

LITTLE FOLKS

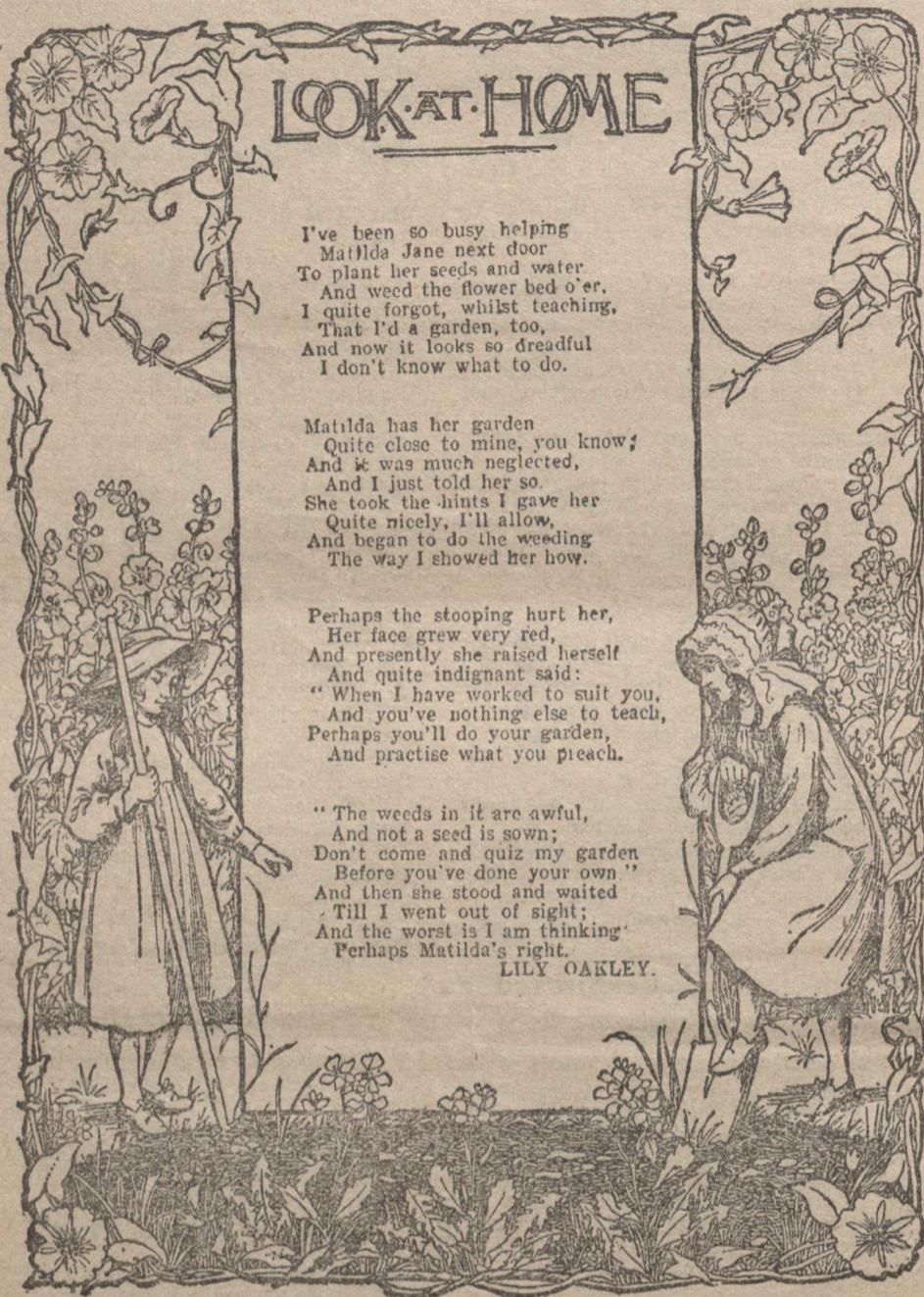
LOOK AT HOME

I've been so busy helping
Matilda Jane next door
To plant her seeds and water
And weed the flower bed o'er.
I quite forgot, whilst teaching,
That I'd a garden, too,
And now it looks so dreadful
I don't know what to do.

Matilda has her garden
Quite close to mine, you know;
And it was much neglected,
And I just told her so.
She took the hints I gave her
Quite nicely, I'll allow,
And began to do the weeding
The way I showed her how.

Perhaps the stooping hurt her,
Her face grew very red,
And presently she raised herself
And quite indignant said:
"When I have worked to suit you,
And you've nothing else to teach,
Perhaps you'll do your garden,
And practise what you preach.

"The weeds in it are awful,
And not a seed is sown;
Don't come and quiz my garden
Before you've done your own."
And then she stood and waited
Till I went out of sight;
And the worst is I am thinking
Perhaps Matilda's right.
LILY OAKLEY.



—Australasian.

Theodore's Bunch of Keys.

Mother had lost the key of her trunk and was trying to find a new one to fit the lock. Theodore stood by, watching her as she tried different keys in turn, until finally one was found that opened it like magic.

Soon after, Theodore was trying to button his coat in a great hurry to go out to play. But the top button seemed hard to fasten, and though he tugged, fretted, and pulled, he could not manage it. 'You haven't tried the right key, Theodore,' said mother.

'Why, what key could work this?' exclaimed the little boy, stopping in surprise.

'Suppose you try how the "Patience" key would work there,' suggested mother.

And, sure enough, with just a little quiet patience the button was fastened.

Later in the afternoon Theodore came running in again, looking quite vexed. He hardly liked to tell mother the trouble, but at last it came out that he and some of the other boys had disagreed over what they should play.

Mother was quiet for a little while, then she said thoughtfully, 'I wonder how the "Unselfish" key would work there.'

Theodore was puzzled for a moment, and then a bright look of understanding came into his face, and with a smile he went out to play again.

Before bedtime Theodore found another chance to try the magic powers of one of mother's useful

'keys.' It was just about his little brother Ted's sleepy time, and the wee man was inclined to be rather cross and unreasonable. But Theodore remembered what a small boy Ted was and didn't answer him back. So, as it always takes 'two to make a quarrel,' of course there could not be one that time.

When nurse came in to carry Ted off to bed mother said softly to Theodore, 'The Key of "Silence" was useful that time, wasn't it, dear? You will soon have quite a bunch of keys to carry with you, son, and you will often find them useful.'—Jewels.

Sunshine and Rain.

'Oh, dear! I do wish it would stop raining,' sighed Eloise, fretfully.

'And so do I,' echoed wee Eunice and Bert, just as gloomily.

The three children were standing at the nursery window, watching the rain splashing into little puddles outside, and beating against the windowpane. There was to have been a picnic that afternoon, and now the rain had come and spoiled it all.

'Well, bairnies!' called mother cheerfully, opening the door just then. 'This looks like the thirsty ground's and flowers' picnic to-day instead of ours, doesn't it! Oh, well, we've only given them the first chance, and ours will come some other day soon,' she added, going over to join the disappointed-looking group.

'O mamma, just see the dear little birdie all wet with the rain,' suddenly cried Bert, pointing to a little brown song-sparrow sitting on a blossoming branch of apple tree outside the window, and singing clearly and joyfully.

'Yes, dear,' said mother, 'he is singing so hard that I'm sure he forgets all about the rain.'

'He almost makes us forget it too, and want to help him sing,' laughed Eunice.

'Well, dear, I wonder if birdies in a nursery shouldn't be just as brave and cheery when disappointments come, as birdies in a nest?' said mother gravely.

The children watched the brave