

LITTLE FOLKS

Forget Not.

Dear Jesus, now, I kneel to pray
That Thou wilt bless me through
to-day;

From naughty thoughts I would be
free,

And not forget Thy love for me.

Dear Jesus, I, for strength would
pray,

That naughty words I may not say.
For gentle ones I'd softly speak,
And not forget the Saviour meek;

Dear Jesus, give the help I need
When Satan tempts to naughty
deed;

A little soldier I would be,
And not forget to fight for Thee.

—'C. Intelligencer.'

Annie's Discovery.

'Esther Long is just the luckiest girl I know. She gets everything she wants, has dolls, toys, and lovely clothes, and now she has a fine new dolls' house. I never seem to have anything.'

Annie's face was wrinkled all up in a frown.

'Annie, are you nearly ready?' called mother. 'It's almost school time and you will be late. I see Esther has driven past.'

'That's it,' grumbled Annie. 'Esther drives to school, and I have to walk. 'Tisn't fair one bit.'

Annie was all out of breath from running, when she reached school, almost late; and more than one person stopped to look after her rosy face and brown curls, as she ran.

'Let's make a snow man,' suggested one of the girls, after school.

Annie was busy with the rest rolling up huge snowballs and patting the snowman into shape, when a gentle little voice asked, 'Won't you drive home with me?' and turning, Annie saw Esther, who had been standing apart, watching the fun.

'O, may I? Won't that be jolly! But why don't you help us make Mr. Snowman?' she asked in surprise.

Esther's serious little face flushed. 'I mustn't,' she said. 'The doctor says I am not to play in the snow.

O, I wish I could run and play like you.'

'Like me! Why, of course I can run and play in the snow as much as I like—but you have everything you want, and surely you must be happy.'

Just then the pretty cutter came along, and the coachman tucked the two happy children in.

'O, isn't it great?' exclaimed Annie as the pony dashed off.

'Yes, it's nice, but one gets tired driving all the time, and it's no fun playing alone. Won't you come some day and see my dolls' house?'

'I'd love to,' answered Annie, eagerly, as she was put down at her own gate.

She went into the house thinking of how many hard things poor delicate little Esther Long had to bear that she knew nothing about. 'I never thought anyone would ever envy me,' she said to herself. —Mary I. Houston, in 'S.S. Messenger.'

Wit and Grit Outdo the Tiger

Wild animals and game of all sorts abound in China. The people, even in the densely populated regions, seem unable to exterminate them. Tigers are found in many parts of China and annually cause great loss of life. They prowl about at night and not only carry off calves and pigs and fowls, but also attack children and even grown people. A few years ago, in the northern part of Canton province, as a little boy about eight or nine years old was quietly walking along a path in the woods, a tiger sprang upon him, knocked him down, and, seizing him as a cat does a mouse, trotted off with him. The little boy's feet dangled down on one side of the path and his head and hands on the other. He felt the grass and leaves brushing upon his hands, and presently his fingers were dragging along upon the sand and gravel. He had sense enough and strength enough to snatch up a handful of grit and sand and rub it into the tiger's eyes. The tiger at once dropped the boy on the ground and began rubbing his eyes with his paws. After he had rubbed them a long time he seemed to feel

better, and seizing the child again, he trotted along with him as at first. The little boy soon found his hands dragging along on the sand again, and he scooped up a handful of grit bigger than ever and again rubbed it with all his might into both the eyes of the tiger. He rubbed so hard and so well that he filled the tiger's eyes full of sand, and the pain became unbearable. So the tiger dropped the gritty little boy in the path, and ran away and left him. He was severely wounded by the great sharp teeth of the tiger, and was unable to walk. He lay upon the ground a few hours, and was found at last by his parents, who took him to the Mission Hospital. The medical missionary, a good, kind man, and very skillful, cured the little boy whose wit and grit outdid the tiger. —Selected.

A Song of Snow-Time.

Sing a song of snow-time, now, it's passing by,
Million little fleecy flakes falling from the sky.
When the ground is covered and the hedge, and trees,
There will be a gay time for the chickadees.

Boys are in the school-house, drawing on their slates
Pictures of the coasting-place; thinking of their skates;
Girls are nodding knowingly, smilingly about,
Thinking of a good time when the school is out.

Three o'clock! Four o'clock! — bang! goes the bell!
Get your hats, coats, and wraps, hurry off pell-mell;
Bring along the coasters, all who want some fun,
Up to the hill-top, jump, and slide, and run.

Steady now! Ready now! Each in his place,
Here we go, there we go, all in the race!
Sing a song of snow-time, when the soft flakes fall,
Coasting time, skating time, best time of all.
—Selected.