

'Give 'em away, mamma!' gasped the little one, sitting erect.

'No, you need not give them away if you would rather not. You can share them in other ways. Is there no little girl you could have come here to play with them?'

'Oh, there's Nellie Thrush, and Alta Drum, and Carrie——'

'No,' said mamma, gravely, 'that would not help you any.'

'Why?'

'Because they have as many pretty things as you have. Think again.'

'There's Jessie Hale,' said the little one, slowly and thoughtfully. 'Maybe she hasn't a single doll.'

'Very well,' said mamma quietly. 'Suppose we invite her to come over tomorrow and stay all afternoon?'

The tired look instantly vanished. The weary form became animated in preparation for the expected guest. All the playthings were put in order; the cradle tidied up, the pretty coverlets smoothed out and the sham and spread arranged with due care; the doll cab, hammocks and swings put into their particular places, and the numerous dolls arrayed in their best attire and admonished to be on their best behavior.

The following afternoon the mother watched the two little ones in their play. She saw the pleased expression come into the eyes of the one to whom so many toys were like fairyland. But better yet, she noted how completely the tired look had left the face of her little daughter, while perfect contentment and happiness were written there instead.

That night, as she tucked the coverlets around the little form, after hearing the drowsy voice murmur, 'Our Father,' the sleepy eyes opened to say:

'I'm tired, mamma, but I'm so rested in here!' and she fell asleep with her little hand resting lightly above her heart.

The mother knelt by the crib. 'God keep her heart always rested,' she prayed softly.—'Christian Instructor.'

Chinese 'Mother Goose.'

Little boys and girls in China have their stories and games and toys the same as we do, most surprising of all, a 'Mother Goose Book.' Doctor Headland, of Peking University, has translated many of these funny rhymes. Here is one as well known in China as 'Jack and Jill' is in this country:

LITTLE MOUSE.

He climbed up the candlestick,
The little mousey brown,
To steal and eat tallow,
And he couldn't get down.
He called for his grandma,
But his grandma was in town,
So he doubled up into a wheel
And rolled himself down.

And here is the Chinese 'Little Pig' for counting baby's toes:

This little cow eats grass,
This little cow eats hay;
This little cow drinks water,
This little cow runs away;
This little cow does nothing
Except lie down all day.

The Little Brothers.

(By Aunt Biney, in the 'Mayflower.')

Five little brothers lived all in a row,
In a house built on purpose for them;



The walls were so tight, and the roof
was so low,
One would wonder they grew to be
men.

This queer little house had no window
or door,

Just a hole at the top, to climb in;
But then they went out at one spring
to the floor,

We'll whip her.

And this for the fingers:

This one's old, this one's young,
This one has no meat;
This one's gone to buy some hay,
And this one's on the street.

PAT-A-CAKE.

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake,
Little girl fair,
There's a priest in the temple
Without any hair.
You take a tile,
And I'll take a brick.
And we'll lit the priest
In the back of the neck.

LITTLE SMALL FEET.

The small-footed girl
With the sweet little smile,
She loves to eat sugar
And sweets all the while.
Her money's all gone,
And because she can't buy,
She holds her small feet
While she sits down to cry.

RIDE A COCK HORSE.

Up you go, down you see,
Granny's come to pour the tea;
The tea is sweet, the wine is too;
There are eighteen camels with clothes
for you.

GRINDING FLOUR.

And then for grandma
The flour we make,
And then for grandma
A cake we'll bake.

PULLING THE SAW.

We pull the big saw,
We push the big saw,
To saw up the wood
To build us a house,
In order that baby
May have a good spouse.

—Selected.

With the help of their friend 'Mr. Shin.'

Said big clumsy Tom to his brother Ned,
I'm so tired of this poky old place,
A window let's make, then we'll hear
what is said,

And I can look once in your face.'

So they worked very hard, till they got
green out

And were thinking what next they
could do,

When the first thing they heard was
a little boy shout,

'Oh, mamma! what a hole in my
shoe!'

A Beautiful Thought.

Professor Drummond tells the story
of a little girl who once said to her
father:

'Papa, I want you to say something
to God for me, something I want to tell
him very much. I have such a little
voice that I don't think he could hear it
away up in heaven; but you have a big
man's voice, and he will be sure to hear
you.'

The father took his little girl in his
arms and told her that, even though
God were at that moment surrounded by
all His holy angels, sounding on their
golden harps, and singing to Him one
of the grandest and sweetest songs of
praise that was ever heard in heaven,
He was sure He would say to them:
'Hush, stop the singing for a little
while. There's a little girl away down
on earth who wants to whisper some-
thing in my ear.'—Selected.

The Good Shepherd.

Little children, follow Jesus,
None so good and kind as He:
Hear His voice for children pleading,
'Suffer them to come to Me.'

Like a shepherd He will tend you
As you walk Life's narrow way,
Homeward bear upon His bosom
Those who from His sweet fold stray.

Yes, He knows the little children
Are as lambs so weak and small;
And not one must be forsaken,
Since He died to save them all.

Little children, follow Jesus,
Through the world so big and wide;
Let Him be your tender Shepherd
Follow closely at His side.

—Selected.