

THE LITTLE FOLK.

THE CAT'S PICTURE.

BY C. I.

"Mary, do, please hold Kitty-Kat just a few minutes till I draw her picture," Harry entreated.

Harry felt just a little bit proud of the talent his teacher agreed he had for drawing, and he seized every opportunity to show those around him what he could do as an artist. He was not disagreeably vain about it. He really loved to draw.

Mary was perfectly willing to hold pussy, for she was as proud of his success as he was himself.

The day was Saturday, and both children had been enjoying their holiday. Their mother had given them a little talk that morning, after breakfast about their tempers. She had said that those bad tempers ruined nearly every one of their holidays. It was natural, she went on to say, for every one to feel at



times provoked at the way things happened or other people behaved, but they must learn to control their anger or they would make those about them miserable and themselves unhappy. They had got along together very well so far and the day was nearly over.

Mary had been holding the cat very patiently for some time, and Harry was just putting the finishing touches to his picture when the cat began to grow restless. "Hurry up, Harry," exclaimed Mary. "Kitty-Kat is fidgeting, and I know she is going to jump in a minute."

"Well, hold her tight, then, for I want to finish my picture. It is splendid! and if you let her go, you will spoil everything." Harry spoke, quite sharply.

Considering that she had stood and held the cat in her arms for so long without a complaint, Mary thought it very unfair for Harry to speak to her in that way. So she grew cross. "I am not going to hold her any longer, so there!" she declared.

She had hardly said the words when pussy jumped, not straight down to the floor, but across Harry's drawing pad, jarring the pencil in his hand so much that a crooked, black line was made right through his picture.

Of course, it was very provoking, but Harry made matters much worse by flying into a temper, and flinging his pad across the room at the cat.

Fortunately for pussy the pad just missed her, but into the bed of glowing coals in the wide grate went the flying pad. Before Harry could snatch it out the pad was in flames, and in a few minutes nothing could be seen of it but curls of white ashes.

Harry and Mary looked at each other. Both knew without saying anything that Harry's really good picture of Kitty-Kat was destroyed on account of their giving way to their tempers. Their mother's words came back to them. How true it was that giving way to those tempers made them do things of which, in their sober senses, they were heartily ashamed!

HOW LITTLE LELIA TOOK UP THE CROSS.

A TRUE STORY.

Little Lelia, a fair-haired blonde, who had been her mother's sunbeam for six short years, sat rocking her doll to sleep and humming snatches of one of the children's hymns.

Every now and then she stopped singing and sat still in her little rocking chair, and looked lovingly at a little fairy lamp, which was burning brightly on the end of the mantle, saying, with a soulful expression in her eyes:

"Mamma, ain't it pretty?—ain't it sweet?"

Yes, dear, it is one of the prettiest I ever saw; and you think a great deal of it, don't you?"

"Mamma, I just love it."

Papa had brought this little lamp a few days before from the city for his little girl; and with it two others for her to give to her two little playmates, Mary and Agnes. For papa's and mamma's little sunbeam must not be selfish, but share her pleasures with others.

This beautiful little lamp with its pretty pink globe and soft light, was little Lelia's dearest treasure. The first thing in the morning she asked Sarah, the maid to light it for her; all day she watched it with eager interest, and whenever the light began to fail, she ran to Sarah, and begged politely:

"Please, Sarah, fill my dear little lamp; its going out, and I do want to see it look pretty again."

This Sarah gladly did for the little lady who was at ways kind to her, and thoughtful of her comfort.

At night when "Now I lay me" had been said, mamma's good-night kiss given, and little Lelia snugly tucked up in bed, she lay looking at the precious lamp until "Mr. Napper" closed her "peepers." It was indeed her heart's treasure, and was for many days.

One morning Lelia's mother said to her. "Lelia, Sarah is going to see her little lame brother this evening. What are you going to send him?"

Lelia's eyes immediately rested on her lamp—the thing nearest to her heart. For a minute she said nothing, then with her big blue eyes full of earnest love, she looked up in her mother's face and said:

"Mamma, if I send Ben my lamp, will that be 'taking up the cross?'"

It was mother's time to be silent now. She felt strongly tempted to seize her precious darling lovingly in her arms and tell her to keep her treasure, and that she would send for another lamp for Ben. But the wise mother knew the eternal value of this lesson, and said quietly: "Yes, dear, taking up the cross for Jesus' sake."

Then she kissed her own little treasure, and left the room with something in her throat, and in her heart a thanksgiving that Jesus had said, "Suffer the little children to come." That day little Lelia wore a thoughtful brow, but was very quiet and gentle, there was no outward sign of the battle going on in that little soul.

But when Sarah was about to leave that evening, she heard a little voice calling her. Looking up she saw a little angel-face all covered with smiles, resting on an odd-looking parcel done up in Lelia's own childish fashion; the owner of face and parcel came tripping downstairs with a light heart and merry voice, as she said:

"Sarah, will you please take this to Ben, and tell him I hope he will soon be better."

The mysterious parcel contained her most precious treasure—the fairy lamp. Little Lelia had proved a heroine indeed, and had gained a victory over self.

In the later twilight of that evening Lelia and her mother sat silently looking into the big wood fire, both thinking of the same thing, when little Lelia leaned her head on her mother's knee and said in a low voice:

"Mamma, I feel so much happier since I gave my lamp away."

Older and wiser heads, can you not learn a lesson of little Lelia, and receive that "Peace that passeth all understanding?"