

LITTLE FOLKS

The Lullaby Ship.

(Margaret Brooks, in the 'Home Magazine'.)

A ship is sailing for Lullaby Land;
And what may the cargo be?
A woolly dog and a china cat.
A trumpet of tin and an old torn hat.
Are ready to go to sea.

For Lullaby Land her sails are set—
(O pray ye the winds be true!)
She will gently glide 'cross the sea of
Dreams,
Mid the moonbeams bright and the
starlight gleams,
'Neath the skies of sapphire blue.

Now 'All aboard for Lullaby Land !'
(One tiny traveller to go)—
The woolly dog and the trumpet of tin
Two chubby hands have folded within,
While a golden head droops low.

Fair Lullaby Land is reached at last;
The captain's duty is done—
By her sweet low voice, and her face so
fair,
She has sailed the ship—the rocking
chair—
To the land of the Setting Sun.'

May's Prayer.

Written by a little girl for the
'Northern Messenger.'

'Good morning, little May. How
quickly you got dressed this morning.
You did not wait for mother to tie your
hair-ribbon and fasten your dress.'

'No, mother. Alice is coming right
after breakfast, and I was in such a
hurry that I did things myself.'

'But daughter, your dress is only
half buttoned and your hair-ribbon is
not tied at all. You cannot go to break-
fast table until you are properly
dressed. Did you forget your prayer,
too ?'

'Oh yes, mother. I was in such a
hurry that I thought God would excuse
me this morning. I'll say a good long
prayer to-night, I am sure God won't
care.'

'Why, May,' answered mother, 'sup-
pose I should say, I'm in such a hurry
this morning, I will not give May any
breakfast, but to-morrow I will give her
a good big one. What would you think
of me ? Would you care ?' 'I guess
I would think you did not love me
much, mother. Do you think God really
cares if I miss one day ?' 'You need
God's care every day, May, and don't
you think that if you did not come and
kiss mother good morning every day,
she would feel sad ? Don't you think
she would wonder why you did not love
her much ?'

'But mother, there are so many chil-
dren to pray to God that maybe He
would not miss me for I am only so

The Ducklings.—A Lesson.

Just look at that party of ducks,
A gay little party of five;
Away they go to a pond,
For their morning's dip and a dive.

On the bank their poor mother hen,
Loud cackling, stands calling them
back,

'You will certainly break my heart
If you drown there before my eyes!
Why will you not scratch for nice corn,
Not seek for those horrid big flies?'

She makes herself hoarse with her cries,
But all to no purpose I deem;
'To alter the nature of ducks



'SHE MAKES HERSELF HOARSE WITH HER CRIES, BUT ALL TO NO PURPOSE I DEEM.'

But the only answer she gets
Is a very juvenile quack.

'My darlings! my darlings!' she cries,
'You will drown in that water deep!
Don't wander away from my side,
To dry land I beg you will keep.

A difficult matter would seem.

As experience taught the hen,
This story may teach you and me,
That when we can't alter some things
'Tis far better to let them be.

—'Sunday Reading for the Young'

little.' 'You are wrong there, dear.
God wants even your love and you need
God wants even your love and you need
His care. Come dear, kneel down
here and ask God to help you to
do right to-day. But first of all thank

Him for His loving care, then I am sure
you will have a much happier day than
if you had asked God to wait until to-
morrow.'

May did not want to say her morning
prayer. Her mind was so full of the