



DILLY DALLY.

As sweet a child as one could find,
If only she were prompt to mind;
Her eyes are blue, her cheeks are pink,
Her hair curls up with many a kink—
She says her name is Allie;
But sad to say,
Ofttimes a day,
We call her Dilly Dally.

If sent on errands, grave or gay,
She's sure to loiter by the way;
No matter what her task may be,
"I'll do it by-and-bye," cries she.
And so, instead of Allie,
We one and all,
Have come to call
This maiden Dilly Dally.

I think if she could only know
How wrong it is to dally so,
Her task undone she would not leave,
Nor longer mother's kind heart grieve;
And then, for Dilly Dally,
We'd gladly say,
Each well-spent day,
"This is our own sweet Allie."

THE PLAN THEY TRIED—A TRUE STORY.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

Two such woe-begone, draggled little figures! They came back to the house, one behind the other, as slowly as if they were going to their great-grandmother's funeral, and indeed they looked like chief mourners.

The nurse had caught them playing in the brook, an amusement strictly forbidden at this time of the year, and a whipping was inevitable.

The whippings didn't come very often in this family, but for direct disobedience they were as sure as fate.

"Letty," said the older of the two little sisters, "I'll tell you what let's do."

"They had on dry clothes, and had been seated on two stools, one on each side of the sitting-room fireplace, while mamma went to get the birch.

"Well, what let's do?" asked Letty, in a depressed tone.

"Why, the first lick mamma gives, let's

holler like we were bein' killed," whispered Sue, "then she won't whip much."

This naughty plan seemed to work well. Both little girls yelled so loud that mamma was scared.

"My birch must be too keen," she said, and left off.

"It didn't hardly hurt me a bit," said one little girl gleefully, when mamma was out of hearing.

"Me neither," said the other.

Just then they heard the rustle of a newspaper in the library, and, peeping through the half-opened door, they saw papa. After that the children went

about like culprits with a rope round their necks, expecting another whipping. But mamma was trying a new plan.

"Mamma, please take this splinter out of my hand," said Letty; "it hurts me."

"Oh, no!" said mamma, quietly. "You are hollering before you are hurt;" and the poor little finger festered and got sore.

"Please give me a drink of water," said Sue; "I'm so thirsty."

"I reckon not," said mamma. "You always holler before you are hurt, you know;" and Sue had to go to the kitchen for water.

Every petition was treated in the same way, until they could stand it no longer.

"We most haven't got any mamma," sniffled Sue.

Then they took courage, and made a clean breast of their misery:

"Is it 'cause papa told you what we did 'bout being whipped?" asked Letty.

"Yes," said mamma, gravely, "that's the reason I treat you as if you never told the truth."

"O mamma," they both cried, "we'd rather be whipped!"

"But this is God's plan with his big children," answered mamma. "Ananias and Sapphira were punished quick and sharp like a whipping, but mostly God leaves those who tell falsehoods to get their punishment by degrees. And it always comes; as soon as people find out that you have told an untruth, they quit believing anything you say; and I've just been showing you how uncomfortable that is."

"But mamma," cried Letty, "if we say we are sorry and won't do so no more, won't you believe us then?"

"Yes," said mamma, with her brightest smile. "That's God's way, too; as soon as anybody is sorry, and wants to do better, he says he is slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy."

I never knew Letty or Sue to act another lie.

A LITTLE girl, who knew nothing about *encores*, found fault with the audience at a recent children's concert: "I know we didn't make one mistake, and yet they made us come out and sing it all over again!"

YOUTHFUL JINGLES.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

As one and one make always two
So those who drink are sure to rue.

As two and two make always four
So surely one glass leads to more.

As three and three are always six
As surely drink is spoiled by "sticks."

As sure as four and four make eight,
Will rum bring troubles soon or late.

As five and five are always ten
So surely drink makes drunken men.

FROWNS OR SMILES.

WHERE do they go, I wonder,
The clouds of a cloudy day,
When the shining sun comes peeping out
And scatters them all away?
I know! They keep them and cut them
down

For the cross little girls who want to
frown.

Frowns and wrinkles and pouts - O my!
How many 't would make—one cloudy
sky!

I think I should like it better

A sunshiny day to take,
And cut it down for dimples and smiles
What beautiful ones it would make!

Enough for all the dear little girls
With pretty bright eyes and waving curls,
To drive the scowls and frowns away,
Just like the sun on a cloudy day.

—Child's Hour.

THE FIRST WRONG BUTTON.

"DEAR me!" said little Janet, "I buttoned just one button wrong, and that makes all the rest go wrong." And she tugged and fretted as if the poor buttons were at fault for her trouble.

"Patience, patience, my dear," said mamma. "The next time look out for the first wrong button, then you'll keep all the rest right. And," added mamma, "look out for the first wrong deeds of any kind; another and another is sure to follow."

Janet remembered how one day, not long ago, she struck Baby Alice. That was the first wrong deed. Then she denied having done it. That was another. Then she was unhappy and cross all day because she had told a lie. What a long list of buttons fastened wrong, just because the first one was wrong!

PRESENT NEED.

IN days of youth, oh! let me give
My life to learning how to live;
Then shall I meet with willing heart
An early summons to depart,
Or find my lengthened days consoled
By God's sweet peace when I am old.