

Listeners Never Hear Any Good of Themselves.

(Carolyn Wells, in 'St. Nicholas.')

Three little crickets, sleek and
black,

Whose eyes with mischief glis-
tened.

Climbed up on one another's back
And at a keyhole listened.

The topmost one cried out, 'Oho!
I hear two people speaking!
I can't quite see them yet, and so—
I'll just continue peeking.'

Soon Dot and grandma he could
see—

Tea-party they were playing;
And as he listened closely, he
Distinctly heard Dot saying:

'This pretty little table here
Will do to spread the treat on;
And I will get a cricket, dear,
For you to put your feet on.'

The cricket tumbled down with
fright;

'Run for your lives, my brothers!
Fly, fly!' He scudded out of sight:
And so did both the others.

Our Daily Bread.

The bread and cake you eat at
tea are made of flour by the baker,
and the miller grinds this flour
from the wheat which he buys from
the farmer.

The farmer ploughs the field and
sows little seeds of corn. A wheat
seed is a tiny thing, smaller than
the nail of your little finger, with
a thin, hard husk, and white flour
inside. In the midst of the flour
there lies a very thin germ, not so
big as a pin's head.

This germ sleeps in the seed like
a baby sleeps in the cradle, but out
of the tiny germ grows a blade as
tall as a tall child, with roots and
leaves below and an ear of wheat
at the top. In the ear there are
again many new seeds, more than
the fingers on your hands, which
have all sprung from the one seed
which the farmer laid in the earth.
The farmer sowed one sackful in
the spring, but he brought home
many full sacks in the autumn.

One seed is eaten by a beetle,
another is carried by the field-
mouse to her little ones in the
mouse-hole, a third the lark eats

for his breakfast, after which he
sings a glorious song of thanks, and
a fourth the sparrow swallows for
his lunch, while the hen takes a
few for her supper that she may
lay another egg to-morrow. The
doves and the geese have their
share thrown to them and the cow
and the horse enjoy their feed of
corn in their stalls, but there will
still be many, many grains left,
and of these are made corn-flour
and vermicelli, besides coarse and
fine flour for people all over the
world.—'Educational Review.'

'This Little Pig' in China.

The mother of a Chinese baby
counts her little one's toes just as
American mothers do. When the
gay, embroidered shoes are taken
off she pinches one tiny toe and
then another, as she sings:

'This little cow eats grass, this
little cow eats hay,
This little cow drinks water, this
little cow runs away,
This little cow does nothing, but
just lie down all day,
We'll whip her!'

—Selected.

Why She Wasn't Happy.

Edna was cross. Nothing seemed
to please her. She tore her doll's
dress trying to put it on. She fell
over her poor pussy, and, because
she mewed, she threw her out of
doors. She scolded Baby Roy when
he reached for her picture book.
What was the matter with Edna?
Everybody wondered.

I wish I knew where our little
girl is this morning,' said mamma.
'I miss her sadly.'

'Why, I'm here,' said Edna.

'My little girl has sunshine in
her face,' said mamma, 'and your
face is so cross and scowly. Oh! I
would not like to change my little
girl for you.'

'Everybody is cross to me,' said
Edna, 'and nobody loves me.' And
she began to cry.

'You may go into the room, Edna,
and see if you can think it out,'
said mamma.

Edna went into the room and sat
for a long time on the floor with
her face in her two small hands.
Then she jumped up and ran to her
mother. 'Mamma,' she said, 'I

broke off the lily on the porch
when I was playing with Skip,
and I let you think the wind did
it. I'm sorry as I can be.'

'I am very glad my little Edna
is ready to own her fault,' said
mamma, kissing her fondly, 'I for-
give you freely.'

Then the sunshine came back to
Edna's face, and she was happy
again.—'S.S. Messenger.'

A Little Bird Tells.

It's strange how little boys'
mothers

Can find it all out as they do,
If a fellow does anything naughty,
Or says anything that's not true!
They'll look at you just a moment,
Till your heart in your bosom
swells,
And then they know all about it—
For a little bird tells!

Now, where the little bird comes
from,

Or where the little bird goes,
If he's covered with beautiful
plumage,
Or black as the king of the crows;
If his voice is as hoarse as a raven,
Or clear as the ringing of bells,
I know not—but this I am sure
of—

A little bird tells!

The moment you think a thing
wicked,

The moment you do a thing bad,
Are angry or sullen or hateful,
Get ugly or stupid or mad,
Or tease a dear brother or sister—
That instant your sentence he
knells,
And the whole to mamma in a
minute
That little bird tells!

You may be in the depths of a
closet,

Where nobody sees but a mouse;
You may be all alone in the cellar,
You may be on the top of the
house,
You may be in the dark and the
silence
Or out in the woods and the
dells—

No matter! wherever it happens
The little bird tells!!

And the only contrivance to stop
him,

Is just to be sure what you say—
Sure of your facts and your fancies,
Sure of your work and your play;
Be honest, be brave, and be kindly,
Be gentle and loving as well,
And then—you can laugh at the
stories

The little bird tells!!

—'Wide Awake.'