

THE LITTLE FOLK.

THE GIANT WHO WANTED TO WORK.

In a little Scotch kitchen, with rafters above,
And the wide-open fireplace that grand-mothers love,
The kettle was making a terrible din.
Would you guess that a giant was prisoned within?

No one knew what he said; no one heeded the noise;
People don't when they live in a house full of boys,
And, with grandma asleep and James on the settle,
Small wonder they heard not the voice in the kettle.

"I'm a giant imprisoned!" the cry came again,
"I have strength for the work of a million of men;
Your ships I will carry, your carriages draw."
Jamie looked in surprise, but no giant he saw.

"I can print all your books, and your cloth I could weave;
Your grain I will grind, if you'll but give me leave;
Great weights I can lift, as you quickly will see;
Only give me more room. Come, my lad, set me free."

Just then grandma awoke, and she cried: "Lazy thing,
Have you nothing to do but to hear tea-kettles sing?"
But he answered her gently and told her his plan—
More room for the giant to do all he can.

Just a dream? No, indeed! You will own it was not
When I tell you the name of the lad was James Watt.
'Twas the giant who is working for you and for me;
Aren't you glad that he listened, and then set him free?
Visitor.



WHAT MOTHER WANTS.

Boys and girls think a great deal about what they want for themselves, what they want to do, or to get, or to happen; and when anything spoils their pleasures, thwarts their aims, or disappoints their hopes, they are, too often, very disagreeable.

But do they as often think what mother wants? Do they ever think that mother likes pleasant things just as much as they do though she does not keep wishing for them. And do they forget that she finds disagreeable things just as hard to bear as they do because they don't hear her grumble when they happen?

What mother wants very badly every day to help her along is just thoughtful boys and thoughtful girls.

Boys who will come straight home from school, remembering that mother is waiting dinner for them. Boys who will not scramble over a wire fence just for the fun of the thing, but who will remember the chance of a torn jacket would mean extra work for mother.

Boys who, when they come home and rush upstairs to wash their hands, do not imagine that their beds have been made and their rooms set in order by magic since they went out in the morning; but boys who will remember that mother's hands, or, at least, her over-seeing eye, have been there, and who will, another day, not leave the bedclothes hanging over on to the floor, the sheets crumpled into a heap, where Harry had played "wild beast" in the bed, and the pillow bundled into a ball by Jack to throw at Harry.

Boys who will try to remember that slippers and boots kicked across the room, towels aimed at the towel-rail and falling short of it, and brushes and combs left about anywhere, may all mean good fun to them, but that is really so much more trouble to mother, who has so many other things to set to rights as well.

And mother wants boys who will not rush helter-skelter down the stairs, burst into the room without waiting to close the door again, and make a rush for seats at the dinner-table without attending to her quiet "Gently, boys!" and without a thought that their dinner is all ready there through her care for their comforts.

And then mother wants thoughtful girls. Girls who will remember all the troublesome and disagreeable things that mother has to do day after day, and how little leisure time or real quiet she can get for herself. Girls who have thoughtful hearts which give them bright eyes to see when mother looks tired, and to find how much they might do to help her.

How soon will boys and girls learn to think less of all the things they want, than to do something for her, who will remember that mother was once a girl like themselves, not so long ago, and that she has not forgotten how to enjoy things that she has not leisure to think of now, that to talk to a friend, to read a book, or to sit down to the piano are things she has little time for now.

Girls who will sit down pleasantly to the mending or darning mother gives them to do of a Saturday, and who will not jump up at the last stitch, but say, "Is there anything else I could do to help you, mother?" before they run out to play or walk.

Girls who will give mother a smile, or perhaps a kiss, when she asks for them, and a deal more of "what mother wants"?—*Great Thoughts.*

UNDER THE STARS.

"It isn't far from bedtime, Sam," said his father; "don't it strike you so?"

Father and mother and Sam had been sitting out on the grass, enjoying the cool night breeze.

"Are you going up with me, fader?"

"Going up with you! Hallo, stranger, who are you? I thought this was my big boy, most six years old; but he goes to bed by himself."

"I know, fader, but it's kind o' lonesome up there."

"You aren't afraid, Sam, are you?" asked mother, softly.

"'Fraid? no'm," answered the little boy in surprise; "'course I ain't 'fraid, 'cause there ain't no rattlesnakes nor nothin' lik th t livin here, but I get lonesome."

"Well, you can just open the shutter," said father, "and then I'll holler good night to you."

"Papa," said Sam. "you aren't afraid for your little boy to sleep by himself, are you?"

"Not a bit."

"You wouldn't be afraid for him to sleep out-of-doors, even?"

"Out-of doors, hey?"

"God would be certain to take care of me, even out-of-doors, wouldn't he, papa?"

"Why, of course."

"Well, then," said the little boy, triumphantly, "I want to sleep out here in the hammock to-night!"

"Oh, Sammy, you'd get scared in the night," cried his mother.

"What would make me scared?" he asked, innocently, "there wouldn't be anybody out here but God and me."

They could not refuse to let him, put his Heavenly Father to the proof; he went upstairs and put on his little gown, said his prayers, and came down, hugging a pillow in his short arms. Mamma wrapped him up in a big shawl, and before he had been in his swinging bed fifteen minutes the little boy was fast asleep.

The father and mother did not feel a bit like leaving their only little boy out under the trees all night, but after watching his quiet sleep for a long time, they went to bed themselves. And all through the night, first papa and then mamma would steal to the window and look out at the little dark bundle, rolled up in the hammock.

Once, several dogs tore through the yard, growling and fighting; this brought the father and mother both to the window, but there was no sound from the hammock.

"Did you hear the dogs, Sammy?" asked mother in the morning.

"Yes, I heard 'em," answered the little man of faith, "'but 'course I knew God wasn't 'fraid of dogs!"—*Presbyterian.*

Victoria, in her girlhood, was spending the day with an aunt, who, wondering how to entertain the child, made a rash offer: "Victoria, you shall amuse yourself just as you want to amuse yourself, to-day. Choose anything, and you shall do it if it is possible." The small guest took in the gravity of the situation, meditated carefully, announced her decision: "I have always wanted to wash windows." The word of an English woman held good; the usual pail, chamois skin, etc., were provided, and the future queen of Great Britain scrubbed away diligently to her heart's content.—*Exchange.*