



THE HOUSEHOLD KING.

No letter does he know in all
The lengthy alphabet;
The simplest word one ever heard
Remains a mystery yet.
One single step he cannot take,
Nor can he even stand;
He cannot write, the dainty mite,
Or use his dainty hand.

His daily round of baby life
Is made of curious things—
To laugh, and creep and play bo-peep
Untiring pleasure brings,
Until with unrelenting hand
The sand-man claims his eyes,
And then to sing this baby king
Asleep with lullabies.

WHAT THEY DID ABOUT IT.

BY E. P. ALLEN.

"SHE seemed to think everybody could do something, Minna; don't you know she kept talkin' and talkin' 'bout the 'little ones,' like she 'spected them to do a heap?"

"Yes, I know, Lily," answered the eldest sister disconsolately, "but she didn't know mother was sick and father out of work, or she would have counted us out."

"She didn't talk as if anybody was counted out," insisted Lily; and then the sisters sat gazing into the fire. They had been to the Forbes Street Sunday-school as usual that Sunday afternoon, but instead of saying their verses and hymns, a lady had talked to them a whole hour about Africa, and all the little dark-skinned children there who had never heard of Jesus.

She had been living over there a long time, teaching them that Jesus died for them, and now her friends in this country had sent for her to come home and rest

awhile. But the way she rested was to go about, up and down the land, trying to persuade Christians to send more teachers to Africa.

"I tell you what we'll do, Minna," said Lily, after a long silence: "we'll ask the lady what she thinks we can do. She must know what other little girls do who have sick mothers and fathers out of work."

So the next day Lily left Minna to take care of mother, and she tripped up to the manse to ask for Miss Hanna, the missionary. "She will sail day after to-morrow for Africa, my dear," said the preacher's wife; then, seeing how disappointed Lily

looked, she added, "But what do you want with her."

Lily told what her errand was.

"Suppose you write to her?" said Mrs. Page; and then she gave the little girl Miss Hanna's address in Africa and sent her back to write the letter. But the preacher's wife sat about answering Lily's question right away.

"There came a small preacher to my house to-day, Mr. Page," she said when her husband came in, "and set three doors open for you and me."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Page. "What did the preacher look like?"

"She wore a gingham apron and long curls," answered Mrs. Page.

"And what doors did she open?"

Then the lady told him about Lily's visit.

"Yes, I see," said the preacher. You must see that poor, sick Mrs. Landor gets some attention, and I must help Jim to get some work, and we must start a mission-band among the children right away."

It took the letter a long time to go to Africa, and another long time for an answer to get back, and before the pleased little girls got it out of the office the mother was well, the father had a place and Minna and Lily were working like beavers in the mission-band.

WHAT CURIOSITY DID

SIX mice lived in the attic of a house, and what a happy time they did have! All night they raced and scampered over the rafters, playing hide and seek; and when morning came they crept into their warm beds between the outer and inner walls of the house, and took a long nap. When they were hungry they could slip down and help themselves to the chickens' food

[But somehow the man who owned the house did not like mice. They kept him awake, playing all night over his head. "Wife," said he, "we must catch those mice, somehow. A cat is of no use, for they run down between the walls where no cat can follow them, and they won't go into traps.

"Leave it to me," said the woman.

"The next day she opened the door that led up into the attic, and set on the floor a box with a door and a string, and then went out.

That night in their play the mice saw the open door. "We've never seen that room," said one. "Let's go down," said another. "Oh, what a dear little house," said one. "What's in it?" "Let's go in and see." And all six whisked in at the little door. Snap! went the door.

"There, puss, kill every one," said the woman, as she came in with a cat. She opened the little door, but forgot to shut the one leading to the attic. Puss killed four mice, but two escaped. It was so lonely for them now, and they moved into another house, where their cousins lived.

"It was curiosity did it," they always said when they told of the sad end of their brothers.

HEAPING COALS.

"MAMMA," said Willie, "Harry has stolen my marbles, and the next time I see him won't I give him a pounding?"

"Willie, in the Bible we read: 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in doing so thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.'"

"What is an enemy, mamma?"

"A little boy who steals your marbles."

"And what is heaping coals on his head?"

"That is being as kind as possible to him the very first chance you get."

"I believe I'll do it, mamma."

Not many days after, Willie came running in to his mother and exclaimed: "Get me a penny out of my box! Harry's mother gave him two pennies to buy a kite, and he's lost one, and he's crying; and I want to heap coals."

His mother gave him the penny, and he ran to Harry with it.

Then Harry and Willie were friends again.

Don't you think heaping coals was much better than for Willie to pound Harry?

ON STILTS.

DID you ever see a boy walking on stilts? I think if any boy had legs as long as the stilts he walks on, he would be glad to have them shorter, like other people's legs. But here is a bird that could not live any other way. His food is down in the water. If his legs were short, like those of a quail, or chicken, he could not wade where the water is deep. The Lord has made his legs just right, so that he may wade in the water and find his food.