

THE LITTLE FOLK.

TEDDY'S QUERY.

One brother was tall and slim,
The other chubby and short;
Teddy sat looking at them one night,
Apparently lost in thought.

"Mamma," he asked at length,
"Which would you like the best:
For me to grow north and south, like Tom;
Or like Willie, from east to west?"

Youth's Companion.

A RAINY DAY.

BY SALLIE V. DU BOIS.

"Oh, dear, raining again; there is nothing a fellow can do to have any enjoyment on a rainy day."

Grandma sitting by the window, her knitting in hand, looked up, a smile of amusement on her gracious face. "What about all your nice games and books, Edgar?" she said.

"I'm tired of them. I wanted to ride on my wheel and fish in the pond," and the eyes, usually so mirthful, filled with tears.

Grandma laid her knitting aside; the matter was assuming a most serious aspect if Edgar was moved to tears.

"Edgar, dear," she said, "if you cannot spend the day in gratifying your own wishes, suppose you do something to make some else happy?"

"Why, grandma, what!" the child exclaimed, with an interested look.

"Well, there are many things possible for even a child to do to lighten the cares of others. For instance, baby had a restless night; could't you make mother happy by trying to amuse her?"

"Oh, grandma, there's no fun in that."

"No fun, perhaps, but a joy, deep and lasting, born of the consciousness of having done one's duty. Just try to spend the day unselfishly, dear; make sunshine within if there is gloom without, and see if you do not find that the hours have been well spent."

Edgar was a boy who when he had made a decision was resolute in carrying it out. So, a few moments later when mamma entered the room with baby Ruth in her arms, he said pleasantly, "Let me have her, mother; you know she likes to be with me."

The tired expression faded from mother's face. "Why, dear," she said, "I expected you would be too disappointed to be of much use to-day."

Baby Ruth was happy; she put her arms about his neck and pressed her rosy cheeks against his. "Nice brother, kind brother," she lisped.

So the hours sped by. Edgar, with grandma's help, prepared a pretty book of pictures for a little crippled boy in a hospital ward. Then he dried the dinner dishes for mamma, and afterwards, covered with his mackintosh, went out to post a letter for grandma. In the afternoon the baby awoke from a refreshing nap and laughed with delight when she found Edgar beside her ready to amuse her. He piled high the blocks, and shouted with baby sister when they tumbled over. He sang two of his kindergarten songs for her, going through the motions, to the enjoyment of grandma and mamma as well as Ruth.

"What a short day this has been, grandma," he said.

"Yet the rain is not over, Edgar," was the smiling answer. "Indeed, my dear child, you will find that the days are short and happy if you start out determined to fill the hours with loving words and deeds."

I LISTEN

BY KUTH ARGYLE.

Little Helen could neither see, hear nor speak. Just think how sad it must be, never to behold the bright blue sky and beautiful flowers, never to hear

the sweet songs of the birds when they herald the coming of spring, never to be able to tell your thoughts or express your wishes!

A dear, patient teacher was found to show Helen how to talk with her fingers, and shortly after she had learned how to express herself in this manner, she was taken for the first time to church. Full of curiosity as to what manner of place she was visiting, little Helen kept her fingers busy asking questions. Her aunt answered patiently for some time; at last however, finding it impossible to fix her attention on the sermon, she spelled in the child's palm these words:

"We are in church; it is God's house, and the minister is talking to us about Him. We must keep quite still, so that we can hear what he says to us."

Helen sat for a moment as if trying to understand what her aunt had said; then she spelled on her fingers, in reply, "I listen," and with a sweet smile settled herself in a corner of the pew, where she sat in perfect quietness until the close of the church service.

Now, is not this a sweet lesson for you who can see and hear? Don't you think our heavenly Father gave very dear and precious thoughts to this dear child as she sat there in His holy temple in silence and darkness? I am quite sure that He did, because her pure, sweet character shows day by day how close she lives to the Saviour.

I WOULD RATHER SING.

An eight-year-old child, with a cut in her hand was brought to a physician. It was necessary for the best results to take a few stitches with a surgeon's needle. While the physician was making preparations the little girl swung her foot nervously against the chair, and was gently admonished by her mother.

"That will do no harm," said the doctor, kindly, "as long as you hold your hand still," adding, with a glance at the strained, anxious face of the child, "You may cry as much as you like."

"I would rather sing," replied the child.

"All right, that would be better. What can you sing?"

"I can sing, 'Give, give, said the little stream.' Do you know that?"

"I am not sure," responded the doctor. "How does it begin?"

The little patient proceeded to illustrate.

"That's beautiful," said the doctor. "I want to hear the whole of it."

All the while the skilful fingers were sewing up the wound the sweet, childish voice sounded bravely through the room, and the only tears shed on the occasion came from the eyes of the mother.

It is, I believe, a physiological fact that some expression of one's feelings tends to lessen pain. Since weeping and groaning are distressing to one's friends, how would it do for us all to try singing instead?—Ex.

WHAT BOYS SHOULD LEARN

There are a great many things boys, as boys, should learn. And if they learn these lessons so well as never to forget them during life, they will prove of great help to them oftentimes when they need help:

1. Not to tease boys or girls smaller than themselves.
2. Not to take the easiest chair in the room, put it in the pleasantest place, and forget to offer it to mother when she comes in to sit down.
3. To treat mother as politely as if she were a strange lady who did not spend her life in their service.
4. To be as kind and helpful to sisters as they expect their sisters to be to them.
5. To make their friends among good boys.
6. To take pride in being a gentleman at home.
7. To take mother into their confidence if they do anything wrong, and, above all, never to lie about anything they have done.