

LITTLE MISS BRIER.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

LITTLE Miss Brier came out of the ground ;
She put out her horns and scratched every-
thing 'round.

"I'll just try," said she,

"How bad I can be ;

At pricking and scratching there's few can
match me."

Little Miss Brier was handsome and bright,
Her leaves were dark green and her flowers
pure white ;

But all who came nigh her,

Were so worried by her,

They'd go out of their way to keep clear of
the Brier.

Little Miss Brier was looking one day
At her neighbour, the Violet, just over the
way ;

"I wonder," said she,

"That no one pets me,

While all seem so glad little Violet to see."

A sober old Linnet, who sat on a tree,
Heard the speech of the Brier, and thus
answered he :

"Tis not that she's fair,

For you may compare

In beauty with even Miss Violet there."

"But Violet is always so pleasant and kind,
So gentle in manner, so humble in mind,

E'en the worms at her feet

She would never ill-treat,

And to Bird, Bee, and Butterfly always so
sweet."

The gardener's wife just then the pathway
came down,

And the mischievous Brier caught hold of
her gown ;

"Oh, dear ! what a tear !

My gown's spoiled, I declare ;

That troublesome Brier has no business
there ;

Here, John, dig it up ; throw it into the fire."

And that was the end of the ill-natured Brier.

LITTLE NANCY.

NANCY is a wee little girl, two years and
a half old. She has soft, light hair and
wonderful eyes ! She is a great pet, and,
of course, has been supplied with toys of
every description by her grandparents and
numerous uncles and aunts.

I am afraid that it would be impossible
to tell you how many dolls she has had ;
boy dolls and girl dolls, sailor dolls and
baby dolls, rubber, wax, and indestructible
dolls. Many of them have entirely disap-
peared, and those that are left are in a sad

condition, excepting one, Violet, a lively,
blue-eyed baby doll, in a long dress and
lace cap, which mamma has shut up in a
drawer, and once in awhile lets Nancy take
just a peep at it, until she is old enough to
take care of it.

But now that the weather is warm enough
for mamma to let her play out doors, Nancy
has found something far more interesting
with which to amuse herself than dolls or
toys.

Something alive, that squirms and
scratches and plays and cries. She found
it out in the barn and claims it all her own.
She even likes it more than her dollies, and
insists on taking it to bed with her. When
she kneels down to pray, she holds on to
the little pet, and even asks God to bless
kitty as well as papa and mamma and every-
body else.

"YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME."

"Ye have done it unto me, ye have done
it unto me," sung Jenny, one Monday
morning. "There ! I'll remember it this
time, sure. But, dear me ! I'm forgetting,
after all. The teacher said we must not
only learn the words, but think of what
they mean, and try to do them.

"Let me see, now," and she pressed her
chubby hands to her forehead ; "teacher
said : 'If we gave a cup of cold water to
one of his little ones, for the Saviour's sake,
he would say, 'Ye have done it unto me.'
I don't s'pose I know any of his little ones,
but I'll try if I can find 'em."

She ran into the kitchen, where, on the
dresser, she spied a large bowl, which was
used to mix cake in.

"Ah !" thought she, "the Saviour is
pleased if we give his little ones a cupful of
water ; he'll like a bowlful better still.
Bridget, may I take this bowl awhile ?"

Bridget, who was busy with her washing,
did not turn her head, but said,—

"Oh, yes ; take what you like."

Jenny lifted the big bowl down very
carefully ; but how to fill it was the ques-
tion. She did not want to trouble Bridget ;
besides, she had an idea that she ought to
do it all herself.

A bright thought struck her ; taking the
cup that always hung on the pump, she
filled it several times, and poured it into
the bowl.

"It's cupfuls, after all," she thought.

It was almost more than she could carry
without spilling ; but she walked slowly to
the front gate. There was no one in sight,
and Jenny set her burden on the grass, and
swung on the gate while she waited. Pre-
sently, along came two little girls on their
way to school.

"Went a drink !" called Jenny.

"Yes, indeed ; it's so hot, and I'm dreadful
thirsty. I most always am. But how are
we to get at it ?" laughing as she saw the
great bowl.

"Oh, I'll soon fix that !" and Jenny ran
for the tin cup, with which they dipped out
the water.

"It tastes real good," they said, and
kissed her as they ran off to school.

The next that appeared was a short, red-
faced Irishman, wiping his face with the
sleeve of his flannel shirt, while an ugly
dog trotted at his side.

"He don't look much like 'one of the
little ones,'" thought Jenny, doubtfully ; but
she timidly held out her tin cup. He
eagerly drained it, filling it again, and
drinking.

"And it must be a blissed angel ye are,
for it's looking for a tavern I was, and now
I won't nade to go nigh one at all. And
shure, after all, water's better nor whiskey.
Might I give some to the poor baste?"
pointing to his dog.

Jenny hesitated ; she did not like the
idea of having the dog drink from her cup
or bowl. But the man settled it by pour-
ing the remnant of the water into his dirty
old hat, the dog instantly lapping it up.

After they were gone, Jenny filled her
bowl again. But I can't tell you now of
all to whom she gave cups of cold water
that hot day. But when she laid her tired
head on her pillow that night, she thought,—

"I wonder whether, after all, any of 'em
were his 'little ones ?'"

And the dear Saviour, looking down, and
seeing that the little girl had done all that
she could for his sake, wrote after her day's
work, "Ye have done it unto me."

FRED AND JOE.

FRED and Joe are boys of the same age.
Both have their way to make in the world.
This is the way Joe does : When work is
before him he waits as long as he can, he
hates so to touch it. Then he does not half
do it. He is almost sure to stop before it
is done. He does not care if fault is found.
He says :

"I can't help it," or, "I don't care."

Fred's way is not the same. He goes
straight to his work, and does it as soon as
he can and as well as he can. He never
slights work for play, though he loves play
as well as Joe does. If he does not know
how to do a piece of work well, he asks
some one who does know, and then he takes
care to remember. He says :

"I never want to be ashamed of my
work."

Which boy, do you think, will make a
man to be trusted ?