

put in a big tuck in the middle of the article and then we saw Shu Hai strutting about as proud as Solomon in his glory, dressed in a suit of combination underclothes, with a corset cover for a coat.

Shu Hai will not always be at the tail end of things, for he is brave and trustworthy, and will be given a chance to grow up to be the Christian man that the loving Father in heaven intends he shall be.

N. Honan, China

Giving and Loving

Give, little sunbeams, golden bright
Give to the world your cheery light ;
Give little welcome drops of rain,
Till thirsty meadows smile again.
Giving and loving, loving and giving
So, we find the good of living.

Harry's Running-Away

Eight year old Harry said he was going to run away. His mother packed for him a small bundle of clothing and aid. "Well, if you don't like it here and want to go, you may. But I shall miss you, Harry."

The boy went to the door. There he hesitated, but presently started out.

Mother's heart ached. Would he come back? She went to a window. He had reached the gate, and his hand was on the latch. He stopped. He pulled the gate open and stepped out of his own little world. Then, all in an instant, he dropped his bundle, rushed back into the house, and fell, sobbing, into mother's arms.

A Little Uppy-downy

"Come, Clara, let us play 'Come to see,' and you be the visitor," cried little neighbor Madge.

"Yes, let's," said Clara, with a pleased look. "I've a new dress for my little girl Dorinda, and I'll dress her up and bring her with me." Away she ran to put Dorinda into company clothes, to go to call with her doll-mother. Aunt Martha, a visitor in Clara's home, watched the little neighbors playing

happily together and smiled, well pleased. "I am glad to see that my little niece is friendly and agreeable," she said to herself.

The very next afternoon Madge and Clara were together, as they so often were, and Aunt Martha with her sewing sat by the window overlooking the porch where the children had their playthings spread out in the pleasant shade of an overhanging tree.

"Let's put all the dolls to bed with measles," suggested Clara, "and I'll be the nurse from the hospital."

"I'd like to be the nurse this time. You were it last time," said Madge mildly.

"If I can't be nurse, I won't play," pouted Clara, turning away.

"I don't mind. You be nurse," said Madge, her dimples coming out pleasantly. Clara hurried away to adorn herself with a nurse's cap, made of paper, and the play went on. But in a few minutes Clara said, "I'd rather swing; come on."

"I can't to-day," said the little neighbor. "It made my head ache yesterday."

"Then I'll just swing by myself." Clara said, and off she went, leaving Madge to do as she liked—a very impolite thing, as you will all agree. And after that, not one thing would Clara do if Madge proposed it. Aunt Martha looked sober.

As the days passed on, auntie saw how sometimes Clara was bright and good, and sometimes nothing pleased her. You never could tell how it was going to be. One day she said to her, "Did you ever hear of the Uppy-downies, Clara?"

"Never in my life," was the answer. "Do tell me about them."

"They are the queerest little beings you ever knew," said auntie. "Sometimes they climb high and live with the Smiles, and are bright as sunshine. Then, away they go, down, down, and live with the Grumbles. They are never two days alike or in the same place. You never know where or how you will find them, nor just why they change so—now up, now down, these Uppy-downies. I wonder if you would like such playmates?"

"No, indeed," cried Clara.

"I wonder if Madge likes that kind," said auntie. And then Clara looked so queer. I wonder why?—Home and School