

# LITTLE FOLKS

## When Mamma Visited The School.

(Concluded.)

'Isn't it queer, mamma,' groaned Dick, 'how sometimes we have to drink peppermint to cure us of eating peppermint? Anyway, I don't want to smell any more as long as I live!'

The next day, at recess, Rosamond displayed her treasure-box of rings. The royal jewels in the tower were but poor things compared with Rosamond's gems. She gave one to every little girl in the school. And my! what a time they had picking out their favorite stones, now changing a diamond for a ruby or emerald, and that again for a violet 'namethyst.'

They all took off their rings when the school-bell rang; but, somehow, they just had to slip them on again under their desks. Then Rosamond's dearest-dear friends each had four more rings given them that they might have one for every finger of one hand. Rosamond had them on both hands.

Then it didn't seem fair not to give the boys any. So rings were mysteriously passed to the boys, who seemed to be a little clumsy about keeping them hidden—so much so, that pretty soon Miss Graham spied one and then another. She had been greatly annoyed all the morning by the inattentive children, who had failed in almost all their lessons. Now she thought she would make an example of these idle boys, so she said, very severely:

'All the children who have brass rings on their fingers may come and sit on my platform for an hour.'

Just imagine how astonished she was when twenty-three beringed boys and girls started giggling toward her platform! But she had said that all must come. So she sent out for chairs, and soon there were seated in front of her desk, two long, jewelled rows of eleven each, with Rosamond in front still holding her half-emptied jewel-casket in her ten-ringed hands.

Miss Graham was just about to tell the sheepish-looking children how naughty they had been, when

the door opened gently, and in walked mamma to visit the school!

Did you ever hear of anything so unfortunate as to wait six long years and then to come on the only day that her little ones were on the platform! But this certainly was the tableau that met her gentle eyes!—'Youth's Companion.'

## The Busy Child.

(Josephine Preston Peabody, in 'Harper's Magazine.')

I have so many things to do  
I don't know when I shall be through.

To-day I had to watch the rain  
Come sliding down the window-pane.

And I was humming all the time,  
Around my head a kind of rime;

And blowing softly on the glass  
To see the dimness come and pass.

I made a picture, with my breath  
Rubbed out to show the underneath.

I built a city on the floor;  
And then I went and was a War.

And I escaped; from square to square  
That's greenest in the carpet there.

Until at last I came to Us,—  
But it was very dangerous.

Because if I had stepped outside,  
I made believe I should have died!

And now I have the boat to mend,  
And all our supper to pretend.

I am so busy every day,  
I haven't any time to play.

## Beginning In Time.

Ruth had been to see a little friend on the other side of the town, and was delighted with her garden. There were two or three little beds in it, with a winding path between, and all the beds were full of thrifty plants. Some of them were in bloom, and on others were green buds which would open into blossoms by and by.

Ruth made up her mind that she would have a garden of her own,

and she went home with her small head full of plans. There was a corner in the back yard she knew her mother would be willing to have her use, and she started in without delay to spade up the soil. The July sunshine poured down upon her, and she grew very hot and tired, but she worked away happily, thinking how nice it would be when she had a garden like the one she had admired. As soon as her mother came home she ran to meet her, crying:

'Oh, come and see, mamma! I'm going to have a garden like May's. How long will it take before the flowers come?'

Ruth's mother looked into her flushed face and stroked her tumbled hair.

'My little girl must not set her heart on a garden this year,' she said. 'If you had wanted flowers, you should have begun in the springtime. Now the hot, dry summer is here, and, even if the seeds came up, your plants would not get to blossoming before the frost. People who want gardens must begin in time.'

Did you ever know boys and girls who promised that they would begin to love and serve the Lord Jesus by and by when they were older? And some of those who are grown up put it off till their hair is white. This is the saddest mistake anyone can make. If our lives are to be happy and useful, full of the beautiful blossoms of kindness and love, and if we are to bear the fruit of helpfulness, we must start early. Little Ruth had let the springtime pass without planting her seed, and when July came it was too late for a garden that year. We lose something when we put off serving Jesus for a single day. Start now.—'Weekly Welcome.'

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