

A SAD MISTAKE.

I'd studied my table over and over,
 Backward and forward, too,
 I couldn't remember six times nine,
 And I didn't know what to do;
 Till Sister told me to play with my doll,
 And not to bother my head,
 "If you call her fifty-four for a while,
 You'll know it by heart," she said.
 So I picked up my favourite Mary Ann
 But I thought it a dreadful shame
 To give such a perfectly lovely doll
 Such a perfectly horrid name.
 Next day Elizabeth Winglesworth,
 Who always walks so proud,
 Said six times nine are fifty-two,
 And I nearly laughed out loud.
 But I wished I hadn't, when teacher said
 "Now, Dorothy, tell if you can."
 But sakes alive! I thought of my doll,
 And I answered: "Mary Ann."

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TORONTO, MARCH 9, 1901.

LITTLE PEOPLE IN THE REALM OF A CHILD KING.

Perhaps the boys and girls who read this often "make believe" that one is king, another queen, and have found the play great sport. In Spain the play is real, for a boy lives there who is king over thousands of other children. But though little King Alphonso has many great palaces with beautiful grounds; though generals in gold-laced uniforms, at the head of long columns of soldiers, halt to salute him as he passes, and beautiful, high-born ladies stoop to kiss his hand, yet he is unhappy and always anxious. How can he be happy when he sees his dear mother so often in tears, when he remembers how thousands of his young men have perished in the recent wars, and how all future history will record that while

Alphonso XIII. was king, Spain lost nearly all her remaining colonial possessions? And how can he help being anxious when he realizes that at any moment he may lose his crown and country? No, I am sure the poorest of his little subjects is to be envied far more than King Alphonso.

And what great number of little folks there are in Spain! perhaps more than in any other country. The streets of cities and towns, and all the country farm-houses, are filled with children of all ages; most of them black-haired, with soft brown eyes; active little people they are, too, never still a moment except when asleep.

Many of their amusements are the same as yours—such as kite-flying, marbles, etc.; but as Spain is a military country, where soldiers are as often seen as store-keepers, the boys all like to play at being soldiers themselves, and with drum-major and captain parade the streets. Better still is to march with play guns, or even sticks, on their shoulders beside the real soldiers as they go and return from drill. They try to take the long military stride in time to the music, and march as if the honour of the regiment depended on them.

I am sorry to say the favourite play is a mimic bullfight. From their very baby-hood Spaniards are taught to think this is a most noble sport. We must not despise them for that, for they know no better; but we must pity them and pray for them. This is one of the reasons why Protestant missionaries go there, so they may teach them mercy and love for dumb animals. In their play one of the boys carries an imitation head of a bull, or lacking this a pair of horns. Other boys have red cloths, which they wave in front of the pretended animal, who makes a dash for them, and so they go through the details of what to them is the loftiest amusement, but to every Christian would be brutal and revolting.

The girls share none of these sports with the boys, but amuse themselves much as little girls in Canada.

SOMETHING ABOUT GIVING.

"Aunt Lena, if I were rich, I would give ever so much to the poor!" said Bessie, who had just finished reading about a wealthy lady's charitable acts toward the poor.

"And what would you give them, Bessie?" asked her Aunt Lena.

"O food and clothes to make them comfortable; and to please the little boys I would give them lots of balls, sleds and tops, and to the little girls I would give boxes and boxes of dolls," Bessie answered.

"But why don't you give the poor some of the nice things now?" Aunt Lena asked, stroking one of the girl's long curls.

"Why, auntie, you know that I have no money!" exclaimed Bessie, widely opening her brown eyes.

"But you have three dolls, any of which no doubt make little Mary Flannagan very happy," auntie said.

"But I think ever so much of all my dolls, and I couldn't bear to part with one," said the little girl.

"Then you would like to be rich, so that you could give to the poor only such things as you would not miss out of your great abundance? Is that true charity to the poor, little niece?" and Aunt Lena took the rosy-cheeked face between both hands.

"N-no, auntie," said Bessie, and she jumped up.

"Where are you going, Bessie?"

"I am going to dress Rosamond and give to Mary Flannagan and Kate Humel; and I think I will shine the runners of my sled and give it to Katie's little brother Johnnie, for I think he will enjoy it more for he has never had a sled."

And the little girl ran off, feeling happy even at some cost to herself.

A LOST LIFE.

A young man was converted during an illness which proved fatal, though it was not apprehended when he seemed to give his heart to Christ. When his physician announced an unfavourable change in his condition, he expressed entire resignation, and, among other requests, asked his friends to sing a hymn expressive of that feeling. An hour or two after, in the silence of the room he was heard to say "Lost, lost, lost!" This surprised his mother and caused the immediate inquiry "My son are your hopes feeble?"

"No, mother; but oh, my lost lifetime! I am twenty-four; and until a few weeks since nothing has been done for Christ and everything for myself and my pleasure. My companions will think I've made a profession in view of death. Oh, that could live to meet this remark, and something to show my sincerity, and redeem my lost, lost, lost life."

There was once a horse that used to go around a sweep that lifted dirt from the depths of the earth. He was kept at business for nearly twenty years, until he became old, blind, and too stiff in the joints to be of further use. So he was turned into a pasture, and left to crop the grass without any one to disturb or bother him. But the funny thing about the old horse was that every morning, after grazing awhile, he would start on a tramp, go round and round in a circle, just as he had been accustomed to do for so many years. He would keep it up for many hours, and people often stopped to look and wonder what had got into the head of the venerable animal to make him walk around in such a solemn way when there was no earthly need of it. But it was the force of habit. And the boy who forms his good habits in his youth will be led by them when he becomes old, and will be miserable or happy accordingly.

"What! kiss such a homely man as papa!" said a mother in fun to her little girl. "Oh, but papa is real pretty in his heart," was the reply.

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