

THE RIGHT WAY TO BEGIN.

A little girl once said, "O mother, how very hard it is to do right! I don't think I shall ever be able."

"Have you really tried, my dear?"

"Oh, yes, I try every day. When I awake, before I get up, I say to myself, 'I will be good all the day; I will be gentle and kind; I will obey my parents and teachers; I will not quarrel; I will always tell the truth.' But then, mother, I don't know how it is, I do so often forget."

"Then when evening comes, I have to say, 'There now! what is the use of trying? I have been in a passion; I have been disobedient; and once or twice, mother, you know, I have said what was not true.'"

The dear child seemed very much ashamed while saying this, so her mother looked kindly at her, and only said:

"My dear, I do not think you have begun right."

The little girl looked up wonderingly, and her parent went on:

"The first thing is to ask God's help; have you asked for this?"

"No, mother, I am afraid not."

"Then, my child, do so at once, and you will not find it any longer impossible to do right."

MADE TO LAST.

Benjamin Franklin, in the midst of his labor to establish the Republic on a safe and solid basis, came into his house one day and found his little daughter sewing.

"These buttonholes, Sally," he said, "are good for nothing. They will not wear. If you make a buttonhole, child, make the best buttonhole possible."

Not content with rebuking the child, he went down the street and sent up a tailor, who had orders to instruct Miss Sarah in the art of making a buttonhole properly.

A great-grandfather of the American philosopher told this anecdote recently, adding, with pride, "Since then, the Franklin family have made buttonholes that will last."

What great statesman now would observe such a seeming trifle? How many young girls of Sarah Franklin's age think it worth while, if they make a buttonhole, to make the best one possible?

A GOOD GAME.

Whirlwind.

This most appropriately named game is an excellent one for the first at a children's party, for it is calculated to rub off

any stiffness about the little guests, and make them feel at ease.

Arrange in a circle as many chairs as there are players, and let all the players but one seat themselves; then there will be one vacant chair for the player left standing.

This chair he must now try to occupy, and if he succeed, the player on his left must take his place in the centre of the circle. The only way for the other players to prevent the vacant seat being seized upon, is for the one on the left of it to move on and occupy it. In this way the whole circle is soon in motion, and great fun and much laughter are the result of the difficulty experienced by the standing player to get a seat.

THE BABIES' PROTEST.

Baby Brighteyes:

"We are three babies, earnestly protesting
Against the things which torture us and
kill,
We'll try to make our story interesting—"
All (sweetly), "We will."

Baby Goldenhair:

"When riding in our prams so clever,
Please keep the sun out of our eyes so
blue;
It hurts us and may spoil our sight for
ever—"
All (pleadingly), "Please, do."

Baby Sweetheart:

"In summer keep us cool, and bathe us
often,
Or else we'll all be angels in the sky;
Then when you see us in our coffin—"
All (sorrowfully), "You'll cry."

B.B.: "When women, making faces, say
to charm us;
'Oo 'little, little, tootsie, wootsie, oo.'
They seem so soft, or crazy, they alarm
us—"
All (affrightedly), "Boo-hoo!"

B.G.: "We don't want clothing tight
enough to bind us—
So we can't kick to make our bodies
strong;
And we don't like small sisters forced to
mind us—"
All (sympathetically), "That's wrong."

B.S.: "When we grow big we'll pay you
more than double
For all the care your duty 'tis to show;
And we won't ever say you are a trou-
ble—"
All (tenderly), "Oh, no!"

A clergyman and one of his elderly parishioners were walking home from church one frosty day, when the old gentleman slipped and fell flat on his back. The minister, looking at him for a moment, and being assured that he was not much hurt, said to him:—"Friend, sinners stand in slippery places."