bought new, pretty stockings for the plucky little patient.

