

TIM'S GRACE... *Norman Gale... Songs for Little People.*

When Baby Tim, who's very small,
Says grace for me, and Nurse, and Paul,
He asks the Lord to make us all
"Ter-looly fankful."

And if we laugh till we are red,
Nurse strokes his sandy-colored head,
And loves him more because he said
"Ter-looly fankful."

For when he's older, Nursie says,
And grown from all his pretty ways,
She'll often miss his funny phrase,
"Ter-looly fankful."

JUVENILE HUMORISTS.

A little boy had come to school for the first time. The teacher, to encourage the child to speak, asked them simple questions such as "How many feet have you?" etc. The cautious little man, however, listened without saying anything. At last the teacher, noticing this, said to him, "How many feet did you say you had?" Afraid of committing himself, he said, "Please, sir, I didna say I had any."

"He's your first cousin, isn't he?" said an old lady to 6-year old Freddy, alluding to a new baby, of whom Freddy was very fond. "Oh, no," replied Freddy, "I had two cousins before he was born."

"Papa," said a boy, "I know what makes people laugh in their sleeve." "Well my son, what makes them?" "Cause that's where their funny bone is."

"Papa, is Mrs. Bigelow very poor?" "No, Cedric, Mrs. Bigelow is well off; don't you know what a nice house she has?" "But she sleeps in the hencoop, papa." "Why, Cedric!" "She said she did." "What do you mean?" "Don't you remember when she was here to dinner night before last she excused herself, and said she must go home early because she went to bed with the chickens?"

Teacher—John, of what are your shoes made? Boy—Of leather, sir. Teacher—Where does leather come from? Boy—From the hide of an ox. Teacher—What animal, then, supplies you with shoes and gives you meat to eat? Boy—My Father.

Papa—How are you getting on in arithmetic, Russell? Come now, tell me. If there are two little boys and another comes up, what does that make? Russell (quickly)—A quarrel.

Tommy—There's a girl at our school, Mamma, they call "Postscript." Do you know why? Mamma—No, dear. Tommy—Because her name is Adeline Moore.

Bobbie—Oh, Mr. Highflieer, may, I go coasting with you? Mr. Highflieer—Why do you want to go coasting with me, Bobbie? Bobbie—Cos I heard my papa say you had gone down hill faster than anybody he had ever known.

Uncle John (after a lesson, trying to explain the whereabouts of China)—Now, Harry, if a man were to bore a hole down through the earth, where would he come out? Harry—Out of the hole.

Mamma—Well, Elsie, what did you learn at school to day? Elsie (aged six)—Learned to spell. Mamma—Now, what did you learn to spell? Elsie—Man. Mamma—And how do you spell man? Elsie (promptly)—M-a-n, man. Mamma—Now, how do you spell boy? Elsie (after a moment's reflection)—The same way, only in littler letters.

"What time is it, my lad?" asked an American traveler of a small Irish boy, who was driving a couple of cows home from the fields. "About twelve o'clock, sir," replied the boy. "I thought it was more." "It's never any more here," returned the lad, in surprise. "It just begins at one again."

A little girl three and a half years old, can say perfectly very many words which children of her age rarely attempt. One of a very few which trouble her is Episcopal, and her mispronunciation of it is rather amusing. Her father tried to have her attempt it in the presence of company by saying: "Jennie, what is the name of that little church where Auntie takes you sometimes?" The little one opened her mouth to speak, hesitated, glanced at the company, and said: "Well papa, when you want to go to that church you just tell me and I'll take you there. I'll show you the church."

Little Ellsworth, of four years, was watching mamma mend his sleeve, which he had torn in play. He seemed to be taking great interest in it, to judge from the silent attention he was giving to her work; then he spoke up and said, "It's a good thing they took a rib from a man and made a woman. If they hadn't, we would all have to go ragged!"

A little girl, busy in making a pair of worsted slippers, said to her companion near her: "You are lucky, you are. Your papa has only got one leg."