

## With the Little Folks.

### His Majesty.

He's just a tiny tottler,  
An't yet he wears a crown,  
And wields a mighty scepter,  
To which we all bow down.

His subjects love him dearly,  
His will they own as law ;  
They haste to do his bidding,  
And mingle love with awe.

With grace he wears his honors,  
Enthroned in his high chair ;  
His crown he wears him rarely,  
His crown of sunny hair.

He lifts his rosy finger,  
A tiny, dimpled thing ;  
In answer to that symbol  
We laugh, or ply, or sing.

The jewels of his kingship  
Surpass all gems in worth ;  
None such as these in ocean,  
Nor in the caves of earth.

His eyes are sparkling diamonds,  
Twin rubies are his lips ;  
Each separate hair is golden ;  
Pearl are his finger tips.

Though but a tiny tottler—  
This wee and wimpled one—  
We give our hearts a legerance  
To him, our household king.

—*Cora W. Hayes*

### Teaching the Minister.

In Stamford, Connecticut, two children attended service at the church of which the Rev. Mr. Vail is pastor. Mr. Vail repeated the words, "There is nowhere, no place, that God is not."

In an audible whisper Pauline said to her brother, "He don't know about it, does he? But I'll tell him after Church."

Just as the preacher descended the pulpit steps a breathless little figure caught hold of him and said, pantingly: "You don't know about God, Mr. Vail. He isn't everywhere, like you think he is, 'cause the Bible says, 'God is not in the thoughts of the wicked.' That's why he don't always get into me; but I'm going to try to be very good this week so he'll come."

And as Mr. Vail took the bright-eyed little one tenderly in his arms, she added naively, "You don't know everything, do you, Mr. Vail?"—*Lutheran Observer.*

### A Bright Little Pupil.

"Give me some familiar proverb about birds," said the teacher.

Tommy Tucker raised his hand. "The early bird—" He paused a moment and tried it again: "The early bird—"

"Yes," said the teacher, encouragingly. "That's right."  
"The early bird gathers no moss."

### Mary's Occupation.

At the great exposition in Omaha it was the custom for the people to register or sign their names in the different state buildings. People who registered were asked to give their occupation, so that the book read like this, "John Smith, farmer;" "Thomas Brown, carpenter," and so on.

A little golden-haired girl asked that she might register. She was told to write her name and occupation, and this is what she wrote: "Mary Jones; I help mamma."

What a beautiful occupation Mary had! I think that we all ought to have this occupation. I am sure of this, that every child who tries to help mamma and to please Jesus will have the happiest possible life.

WHILE teaching a class in Sunday School recently, the teacher asked, "What was Noah supposed to be doing when the animals were going into the ark?" She received several answers. At last a little girl put up her hand. "Well," she asked, "what do you say?" "Taking the tickets, Miss," said she.

A SUPERINTENDENT requested his Sunday School to get so quiet that they could hear a pin drop. When perfect silence had been secured, a little fellow whispered, "Let her drop!"

A CHILD in Chicago, seeing one of the dental signs, where a set of teeth is kept constantly moving, cried out, "Aunt Helen, did that man blow away all but his teeth?"

DERING a revival in the central part of New York, a little boy was converted who desired to join the church. His father told him he had better wait six months, and see if he could live his religion first. Shortly after, he was in the field with his father, and found a lamb separated from its dam, bleating piteously. The father directed the boy to put the lamb with its mother. The boy replied, "I think we might as well

leave it six months, and see whether it will live or not; and then, if it lives, we can put it with its mother." Feeling the force of the application, the father said, "Put the lamb with its mother, and join the church if you wish to."



WONDER IF IT WILL SQUEAK?

A LITTLE boy sat on the stoop crying. After a while he stopped and seemed buried in thought. Looking up suddenly, he said: "Mamma, what was I crying about?" "Because I wouldn't let you go out to play." "O yes," and he set up another howl.

A LITTLE girl who had a fondness for long words was one day playing school with her dolls. She was speaking quite emphatically, when her mother said: "My dear, do not speak so loud; it is better to speak gently." "Yet, mamma, but you see I wish to make a deep indentation upon my scholars."

"O, I WANT one of those cakes on the table," said a little boy as soon as his mother went out. "No, no," said his brother, "you must not touch them." "Mother won't know it," said the first, "she didn't count them." The other replied, "If she didn't, perhaps God counted."

IT WAS a very hot day, and little Helen, having noticed her father looking at the thermometer several times, asked him about it. "When it's away up," he replied, "the weather is hot, and when it's away down, it's cool." When he went to consult it later on it had disappeared, and he asked Helen what had become of it. "Why," she replied, "I looked at old fermometer way down in ze cellar so it would get cooler."

Bishop Paret was the guest of an Episcopal family in West Virginia. The Bishop likes hard-boiled eggs for breakfast, and his hostess went to the kitchen to boil them herself. While so engaged, she began to sing the first verse of "Rock of Ages." Then she sang the second verse, the Bishop, who was in the dining room, joining in. Then there was silence. The lady herself came, a few minutes later, with the eggs; and the Bishop remarked, "Why not sing the third verse?" "The third verse?" she replied, "O, that's not necessary." "I don't understand," said he. "Why, you see, Bishop," she replied, "when I am cooking eggs I always sing one verse for soft-boiled and two for hard-boiled."—*Penny Magazine.*



HIS FIRST INITIATION.