

Little Folks.

Molly and Meg.

'I am tired!' said Molly, rushing into mother's room one afternoon; 'but we've had a lovely time, haven't we, Meg?'

'Oh, yes, mother,' cried Meg, 'it has been just beautiful; and we're going again another day, and you will let us, won't you, mother dear?'

'Stop, little ones,' said mother. 'You forget that I don't know yet where you've been, or how you've spent your half-holiday. Tell me

ing, so Meg opened the door very softly and peeped in.'

'And there, mother,' put in Meg, 'were the two poor mites sitting on the floor, with a few old toys, and a dirty, broken dolls' house, which Willie had just broken, and little Peggy was crying as if her heart was broken too. So in we went and tried to cheer them up a bit. Molly washed their faces and tidied them, whilst I cleared up the room. Then we found their old

those dear mites' faces when we showed them how to make daisy-chains, and trimmed their hats with buttercups. They just screamed with delight, and made a long, long chain all by themselves to take home for their mother. Then we played with them for some time, and taught them some new games, until they were really worn out with tiredness. Then we took them home again, and I played with the children, whilst Meg helped their auntie to get the tea laid. Dear old Meg made the table look quite smart with our bunches of flowers in little jars, and all arranged so nicely. After tea we said good-bye to the dear mites, and promised them we'd go again sometime soon, and mend up their dolls' house for them.'

'Your plan is lovely, mother,' said Meg, 'and we're going to try it every day we live. I'm just longing to start again to-morrow, and find somebody or other to make a bit happier.'

'Well, my darlings,' gently put in mother, as she looked fondly at the two bright faces of her little daughters, 'I am very glad you have remembered our morning's talk so effectually, and I'm sure you have made a good start this afternoon. Try again to-morrow, and every day, as you say you will, and you will then be certain to do the work God sent you into the world to do; that is, to make your own small corner a little the better and happier for your presence in it.'—'Adviser.'

Algie's Climb.

There it came, tumbling down, white as milk in the sunlight; leaping from boulder to boulder, playing at leapfrog over them, hiding behind the tufts of ferns, then springing into the sunlight again—sometimes in one broad silver band, sometimes in half a dozen tiny streamlets that curled and frolicked as they tumbled after the rest.

Little Algie was only five years old, and he used to sit in front of the farmhouse door looking up at the great, great mountain, and wondering what it was like at the top.

Sometimes it looked purple and dark, then all at once it brightened into patches of emerald and yellow,



all about it first, and then ask your questions.'

'Well, mother,' began Molly, 'it was this way. We were talking over what you told us this morning, about trying every day to make somebody happy, and we thought we should like to try it, so we wondered who we could start with. Then we thought of little Willie and Peggy Mearns, whose mother is so ill, and who hardly ever seem to get any nice things in their lives like we do, so we went down to their house to see if we could do anything to make them a bit happy. When we got there we heard someone cry-

mail cart, got them in, and wheeled them off into the fields. We met their father on the way, and he did seem pleased to see them looking so clean and so smiling. He was quite glad the children were out, and said ever so many times how grateful he was to us for fetching them. Poor Mrs. Mearns is very little better, and her sister, who is staying there to nurse her, has no time to look after the children, so they just have to play by themselves indoors, and get along the best way they can.'

'You would have laughed, Mum-my,' here cried Molly, 'to have seen