

LITTLE FOLKS

Happy in Doing Right.

'Nellie, will you take care of little sister for an hour? I want to go out and see a sick neighbor.'

It was mamma who asked the favor.

For just one moment there came a frown on Nellie's face.

It made her look very unattractive.

'O, mamma! Ruth's coming to go over with me to Elsie's to see Susie's kittens. They've got new ones. Four.'

said mamma, kissing the two as she hurried away.

Little Patty had not been well; it was not easy to please her. Nellie tried her very best. She told her stories. She sang to her. She showed her pictures and brought flowers for her.

It seemed a long hour before Ruth came. And then—mamma had not come.

'O, Ruth! I can't go.'

'You must,' said Ruth. 'Elsie says those kittens are just lovely.

would be gone before she could get there.

But she still tried to be gentle with the teasing little sister, and had coaxed her to sleep in her arms by the time mamma came.

What was that peeping from mamma's shawl? A tiny white furry face with bright eyes.

'O, my darling!' said mamma, 'I am sorry I have been so long. But I heard that Susie was giving away her kittens, so I went round that way to get you one.'

Don't you think Nellie was happy as she fondled the pretty thing?

Don't you think any little girl would have been?

But don't you think she would have been happy in doing right even without the kitten mother brought her?—Sydney Dayre, in 'Sunbeam.'

Their First Teetotal Lecture.

It had been a long day, and Maggie and Walter were tired of themselves and everything else. 'Everything had been horrid,' as Maggie expressed it. First of all, just when they had planned a picnic on the river for that very afternoon, what should befall but a telegram the day before, summoning mother back to town from the country lodgings where they were spending a week's holiday. Aunt Jane was sick, and wanted Mother to come at once.

'She might have done without you,' pouted Maggie, as they stood watching their mother getting ready for her journey. 'I dare say there's nothing the matter with Aunt Jane. She's just a fidgety old thing.'

'And she's spoiled all our picnic and everything,' Walter chimed in. 'I hate aunts, and I wish there were none of them.'

'You don't think that at birthday and Christmas times,' observed his mother, looking up from her rug-strapping; 'and it isn't very kind of you children to be so cross with poor Auntie for happening to be ill in your holidays. I know it is a disappointment, and I am very sorry; still, cheer up, my dears, Aunt Jane may be better in a day or two, and I won't stay a moment longer than I can help. You must just amuse yourselves as best you can, and we'll have the picnic when I come back.'

So Mrs. Dale departed, and Mag-



TAKING CARE OF SISTER.

'What time is Ruth coming?' said mamma.

'About four o'clock.'

'Well, I hope to be back by that time; and then you can go.'

But before this the frown was all gone. Nellie had remembered that she was trying very hard to please the dear Saviour who loved her so. And she knew that the way to please him is not by trying to please ourselves.

'I would do it anyway, mamma,' she said, gently.

'I am sure you would, my dear,'

One white, and one gray, and one black, and one spotted. And she says Susie's going to give away all but one.'

'Oh! I wish I could have one,' said Nellie.

'I'm going to ask her for one. I want to hurry so I can have my pick. Of course I'd choose the white one.'

The very one Nellie would have chosen.

A few tears came as Ruth hurried away. Very likely all the kittens