

LITTLE FOLKS

An Igorrote Home.

(B. C. G., in 'Faithful Witness'.)

What a strange place to call home! some of our young friends will say, but yet it is that to one of the tribes of the Philippine Islands, called Igorrotes. They are a small people very black, with crisp, kinky hair, that they never comb or brush. They wear but little clothing, and their bodies are tattooed from head to foot with frogs, lizards, snakes, leaves, flowers and fruit. These strange little people

they are all 'home' to those who live in them. But what makes the real meaning of that dear word is that it is a place where those who live in it love and serve each other. Let us hope that with all their strange ways and in their strange bird-nest houses, the Igorrotes enjoy their homes thus.

Making Others Pleasant.

The other morning we were in the midst of a three days' rain. The fire smoked, the dining-room was

his father with such a cheery tone that his father's brow relaxed, and he said, 'Ah, Jack, thank you,' quite pleasantly.

His mother looked up at him smiling, and he just touched her cheek gently as he passed.

'Top of the morning to you, Pollywog,' he said to his little sister, and, delivering the rolls to Bridget, with a 'Here you are, Bridget. Aren't you sorry you didn't go yourself this beautiful day?'

He gave the fire a poke and opened a damper. The smoke ceased, and presently the coals began to glow, and five minutes after Jack came in we had gathered around the table and were eating our oatmeal as cheerily as possible. This seems very simple in the telling, and Jack never knew he had done anything at all, but he had, in fact, changed the whole moral atmosphere of the room, and had started a gloomy day pleasantly for five people.

'He is always so,' said his mother, when I spoke to her about it afterwards, 'just so sunny and kind and ready all the time. I suppose there are more brilliant boys in the world than mine but none with a kinder heart or a sweeter temper. I am sure of that.'

And I thought, Why isn't a disposition worth cultivating? Isn't it one's duty to be pleasant, just as well as to be honest or truthful, or industrious or generous? And yet, while there are a good many honest, truthful, industrious and generous souls in the world, and people who are unselfish, too, after a fashion, a person who is habitually pleasant is rather a rarity.

But the beauty of it is, as I said before, that pleasantness is catching, and such people will find themselves in the midst of a world full of bright and happy people, where every one is as good-natured and contented as they are.—'Our Dumb Animals.'

Faithful Coalie.

(By Charlette Archer Raney, in 'United Presbyterian'.)

Baby Eben was lost! For two hours the whole family had been rushing wildly about the farm in frantic search of the missing darling, and no trace could they find of the dear, only son.

He had slipped down from his



build their houses up so high so as to escape the wild animals that abound, and also to have better air than is to be found in the dense forests on the ground. How many different kinds of houses people live in; some dug out in the ground or cut out of the rock; others built of earth, and called adobes; of massive stones, as if to last forever. But whether they are frail or strong, mere huts or fine mansions,

chilly, and when we assembled for breakfast, papa looked rather grim, and mamma tired, for the baby had been restless all night. Polly was plainly inclined to fretfulness, and Bridget was undeniably cross, when Jack came in with the breakfast rolls from the baker's. He had taken off his rubber coat and boots in the entry, and he came in rosy and smiling.

'Here's the paper, sir,' said he to