

pression similar to that with which the dog had regarded him.

"Dey want somefin', mamma," he said, "maybe dey is firsty, too. Shall I ask 'em?"

"You may, if you wish," mamma answered smilingly.

"Is you firsty?" he began, getting nearer to the fence.

"Can we have just one flower?" questioned one waif, longingly.

"One for each of us?" put in the other.

"You tan have your hands full," was the smiling answer. "I's dot a whole bed full of fowers."

He hurried around, picking the sweet flowers, violets and pinks and June roses, which his fair little hands held out to the "unwashed," who thanked him with grateful voices and passed on with radiant faces.

"Bless my little man!" said his mother in a low, fervent voice. He did not hear her, but I am sure God will bless him.

A Brave Little Girl.

One cool morning last autumn, Mamma Reed put a fire in the open grate in the living room. It looked so bright and cheerful that the children said they wished old Jack Frost would come every night, just so they could have a fire.

Little Ruth cuddled down in a great arm chair to read a pleasant story book, while baby Percy showed his appreciation of the fire by stretching himself on the rug for a nap. After a while he opened his bright blue eyes, and seeing the poker in the corner, took it to get a punch at the bright fire.

It was fun to watch the sparks flying, so he gave the black lump of coal a vigorous punch. It crackled and roared ever so jolly, but he was standing too near the grate, and out popped a bright flame and caught his apron. Oh, how he did scream then!

This made Ruth look up. She saw at once that her little brother was on fire. There was no time to run for mamma or scream for papa, or even to rush round the room crying, "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What shall I do? There was just time for the brave little maiden to spring to the crib and jerk off the heavy shawl that mamma had spread over the little fellow an hour before. This she wrapped around Percy head and all. It threw him down on the rug, but she only held it the tighter, and called loudly, "Mamma, mamma."

"It just blew the blaze right out," explained Ruth, when mamma came running in, her hands all covered with flour. Turning back the shawl mamma found Percy under it not knowing whether to laugh or cry.

"Ruth scared Percy," he said, beginning to whine. "Percy wanted to see the pretty fire."

"Ruthie saved baby from being burned up," answered mamma, taking a darling in each arm, while the tears rolled down her cheeks. "Why did you not call me sooner, dear?" asked mamma, stroking Ruth's bright hair.

"I had not time, mamma; if you had only seen the big blaze you would not wonder that I had to be very quick," answered Ruth.

"You are a brave little girl," replied her mother. "You have saved the baby from being dreadfully burned, and the house from catching fire too. I am very proud of you, my little girl."

"Who told you how to smother out a fire?" asked papa, when he heard of Ruth's presence of mind.

"Teacher," answered Ruth, "and it is just the easiest thing to do."

"Easy enough if people would only keep their wits about them," said papa.

Poor Ruth's hands were singed severely, and they had to be done up in soda to stop the pain; but she did not cry one bit. She was so glad that Percy had not been burnt up that she thought very little about her own pain.

Granny's Birthday.

It was a lovely summer day, yet Dame Furley sat close by the fire, for aged folk often feel chilly even though the sun may shine brightly. Puss, too, lay curled up close beside her, for where did you ever see a pussy-cat who did not love a warm fireside. As the old woman sat all alone darning a sock for her son, many thoughts passed through her mind. "Well, for sure," thought she, "I am an old body now! This is my seventy-second birthday. Dear, dear! it's a long time since I came to this weary world. And nobody cares much for old folk now. It seems to me they are not of much use in the world. Even little Mary, my son's wee lessie, don't seem to care much for her Granny. Why, I have not seen the little maid for two days now! But there is a knock at the door.

"Come in!" she cried, in her old and quavering voice.

The door opened, and in came little Mary, looking as bright as a sunbeam, and carrying a bunch of lovely flowers.

"A birthday present for dear Granny!" she cried. "They are all out of my own garden, Granny. I saved them up for you."

Then the old dame took the little girl in her arms.

"Bless you, my little darling," she said. "And I thought that no one had cared for my birthday. I fear I am but a silly old woman to take such things into my head. Dear little lass, you have made me so happy. And now you must stay a while and take a cup of tea with me."

Ah, that was indeed a happy birthday for Granny, and a happy tea-drinking too. And, dear little readers, don't you think that when little Mary saw how she had cheered up the heart of her old grandmother, she felt happy too? Of course she did, for nothing makes us feel so happy as to know that we have helped others, and especially old people, to bear the burdens of life. Never let us forget, too, that it pleases God when He sees children show love and respect to the aged.—B. M.

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