

LITTLE FOLKS

The Kettle Holder.

'What could I do to surprise Mother, Auntie? You see, she will soon be home, now, and I shall be glad to see her, too.'

'I am sure you will, dear, but I don't quite know what you could do. Could you hem a duster, or make a kettle-holder?'

'Oh, yes, a kettle-holder would be nice; could not I make one of those woolly ones like you sent to the bazaar the other day; you did them so quickly? I am sure I could if I tried very hard.'

So Auntie's wools were turned over, and Minnie chose a dark red and light blue.

'How pretty they look together; won't Mother be pleased?'

It was not as easy as Minnie thought, and so Auntie had to help for a long while. At last it was Minnie's bed-time, and the knitting had to be put by for the night.

'Good-night, dear; off to sleep quickly.'

The next day a letter came to ask Aunt Elsie to go and see an old friend who was ill.

Minnie ran down to breakfast looking very happy and carrying in her hand her knitting.

But Aunt Elsie said, 'Minnie, dear, I am sorry that you will not be able to do your work to-day, and I would rather you waited to do it till to-morrow, as I don't really think you can do it by yourself. Good-bye, dear, I shall be home late, so I will just come and say good-night to you when I come in.'

So Minnie was left to herself; she wandered into the garden and looked at the pigeons and flowers, but she felt dull and unsettled.

At last she came indoors, and there on the table lay her knitting.

'I wish Auntie could have helped me; but I believe I could do it by myself all the same. I think I will just have a little try.'

She took up the needles, and found she could do it quite well.

'How silly of Auntie to tell me I could not do it; I thought I could.'

So down she sat on the window ledge and set to work. The time passed quickly. How pleased Mother would be!

But at last, somehow, the needles slipped, and down dropped three stitches. Minnie fished for them, but the more she tried the worse the dropped stitches became, until at

last she felt in despair, and burst into tears. 'Oh, I wish I had done what Auntie said now. It's all undone, and I shall have nothing to give to dear mother.'

A very sorrowful little face went to bed that night.

At last a cab rattled to the door and Minnie knew that Auntie had come.

In a little while a step came up



stairs, and in a minute Aunt Elsie was standing by the child's bed.

'Well, dearie, how have you got on, have you been a good little girl?'

'Oh, no; I have not been a bit good, Auntie. I am so sorry; you told me not to do my work, and I have done some, and so I have spoiled it all.'

'Well, now, darling,' said her aunt, 'we will ask the Lord Jesus to forgive you and help you to be obedient next time.'

The next evening Aunt Minnie called Elsie to her, and once more they began the kettle-holder. But Minnie did not forget again, and Mother was pleased when she received her little girl's present.—'Our Darlings.'

Hayi's Tea Party.

(By Ernest Gilmore.)

Hayi was a Japanese girl. Mr. George Vaux, an American gentleman, who was very fond of this little Japanese maiden, nicknamed her 'Tiny Tim.' Mr. Vaux had lived in Tokio two years, and while there made many friends, 'Tiny Tim' being the dearest of them all.

There are many aristocratic fami-

lies in Tokio, and Hayi belonged to one of them. She had a beautiful home, for her father was a rich merchant, and a generous one, and was fond of luxurious surroundings. Tiny Tim sometimes rode to her father's tea house in a jinrikisha, or man-carriage, although there were fine horses in their stables. She said she liked that way of riding.

Tiny Tim's mother, being high in social standing, often entertained guests in her pretty home or in her quaint 'Tea Garden.'

One day Mr. Vaux read a letter to Tiny Tim which he had just received from a little cousin in America. Her name was Crystal, and she had just given a party to celebrate her tenth birthday.

Hayi listened with rapt attention while Mr. Vaux read the letter. Then she clapped her hands.

'Oh!' said she, 'Oh!'

'What's the matter, Tiny Tim?' asked Mr. Vaux.

'I'm thinking,' she answered, with a little pucker on her pretty forehead.

'A penny for your thoughts,' said Mr. Vaux, tossing the little girl a bright new copper.

'I'm thinking I could have a party, too; I wonder what my mamma would say? I'm ten years old to-day; just think! ten years old; I could invite some little girls to come to my party; I could invite the little Inasmuches.'

'Who are they?' asked Mr. Vaux. 'Your friends?'

'Why, don't you know?' said Hayi. 'It was you who told me all about them.'

Mr. Vaux was puzzled; he did not remember ever having heard of such people.

'There are nine of them,' continued Hayi.

'What a big family!' exclaimed Mr. Vaux.

'Oh! but they don't all belong to one family,' said Hayi.

'Still they have the same name, you say, 'Inasmuches?''

It was 'Tiny Tim's' turn to laugh now, and she laughed until the tears came; then she begged the young man's pardon and ran into the house, from which she soon returned with a little bible.

'It tells all about them in this book you gave me; don't you know?' And Hayi read aloud: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the