

LITTLE FOLKS

Tibbie and Tittums.

Old Tibbie was the best of cats,
She worked so hard all day,
And caught so many mice and rats
Whilst Tittums was at play.

For Tittums was the baby dear,
And petted much, you know;
And always wore, where'er she
went,
A bright blue ribbon bow.

And Tittums thought the bright
blue bow
Wast just to tell the rest,
That of all pussies in the house
They loved herself the best.

Until one day she heard them say,
'You laziest of cats,
What should we do if dear old Tib
Refused to catch the rats?'
—Floss Grey, in 'Our Little Dots.'

Old Jack, One of Our Pets.

Jack was the old donkey; how
old none knew, but, judging by his
extreme cleverness, he must have
been very ancient if knowledge
comes with years. There was not
a gate or door but what he would
contrive to open, not a latch but
what he could unfasten; and we
had to resort to all sorts of contri-
vances to keep him out of forbidden
places.

One morning early I went out to
water the flowers, feed the poultry,
&c., when on passing through the
stable-yard I caught sight of old
Jack standing by the coach-house
door, pretending to be sound asleep
—so very sound that he was abso-
lutely leaning against the door.
He looked such a perfect picture of
an innocent, respectable donkey,
that my mind misgave me; it was
so very innocent that it was
unnatural, especially for him. I
hurried to my garden, and then
what a sight met my eyes! Scarce
an inch of the garden but had been
trampled on, flower and vegetable
beds alike; the turf cut up as if he
had danced on it, which I really
believe he had, my flowers eaten
and pulled up by the roots; and
the vegetables—there was not a
cabbage, cauliflower, beetroot, onion,
or hardly one single thing but what
he had tasted, and not with dainty

nibbles either, but huge bites, so
that what he did not entirely finish
he spoilt.

I did not know where to begin
to repair the mischief, and we
scarcely knew whether to laugh or
to cry; I am afraid I did a little of
both. But we punished old Jack
by withholding his daily treat of a
carrot for some days.—'Sunday
Reading.'

Nothing To Give.

'I've nothing to give,' said Lina
Noyes, sorrowfully, as she walked
home with her brother from church.
'I wish almost that I had not heard
that sermon about the sick children,
for I want to help them, and I
can't.'

'Why can't you?' asked Alfred,
kindly.

'Oh, you know,' said Lina; 'I
never have any money. I know,'
she added quickly, 'that it is no
one's fault, for all Father's money
is spent on us; and it takes a great
deal to buy my good, warm clothes.'

'Yes,' said Arthur, 'and they
paid a lot for my premium this
year; and for nine months more I
shall earn nothing.'

'Well, then,' sighed Lina, 'we
can't give anything—can we?'

Alfred thought a minute. 'Mr.
Ellis said those who had not money
might give time.'

'Yes, but what could we do with
our time? If we were near the
hospital we might go and nurse the
children, but here in this village—'

Alfred smiled. 'I don't think
they would let a little girl of eight
years old act as nurse in a hospital
ward; but I tell you what we might
do: we might make some toys.'

'But do sick children want toys?'
asked Lina.

'Of course they do! You have
never been ill, you fat little Lina,
and I suppose you think that sick
people lie in bed groaning and
taking medicine all day. But I
once went over a children's ward,
and nearly all of them, except one
or two, were able to look at or even
play with toys.'

'Well, then,' said Lina, bright-
ening a little, 'what shall we
make? I can make a rag ball.'

'You can dress a doll, can't you?'
said Alfred.

'Yes, but I haven't one,' said
Lina.

'I'll make one,' said Alfred,
stoutly; 'a beauty, that won't
break if it does tumble off a bed
twenty times a-day.'

'Will you, Alfred? Oh, that
will be grand! A doll would be
something worth sending.'

Alfred was as good as his word.
He got a piece of wood, and really
fashioned a most fascinating dolly,
whilst Lina watched him with
breathless interest.

'It's much nicer than any shop
doll,' she said. 'it's so good and
strong.' And, really, when the
doll was dressed by Lina in a neat
little baby's cap, and a long white
nightgown it did look very nice,
the sort of baby any little invalid
would like to nurse.

And thus Lina learnt that those
who wish to give will find a way;
and in after-life—a life of 'hard
work, and little of this world's
goods—she nevertheless found
numberless ways of helping
her poorer neighbors.—'Sunday
Reading.'

A Proud Frost Princess.

There was once a proud little
Icicle who stood all alone out in the
cold. She wore a dress that spar-
kled like diamonds, but for all that,
no one cared to go near her. The
Snowflakes were having a game of
tag in the sky. Nearer and nearer
the earth they played until some of
them espied Miss Icicle.

'Do come and play with us!' they
cried.

But the proud Icicle shook her
head. 'No,' she said, 'you are en-
tirely too common to play with me.
I am a princess.'

'I'll show the world what you
are, you silly thing!' called Grand-
father Sun from his cloud chariot.
So he sent some of his children, the
Sunbeams, to breathe their hot
breath on Miss Icicle's head. This
made her feel so sick that she wept
great tears. The more she wept
the thinner she grew, till at last
a tiny pool of water was all that
was left.—'Bellast Witness.'