

The Cross-town Car.

(By Sarah Chamberlin Weed, in the 'Youth's Companion'.)

'About the streets of Boston town
The cars go up, and the cars go
down.

Some are yellow and others are red,
'And some are a chocolate-brown
instead;

But the funniest one of all, by far,
Is the one that is marked the
'Cross-Town' car.

I expect that when boys and girls
are good,

'And smile and look pleasant, as
children should,

They may ride on the red car or
ride on the brown,

To look at the sights of Boston
town.

But whether the distance be near
or far,

They never ride on the 'Cross-
Town' car.

But whenever a boy or girl is bad,
'And sulks in a way that is shock-
ingly sad,

The very best way for such to ride
Is to pack them together side by
side,

'And sulky and surly and sour as
they are,

To send them away on the
'Cross-Town' car.

The Happiest Little Boy.

'Guess who was the happiest child I
saw to-day?' asked papa, taking his own
two little boys on his knees.

'Oh, who, papa?'

'But you must guess.'

'Well,' said Jim, slowly, 'I guess he
was a very rich little boy, wif lots and
lots of tandy and takes.'

'No,' said papa. 'He wasn't rich; he
had no candy and no cakes. What do
you guess, Joe?'

'I guess he was a pretty big boy,' said
Joe, who was always wishing that he
was not such a little boy; 'and I guess he
was riding a big, high bicycle.'

'No,' said papa. 'He wasn't big, and
of course he wasn't riding a bicycle.
You have lost your guesses, so I will
have to tell you. There was a flock of
sheep crossing the city to-day; and they
must have come a long way, so dusty
and tired and thirsty were they. The
drover took them up, bleating and lolling
out their tongues, to the great pump in
Hamilton court to water them. But one
poor old ewe was too tired to get to the

trough and fell down on the hot, dusty
stones. Then I saw my little man,
ragged and dirty and tousled, spring out
from the crowd of urchins who were
watching the drove, fill his hat and carry
it—one, two, three—oh, as many as six
times!—to the poor, suffering animal,
until the creature was able to get up and
go on with the rest.'

'Did the sheep say, 'T'ant you! papa?'
asked little Jim, gravely.

'I didn't hear it,' answered papa. 'But
the little boy's face was shining like the
sun, and I'm sure he knows what a
blessed thing it is to help what needs
helping.—'Christian Observer.'

Playing Mother.

'I must be the mother because
I am the older,' said Isabelle. 'I
heard mother tell Mrs. Rose last
night.'

'No, I must be mother because
I'm taller. You remember father
said so when he measured us on the
door,' said Sarah.

'You always want to be the best
things,' said Isabelle. And so the



two little girls quarrelled until
mother heard, and came to see what
it all was about.

'You dear, foolish girls,' she said,
'don't you know you are twins, and
being twins means you are just the
same age? Isabelle is twenty min-
utes older, and twenty minutes is
not as long as you have been quar-
relling. And Sarah is taller than
Isabelle by such a little bit that
father had to put on his glasses and
look ever so closely before he could
find a difference. Besides, neither
of you is ready to play being mother
until you learn to give up, because
that is one of the things mothers
must do most of all.'

'Why, you always do as you

please, mother. Nobody tells you
to give up anything.'

'I am glad to give up if it is ne-
cessary,' mother answered. 'But
notice and see if no one tells me
what to do. I gave up a hot
breakfast because baby's little voice
called me. I gave up the sewing
I had planned, to make out accounts
for father. I gave up a visit I had
planned, to do the sewing; and
now I have left grandmother's
letter unopened while I settle this
quarrel with you. It is the only
thing I have been told to do that
I did not want to do, because there
shouldn't have been a quarrel to
call me.'

'I guess we are twin geese,' said
Isabelle.

'I guess we are,' said Sarah.—
Mary Ennis, in 'Child's Hour.'

When Father Was a Little Boy.

When father was a little boy,
You really couldn't find
In all the country round
A child so quick to mind.
His mother never called but once,
And he was always there;
He never made the baby cry,
Or pulled his sister's hair.

He never slid down banisters,
Or made the slightest noise;
And never in his life was known
To fight with other boys.
He always studied hard at school,
And got his lessons right;
'And chopping wood and milking
cows,
Were father's chief delight.

He always rose at six o'clock,
And went to bed at eight,
And never lay abed till noon,
And never sat up late.
He finished Latin, French and
Greek

When he was ten years old,
And knew the Spanish alphabet
As soon as he was told.

He never scraped his muddy shoes
Upon the parlor floor,
And never answered back his ma,
And never banged the door.
But truly I could never see,
Said little Dick Malloy,
How he could never do these things
And really be a boy.

—Australian 'Christian World.'