

NAN'S SOUVENIR.

Nan was going to have a birthday party out at grandma's house. Ten little girls were coming to spend the afternoon and stay to supper.

There was only one thing that troubled Nan, and she went out into the kitchen where grandma was frosting cakes, the afternoon before the party, to talk about it. The cakes looked so good that Nan never could have stood it if grandma had not baked her tasters, in patty pans, of every single kind of cake.

"Everything is too good for anything," said Nan, leaning her elbows on the table "except, I wish I did have silvernears for the party."

"Goodness me!" said grandma "what's that?"

"Things for them to take away to 'member my party with, for always," answered Nan. "Silvernears is the best part of a party, I think, grandma."

"Oh, yes, souvenirs; yes, I see. Well, we must see about them, then. Didn't you tell me there were twelve kittens down at the barn?"

"Yessum," said Nan, "and—oh, grandma, you said they'd have to go, some of them anyway, 'cause the farm was getting overrun with cats; but, grandma, you wouldn't say so if you could see them once; they are the sweetest, cunningest, dearest—"

"Yes," said grandma, calmly, "they always are. But why not give them to the party for souvenirs?"

"Oh, grandma, you are the dearest—you always think of the perfectest things! Of course there'll be one apiece and two for me—and you don't mind the two for me, do you, grandma?"

So the next day, when the ten little guests went away, after having the most charming time, they each took with them a kitten, in a box with slats fixed so that it could breathe; and after they were all gone Nan went down to the barn. When she came back she looked very sober.

"I wouldn't have thought," she remarked, "that I could have felt so lonely without those ten kittens. I hope I'm not getting selfish."

And grandma smiled. The next day grandma was upstairs, when she heard Nan calling; and then, rushing up the stairs accompanied by a chorus of mewing, she burst into the room, her cheeks very red and her eyes very bright, with ten boxes piled up in her arms.

"Oh, grandma," she cried, "the party all came back and brought their silvernears! They said their mammas said they were just as much obliged, but they had so many kittens now they do not really need any more, and say—oh, grandma, don't you think we can keep them now?"

And of course grandma, when she got through laughing, said yes.

"ONLY TEN MINUTES."

There was once a handsome, bright little prince who had a beautiful mother. He was a great nephew of the great Napoleon Bonaparte. He loved his beautiful mother, the Empress Engenie, very dearly, and wanted to please her. But he was never in a hurry to do as she asked him; he wanted to take his own time.

When he was only a little boy, if she wanted him to rise in the morning, he would say: "Yes, in ten minutes." If his teacher told him that

it was time to study, he would say: "I'll be ready in ten minutes." At night, when his mother begged him to go to bed, he answered: "I will in ten minutes." And if he felt too sleepy to talk he would hold up five fingers on each dimpled hand as a sign for his usual waiting time. It was such a fixed habit of his growing life, day after day, that though he was Prince Imperial of France his mother laughingly called him "Little Mr. Ten Minutes."

When the little prince was grown, he was a soldier in the army, and his company in Africa was ordered to a fort in Zululand, which seemed deserted.

"Let us return," said an officer; the Zulus may be upon us."

"No danger," said the young prince; "let us have a cup of coffee, and start in ten minutes."

In less than ten minutes a band of fierce Zulus rushed upon them, and the young prince was the first to die by the sword.

The habit of delaying, of procrastinating, even ten minutes, when one should be "on time," may become as firmly fixed and as dangerous to any of us as it was disastrous to the young Prince Imperial of France.

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THE LITTLE SPRIG OF CONTENT.

Edith is only a schoolgirl, but she has some of the wisdom that is better than any to be gotten from books. She does not spend her time fretting over things she does not have. She enjoys what she has.

"Don't you wish you were going to the sea shore?" asked Margaret.

"I would like it," said Edith, "but I'm glad I'm going to grandpa's. I always have a good time there."

"Wouldn't you like to have a new dress like Mary's?" said Jessie.

"Yes; but I like mine just as well," was the answer.

Edith has "the little sprig of content," which gives a rich flavor to everything.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

A good woman took in a boy from the penitentiary. Her friends were disgusted. She was talked to, scolded and sneered at; but when every one had said his say, she looked up and smiled.

"Isn't Frank's soul worth saving?" she asked.

There was no answer. The days and weeks went by. Once Frank took a little money from Miss Arnold's pocketbook. It was not much—only fifty cents—but it showed the boy's weakness, and Miss Arnold was grieved. She did not let him know that she knew he had taken the money, but patiently waited. Meanwhile she was kinder than ever, if that was possible, to the poor boy whom no one else cared for. She prayed for him, too, as regularly as she prayed for herself. One day her prayers were answered. She was sitting before the fire when Frank came in. He was very pale—his hat was in his hands.

"I'm going away, Miss Arnold," he said hoarsely. "I wasn't going to say anything—just slip off, you know—but I couldn't bear to do it. I'm a mean fellow. I don't know what makes me so, but I am. I stole a half dollar out of your purse, Miss Arnold. I wanted some cigars, and I got 'em, but I couldn't smoke 'em after I got 'em. I just couldn't, be-

cause I kept thinking how I promised you I never would. But the money was gone, your money; I'm the meanest fellow in the world; but I don't—"

He stopped there, for Miss Arnold looked at him in a way that made his lips quiver and his eyes fill with tears. He knelt down beside her, and she laid her hand caressingly on his head.

"Don't call yourself names, Frankie," she said gently, "you are a brave laddie, I think!"

What could she mean? He looked at her wonderingly. She would not mock him he knew, but what did she mean?

"You are a brave laddie because you have won a great victory. You did a great wrong, but you have owned your sin and are truly sorry."

She slipped down on her knees beside the boy, and with her arm around him asked God to bless him and forgive him for Christ's sake. He was another boy from that moment. Only a few days later he cut a quantity of kindling and piled it up for old Squire Dawes, who paid him fifty cents for his work. He rushed home almost out of breath, and gave the fifty cents to Miss Arnold.

"I've paid the money back," he said to himself with great joy, "but the—the—loving kindness' I can't ever pay that—I can't ever."

THE GENEROUS LION.

A lion having pulled down a bullock, stood over it, lashing his sides with his tail. A robber who was passing by stopped and impudently demanded half shares. "You are always too ready to take what does not belong to you," answered the lion; "go your way, I have nothing to say to you." The thief saw that the lion was not to be trifled with, and went off. Just then a traveller came up, and, seeing the lion, modestly and timorously withdrew. The generous beast, with a courteous, affable air, called him forward, and, dividing the bullock in halves, told the man to take one, and in order that he might be under no restraint, carried his own portion away into the forest.