

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

DRESSING MARY ANN.

She came to me on Christmas day,
In paper, with a card to say:

"From Santy Claus and Uncle John,"
And not a stitch the child had on!

Then I bought a pair of shoes—
A lovely "dolly's number twos."

"I'll dress you; never mind," said I,
"And brush your hair; now, don't you cry."

First, I made her little hose,
And shaped them nicely at the toes.

Next I made a petticoat
And put a chain around her throat.

Then, when she shivered, I made haste
And cut her out an underwaist.

And then I named her Mary Ann,
And gave the dear a paper fan.

Next I made a pretty dress.
It took me 'most a week, I guess.

Next I made a velvet sacquo,
That fitted nicely in the back.

Then I trimmed a lovely hat—
Oh, how sweet she looked in that!

And dear, my sakes, that wasn't all,
I bought her next a parasol!

She looked so grand when she was dressed,
You really never would have guessed

How very plain she seemed to be
The day when first she came to me.

HOW A KIND ACT SHINES.

"CHARLIE," said his mother, when he came in from school, "will you try to amuse your little sister for a while?" Did he scowl and pout, and look "No, I won't," if he did not say it? No Charlie did not. Did he wince, and say, "Oh, mother, I have been shut up in school all the morning, and I want to go out and play; can't somebody else take her?" No; many a boy would, but Charlie did not. The boys were waiting for him at the door to come and play, and Charlie would have liked to go, but he gave up his own pleasure for his dear mother's sake, or rather, he made it his pleasure to help her. "Yes, mother, I'll take sissy, you look so tired," answered Charlie pleasantly. And his kind and willing tones sent sunshine into his mother's heart. "Sissy" had been sick and fretful, and mother had had to neglect many things for her sake. Mother, thus released, had time to take a long breath in another room; then to meet Amy, who was trudging up stairs crying, with a splinter in her finger—she took out the splinter, soothed the little finger, and kissed away the tears; then she hastened to the kitchen, where poor Bridget was worried with her work. "I'm indeed glad you've come, ma'am," said she, "there's a woman waiting at the door, and I told her you couldn't come, everything's at beam-ends." The mother spoke cheerfully to Bridget, and she went to the door and said a kind word to the poor old woman on the steps, and put a loaf in her basket, and she hobbled off with a streak of sunshine in her heart. Then mother helped Bridget about this thing, and told her about that, and put new life into the boiling and roasting, in order to have dinner all ready at the proper time when father and uncle came home.

As mother went about her household cares, lightening and brightening every burden in her way, it was her greatest comfort to feel that "sissy" was in good hands; for Charlie, she was sure, was doing his best to make the little one happy. Charlie's kindness to his little sister did not stop there: it shone on his mother, on Amy; it shone into the kitchen; it shone on Bridget and the poor woman; and it shed its soft warmth over the dinner hour, and streamed with a mellow light over all the rest of the day long.

NOT LETTING.

THERE were two little sisters at the house, whom nobody could see without loving, for they were always so happy together. They had the same books and the same playthings, but never a quarrel sprang up between them—no cross words, no pouts, no slaps, no running away in a pet. On the green before the door, trundling hoop, playing with Rover, helping their mother, they were always the same sweet-tempered little girls.

"You never seem to quarrel," I said to them one day; "how is it you are always so happy together?"

They looked up, and the eldest answered, "I 'spose 'tis 'cause Addie lets me, and I let Addie."

I thought a moment; "Ah, that is it," I said; "she lets you, and you let her; that's it."

Did you ever think what an apple of discord "not letting" is among children? Even now, while I have been writing, a great crying was heard under the window. I looked out. "Gerty, what is the matter?" "Mary won't let me have her ball," cries Gerty. "Well, Gerty wouldn't lend me her pencil in school," cried Mary, "and I don't want she should have my ball." "Fie, fie; is that the way sisters should treat each other?" "She shan't have my pencil," muttered Gerty; "she'll only lose it." "And you'll only lose my ball," retorted Mary, "and I shan't let you have it."

These little girls, Addie and her sister, have got the true secret of good manners. Addie lets Rose, and Rose lets Addie. They are yielding, kind, unselfish, always ready to oblige each other; neither wishes to have her own way at the expense of the other. And are they not happy? And do you not love them already?

CARVING A NAME.

THE children, tired of playing hide-and-seek among the bushes, sat down to rest. It never took Joe long to rest; and by and by he wandered away from the others, and finding a great, smooth tree began to carve his name upon it as high up as he could conveniently reach. It was slow cutting, and before he had finished it the others came to look at his work.

"Oh, cut my name too!" said Lily. "Won't you, Joe?"

"I haven't done my own yet."

"Well, you needn't cut it all; only make your first name, and then put 'Lily' under it," she coaxed.

"But, you see, I want my whole name, and real deep, too, so it will last for years and years," answered Joe.

"Never mind, Lily; I'll cut yours," said Fred, good-naturedly, and selecting another tree, he drew his knife from his pocket and began to carve the letters, while the little girl watched him.

"There! I've put mine where it will stay for one while," said Joe, when he had completed his work.

"Fred has put his where it will stay too," said Aunt Lucy, who had been quietly looking on.

"Fred? I don't see where he has carved his at all," answered Joe.

"Once upon a time—" began Aunt Lucy, leaning back against a tree.

"A story! a story!" laughed the children, gathering around her.

"Once upon a time," she repeated, smilingly, "there was a very ambitious man. He knew that he must some time die, but he did not want to be forgotten, so he determined to put his name where it would always last. Perhaps he began by carving it on a tree first; but the owner of the forest felled the tree, and his name was gone. Then he built a great monument, and cut his name on the top of it; but the lightning is drawn to high points, and his monument was shattered in a single night. Then he said, 'I will find the very highest and most solid mountain in all the world, and I will cut my name on its topmost rock, and then it will last.' So he travelled over oceans and plains, through towns and villages, to find the mountain. He passed tired people by the way, who asked him to help them, but he was too anxious about carving his name, and he would not stop. At last he found the highest mountain, and after long and toilsome climbing he cut his name on the top. Then an earthquake shook the mountain and tumbled great rocks from its summit to the valley below, and his name was swept away.

"Tired, disappointed, and growing old, he said, 'It is of no use! Nothing on earth will last, and I will not try any more. I will be as happy as I can, and make others happy too, and think no more about my name.' So he began to help the poor, to feed the hungry and do deeds of kindness wherever he could, and people began to love him. One day a little girl said to him, 'I shall love you always for helping us so much; I'm sure I shall never forget you if I live a thousand years.'

"But you will not live so long," he answered, with a smile at the child, who looked up at him so lovingly.

"Yes, I shall—a great deal longer," she said. "Souls do not die, and I'm sure I'll remember in heaven, and I will remember you."

"Then the man knew that he had now done what he had been trying to do for so long—put his name where it would not be forgotten, written it on something that could not be destroyed."

The children were silent, and after a minute Aunt Lucy added, thoughtfully: "But any one who had been living such a life of unselfish service to others—a true, good life—would have ceased to be anxious about his name by that time, because he would have learned to know the Lord, who says to all that serve Him, 'The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.'"