

A Dilemma.

'Oh! What a good climber Mary is!' cried the little boys and girls as they ran around the house and found Mary up aloft, seated on a limb of the butternut tree.

Mary smiled and said nothing.

'I tried that tree once,' said Jimmie, 'but I tore my pants.'

'I tried it once,' said Floy, 'and I couldn't get up at all. I just stayed down on the ground.'

Then all the children said what a good climber Mary was, and they wished they could climb as well. Then they called her to come down. 'Come, Mary, we're going to play hide-and-seek in the barn!'

'I don't want to play,' said Mary. 'I'm going to sit up here a little while.'

So they ran off and played for twenty minutes, and then ran back.

'Come, Mary,' they said, 'we're going to play Tilly's land!'

'No,' said Mary, 'I'll stay here a little longer.'

So they ran away again, and she could hear them, at the other side of the house, playing 'Tilly's land.' She looked up the road and down the road. There was no one in sight. She put her foot out a little way, and then drew it back.

'Come!' shouted the children. 'We are going down cellar for apples.'

'No,' said Mary; 'I'm not coming.' Away they ran again. She looked up and down the road. In the far distance she saw a man approaching.

'I hope it's Uncle Edward!' she said to herself. He came nearer and nearer. He was a tall man, with a rake over his shoulder.

'It is Uncle Edward!' said Mary. At last he came so near that he was almost under the tree.

'Uncle Edward!' said Mary, softly. He looked up in great surprise.

'You up there?' he asked.

'O, Uncle Edward, please get me down. I don't dare to move.'

So tall Uncle Edward stood under the tree and held up his arms. Then Mary let herself drop and he caught her and placed her safely on the ground.

The children who sat on the grass eating apples, were glad to see Mary coming around the house. They picked out the reddest apple for her, and Floy said again that she

wished she could climb a tree like Mary.

But Mary said, with a wise little laugh:

'It is easier to climb up than it is to climb down.'—'Youth's Companion.'

Rosie's Hymn.

'Now, Rosie, darling, come along,' said Eva; 'father and mother are waiting in the morning-room, and will be so glad to hear you say that little hymn, because you know it's



Shy!

dear father's birthday, darling—so come along,' and Eva opened the door.

But Rosie saw many strange faces there, and her two tiny hands crept up to her face to hide the wondering eyes.

'Oh, oh,' laughed her father, 'this will never do! Rosie, darling, let us hear what you have to say!'

But it was no use, the words had all flown away—and all that Rosie could do was to clasp her hands round her father's neck, and, kissing him, whisper, 'God bless and keep my dear faver!'—'Our Little Dots.'

'I Don't See Why.'

(New York 'Observer'.)

'I don't see why I can't do it. If I had a little girl, I would not say 'no, you must not go out,' when she wanted to so very badly,' said Lina Ray, half-crossly, half-pathetically, to her mamma.

'Dear,' was the reply, 'mother knows best; I have a good reason

why I do not want you to go to see Nelly Lane this afternoon, and I can not have you question me in that manner.'

'Always the way,' muttered Lina more crossly to herself, when her mother had left the room. 'Never can do what I want; wish I was grown up, a big woman, then I would. No, no, Kitty, no no,' she exclaimed suddenly as the kitten jumped into the work basket and began to upset the cotton and silks all over the table. 'No, Kitty, you must not, I may seem cross, but you would only stick your dear little paws with the needles, and it is all for the best, but you don't understand,' she added affectionately as she picked up Miss Kitten and kissed her.

Now Lina was often a disobedient, wilful child, but she was not stupid, and just as she spoke in that manner to her pet, she found herself in her mother's position in regard to herself. 'Oh,' she said, laughing, 'mamma has just as good a reason probably as I have about the kitten, only neither of us understand why; I must tell her, for Lina was frank, and always admitted her faults. Just then mamma came in with such a surprise! Dear aunt Lina, for whom the little girl was named was with her.

'Oh, mamma! Oh, auntie!' she cried, 'when did you come? How long will you stay?'

'One question at a time, my dear,' laughed her aunt, as she gave her a good hug and a kiss.

'And now,' smiled mamma, 'you see my reason in not wanting you to go out, or you would not have been here to welcome auntie, but you may go now if you wish.'

'Oh, mamma,' replied Lina quite ashamed, 'I see I was wrong. I saw it before you came in when I would not let the kitten do something it wanted, and now I would not leave auntie for anything,' which remark was followed by another hugging and kissing match.

'Ah,' said her aunt, 'we all have that lesson to learn, even we older ones, when we question our dear heavenly Father's will and don't understand why we are so often crossed in our desires here. But now, Lina must see the dollies and their fine trousseaux I have brought her.'

And so there was a happy little