



LITTLE MOTHERS.

the house in answer to the supper bell.

'And the best of it is, Shep does all the blinding,' added Fred. 'I've always hated that.'

Shep looked up knowingly into each of the three faces, wagging his tail.

'I believe he's really anxious for another game,' said aunty, laughing.

'Say, aunty,' said Ted, as they came to the house, 'why can't you write it up so other boys can teach their dogs to play hide-and-seek, too?'

'Oh, please!' cried Fred. 'See, Shep wants you to, too. Don't you, Shep? Say "Yes," then.' And Shep solemnly sat down, thrust out his forepaws, and bowed his head.

'I Happied Him Up'

Agnes is a little girl with such a bright, happy face that it is a pleasure to look at her.

One day, in answer to her mother's call, she came running home from a neighbor's, two or three doors away.

Her eyes were bright, her lips so smiling, that her mother smiled too.

'Do you want me, mother?' asked Agnes.

'No, dear,' said her mother. 'Not for anything important. I missed

you, that is all. Where were you, daughter?'

'At the Browns. And, oh, mother. Walter was cross, but I happied him up so that he got all over it; and then the baby cried, and I had to happy her up; then some one stepped on the kitten's tail, and I was just going to happy her up when you called me.'

The mother laughed.

'Why, what a happying time you had! It must make you happy yourself to happy up little boys, and babies, and kittens, for you look as happy as possible.'

And this is true. The more we try to make others happy, the happier we shall be ourselves. Then put away frowns and pouting lips. Try to 'happy up' those who are troubled, cross or sick, and soon you will find yourself so happy that your face will shine with smiles.—L. C. Tulloch, in 'The Young Churchman.'

The Basket of Cherries.

'Oh, oh, how pretty!' cried Edmund, reaching up his hands. 'Grandmother, may I have some flowers?'

'These are cherry blossoms,' answered grandmother, pulling down a long spray for him. 'After a while the tree will shake them loose, and they will fly away; but in their place they will leave baby

cherries to grow large and juicy. Isn't that worth watching?'

The little boy nodded his head. He remembered buying cherries in the market last summer, and they were good.

An hour later grandmother came out and found him still sitting on the bench beneath the cherry tree, looking intently up into the blossom-covered branches.

'The blossoms haven't flown yet,' he said, in a patient little voice. 'Do you think there will be any cherries grown before supper time?'

'Not till after many supper times, little man,' laughed grandmother. 'There will be days to wait; so run away and play, and the cherries will grow fast enough.'

The next day the petals began fluttering down. God's wind and rain came to strengthen the tree, and by and by the sun painted redder and redder the cherries along the slender boughs. Edmund at last might taste them. Three or four days later he sat on the bench, holding his first basket of cherries—his own little basket—quite full. He was just lifting a bunch of four big beauties when he spied his neighbor, Effie, coming down the lane. The first thought that came into his curly head was to run and hide; for Effie hadn't any cherries, and he was sure he had not enough for two. Then he remembered that God had made them, and that God wanted his good things shared. 'Here, Effie!' he called, holding out the pretty bunch to her. 'Come, and let's have a cherry dinner-party.'—'Our Young Children.'

A Queer Home.

Away up in cold Northern Alaska lives a little girl whose home is made of snow. It is a queer little round house, and is of about the same shape as a beehive. She has to crawl through the little front hall on her knees, because it is so low. When she gets inside she finds a fire right in the middle of the floor, with no place for the smoke to get out, but through a hole cut in the snow roof. Her brothers and sisters, all wrapped in furs till they almost look like little bears, are sitting around this fire. Here they eat and sleep and play together, for there is no other room in this little house of snow.—'Christian Observer.'