

LITTLE FOLKS

'I Can't Draw Glory.'

A teacher went out one day with one of her pupils to do some sketching. The little girl she took with her was about ten years of age, and quite skilful with her brush.

When the day was nearly over, the teacher looked at the sky, where the sun was setting.

'Try to make a picture of that sunset,' said the teacher to her pupil.

The little girl looked at the beautiful sight in the heavens, and then she turned to her teacher and said, 'I can't draw glory.'—Selected.



—The 'Congregationalist and Christian World.'

What the Beads Told.

(By Hilda Richmond, in the 'Sunday-School Times.')

'Everything goes wrong,' stormed Molly when her papa telephoned that he was too busy to take her for the drive they had planned. 'I never want to do things and get my way, so I'm going to stop counting on them.'

'You don't have half as much trouble as I do,' said Roy. 'I have worked three days to make my kite fly, and just as I got it all right it tangled up in the wires and got broken. I would just like to have things go right for once.'

'I thought you enjoyed the ride in the auto this morning when Uncle Joseph came past,' said Grandma, who was quietly knitting by the window.

'Well, that was one time,' admitted Molly, 'but everything else has gone wrong this morning.'

'How about the pretty kitten Cousin Sarah sent?' went on Grandma.

'I forgot about that,' said Molly, 'but I suppose it will run away or something.'

'Jack chewed up my ball this morning,' grumbled Roy.

'Yes, and Cousin Sarah bought you a new one when she heard about it,' said Grandma. 'I think you are both a little out of humor.'

'Honest, Grandma,' said Molly, 'things have been going wrong all morning. I couldn't tell you how many times I've been disappointed.'

So Grandma urged her to tell everything that had happened that morning and Molly had a doleful tale. Roy added his list to Molly's, and any one who saw the forlorn little faces must have concluded that they had hard times, indeed. After a while they forgot all about what Grandma had said, and played till dinner was ready. After dinner they went for the drive and not a thing was said about being disappointed until after supper when bed-time came.

'Look here, children,' said Grandma, holding up two long strings of beads. 'Every time you told me to-day that something went wrong, I put on a gray bead and when you were happy a gold one. What do you think of the strings?'

And if you'll believe me, Roy only found five gray beads on his string and Molly four on hers! All the rest were shining gold ones, and Grandma had

Lost—A Smile.

Lost! a very precious thing—
Someone's little smile.
Shall we send the crier round?
Is it worth our while?

Or will it come back again
By its little self?
Come and let us search for it
On the nursery shelf.

'Our Little Dots.'

asked them from time to time all day what had happened, so they knew the beads were telling true stories. Then they sat down to count the gold beads and found that Molly had twenty-five and Roy thirty. Just think of that! Why, the dull gray beads hardly counted at all among the bright shining ones.

'I'll never say again that everything goes wrong!' said two voices. 'Let's hang the beads on the curtain where we can always see them and remember.'

'His Name Shall be in Their Foreheads.'

'How will God write it, papa?' asked little Eve.

'Write what?' asked her father, looking up from his reading.

Eve got up from the low stool where she had been sitting with her book, and came across to him.

It was Sunday evening, and these two were keeping house whilst mother was at church.

'See what it says,' said she, resting the book on his knee, and pointing. Then she read it out: 'And His name shall be in their foreheads,' she read.

'It's out of the Bible, added she, 'and I know it means God, because of that big H. How will God write it, papa?'

Her father put down his book and took her on his knee. 'God will let some one else write it,' said he.

Eve looked as if she didn't understand. But of course it must be true, since father said it; so she waited for him to explain.

'When you look at grandfather's silver hair,' began her father, 'what do you see written there? That he is an old, old gentleman, don't you?' continued he, as Eve hesitated. 'Who wrote it there?'

'It wrote itself,' said Eve.

Father nodded.

'Right,' said he. 'Day by day, and year by year, the white hairs came, until at last it was written quite as plainly as if somebody had taken pen and ink and

put it down on paper for you to read. Now, when I look in your mouth, what do I see written there? I see, "This little girl is not a baby now; for she has all her teeth, and can eat crusts." That has been writing itself ever since the first tooth that you cut, when mother had to carry you about all night because it pained you so.'

Eve laughed.

'What a funny sort of writing!' said she.

'When little girls are cross and disobedient,' her father went on, 'where does it write itself? Look in the glass next time you are naughty and see.'

'I know,' said Eve. 'In their faces, doesn't it?'

'And if they are good? In their faces, too. Is that what the text means?'

'That is what it means,' said father. 'Because if we go on being naughty all our lives, it writes itself upon our faces so that nothing can rub it out. But if we are good, the angels will read upon our foreheads that we are God's. So you must try, day by day, to go on writing it.'—'Christian News.'

Elsie's Playthings.

'I'm so tired, mamma!'

Instantly the sewing was laid aside and the mother-eyes looked into the weary little blue ones.

'Tired of play, Elsie? Just look at the dollies on the floor, and that pretty new one over there. You are surely not tired of all your playthings so soon.'

Still the eyes dropped wearily and the curly head leaned against her mother's arm.

'Guess I've got 'oo much to play with, mamma. I'm tired in here, laying the little hand on her heart.'

'Ah!' said the mother, knowingly. She gathered the little form up in her arms and rocked it gently, thinking all the time.

'Suppose we share up some of these things,' she said after a while.