

MINDING MOTHER.

Boys, just listen for a moment
To a word I have to say
Manhood's gates are just before you,
Drawing nearer every day.
Bear in mind, while you are passing
O'er that intervening span,
That the boy who minds his mother
Seldom makes a wicked man.

There are many slips and failures
In this world we're living in.
Those who start with prospects fairest
Oft are overcome by sin;
But I'm certain that you'll notice,
If the facts you'll closely scan,
That the boy who minds
his mother
Seldom makes a wicked man.

Then be guided by her
counsel,
It will never lead
astray;
Rest assured she has
your welfare
In her thoughts both
night and day.
Don't forget that she
has loved you
Since the day your
life began.
Ah, the boy who minds
his mother
Seldom makes a wicked man.

LITTLE WAIT-A-MINUTE.

WHAT a funny name for a little girl! How do you suppose she got it? It was not given to her when she was a little baby, you may be sure of that; for no mother, unless she were an Indian mother, would give a dear, soft, cunning baby such a long, queer name. No; her real name was Eveline May; but she had such a way of saying "Wait a minute" that everyone forgot that she had a name of her own, and called her little Wait-a-minute.

Before Christmas, her mamma had a long talk with her, and told her that unless she learned to do at once what she was told, she would not grow to be the good woman everyone hoped she would be. She promised to try very hard not to say "Wait a minute" again. The next day after this talk, mamma sent Eveline to the library to dust; for there was only one girl to help mamma, and it was wash-day. Eveline went to the library at once, and she had begun to dust, when she saw a new picture book on the table. Down went her brush, and Eveline was soon very busy looking at the pictures, instead of dusting.

"Eveline," called mamma, "hurry with your dusting."

"Wait a——" began Eveline. Then her face grew very red, and she shut her lips quickly, and the book too. This was the last time she said "Wait a minute," and by Christmas Day every one of her friends called her by her own name.

A SMALL boy was discovered in tears at the breakfast table one morning, and, on being asked the cause of his grief, explained that he had been blowing on the red pepper ever so long, but couldn't cool it.



LITTLE EVA'S APPLE.

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LITTLE Eva had been staying with her grandmother in the country, and one morning the old lady brought her down a beautiful rosy apple to eat. Now, Eva was just going out for a walk, so she put the treasure in her pocket, meaning to enjoy it afterwards. As she was walking briskly along in the cold morning air, she noticed a poor girl picking up sticks to take home for the little fire her poor parents were able to afford at night. "Ah!" thought Eva, "how that poor little girl would enjoy the beautiful apple granny gave me this morning. I'll go and offer it to her." So the kind little girl ran up

to the other, and was well-rewarded for her unselfishness by seeing what great pleasure her gift caused. "It is better to give than to receive," and we are sure little Eva will grow up to be a really good and useful woman.

THE LITTLE BUDS IN SPRING.

BY MRS. G. HALL.

If you look at the little opening buds in the spring of the year, you will find that they are wrapped up in such close coverings that the wind and weather cannot get through at all. These are the cradles in which the baby leaves are safely rocked all winter long. When spring comes, the warm sun unrolls this covering, and the leaves burst out into life and beauty.

These are their protectors, for if they were much exposed to the cold, they would die. These "bud-shields," as they are called, are quite thick. They are glued together with a sticky substance, which completely shuts out the rains and the cold. When the sunshine comes, the baby leaves are ready to come out.

When the shield has done its work, it drops off and falls to the ground. If you look at one some time, you will see how hard the outside is. The inside is lined with a sort of down, as soft as velvet which has been the dainty covering of all the coming leaves and flowers. Isn't it wonderful?

A BIRD STORY.

LAST spring one of the old birds in Dr. Prime's collection—a gray sparrow—became blind. Straightway a little dark brown and white bird, known as a Japanese nun, and named Dick, became the sparrow's friend. The sparrow's home had a round hole as a doorway. Little Dick would sit down on a perch opposite the hole and chirp. The blind bird would come out, and, guided by Dick's chirps, would leap to the perch, and so on to the seed cup and water bottle. But the most curious part of the performance was when the blind sparrow would try to get back into the house. Dick would place the sparrow exactly opposite the hole by shoving him along the perch. When opposite, Dick would chirp, and the blind bird would leap in, never failing.

KEEP THEM OUT.

"I DON'T want to hear naughty words," said one little boy to another who had just uttered words unfit to come from any little boy's mouth. "Never mind him," said a third; "it's no matter what he says. It goes in one ear and out the other." "No, no," rejoined the first little fellow; "the worst of it is, when naughty words get in, they stick. So I mean to do all I can to keep them out."