



THE PLAYMATES.

## WHERE VAN LEFT OFF.

Van is four years old, and very proud of the fact that he can dress himself—all but the buttons "ahind." For this he backs up to papa and gets a bit of help.

One morning Van was in a great hurry to get to some important work (the marshalling of an army, or something of the sort); so he hurried to get into his clothes, and, of course, they bothered him. Things would get upside down, "hind side fore," while the way the arms and legs of these same things got mixed was dreadful to contemplate. So it was not a very pleasant face that came to papa for the finishing touches.

"There, everything is on now!" shouted Van.

"Why no, Van," said papa soberly; "you haven't put on everything yet."

Van carefully inspected his clothes from the tips of his small toes up to the broad collar about his neck. He could find nothing wanting.

"You haven't put your smile on yet,"

said papa, "with the tiny wrinkles creeping about his own eyes. "Put it on, Van, and I'll button it up for you."

And Van began to put it on then and there. After that he always remembered that he couldn't call himself dressed for the day until he had put a sunny face atop of the white collar and the Scotch plaid necktie.—*S. S. Advocate.*

## SEWING ACHES.

Jessie sat down by her mother to sew. She was making a pillow-case for her own little pillow.

"All this?" she asked in a discontented tone, holding the seam out.

"That is not too much for a little girl who has a work-basket of her own," said her mother.

"Yes," thought Jessie; "mother has given me a work-basket, and I ought to be willing to sew," and with that she took a few stitches quite diligently.

"I have a dreadful pain in my side,"

said Jessie in a few minutes. "My thumb is very sore," she complained. "O, my hand is so tired!" was the next. Next there was something the matter with her foot, and then with her eyes, and so she was full of trouble.

At length the sewing was done. Jessie brought it to her mother.

"Should I not first send for a doctor?" asked her mother.

"The doctor for me, mother?" cried the little girl, as surprised as she could be.

"Certainly; a little girl so full of pains and aches must be ill, and the sooner we have the doctor the better."

"O mother," said Jessie, laughing, "they were sewing aches. I am well now."—*Sunday-school Evangelist.*

## NOT FIT TO BE KISSED.

"What ails papa, mother?" said a sweet little girl,

Her bright laugh revealing her teeth white as pearl;

"I love him, and kiss him, and sit on his knee,

But the kisses don't smell good when he kisses me.

"But, mamma,"—her eyes opened wide as she spoke—

"Do you like those kisses of 'bacco and smoke?"

They might do for boys, but for ladies and girls,

I don't think them nice," as she tossed her bright curls.

"Don't nobody's papa have moufs nice and clean?"

With kisses like yours, mamma—that's what I mean;

I want to kiss papa, I love him so well, But kisses don't taste good that have such a smell.

"It's nasty to smoke, and eat 'bacco and spit;

And the kisses ain't good, and ain't sweet, not a bit;"

And her blossom-like face wore a look of disgust,

As she gave out her verdict, so earnest and just.

Yes, yes, little darling! your wisdom has been

That kisses for daughters and wives should be clean;

For kisses lose something of nectar and bliss,

From mouths that are stained and unfit for a kiss.

God sets up his king-dom in men's hearts, over their lives, in the Church on earth, and in the triumphant Church in heaven. Children and childlike believers are members of it.