



MAMMA'S LITTLE STORY.

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"I don't want to go to church," said little Amy, looking discontentedly at the fur-trimmed coat and cap and the little dog-skin gloves. "I want to stay at home and play wif Dora Cora Waterpine."

Mamma looked sad. Of course Amy must go to church, but she did not want to make her go unwillingly; it seemed strange and ungrateful for anybody to go to the house of the Lord with a lagging step and an unwilling heart.

"I am sorry you don't want to go," said mamma; "I had a little story to tell you on the way."

"Oh, have you, mamma?" cried Amy; "well, I believe I do want to go," and on went the snug wrap and cap, while ten little fingers wriggled themselves quickly into the ten places made for them.

The church was in the village, half a mile away, so mamma had time for quite a story while they walked across the snowy fields. I didn't hear the story, so I can't tell you all the things that happened to the heroine, but I know she was one of a large family, and lived in a beautiful house, and had a dear, kind Father, who loved her devotedly and gave her everything that it was safe or good for her to have; indeed, he gave her more than some of his other children, and far more than she deserved to have.

"But why didn't she deserve to have it, mamma?" interrupted Amy; "wasn't she a good little girl?"

"I hope so," said mamma, doubtfully; "but I have one very strange thing to tell you about her: when the other children gathered round the Father to thank him for the new gifts he was constantly giving them, this little one wanted to go off and amuse herself, and not thank him at all!"

Amy looked startled. "Do you mean—" she began to ask, but they were at the door of the church, and mamma only smiled silently at her as they went in.

The meaning must have come to Amy

while Mr. Frost was preaching his sermon, for she asked no more questions, but, giving mamma's hand a squeeze on the way home, said, "I thanked him too, mamma."

PASSING THROUGH THE FIRE.

In China is observed the festival of fire that celebrates the reputed birthday of the Taou gods, and is observed by the devotees running barefoot through or over a heap of burning charcoal and wood. A missionary writes about it as follows:

"When the preliminary rites have been performed the officiating priests rush wildly through the fire, followed by the others, while the deafening sounds of zongs, tom-toms, and horns drown the shrieks and groans of the suffering. Some reel and stagger, especially the old and feeble, and sometimes fall helpless in the fire and are burned to death."

TINY, THE FLOWER-SELLER.

Fanchette and grandmother and Tiny lived away over in Italy, where the skies are so blue and the sun is so warm. Grandmother tended the house and Fanchette sold flowers. Tiny went with Fanchette and sat by her feet and watched everything around him with his sharp black eyes. Tiny was only a dog, but he was a very smart dog.

One day Fanchette was sick. Her head ached so badly that she could not get up. Who would sell her flowers? Fanchette did not know what to do.

After a while she thought of a plan. She managed to get up and dress, although the poor head still ached. She took her basket and went to the next house, where the florist lived, and got her usual supply of flowers. Then she went home and called Tiny.

She tied the basket around his neck, kissed him good-bye, and pointed to the door and said, "Go sell my flowers, Tiny." Then she had to lie down on the bed again.

Tiny trotted off to the corner where his mistress always stood. I think Fanchette's customers understood the case, for they picked out their posies and dropped the money into the basket. When the flowers were all sold, Tiny trotted home. The headache was gone. Fanchette was watching at the door for him, and she found more money in the basket than she had ever made before.

The next day Fanchette's customers found the little red-checked girl in her old place, and they told her what a good flower-seller Tiny was.

WILLIE'S ANSWER.

"One afternoon," writes a teacher, "just after school had closed, as I was locking my desk, little Willie stole softly to my neck, and putting his arms around my neck, kissed me. 'I love 'oo, teacher,' he said.

"Does Willie know what love is?" I asked.

"It's what makes us dood to folks," he replied."

Was not that a good answer, and as true as it was good? It was our Lord's love that made him so good to us in living and dying for our sake. Let us all try to get a great deal of the love that makes us good to folks.

CHRISTIAN, DOST THOU SEE THEM?

Christian, dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the powers of darkness
Rage thy steps around?
Christian, up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
In the strength that cometh
By the holy cross.

Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian, answer boldly,
"While I breathe I pray."
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

"Well I know the trouble,
O my servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary, too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near my throne."

A three-year-old discovered the neighbor's hens in her yard, scratching. In an indignant tone she reported to her mother that Mr. Smith's hens were "wiping their feet on our grass."