



TWITTER AND TWEET.

TWITTER and Twee were neighbours, you see;

Twitter was a bird and so was Twee,
And each had a home in the old pear tree.
'Twas pleasant to hear them all the day long
Whistling and chirping their beautiful song;
Teaching their nestlings the same glad note
That came as a joy from each tiny brown throat.

Not selfish nor cross was either wee bird;
But if one found a crumb, the other one heard
A merry "Chee, chee," which meant "Come
and see
The feast that is spread for you and for
ma."

'Tis better by far, I am sure you will say,
To be pleasant and merry, cheerful and gay;
Teaching wee brother a sweet baby song,
Making him fappy all the day long;
Finding sweet crumbs of joy here and there,
Calling our playmates to come for a share,
Doing some good for some one in some way,
By singing at work and laughing in play,
Than to be selfish and cross, without even
a word
Half so kind as the call of the tiny brown
bird.

HARRY'S EXHIBITION.

OH, how disappointed the Clement children were when it began to snow so furiously: Mamma was going to take them to see the "Bohemian glass-blowers," who

were making all sorts of lovely things out of glass at the town hall, and now, here it was storming so terribly that even strong men were barely able to get about.

"Oh, it is too bad!" sighed Katy. "A whole afternoon and not a single thing to see!"

"Suppose I make you a show at home?" said good-natured Harry, her older brother, who was a student at the Academy.

"You can't make a show!" said Katy, sorrowfully.

"Can't I? Well, you just try me!"

"Yes, we'll try you, brother," put in little May, who was rocking her dolly in her own little chair.

"Oh, go on, if you can!" sighed Katy.

"Well, I can. Come on, Rob! Bring me a half-dozen potatoes from the kitchen, please, and some matches and a piece of wire, will you?"

"I'll bring 'em," cried Rob. "May I help you, Harry?"

"Yes. But the girls must go out until we call them."

Katy did not quite like to go, but she followed little May into mamma's room, and they played with the dolls until Rob threw open the door and cried out,

"Come on, one and all! See the great and only show of Clement Brothers! Admission, one pin. If you haven't got a pin, come, anyhow!"

Then the little girls ran laughing into the room, and there they soon forgot all about the wonderful glass-blowers in the "show" the boys had made, for on the table were two of the queerest little figures, a comical little man on horseback, and another man sawing with a great saw which never seemed to cut anything.

To be sure, the figures were only made of raw potatoes, with matches for legs and a bit of shaving for the horse's tail, but when Rob worked the wire, which was fastened to a handle of spools and potatoes under the table, the little sawyer sawed and the horse rocked up and down, and the little girls thought it was the funniest show they had ever seen.

"PLEASE, GOD, FORGIVE ME."

BERTIE and Susie, two little four-year-old girls, were playing on the grass together one day last summer, when Susie said something naughty. She immediately looked upward, and said, "Please, God, forgive me."

"What makes you do that?" asked Bertie.

"When we do wrong," said Susie, "we ought at once to ask the Lord to forgive us."

I am glad Susie learned that lesson when she was a very little girl. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

I MUST NOT TEASE MY MOTHER

I MUST not tease my mother,
For she is very kind,
And everything she says to me,
I must directly mind;
For when I was a baby,
And could not speak or walk,
She let me on her bosom sleep,
And taught me how to talk.

I must not tease my mother,
And when she likes to read,
Or has the headache, I will step
Most silently indeed.
I will not choose a noisy play,
Nor trifling troubles tell,
But sit down quiet by her side,
And try to make her well.

I must not tease my mother,
I've heard dear father say
When I was in my cradle sick,
She nursed me night and day.
She lays me in my little bed,
She gives me clothes and food,
And I have nothing else to pay
But trying to be good.

I must not tease my mother,
She loves me all the day;
And she has patience with my faults
And teaches me to pray.
How much I'll strive to please her,
She every hour shall see,
For should she go away or die,
What would become of me?

FOR TIRED LITTLE FOLKS

"AUNTIE, please tell me something new to do. I'm tired of Sunday. It's too late to go out, and it's too early for the lawn and the wrong time for everything."

"Well, let me see," said Auntie. "Can you tell me any one in the Bible whose name begins with A?"

"Yes; Adam."

"I'll tell you a B," said Auntie; "Benjamin. Now a C."

"Cain."

"Right," said Aunt Sarah.

"Let me tell D," said Joe, hearing of talk; "Daniel."

And so we went through all the letters of the alphabet, and before we thought it we were called for supper, the house was lighted, and we had a fine time. Try it, *Mayflower*.

HE MISPRONOUNCED IT.

THE *Home-Schooler's Weekly* tells how a boy was led astray by a misunderstood title.

He was about eight years old, and was looking over the book-shelves for something to read. A volume bound in red attracted him. It was Pope's "Essay on Man."

He read it for a few minutes, and then threw it down.

"It may be easy on man," he said, "it's hard on a boy."