



THE MAY QUEEN.

In a grassy wood the first of May
These children met to spend the day;
A throne was built, an arch was raised,
And Annie T. was crowned and praised.

Her sceptre mild o'er subjects gay
She waved, while they their tribute pay
In roses red and violets blue;
The lovely queen so tender and true.

A NEW LESSON FOR TWO.

Little Emma had come to Cousin Grace's house one morning on an errand for her mamma.

"Come in," cried Grace, "and take off your hat, do."

"I can't," replied little Emma; "mamma said come right home."

"Oh! but you must see my dear new rabbits anyway. Come, they are just down here a little way."

Emma was much younger than Grace, and allowed herself to be led down through the garden to the rear of the shed where the pretty white rabbits blinked their pink eyes in the sunlight.

Little Emma was delighted and forgot all about going home for some time; then when at last she said again, "I must go right home, mother is waiting," Grace said quickly:

"Oh! I'm going to feed them now; you must see them eat. It don't take but a very few moments," and again little Emma became so interested she forgot all about going home. After all the lettuce leaves had been eaten, Grace found some-

thing even more delightful than the rabbits to keep her little cousin busy and interested.

At last Emma's mother became alarmed and came to find her. "Emma, I have always trusted you. How does it happen you neglected to obey this time?"

Her mother's tone was so severe little Emma looked ready to cry; she looked at Grace, and Grace looked at Emma, until all at once it occurred to the older cousin that it was her fault that Emma had not obeyed her mother, and her eyes fell in dismay.

"How did it happen?" repeated mamma.

Emma could not tell, so she began to cry very softly. That touched Grace's heart and made her brave.

"Auntie," she said, quickly, "it was all my fault. I coaxed her and coaxed her to stay. She was going right home, but I kept showing her my rabbits and

things so she couldn't get away. I'm afraid it was my fault."

"It is very brave of you to own it, dear," said auntie. "I'm sure you only meant to be kind to little Emma, so we will forgive the thoughtlessness, and Emma will soon learn to resist even kindness when it causes her to disobey."

So the two little girls walked back to the house together, feeling quite comforted and happy again, and each little girl had learned a new lesson that morning.

REST.

A mother was talking to her sick and dying child, trying to soothe the suffering one. First she told the little one of the music in heaven that she would hear, of the harps and songs of joy.

"But, mamma," spoke the feeble child, "I am so sick; it would give me pain to hear that music."

The mother, grieved at the failure of her words to comfort her darling, next told her of the river of life gushing from the throne of God and of the lovely scenes of the New Jerusalem. She talked at length and finally paused.

"Mamma, I'm too sick," lisped the dying child, "too tired, to like those pretty things."

Deeply pained, the mother tenderly lifted the child, and pressed it to her bosom, and the little one said: "Mamma, this is what I want—rest; and if Christ will take me to his breast and let me rest, then I would like to go to heaven now."

UNDER THE STARS.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLEN.

"It isn't far from bedtime, Sam," said his father; "don't it strike you so?"

Father and mother and Sam had been sitting out on the grass, enjoying the cool night breezes.

"Are you going up with me, farder?"

"Going up with you? Hallo, stranger, who are you? I thought this was my big boy, almost six years; but he goes to bed by himself."

"I know, farder, but it's kind o' lonesome up there."

"You aren't afraid, Sam, are you?" asked mother, softly.

"'Fraid? no'm," answered the little boy in surprise; "course I ain't 'fraid, cause there ain't no rattlesnakes nor nothin' like that livin' here, but I get lonesome."

"Well, you can just open the shutter," said father, "and then I'll holler good-night to you."

"Papa," said Sam, "you aren't afraid for your little boy to sleep by himself, are you?"

"Not a bit."

"You wouldn't be afraid for him to sleep out-of-doors, even?"

"Out-of-doors, hey?"

"God would be certain to take care of me, even out-of-doors, wouldn't he, papa?"

"Why, of course."

"Well, then," said the little boy, triumphantly, "I want to sleep out here in the hammock to-night!"

"Oh, Sammy, you'd get scared in the night," cried his mother.

"What would make me scared?" he asked, innocently, "there wouldn't be anybody out here but God and me."

They could not refuse to let him put his Heavenly Father to the proof; he went upstairs and put on his little gown, said his prayers, and came down hugging a pillow in his short arms. Mamma wrapped him up in a big shawl, and before he had been in his swinging bed fifteen minutes the little boy was asleep.

The father and mother did not feel a bit like leaving their only little boy out under the trees all night, but after watching his quiet sleep for a long time, they went to bed themselves. And all through the night, first papa and then mamma would steal to the window and look out at the little dark bundle rolled up in the hammock.

Once several dogs tore through the yard, growling and fighting; this brought the father and mother both to the window, but there was no sound from the hammock.

"Did you hear the dogs, Sammy?" asked mother in the morning.

"Yes, I heard 'em," answered the little man of faith, "but course I knew God wasn't 'fraid of dogs!"

Give soft answers to harsh questions.