

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Little Bird Tells.

'Tis strange how little boys' mothers
Can find out all that they do,
If a fellow does anything naughty,
Or says anything that's not true!
They'll look at you just a moment,
Till your heart in your bosom swells,
And then they know all about it—
For a little bird tells!

Now, where the little bird comes from,
Or where the little bird goes,
If he's covered with beautiful plumage,
Or black as the king of crows,
If his voice is as hoarse as the raven,
Or as clear as the ringing of bells,
I know not—but this I am sure of—
A little bird tells!

The moment you think a thing wicked,
The moment you do a thing bad,
Are angry, or sullen, or hateful,
Get ugly, or stupid, or mad,
Or tease a dear brother or sister—
That instant your sentence he knells,
And the whole to mamma in a minute
That little bird tells.

You may be in the depths of a closet,
Where nobody sees but a mouse,
You may be all alone in the cellar,
You may be on the top of the house,
You may be in the dark and silence
Or out in the woods and the dells—
No matter! wherever it happens,
The little bird tells!

And the only contrivance to stop him
Is just to be sure what you say—
Sure of your facts and your fancies,
Sure of your work and your play;
Be honest, be brave, and be kindly,
Be gentle and loving as well,
And then—you can laugh at the stories
The little bird tells!

—Anon.

Elizabeth's Money System.

(Blanch Elizabeth Wade, in 'Youth's Companion.')

When Elizabeth was eight years old her father said to her, 'Now Elizabeth, your mamma and I think that you are old enough to learn something of the value of money; so instead of the ten cents you have been receiving each Saturday, and the pennies and five-cent pieces you have had nearly every time you have asked for them, we are going to raise your allowance to fifty cents a week.'

'Fifty cents, really?' said Elizabeth, excitedly. 'Do you really mean so much, papa?'

'Yes,' said Mr. Butler, 'but it is only on condition that you show yourself wise in the use of it. Fifty cents a week is not to mean fifty cents' worth of candy or of foolish toys. We want you to remember your Sunday school pennies, your mite-box, and your little needs, so far as possible. That means you are not to run to us for every new scrap of ribbon you want for your dollies, but you are to see if you cannot manage to save something for those little things you like to have so often. The best way to plan the spending of your money is to think it all out carefully after this fashion: Set aside so much for each of the things you know you will have to spend it for—as, for example, your Sunday school money. Then put that where, by mistake, you will not happen to get it to spend. Having counted out as much as you need for the things you are sure are necessary, you can tell how much you have left for the pleasures you wish to enjoy.'

When Elizabeth held her first fifty-cent piece in her hand she felt rich indeed. How large it was, and how much it would buy! She was quite sure she could make it last a long time, for she started out with the purpose of using this money as wisely as even businesslike papa could wish. She had also a pretty, new account-book with gilt

edges, and a shiny red leather cover, and papa showed her how to put her receipts on one side, and her expenses on the opposite, and how to balance her account. He promised to look over her book any time she was puzzled, or wished to have him see it, and she wanted to have him proud of her bookkeeping, so she took great pains.

With such a fortune as fifty cents she thought she would like to give something of her own toward the offering at the morning service of the church, where she went with mamma and papa every Sunday. Papa had always given her five cents to put into the basin; but he and mamma belonged to the envelope system, which meant that each put a certain sum into an envelope for the basin each Sunday.

'A tenth of what I get ought to go to the church,' thought Elizabeth, 'and so I shall give five cents of my fifty.'

She asked papa and mamma if she might not join the envelope system, too, and they thought it a good thing, so Elizabeth was given a box of the small envelopes like theirs.

On the outside of the envelope was a verse which read: 'Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.' This made Elizabeth think of a plan. On the first day of the week she would put five cents into the envelope. That would be before she had spent any of her Saturday's allowance. Then why, thought she, could not one have other envelopes or pockets for the rest of the money, too?

So she took a long, narrow strip of colored linen such as mamma had used in the making of a shoe bag, and upon the strip she laid another strip of the same size, and sewed them together at the ends and along the bottom. Then she counted off as many divisions as she wanted, and sewed in straight lines down these divisions, thus making a strip of little pockets. She bound the raw edges with tape, and tacked the strip to the wall of her room. She made little, square labels, and after lettering them, she pasted them on the pockets. The first one was the church pocket, and the label said, 'Church Money.' Elizabeth had papa change her fifty cents into small pieces of money, and into this first pocket went her first church envelope with a five-cent piece sealed inside. The second pocket read: 'Sunday School Money.' Into this went the Sunday School envelope with a penny sealed inside. The third envelope read, 'Mite-Box Money.' Into this went another penny. Then came labels of a different kind. One said, 'Christmas Money,' one 'Fourth of July Money,' one 'Candy Money,' one 'Toy Money,' and another 'Birthday-Present Money.'

Papa and mamma thought Elizabeth's plan a good one, and so carefully did she divide her fifty cents each week that her account-book showed a good record. If she did not spend quite so many pennies for candy and doll ribbons as before she did not miss these things, and the last I heard of the matter, her father and mother were thinking of raising her allowance the next year.

Being Good to Grandmother.

(Emma A. Lenier, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

'Be good to grandmother, Laura!' said Mrs. Nelson again as she waited for the cab.

'Why, to be sure I will, mamma! Who could be anything else to dear grandma, I wonder?'

'I know her general wants will be looked after by the maids, but it is the little attentions that she needs and that I always watch over, that I mean. I am glad it is vacation, or I could not go at all happily if you were not free to take my place. Now, dear, take good care of yourself, and of her. You better go right up and sit with her awhile; she will feel a bit forlorn at seeing me go.'

Sure enough, the little old lady stood with her face close to the window watch-

ing the departing cab, for the very old, like the very young, are disturbed and unhappy when a member of the family goes away; but she turned to meet a bright young face.

'Now, dearest, shall I do something for you? or just bring my work, and sit with you a while and visit.'

'Yes, do dearie; it's going to be a lonesome day, I'm afraid!'

But the forenoon passed very pleasantly—Laura busy with the soft pink wools, and grandmother talking in her sweet, quavering voice of the dear, good old times which she so fondly remembered, until Nora came up with her eleven o'clock cup of bouillon, and then she lay down for a nap.

Laura saw that the afghan was snugly tucked about her, and then giving her a kiss, tip-toed down the stairs.

'You are certainly your dear mother's own child!' said grandma the next day. 'You have been just as thoughtful and devoted as she is. Some way I do like a deal of waiting on these days; but I don't want to be a burden, either!'

'The idea, grandma!—you, a burden, when you're the charm of the house, the dearest, sweetest, precious bit of humanity possible!' and then they both laughed over the fond praise.

That afternoon two girl friends called for Laura to go shopping. The uncle of one of them had sent her Christmas money for an outfit, and she wanted help in selecting it. Laura at first felt obliged to decline the alluring pleasure, but grandma thought she ought to go out, for a while at least, and Nora promised faithfully to stay within sound of the little call-bell, and so with an easy mind she went out with her friends.

The shopping was very fascinating, and they went on from store to store farther down, and the time fairly flew before them. 'I must certainly go!' said Laura at last. 'I have been out too long now!'

'Not till you have had a treat,' insisted one of the girls. 'Did you think I would let you go without ice cream and cake, after all the help you've been to me? Indeed not! Come right in here, now!'

And another half hour sped away. Outside the short day had almost gone; the streets were glowing with lights, and people hurrying in all directions—just the time when a block is likely to occur on the busiest street car line. It was so in this instance; a fuse had blown out, and Laura was far back in one of the stalled cars; and when at last she reached home, it was really night, and she had been away from grandma nearly four hours!

Oh, what if she had needed her badly—if anything had happened—if she had been taken ill, or fallen! The sudden dread made Laura's hand shake so that she could hardly use her latch-key or open the street door, and the chill in the hall struck to her very heart.

She rushed up to grandma's room to find her huddled up on the lounge, with a pile of shawls and quilts over her.

'Oh, what is it, grandma? Are you sick?'

'No, dearie, only so—so cold! Nora's getting me a hot water bottle, and thinks the furnace fire is out. I was worried about you, too, fearing some accident.'

'No, dearest, only I stayed too long, and the car was blocked coming home, but dear me, the fire! Ellen always sees to that!'

Nora came bristling in with the hot water. 'Shure, Miss Laura, an' Ellen's been sint for! Her own sister's husband has been took delerious with the fever, an' Ellen, she didn't wait to scurse git her hat on. She said she'd be back to-night anyhow; an' I niver once thought of the furnace, not bein' used to lookin' out for't; an'—an' I did but just step over next dure to tell Mollie—she bein' own cousin to Ellen's folks, an' nadin' to hear of their troubles; an' I didn't stay no time hardly at all; but when I got back I felt the house gittin' cold, an' the missus here, she got the chill in her bones like!'

'I'm a little warm now, Laura, dear; don't look so scared; but you're cold, too?'

But Laura was thoroughly scared—to