



MAMMA'S LITTLE STORY.

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BY E. P. A.

"I don't want to go to church," said little Amy looking discontentedly at the fur-trimmed coat and cap and the little dog skin gloves. "I want to stay at home and play wif Dora Cora Water-pine."

Mamma looked sad. Of course Amy must go to church, but she did not want to make her go unwillingly; it seemed strange and ungrateful for anybody to go to the house of the Lord with a lagging step and an unwilling heart.

"I am sorry you don't want to go," said mamma; "I had a little story to tell you on the way."

"Oh, have you, mamma?" cried Amy. "well, I believe I do want to go," and on went the snug wrap and cap, while ten little fingers wriggled themselves quickly into the ten places made for them.

The church was in the village, half a mile away, so mamma had time for quite a story while they walked across the snowy fields. I didn't hear the story, so I can't tell you all the things that happened to the heroine, but I know she was one of a large family, and lived in a beautiful house, and had a dear, kind father, who loved her devotedly and gave her everything that it was safe or good for her to have; indeed, he gave her more than some of his other children, and far more than she deserved to have.

"But why didn't she deserve to have it, mamma?" interrupted Amy; "wasn't she a good little girl?"

"I hope so," said mamma, doubtfully; "but I have one very strange thing to tell you about her: when the other children gathered round the Father to thank him for the new gifts he was constantly giving them, this little one wanted to go off and amuse herself, and not thank him at all!"

Amy looked startled. "Do you mean—" she began to ask, but they were at the door of the church, and mamma only smiled silently at her as they went in.

The meaning must have come to Amy while Mr. Frost was preaching his sermon, for she asked no more questions, but, giving mamma's hand a squeeze on the way home, said, "I thanked him too, mamma."

## A JAPANESE FAIRY TALE.

Once upon a time there was a kind old couple that kept a pet dog. One day the old man dug where the dog scratched and unexpectedly found a quantity of gold. Now, there was a bad-hearted couple, their neighbours, who envied them their good fortune, and asked them to lend them their dog. As they would take no refusal, they got the dog; but when they took him along the road he would not scratch the ground. Therefore, they made him scratch, and then dug where he scratched; but instead of finding gold they only found a lot of filthy stuff. Then they got angry and killed the dog, and buried him under a small pine-tree by the way-side.

The pine-tree suddenly grew to a great size, and the kind old man cut it down and made a mortar out of the wood. When he pounded barley in that mortar the barley would flow up out of the bottom and overflow without end. His neighbour again envied him, and borrowed his mortar to pound his barley in. But when he did so his barley all turned out cracked and worm-eaten. Then he became still more enraged, and broke the mortar in pieces and used it for firewood.

The kind old man then took some of the ashes of the mortar and scattered them on dead trees, and made them blossom. He was plentifully rewarded for this with gold, silver, and pieces of silk by the prince of the country; and so he came to be called "the old man who made dead trees blossom." Again his neighbour envied him, and attempted to make dead trees blossom with ashes. But when he took a handful and sprinkled it on the limbs of a dead tree the tree did not blossom, but the ashes blew into the eyes of the prince of the country. The retainers of the prince roared out, "That's a nice state of things!" and seized the old man and gave him a beating. With his head bruised and bloody, he barely escaped. In this condition his wife saw him returning in the distance. And she said, "My husband, too, I see, has been rewarded by the prince with purple garments;" but while she was thus rejoicing he came near, when she looked more closely and saw

that her husband, instead of being clothed in purple, was stained with blood. As to the man, he then took to his bed sick, and at last died.

## DOROTHY'S PARTY.

BY JULIA M. COLTON.

Little Dorothy D. gave a party one day;  
Would you like to know who were invited?

When I tell you their names, I am sure  
you will say  
They are friends who should never be  
slighted.

The first guest to arrive was Miss Ought-  
to-Obey;  
She had walked hand in hand with Miss  
Cheerful.

Bright Miss Happy came skipping along  
the same way,  
Passing by in the street poor Miss Tear-  
ful.

Miss Polite and Miss Kind came in one  
large coupe;

Dear Miss Gentle was waiting to meet  
them:

And Miss Thankful—who sometimes for-  
gets what to say—

With the sweetest of smiles went to  
greet them.

Close at Dorothy's side two dear friends  
ever stay—

Calm Miss Truthful, whom nothing con-  
fuses,

And that sweet little peacemaker Love,  
who each day

Takes the pain out of somebody's  
bruises.

Oh, so merry they were! Dotty often  
declared,

Even though she should live to be forty,  
If with these lovely friends every day  
could be shared,

She felt sure she would never be  
naughty!

## AGES OF ANIMALS.

The rabbit lives from six to seven years.  
The squirrel from seven to eight years.  
The fox from fourteen to fifteen years.  
The cat from fifteen to seventeen years.  
The dog from sixteen to eighteen years.  
The bear and wolf from eighteen to  
twenty years.

The rhinoceros from twenty to twenty-  
two years.

The horse from twenty-five to twenty-  
eight years.

The hen from twenty-five to twenty-  
eight years.

The porpoise from twenty-eight to thirty  
years.

The camel and crow one hundred years.  
The tortoise one hundred and twenty  
years.

The eagle one hundred and twenty  
years.

The elephant four hundred years.  
The whale one thousand years.