

## THE LITTLE FOLK.

### SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

A well in the desert.—The runaway maid,  
Thinking all had forgotten her, hither had strayed;  
But God sent His angel good tidings to tell,  
And to cheer her sad soul, as she sat by the well.

A well in a wilderness.—A mother with joy  
From its cool, sparkling water gave drink to her boy.  
From her home she was banished; her bottle was spent,  
And that well to her heart fresh encouragement lent.

A well by a township.—When sinks the red sun  
One who asked for a sign when his journey was done—  
A beautiful girl giving drink to him there  
Showed him swiftly the sign he had asked for in prayer.

Three wells in a valley.—The shepherd, he tells  
How they strove when the water sprang up in the wells.  
Said the chief: "Two I give, but the third I shall keep;  
Bring up now the cattle, and water the sheep."

A well in a field.—A tall stranger is here.  
He is seeking his kinsman: his daughter draws near.  
Soon all is explained, and she hastens to tell  
The glad news that a kinsman stands there by the well.

A well in a courtyard.—Two priests in great dread  
Lying there in the darkness hear over them said  
To the soldiers who seek them, "There's no need to look,  
They've gone, and are now safely over the brook."

A well in a village.—Said the king, "If I had  
A drink from the well where I drank when a lad!"  
Through the foe broke three soldiers, and at point of the sword  
Obtained the clear water to give to their lord.

A well near a city.—Our Saviour sits by  
And talks to a woman of truths from on high.  
He drinks from her pitcher, and then He doth tell  
Of the water that's drawn up from no earthly well.

NAME THE DIFFERENT WELLS.

—Christian Observer.

### THE DOLL THAT TALKED.

"Dorothy Ann, are you sleepy?" asked Dollikins. Dorothy Ann did not answer, but went on smiling with her red wax lips. Dollikins gave her a little shake. "Dear me!" she said, "I do wish you could talk! I am so tired of having a doll that never answers, no matter how much I say to her. It is very stupid of you, Dorothy Ann. There go to sleep!"



Dollikins turned her back on Dorothy Ann, and went to sleep herself. Then she began to dream. She thought Dorothy Ann sat up straight in her crib, and opened her blue eyes wide.

"Mamma!" she said.

"O, you can talk!" cried Dollikins, joyfully.

"Mamma, my pillow is not at all soft," said Dorothy Ann, in a complaining voice. "And you forgot to take off my shoe."

"I am sorry," said Dollikins.

"And I didn't have any thing but mashed potato for my dinner!" cried Dorothy Ann. "I don't like mashed potato. Why don't I have things that I like, mamma?"

Dollikins' cheeks grew quite red. She remembered saying something very like this at luncheon the day before.

"I'm not a bit sleepy!" wailed Dorothy Ann. "Why do I have to go to bed at seven o'clock, mamma? Other little girls don't have. I wish—"

"Dorothy Ann," said Dollikins, "will you please not talk any more. It makes my head ache!"

Then it was very still.

In the morning Dollikins went over and took up Dorothy Ann, and looked at her. The red lips were smiling as ever, but tight shut.

"Good-morning, Dorothy Ann," said Dollikins. "I am very glad you do not know how to talk, my dear; for then you might be a sore trial to your mother!"

### UNFORTUNATE INTERRUPTION.

Willie was asleep and Dan was lonely. Willie is the minister's son; Dan is his dog. It was Sunday morning, and every one was at church but these two friends. It was warm and sunny, and they could hear the good preaching, for their house was next door to the church.

"Dan," said Willie, "it is better here than in church, for you can hear every word, and don't get prickles down your back, as you do when you have to sit up straight."

In some way while Willie was listening he fell asleep. Dan kissed him on the nose, but when Willie went to sleep he went to sleep to stay, and did not mind trilles. So Dan sat down with the funniest look of care on his wise, black face, and with one ear ready for outside noises.

Now the minister had for his subject "Daniel." This was the name he always gave Dan when he was teaching him to sit up and beg, and other tricks. While the dog was thinking, the name "Daniel" fell on his ready ear. Dan at once ran into the church through the vestry door. He stood on his hind legs, with his fore paws drooping close beside the minister, who did not see him, but the congregation did. When the minister shouted "Daniel" again, sharp barks said, "Yes, sir," as plainly as Dan could answer. The minister started back, looked around, and saw the funny little picture; then he wondered what he should do next, but just then through the vestry came Willie. His face was rosy from sleep, and he looked a little frightened. He walked straight toward his father, took Dan in his arms and said: "Please 'scuse Dan, papa; I went to sleep and he runned away."

Then he walked out with Dan, looking back on the smiling congregation. The preacher ended his sermon on Daniel as best he could, but he made a resolve that if he ever preached on "Daniel" again that he would not forget to tie up his dog.

### A CUP OF COLD WATER

Who are included in Christ's "little ones"? Surely His dumb creatures, His horses and dogs, as well as His human children.

Mr. Harvey was riding slowly along the dusty road, looking in all directions for a stream or a house where he might refresh his tired, thirsty horse with a good draught of water. While he was thinking and wondering, he turned an abrupt bend in the road, and saw before him a comfortable farmhouse; and at the same time a boy ten or twelve years old came out on the road with a pail and stood directly before him.

"What do you wish, my boy?" said Mr. Harvey, stopping his horse.

"Would your horse like a drink, sir?" said the boy respectfully.

"Indeed he would, and I was wondering where I could get it."

Mr. Harvey thought little of it, supposing, of course, the boy earned a few pennies in this manner, and therefore he offered him a bit of silver, and was astonished when he refused it.

"I would like you to take it," he said, looking at the boy.

"No, I thank you," said the boy; "I don't want it. You see, sir, the distance from the town is eight miles, and there is no stream crossing the road that distance, and I like to water the horses."

Mr. Harvey looked into the grey eyes that were kindling and glowing with the thought of doing good, and a moisture gathered in his own as he jogged off, pondering deeply on the quaint little sermon that had been given so innocently and unexpectedly.

### LIFE AND ITS MEANING.

Life is as a garden given you to tend; but what is your tendance to its large unfolding, which ye control not— all its flowers and fruits, its perfumes and spices and balms, its winds and its streams, its skies and its seas,—its quivering warmth and tenderness in the familiar sunlight, and its cool and solemn stillness under the stars! When your hands and feet are weary and your eyelids droop, it foldeth you in its sleep like an infant, and still hath for your utter weariness its complete enfolding.