

LITTLE FOLKS

Ten Servants.

'A lazy little girl asked her fairy godmother to give her a good genius to do everything for her. So the fairy called ten dwarfs, who dressed and washed the little girl, and combed her hair and fed her. All was done so nicely that she was happy, except for the thought that they would go away.

"To prevent that," said the godmother, "I will place them permanently on your two pretty little hands;" and they are all there yet. —'Jewels.'

Doctor Hodge's Prayer.

"As far back as I can remember," said a wise and good man, "I had the habit of thanking God for everything I received, and asking him for everything I wanted. If I lost my book, or any of my playthings, I prayed that I might find it. I prayed walking along the streets, in school or out of school, whether playing or studying. I did this because it seemed natural to do so. I thought of God as everywhere present, full of kindness and love, who would not be offended if children talked to him."

That man was Dr. Charles Hodge, the distinguished scholar and preacher. How happy all children would be if they were to talk with God as to their father, which he did as a child, and had also the habit of thanking God! Too often when our prayers are answered we forget to give God thanks.

The child who talks with God will not be likely to use bad words at any time. His speech and his heart will be sanctified by communing with one who is perfectly pure and loving, so that only words which are good and pleasant will flow from the lips.—'Good Cheer.'

A Lesson in Patience.

'Mother,' said Mary, 'I can't make Henry put his figures as I tell him.'

'Be patient, my dear, and do not speak so sharply.'

'But he won't let me tell him how to put the figures, and he does not know how to do it himself,' said Mary, pettishly.

'Well, my dear, if Henry won't

learn a lesson in figures, suppose you try and teach him a lesson in patience. This is harder to teach, and harder to learn, than any lesson in figures; and perhaps when you have learned this, the other will be easier to both.'—'Christian Messenger.'

The Hospital Picture Book

(Hannah G. Fernald, in 'Youth's Companion.')

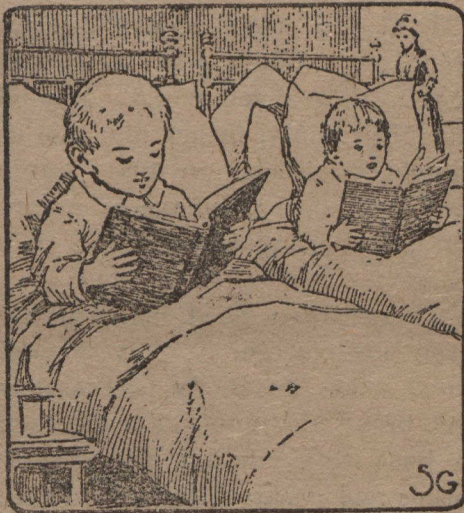
There's many a play for a rainy day
In many a cozy nook,
But best of all when the big drops fall

Is the Hospital Picture Book!



The pictures are spread in goodly store,
Our dresses with aprons are covered o'er,
And happy and busy as bees we pore
Over the Hospital Picture Book.

We like to know as the pages grow
That little folks, as they look,
Will forget for a while their pain,
and smile



At our Hospital Picture Book.
So every page is packed with cheer,

There's never a hint of a grief or a tear,

But posies are blossoming all through the year

In our Hospital Picture Book,

And the last they'll see (how surprised they'll be!)

Is a photograph uncle took
Of Nannie and Bee and baby and me
For the Hospital Picture Book!
And mother will write, 'We are four of your friends,

A heart full of love each one of us sends,

So here, with a cheery greeting, ends

Our Hospital Picture Book.'

Our Nice Pussy.

I suppose nearly all the little folks who read this paper have a pussy, and that each one of you thinks yours the very nicest one there is. That is just what we think of ours. Ours is a beautiful gray cat, with pleasant eyes and soft velvety paws. She is as frisky and playful as can be. When she was a kitten about three years ago, she could do so many tricks, jump so gracefully, walk across the room on her hind legs, and amuse us and our friends so much. She does not like to perform all these tricks now. Perhaps she thinks it is not very dignified now that she is a cat. She would rather watch the kittens doing those things. Puss knows all our family well and keeps track of each one. There are usually six of us at table. In the mornings we find her sitting in the long hall about breakfast time and watching each one as he or she comes down stairs. If all are not down at the regular time puss walks quietly into the dining-room, goes around the table, notes which chair is vacant, and then, quick as a flash, she runs up stairs to the room of the missing one to see what is the matter. If one is not well, and has remained in bed, up jumps puss, looks kindly to the occupant, and then curls herself up at the foot of the bed and stays there to see whether the sick one will get up after a while, or whether the trouble is serious and the doctor will appear. She looks as if she felt quite a responsibility upon her