



A KAREN MOTHER AND CHILD.

"That Little Hat."

I FIND it in the garden path,
Its little crown half full
Of wilted flowers; where's the rogue
Who dared my roses pull?
I find it on the roadside there,
The flowers tossed away,
And in the crown, packed carefully,
A load of stone and clay.

I find it in the daisied field,
Or hidden in the clover,
Inspected by the wandering bees,
And crawled by insects over.
I find it on the old barn floor,
Or in the manger rest,
Or swinging from the beams above,
Where cooing doves are nesting.

I find it 'neath my busy feet
Upon the kitchen floor,
Or lying midway on the stairs,
Or by my chamber door.
I find it in, I find it out,
'Neath table, lounge, or chair,
The little shabby, brimless thing,
I find it everywhere

But on the curly, golden pate,
For which alone 'twas meant,
The little restless, curly head,
On mischief always bent.
O baby b y, this problem solve,
And tell me, darling, whether
Your roguish pate, and this old hat
Were ever seen together!

CHILDREN should not be required to pay strict attention until there is something to receive for it. To request attention before the exercises or lesson begins, reminds me of the individual who had agreed to teach a class of boys and girls to whistle. He began by saying, "Prepare to whistle." The smiling which followed made whistling impossible. I am persuaded that the quickest, surest, and pleasantest way to gain the attention is not to ask for it, but to win it.—*Mrs. W. F. Crafts.*

THERE are at the present time throughout the world very nearly thirteen millions of Sunday-school scholars, all of whom with the exception of a small fraction speak English. This for the first century of Sunday-schools! Who will be bold enough to suggest the figures with which the second century shall close! And yet there are those who tell us that Christianity is a failure and the Bible an obsolete book! Well, let us thank God for all such failures, and steadily go forward.

A Karen Mother and Child.

BURMAH is not inhabited by the Burmese only. Beyond the Burmese cities, among the beautiful mountains and in jungle villages, dwell tribes of people called Karens. They were subdued long ago by the Burmese, and they have always been oppressed and ill-treated by their conquerors. Their religion is different from that of the Burmese; they speak a different language, and wear a different dress. The light bamboo hut and plaited grass cradle and broad palm-leaf fan will be observed in the picture, also the pointed shoes and armlets of the mother. Much more than the proud Burmans, they have been willing to receive the Gospel of Christ, and many thousands of them are now followers of the Lord Jesus. The July number of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* will contain a full account of Dr. Judson, the apostle of the Burmese and Karens.

Poor Katie.

MRS LOVELLE, Katie's mother, was a seamstress, and there were many days when she had but little work to do, and the pay was always small—only a few cents for a garment that she must work at the whole day long. But she struggled hard to pay the rent and keep Tim and Katie in school.

In school—that was the great thing. "Plenty of money may come one day, little ones," she would say, "but it will not be worth much if you do not know how to use it. This is the most wonderful country in the world, my birdies. Tim may be President, and Katie a Mrs. President, and you can't know too much of school-books. I'm sure that when you're grown up, you can never be glad and thankful enough that your mother sent you regularly to school. So don't mind the patched clothes, but keep at the head of the class, if you haven't a hat to your head!"

But the winter Katie was eleven years old, the brave little mother had less money than ever before, and as the spring-time came on they grew so very poor that there was not always enough of bread left after breakfast to make a school-luncheon for Tim and Katie.

"Give it all to Tim," Katie would

say; "I believe I don't want anything at noon." Poor little Katie! How hard she tried to think that she was not hungry! How empty her hands felt at first as she trudged along without her dinner! And how her heart beat, and how the blood burnt in her cheeks, when the nooning came, and she of all the girls had no luncheon to eat! Oh, if anybody should notice it! she thought, and she studied how she might behave that nobody should know she was so very poor. The hunger in her stomach was not half so hard to bear as the fear that somebody would know that she had nothing to eat.

But, after a few days, poor Katie began to think that the girls noticed that she brought no luncheon. Then she thought that perhaps if she brought something that looked like one, they would never think about her eating it. How she thought it all out, I can not tell; but if any of you have ever been in trouble and tried to think your way out of it, perhaps you may remember that you thought of some very foolish and queer things, and this was the way with Katie. She might tie up a few coals in a paper, she thought, but her mother would need every coal to keep up the fire. There were some blocks in one corner of the small room—Tim's blocks, that Santa Claus had brought him one Christmas two or three winters before. She could tie up some of those in a paper for a make-believe luncheon, and nobody would know. So she tied up a few blocks neatly, and when her mother noticed it as she started for school, and asked in surprise what she had in the paper, the poor child hung her head and then burst into tears.

"Oh, Mamma!" she sobbed, "I wanted to make believe that I had some luncheon—it's only Tim's blocks!"

For one moment the little mother did not understand, and then suddenly it all came into her mind—how the pride of her child was wounded because she could not appear as the other school-children did, and that she had fixed upon that simple device to hide her want. And how it made her heart ache more than ever that her poor little girl must go hungry! But she would not deprive Katie of the poor comfort of trying to "keep up appearances," and her throat was too full of choking lumps for her to trust herself to say much: so she smoothed the little girl's hair and wiped away the tears from her face, and said bravely: "Never mind, Katie! Better days will come! Mother feels sure of it!" And then Katie slipped away with her little bundle, and the poor little mother sat down and sadly wept at the hardships that had befallen her little ones.

When the nooning came, Katie sat at her desk with her make-believe dinner before her. Her teacher noticed that she kept her seat, and seeing her luncheon, went to her and said: "Why do you not go into the lunch-room and eat your luncheon with the other girls?" at the same time reaching out for Katie's bundle.

"Oh, teacher!" cried Katie, bursting into tears, "don't touch it! and oh, teacher, don't tell, please! It's only blocks!"

"Only blocks!" softly repeated the teacher, and tears filled her eyes. "Never mind, Katie, I'll not tell the girls. You are a brave and a dear little girl, and one of the best in the school!"

Poor, poor child! The kind words were like manna to her heart; but,

longing as the teacher was to give the child a portion of her own luncheon, she would not hurt her pride by the offer before others. But during a short session of the teachers, when school was over, she related the incident, and spoke in such high terms of praise of the little girl, that each one resolved to do all possible to bring "better days" at once to the poor mother; and early next morning the better days began. No one touched the brave little mother's self-respect by offering her charity, but plenty of work, with good pay, was carried to her, and enough of bread and milk, and new shoes, and coal, and all other needful things, soon came to their home through the mother's industry. And Tim's blocks went back into their corner, to stay there.

Happy little Katie!—*Mary Wager Fisher, in St. Nicholas for April.*

A GENTLEMAN asked an American the other day what he thought of the English climate. He laughed and said, "Why, you haven't got a climate; you've only got samples."

A JOLLY-LOOKING Irishman was saluted with the remark: "Tim, your house is blown away." "Deed, then, it isn't," he answered, "for I have the key in my pocket."

It doesn't follow that you must do a mean thing to a man who has done a mean thing to you. The old proverb runs:—"Because the cur has bitten me, shall I bite the cur?"

ARISTOCRATIC ma, chattering with aristocratic visitor, interrupted by two little daughters running in: "Oh, ma! ma! we've just seen Uncle Jim! He's up on a waggon, hollerin' Bar!'s!"

LITTLE Arthur had been to Church. "How did you like the sermon?" asked his sister. "Pretty well," responded the youthful critic. "The beginning was very good and so was the end; but it had too much middle."

THE efforts of the little readers of *Harper's Young People* to endow a cot in St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, in New York City, has been successful. The treasurer of the fund announces that the whole amount, \$3,000, asked for in July, 1881, is now in hand.

THE Queen when driving out one afternoon near Balmoral, requested John Brown to give her a comforter to put round her neck, as Her Majesty felt cold. Shortly afterwards the Queen desired to remove it, when John exclaimed: "Hoots! just keep it on; ye dinna ken your ain mind for twa minutes thegither." Such was the Scotch peasant's rule over the Queen.

ARTIST (on summer tour): "Ah! madam, might I have the pleasure of painting your picturesque little cottage?" County Dame: "Wa'al, I don't know. Guess ye can. Ye might whitewash the fence, too, if ye like, while you're at it."

"WHAT does Satan pay you for swearing?" asked one gentleman of another.

"He don't pay me anything," was the reply.

"Well, you work cheap, to lay aside the character of a gentleman, to inflict so much on your friends and civil people; to suffer; and lastly to risk losing your own precious soul, and all for nothing. You certainly do work cheap—very cheap indeed."