



A POOR UMBRELLA, BUT BETTER THAN NONE.

A LITTLE GIRL SILENCING A PRIEST.

A LITTLE girl was reading her Bible, when a priest entered the room and wanted to know what she was reading. When he knew it was the Bible, he said, "I am sorry you are in a Bible school." "Why?" said the girl. "Because they are leading you to perdition," he replied. "The Bible is God's Word," the child said, "and I love it dearly. It tells me all about the love of Jesus and all he has suffered for me. He loves me too much to send me to perdition for reading his Word. Would you send your son to prison because he listens to what you say to him?" The priest could not answer, so left the girl to read her Bible in peace.

HELPFUL MABEL.

"My mamma has so much to do to-day, I think I will try and help her," says little Mabel. So she gathers up all the playthings that baby has left about, puts away little sister's dresses, and then sweeps and dusts as well as she can. And all the while she sings a little song—

I can run on busy feet,
Work for mamma all day through;
What I do for her is sweet—
This a little child can do.

Mamma listened a while, and then she asked, "Why is it sweet, Mabel?" Because I love you, and want to help you," Mabel replied. Then mamma kissed her, and told her she thought it was so sweet to have such a loving, helpful little daughter. Have you tried helping mamma, too?

HOW THE TWINS
DIVIDED.

THINGS mostly came by twos to the twins—two apples, two cakes, two tin horns and two kisses always. But one day somebody was foolish enough to send a little toy horse—a fierce-looking fellow, almost all main and tail.

Louis wanted it of course, and of course Willy wanted it. The only thing Nurse could think of was for the twins to draw straws, and by this plan Louis got the horse on wheels.

But Willy cried about it, and Louis never could be happy unless Willy was; so he thought up another plan out of his own little head or maybe out of his little heart, that was a great deal better than nurse's plan.

He got a piece of white paste-board from mamma, and with a long sharp pencil drew on it something that he and Willy thought looked like a horse: I don't know that anybody else saw the likeness.

Nurse cut this out for him with her big shears. "Now," said the little man, "I play wif the really horse one day, and Will play wif dis; and next day Will play wif the really horse, and I play wif dis;" and so the tears were all dried and the sun shone in the nursery again.

Mamma hopes her little boys will always find such good ways of sharing what they have with each other.

BERT'S BIRTHDAY.

"I WISH we could have birthdays all together, like Christmas and Thanksgiving," sighed little Elsie Benner.

"Why, no," said mamma; "it's much nicer to have birthdays four times a year; that is four times as much fun."

"But Bert won't let us play with any of his things," said Elsie; "he just spreads 'em out on the table and plays with 'em himself; and he won't let us paint nor draw nor roll ten-pins nor nothin'."

That night Bert climbed up on mamma's knee for a bed-time story; "And it must be a birthday story," said the little four-year-old.

"Once upon a time," said mamma, "a little boy had a birthday and got a great many pretty presents; but that night about moon-rise he opened his eyes and saw a beautiful white angel packing them all up to take them away. 'Oh don't take my things!' he cried, starting up from his pillow; 'who are you, anyhow!'

"'I am the Golden Rule,' answered the angel, 'and all these things complained to me that they don't want to belong to a boy who won't let his brothers and sisters play with him.' So when that little boy got up in the morning there was nothing left but his dominoes. Then he began to think about the Golden Rule, and let others help to enjoy what he had left; and one by one all his things came back to him."

Mamma ended her story and kissed Bert good-night without another word, but I think he understood what she meant, for the next day I saw Elsie painting with his brushes and Alice watering his rosebush, while he and Jack built a blockhouse together.

BABY FINGERS.

TEN fat little fingers, so taper and neat,
Ten fat little fingers, so rosy and sweet,
Eagerly reaching for all that comes near,
Now poking your eyes out, now pulling your hair,
Smoothing and patting with velvet-like touch,
Then digging your cheeks with a mischievous clutch;
Gently waving good-bye with infantine grace,
Then digging your bonnet down over your face,
Beating pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, slow and sedate,
Then tearing a book at a furious rate;
Gravely holding them out like a thing to be kissed,
Then thumping the window with tightly-closed fist;
Now lying asleep all dimpled and warm,
On the white cradle-pillow, secure from all harm.
Oh, dear baby hands! how much love you unfold
In the weak, careless clasp of those fingers' soft hold!
Keep spotless as now, through the world's evil ways,
And bless, with fond care, our last weariful days.

—Mrs. Richard Grant White.

A LITTLE boy in Sienna, during a long illness, had spoken occasionally to the Evangelist Kay of going to Jesus. He conceived the old idea of disposing among his friends, by way of legacy, of the several parts of his body. All seemed to be bequeathed, when his mother remarked that he had omitted "the dear little heart." The little patient replied that "the little heart must be kept for Jesus."