

For last night when I went to sleep,  
 Your boy was only three!  
 Just see how tall I am to-day—  
 Papa, do you know me?  
 I'm four years old!

"And now I am almost a man,  
 And want a candy store—  
 To sell ice-cream and nuts and figs,  
 And lots of good things more!  
 And—oh—I want a big black dog  
 To keep bad boys away—  
 A pony, just as white as snow,  
 To ride on every day—  
 I'm four years old!

I'm sorry for poor little Ned,  
 Just think, *he's only two!*  
 But if he lives, he'll grow a man,  
 And all these nice things do.  
 I'll give him all my tops and balls,  
 My dresses and my toys,  
 For things like these are very nice  
 To please such *little boys!*  
 I'm four years old!"

"What! four years old! My little son,  
 You fill me with surprise.  
*My boy* become a man so soon!  
 Can I believe my eyes?—  
 Ah! golden time, so full of hope,  
 So fresh and sweet and fair!  
 I well remember now the day  
 When I, all free from care,  
 Was four years old.

Congregationalist.

#### CHINESE PROVERBS ON CONTENTMENT.

"The ripest fruit grows on the roughest wall.—It is the small wheels of a carriage that come in first.—The man who holds the ladder at the bottom is frequently of more service than he who is stationed at the top of it.—Better be the cat in a good man's family than a mutton pie at a king's

banquet.—The learned pig didn't learn its letters in a day.—True merit like the pearl inside an oyster, is content to remain quiet until it finds an opening.—The top strawberries are eaten the first.—Pride sleeps in a gilded crown; contentment in a cotton night-cap!"

Returning to plain English (the Nutcrackers may relax their wise