

## THE REPORT OF THE YOUNG WORKERS.

AN EXERCISE BY EIGHT LITTLE GIRLS.

*First.*

Of the happy workers  
Youngest ones are we:  
That we're *very* little  
Any one can see.

P'r'aps you think our help, too,  
Must be also small ;  
But we're sure it's better  
Far than none at all.

Would you know the many  
Things we've learned to do ?  
Listen, and the secret  
We will tell to you.

*Second.*

I made lots of stitches  
In a patch-work square,—  
Hardest work I ever  
Did too, I declare!

*Third.*

I can't sew: but grandma  
Holders made for me:  
These I sold, to carry  
Light across the sea.

*Fourth.*

I shelled beans for heathen  
(Papa said I might:)  
So my little fingers  
Made a shilling bright.

*Fifth.*

My mamma to help me  
Battled up some ink:  
I've sold seventy cents worth,  
Now what do you think !

*Sixth.*

Out of Auntie's pansies  
I've picked every weed,  
And she's going to give me  
All I'll sell of seed.

*Seventh.*

I can 'muse the baby  
When he wants to play:

Many a shining penny  
I have made this way.

*Eighth.*

Sometimes I run errands  
Over 'cross the street;  
Earn my mission money  
Helping older feet.

*First.*

So you see, though little,  
We've found some work to do:  
When we said we helped some,  
Don't you think 'twas true ?

L. A. H. BUTLER.

## THE IRISH BOY'S SONG.

A man going to the station to take the train heard a little Irish boy singing:

" There'll be no sorrow there,  
There'll be no sorrow there."

" Where?" asked the gentleman; for his mind was impressed by the words " There'll be no sorrow there."

The boy answered:

" In heaven above,  
Where all is love,  
There'll be no sorrow there."

The man hastened to take the train, but he could not forget the simple words of the hymn. A world where there is no sorrow! This was the great thought which filled his mind. He had been an infidel, but now resolved to become a Christian, and did so, and began to live a life of preparation for the land where there is no sorrow.

## ROB'S PLAN.

Rob never has any trouble with the boys. Every one likes him, so it is not very strange that he gets along well.

" Rob, how is it you never get into any scrapes?" said Will Law to him, one day. " All the other boys do."

" Oh, it's my plan not to talk back. When a boy says hard things to me I just keep still."

Not a bad plan, is it? If all the boys would try it, what good times there would be in the school-room, on the play-ground — everywhere. Who will try Rob's plan?