

## LITTLE MAIDS AND LITTLE MEN.

Two little maidens, two little men,  
All with a penny bright.  
Who was the wisest? will you tell  
Who used the penny right?

First little maiden, first little man,  
Went to a candy store;  
Each bought some candy and ate it up,  
And the penny was no more.

Next little maiden, next little man,  
Four other pennies earned;  
And put them all in the mission box,  
The best way they had learned.

Five little pennies went over the sea,  
Five little pennies bright,  
To tell a story we all do love.  
Which little pennies were right?

Now, little maidens, now, little men,  
When you have a penny bright,  
Will you eat it up or make it five,  
And send it for your mite?

—*Little Builders.*

## A LITTLE HEROINE.

"Nannie, dear, I want you to hem those napkins without fail this afternoon. Can I trust you to do it? I must go out for the whole afternoon, and cannot remind you of them," said Mrs. Barton to her little girl.

"Yes, mother dear, I will; you can trust me," said Nannie.

Now, Nannie did not like to hem napkins any better than you do; but she went at once to her work-basket, took out her needle and thread and thimble, and began work. Pretty soon she heard a sound of music. It came nearer, and at last it sounded right in front of the house. She dropped her sewing to run to the window, and then she stopped. "No; I promised mother, and she trusted me," said Nannie to herself. And she sat down again, and went to sewing.

Soon the door burst open, and in rushed several little girls. "Nannie, Nannie, where are you? There's a monkey out here, and a trained dog; and they're playing lovely tricks. Come on!"

"I can't; I promised mother, and she trusted me," she answered.

They coaxed and scolded, but all to no purpose; so they left her.

Just as she finished the last napkin, her mother came in. "My little heroine!" she said, as she kissed Nannie.

"Why, mother, I didn't save anybody's life, or do anything brave; I only kept my promise," answered Nannie, wondering.

"It is sometimes harder to keep a promise, and do one's duty, than to save a life. You did a brave, noble thing; and I thank God for you, my dear," said Mrs. Barton.—*Our Little Ones.*



ROBIN'S BREAKFAST.

## GOD'S BIRDIE.

BY R. M. WILBUR.

There was something to see, of course; else why should there be five pairs of eyes all looking eagerly out of the one dining-room window this sunny morning? And all but baby's eyes were looking in the same direction. He—the dear little mite—stared straight out, and never guessed but he was getting all the fun with the rest. And he got it, too; for when the others laughed he laughed, and was merry as a lark.

It was Rose who had brought them to that sunny window. She had said:

"Please ster scuse me," very properly, when she had finished her breakfast, and had gone to the window to see how pretty

the wet blanket of snow looked. It wouldn't last long in the warm April sun, and Rose loved the snow, and since at her seat at table she had to look at the chimney corner, and "twist her mouth half off" to get a peep at the shining snow, of course it was the best thing in the world to be excused.

"O, ma! Pris! Joe! baby! come quick!"

This under her breath. They came in a twinkling; and there was a dear little robin which had evidently thought that winter was over, and had found out its mistake to its sorrow, for there was not a bit of breakfast awaiting it.

But that didn't last long; for in less time than it takes to write about it, mamma had softly opened the window, and directly there lay robin's breakfast on the whitest of table cloths, almost under his tiny bill.

Robin didn't wait for a bill of fare, but went to work directly and ate it up with a will.

"Wonder if he knows he's God's birdie?" said Rose, soberly.

"Course not!" said Pris.

"He is, though!" was the answer.

## POOR DOLLY.

I wonder if there ever was a doll so badly cared for as I. Let me tell you about just one day, and then tell me what you think.

The very first thing this morning Flossie lost me out of the window. She was teaching me to dance on the window-sill; but she danced me over the edge, so down I fell into the middle of a rosebush. How the thorns did tear my pretty pink dress! And there I should have stayed till this minute, if Bridget had not carried me in.

After that Flossy left me lying in all sorts of queer places; once in the cooky jar, once behind the flour barrel, and twice down in the cellar.

Each time Flossy's mamma or Bridget found me, and brought me back to her.

But now I am afraid they will not find me at all. She has dropped me behind the sofa, and here I have been lying for three hours.

To be sure, I have plenty of company; Flossy's ball is here, and some of her checkers, and her big hat that she has been hunting for ever since last Monday.

I suppose that we shall have to lie here all together until next sweeping day.

Did you ever see such a little girl as Flossie, and did you ever hear of such a poor forlorn dolly as I?

Among the Arabs, when a crumb of bread drops on the ground, they do not let it lie there, but pick it up and put it in a place where the birds may find it, saying, "God's gifts must not be trodden under foot."