



GREEDY TOMMY.

GREEDY little Tommy,
Sitting on the floor,
With a piece of pound-cake,
Nicely frosted o'er;
With both hands he grabs it,
Eats it all alone,
Like a little puppy
Gnawing at a bone.

Fatty little Carlo,
Sitting by his side,
Wondering if Tommy
Is going to divide:
No! you see there might not
Be enough for two,
So little dogs must watch and wait
Till little boys get through.

DO JUST AS MOTHER SAYS.

WILL did love to help his mamma dearly. When she was cleaning house, he said to her, one morning, "Now, mamma, I want to help you all day. I can do a great many things."

"You will help mamma very much," said Mrs. Lee, "by minding little sister this morning."

So Willie took Mabel out on the grass and played with her awhile. Then he went and got a scrub-broom and brush and a pail of water, and began to clean the front walk. While he was busy, Mabel came and pulled the pail of water over her clean dress, and mamma had to stop and dress her all over again. Little boys help mamma most by doing just what she tells them to do,

MIND AT ONCE

"COME, Annie," said Mrs. Smith, "button your shoes at once and be ready for breakfast," but Annie paid no attention to what her mother said, and continued looking out of the window.

I am sorry to say that this bad habit of not minding at once when spoken to was becoming very noticeable in little Annie, and her mother resolved that it should be overcome. Consequently she said no more, but went on with preparations for breakfast. Soon the meal was ready, and the family commenced taking their places. Annie noticed this and started for her place also, but her mother quietly told her that as she had not obeyed her and buttoned her shoes at once, she might take the time to do so while

the others were eating.

Annie felt very bad, for she dearly loved to eat with her papa; but she soon found that crying did no good, and concluded next time it would be better to mind her mamma at once.

This lesson lasted for some time, but finally the old habit got the better of her again. She was playing in the yard with Rover when her mother called her to come and have her hair combed and her clothes changed.

"Well!" responded Annie, but she was having such a good time she did not want to stop until she had one more race with Rover to the gate across the field.

When she entered the house she was surprised to find her mother dressed for a visit to her aunt, which they were to take that afternoon, but which in the excitement of play she had forgotten about.

Of course she wanted to go, too, but there was only just time to meet the train, so she had all the afternoon to repent her folly, and I am glad to say that she asked God to help her leave off that naughty habit, and that afterwards her mother seldom had occasion to punish her for it.—

Child's Paper.

SAID one little child to another. "Don't ever tell a lie, because God will know it, and he will write it down in his book, and then he will read it out before everybody." But I think we ought to feel sorriest of all because God himself will know it—don't you?

GIVING FLOWERS

A LADY went into a hospital one day to carry flowers, and with each little nosegay she gave a text from the Bible, printed on a pretty card or written on a slip of paper.

One little boy, who could just sit up in bed, clapped his hands as he saw the lady come in. "I have been watching for you," he said, and oh! how glad he was to get the flowers!

There was a young woman in that same hospital who was blind and deaf and dumb. "How can I reach her?" thought the lady, "eye-gate closed, ear-gate closed. Oh! there is one gate left" So, looking through her basket for the most fragrant bunch of roses she could find, she held it close to the sick girl's face. A smile of pleasure and surprise lighted up the poor creature's face.

"How can I make her understand the text?" was the next thought of the lady. And how do you think she did? She took the sick girl's hand, and on the back of it, with her own fingers, she slowly wrote the words, "Looking unto Jesus."

The pale face again lighted up with one of the sweetest smiles; and she pressed the lady's hand to show that she understood and was made very happy by the flower and the verse.—*Morning Light.*

WHAT THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL DID FOR HIM.

A LITTLE boy was hurt at a spinning-mill in Dundee, and after being taken home he lingered for some time and then died.

I was in the mill when his mother came to tell that her little boy was gone. I asked her how he died. "He was singing all the time," she said.

"Tell me what he was singing," I asked. "He was singing:

'Oh the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb,
The Lamb upon Calvary!
The Lamb that was slain has ris'n again,
And intercedes for me.'

"You might have heard him from the street, singing with all his might," she said with tears in her eyes.

"Had you a minister to see him?" I asked.

"No."

"Had you no one to pray with him?"

"No."

"Why was that?" I inquired.

"Oh, we have not gone to any church for several years," she replied, holding down her head. "But you know he attended the Sunday-school and learned hymns there and he sang them to the last."

Poor little fellow! he could believe in Jesus, and love him through these precious hymns, and die resting "safe on his gently breast," forever,