



BY HELEN STANDISH PERKINS

"THREE rings as bright as silver,
And seven cut in half,
And such a funny man appeared
He really made me laugh
'Ha, ha! ha, ha! ha, ha!' said he.
'I'm Mr. Jollyboy, you see!'"

Then Dorothy bethought herself
A little change to try,
And lo! so doleful was the face
It nearly made her cry
'Boo hoo! boo hoo! boo hoo!' wept he.
'I'm Mr. Sorryboy, you see!'"



MR. JOLLYBOY



MR. SORRYBOY



THE BABIES MRS. BIDDY FOUND.

BY BELLE SPARR LUCKETT.

In one corner of Mrs. Hart's woodshed is a box. In the box is a nest. The nest is made of hay. It is just the nicest and cosiest nest you ever saw.

Mrs. Biddy, the old yellow hen, made up her mind that a family of chicks would be a nice thing to have when there was such a snug home to keep them in. So she clucked and clucked from morning until night, and sat on the nest without a single egg to sit on, and would not even come to her meals, until she grew quite thin.

Mrs. Hart did not want a family of chicks to scratch up her garden, and she told Mrs. Biddy so very plainly, and every time she went out to the woodshed pulled Mrs. Biddy off the nest by her tail.

Ah! but that did make Mrs. Biddy fluff up her feathers and scold like an old lady in a bad humor.

One day, when Mrs. Hart went into the woodshed, there sat Mrs. Biddy looking as proud and happy as could be. As Mrs. Hart came near the hen uttered a loud warning cry, as if she screamed:

"Hands off! Hands off!" Just then a little soft head peeped out from under her wings, but it was not the head of a chick.

Mrs. Hart lifted Biddy up quickly, even though she pecked at her sharply, and there in the nest lay four little blind kittens. They began rubbing their little noses against each other, and screaming at the top of their voices. Mrs. Biddy, with all her feathers turned wrong side out, clucked and scolded by turns.

Just then a lean old mother cat that had doubtless heard the hungry cries of her babies, came running into the shed. At sight of the cat the hen flew into a great rage, and ran at her savagely. They had a pitched battle for a while, puss spitting

peacefully in the nest. The babes were cuddled away snugly under Biddy's wings, excepting one white and yellow ball of a kit that was rolled up sound asleep on Mrs. Biddy's back.

Mrs. Puss did not seem to feel entirely safe in Biddy's house, so she soon carried her kittens into Mrs. Hart's kitchen, and hid them away in a corner, where she felt sure Mrs. Biddy could never find them. Poor old lady! She was lonely indeed after that. She clucked and clucked most lovingly all day long, as if trying to coax the kittens back again; but as they did not come she gave it up, and went back to her nest in the woodshed, hoping, perhaps, to find another family of babies, some day, to love and care for.

THE FIRST WRONG BUTTON.

"Dear me," said little Janet, "I buttoned just one button wrong, and that makes the rest go wrong," and she tugged and fretted as if the poor button were at fault for her trouble.

"Patience, patience, my dear," said her mamma. "The next time look out for the wrong button, then you'll keep the rest all right. And," added mamma, "look out for the first wrong deed of any kind; another and another is sure to follow."

Janet remembered how one day, not long ago, she struck baby Alice. That was the first wrong deed. Then she denied having done it. That was another. Then she was unhappy and cross all day because she had told a lie. Look out that the first button does not go wrong.

A tree will not lie as it falls, but it will fall as it leans. And the great question that every one should bring home to himself is: "What is the inclination of my soul? Does it, with all its affections, lean toward God, or away from him?"

OUT IN THE SHOWER.

What do the birds do out in the shower,
When the sun has been in for more than an hour;

When roses are scattered, and drops of rain
Break into tunes on the window-pane?

When all the world looks cold and wan,
Just as it does before the dawn;
And the water, soaking through fragrant
grasses,
Fills the sparrow's nest as it passes!

How can the redstart find his berries,
Or the redbreast look up the black-heart
cherries?

How can the wee wren keep her brood
Safe and sheltered and served with food?

Out in such pitiless, pelting weather,
Drenched and dripping from each pin-
feather,
Surely they'd all get wet to the skin
If some kind friend didn't call them in.

Down in the hedge there's the merry chaf-
finch,

But her nest is full, you know, every inch;
And the purple-martins that built in the
basket

Wouldn't take a fellow in, if you ask it.

The humming-bird's such a sprightly elf
He can very well take care of himself;
He might run between the drops, I should
think,
Or only stop long enough to drink.

I heard a black-cap whistle a tune
Which seemed to say, "It will clear away
soon!"

But the little jays pipe on together,
Quite as if it were sunny weather.

"I WANT YOU."

One stormy night, when the wind was making a great noise, a little boy awoke from a sound sleep. He was afraid when he heard the noise of the storm, and he put out his hand to take hold of his father, who was in the same bed. His little warm hand touched his father's face and awakened him. The father reached out and drew the little boy very close to him. "My dear, what is the matter?" he asked. The little boy said, "Nothing." The father asked, "What do you want?" He replied, sobbing, "I want you." The father said, "Are you sick?" "No." "Don't you want something?" "No, I just want you, it is so dark." Then he nestled in his father's arms and was satisfied. Just so will Jesus make us satisfied when we come to him and tell him, "I want you."

It takes years to form a good character, but a few minutes are sufficient to seriously if not irreparably damage it.