



A JAPANESE TEMPLE.

LITTLE MRS. MAMMA.

Isabel Gray was not to be found anywhere in the house or on the grounds. Everybody was sure that every possible and impossible place had been searched.

Mildred, who had been told by nurse to "mind her little sister," while she mended the big pile of stockings, was sobbing her heart out, because she "had only just run to the gate one little minute to speak to her best friend, and when she came back, Isabel was gone." She "s'posed that the child was with mamma," so she "never thought to tell nurse." And it was ever so long ago, and nobody had seen her since.

Nurse was scolding everybody sharply, one minute, and crying the next. She was sure those wicked tramps had carried her off.

Mamma looked very white, and Bridget was trying to reassure her:

"She'll be after havin' taken a walk to her grandmother's, and the old lady'll be sinding her home in a jiffy, ma'am. I wouldn't worry, so I wouldn't."

Just then there came a funny voice, saying: "Good afternoon. How de do? I'm Mrs. Mamma come a-visiting." And there stood the lost child dressed up in all of her mother's best clothes and bonnet.

"Where have you been, Isabel Gray? We have been searching the whole place for you, and you've frightened us almost sick."

"I've been in your closet all the time, mamma."

"Did you hear us calling you?"

"Yes'm," answered Isabel, hanging her head, "but those old fings wouldn't go on right, and I wanted to s'prise you, coming a-visiting, all dressed up."

Isabel was promptly put to bed for not coming when she was called, and for putting on mamma's clothes without permission.

"Oh dear me!" she sighed; "this is a hard place for little girls who don't mind."

A LIVE CANDLE.

It seems strange to find ready-made candles in the sea—and live ones at that—but it is true that just such queer things are found along the coast of Alaska.

The candles are really little fish of the smelt variety. In colour they are a rich green and gold, and when held up to the light one can almost see through them.

On bright moonlight nights these pretty little fishes like to come to the top of the water, and the Alaskan Indian, knowing this, goes out in his canoe with a big tool like a comb, the teeth being made of sharp bones or pointed nails.

Noiselessly he brings his boat in among the pretty fish sporting about at the top of the water, then with a sweep of his comb he brings up a quantity of the sparkling fellow, all sticking to the sharp points.

When his canoe is full he goes home and turns his catch over to the care of his wife. She strings them on a long stick, as we do dried apples, and hangs them up in the wigwam to dry and smoke.

When the long winter evenings come and the Alaskan is snowed in without a light, his wife takes a wooden needle threaded with a stringy bark and draws it through one of these dried, shrivelled fish from tail to head. This is for the wick, and when lighted, the fish is so fat that it burns like a candle, and gives as

much light as three ordinary tallow candles.

Not all of these beautiful little fish are burned, however, as their flesh is much liked by the Alaskans, and many of them are eaten.

THE READINESS OF TOMMY.

"Tommy is such a good boy," said Mrs. Taddells to the minister, as she served the pastry. "You know, Dr. Choker, that pie isn't good for little boys."

"That is very true, Mrs. Taddells," the minister assented, as he put a mouthful of the custard pie where it would do the most good—or harm—"that is very true, Mrs. Taddells. When I was a boy I was not allowed to eat pastry, and all mothers must watch their children's diet very carefully."

"But I am not at all harsh with Tommy, you will understand, Doctor," Mrs. Taddells went on. "Whenever I have something for dessert which Tommy cannot eat—pie, for example—I give him twopence to pay for his deprivation. And Tommy takes it so cheerfully, Doctor. He never objects in the least. Tommy is such a dear boy, Dr. Choker."

"I am very glad to hear it, Mrs. Taddells. No, thank you, I could not think of eating more than one piece of pie, excellent as it is. But I am truly glad to hear of Tommy's manliness and cheerfulness when deprived of pie, for most children act in a very disagreeable manner when they can't have what their elders have at table, and when they are prevented from indulging in something they like. I suppose, Tommy," the clergyman went on, "you like pie." "Yessir."

"What makes you take the twopence so cheerfully to go without?"

"Oh, with the twopence I can get a whole pie at the grocer's around the corner."

LITTLE LIGHTS.

Jesus bids us shine

With a pure, clear light.

Like a little candle

Burning in the night

In this world of darkness

We must shine:

You in your small corner,

I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine,

First of all, for him;

Well he sees and knows it,

If our lights be dim.]

He looks down from heaven

To see us shine:

You in your small corner,

I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine,

Then, for all around.

Many deeds of darkness

In this world are found:

Sin and want and sorrow,

So we must shine:

You in your small corner,

I in mine.