

dozen. Now, that you have come, we shall have to call you all our baker's dozen."

Emily soon became acquainted with the whole twelve, and she thought they were the dearest, prettiest, sweetest little people she had ever seen.

"Let's go to the beach, Emily," said one of the little girls.

"Is it nice there? Aren't you afraid of the water? Is there anything to do?"

"Didn't you ever build a sand fort?" asked a bright boy.

"Or make sand pies and cakes?" asked a gentle girl.

"Or get buried all up to your face in the warm sand?" asked a merry maiden.

"Or find crabs and shells?" asked another boy.

"Or dig for clams?"

"Or go in bathing or wading? or have a picnic on the beach?"

"No, I never did," answered Emily.

"Then come right on down and do them all," said the bright boy.

Such fun as those thirteen happy tots had that summer! Emily cried when she had to go away.

"Remember," said mamma, "God turns many of our dreaded trials into blessings. So let us always trust him."

#### GOOD AND BAD CHILDREN.

Children, you are very little,  
And your bones are very brittle;  
If you would grow great and stately,  
You must try to walk sedately.

You must still be bright and quiet,  
And content with simple diet;  
And remain through all bewildering,  
Innocent and honest children.

Happy hearts and happy faces,  
Happy days in grassy places—  
That was how, in ancient ages,  
Children grew to kings and sages.

But the unkind and the unruly  
And the sort who eat unduly,  
They must never hope for glory—  
Theirs is quite a different story.

Cruel children, crying babies,  
All grow up as geese and gabies,  
Hated, as their age increases,  
By their nephews and their nieces.



#### CHICKADEE.

By Henry R. Dorr.

All the earth is wrapped in snow,  
O'er the hills the cold winds blow,  
Through the valley down below

Whirls the blast,  
All the mountain brooks are still,  
Not a ripple from the hill,

For each tiny, murmuring rill  
Is frozen fast.

Come with me

To the tree,

Where the apples used to hang!

Follow me

To the tree

Where the birds of summer sang!

There's a happy fellow there,

For the cold he does not care,

And he always calls to me,

Galley 5 Happy Days

"Chickadee, chickadee!"

He's a merry little fellow,  
Neither red, nor blue, nor yellow,  
For he wears a winter overcoat of gray;  
And his cheery little voice  
Makes my happy heart rejoice,

While he calls the live-long day—

Calls to me—

"Chickadee!"

From the leafless apple-tree,

"Chickadee, chickadee!"

Then he hops from bough to twig,

Tapping on each tiny sprig,

Calling happily to me,

"Chickadee!"

He's a merry little fellow,  
Neither red, nor blue, nor yellow,  
He's the cheery bird of winter,  
"Chickadee!"

#### CRAB-APPLES.

In the garden there is a crab-apple tree. By careful cultivation each year, this tree will produce larger and finer fruit, but what kind of fruit will it be?

"Why," you answer, "crab-apples."  
Certainly; and no matter how much care the gardener gives to the tree, it will only produce crab-apples.

But he wants to get some choice apples from that tree. What must he do?

He must bring the pruning-knife and cut off the natural branches. Then, with care, the new apple must be grafted on the old trunk. Then, when the new branch has become a part of the tree, its fruit will be different from that of the old tree, and the gardener

will have fine, luscious apples instead of the pungent little crabs.

But one day, as he passes the tree of which he is now so proud, he notices a number of little shoots springing up from the root. These do not belong to the new nature of the tree, but will be crabs if allowed to grow, and will take just so much strength from the grafts and prevent the good fruit from becoming perfect. So the gardener brings his pruning-knife and cuts away the shoots; and as often as they appear he cuts them off.

This is the way, dear children, that we must watch our hearts. Many of us try to serve God, and if we ask him he will help us to bring forth good fruit. That makes us happy and delights those who love us. Instead of disobedience and unkindness we show the fruits of love and unselfishness.

But some day we disobey, just a very little, or speak what is not true. Those are the little shoots coming up from the old wrong nature. If we let them alone, even for a time, they will grow very strong, and we shall never bring any good fruit to perfection. After having begun to be fruit-bearers, we shall go back and be only crab-apples after all!

Will you not keep all the shoots from the wrong nature cut off?

#### A SECRET.

"Why is it, my dear," said father, looking down at his little daughter, "that everybody seems to love you?"  
"I don't know, father," she replied, "unless it is because I love everybody."  
This is the secret of all happy little lives: for dropping sweetness into others' lives sweetens our own.—Selected

