

THE LITTLE FOLK.

HOW PUSSEY WAS SAVED A WHIPPING.

Dear pussy, I love you, an' I's your true friend,
 'Cause I saved you a whippin' to-day.
 When cook missed her custard, and every one said
 It was puss that had stole it away.
 You know you are naughty sometimes, pussy dear,
 So in course you got blamed, an'—all that I
 An' cook took a stick, an' she 'clared she would beat
 The thief out of that mizzable cat.
 But I—didn't feel comfort'ble down in my heart,
 So I saved you the whippin', you see,
 'Cause I went to mamma, an' told her I guess
 She'd better tell cook to whip me,
 'Cause the custard was stole by a bad little girl,
 Who felt drestfully sorry with shame,
 An' it wouldn't be fair to whip pussy, in course,
 When that bad little girl was to blame!
 "Was it my little girlie?" my dear mamma said,
 I felt drestfully scared, but I nod'ded my head,
 An' then mamma laughed, "Go find nurse, for I guess
 There's some custard to wash off a little girl's dress."
 Well, then, 'course they knew it was I, an' not you,
 Who stole all the custard an' then ran away.
 But it's best to be true in the things that we do,
 An'—that's how I saved you a spankin' to-day.
 "Montreal Star."

D. V.

"I wonder what grandmother means by D. V.," said Arthur Carroll, to his sister Anna. "I heard her say she would, D. V., when Mrs. Whiting asked her if she would go and take luncheon with her next Monday."

"D. V." means "God willing," replied Anna. "Deo volente." "I have heard grandmother use it so often that I looked it up in the dictionary. It is among the list of abbreviations. It is the same as if she said, 'If nothing happens to prevent, I will go.' What could possibly happen in three days to prevent grandmother's going to Mrs. Whiting's if she wishes to?"

"When I am asked if I will do a thing I just make up my mind that I will, or I won't and say so. If I say I go, I go, and that is the whole of it," said Arthur.

"I will, is for the Lord to say, children," said grandmother, who had overheard the conversation and came in at that moment. "When I was your age I thought I could say 'I will,' and do just what I said I would, but I have lived long enough to learn that, 'Man proposes, but God disposes,' and I will tell you how I first learned to say 'D. V.'"

"When I was twelve years old my uncle and aunt invited me to go and spend the spring vacation of a fortnight, with them in the city. I had never been in the city, and of course I was delighted and sat right down to write a letter and accept the kind invitation. I had written positively that I would go a certain day. My mother took the letter in her hand to read over to see if there were any mistakes in it. In my haste I had carelessly left out an "I" that belonged to one word, put an extra "t" in another, and mother called my attention to the errors in spelling, then she said, 'My dear, you have written positively that you will go. You don't know what may happen between this time and Thursday. You better put D. V. right in this place here.' Then she explained to me what it meant. There was not room to write, 'If nothing happens, etc.,' so she gave me the shorter way to express myself in. But I said: 'Pooh; how foolish to put those letters in. They will look as if they squeezed themselves in between those two sentences, after my letter was finished. They will spoil the look of my letter,' and I sealed the letter up and sent it off without putting the 'D. V.' in."

"I was full of happy anticipations of my visit and not a thought came into my mind that I could not go. It was supper time and my trunk was all packed and I was ready to start the next morning. The stage coach was going to stop at the door to take me to the nearest town, where I would take the train for the city. But just before we sat down to supper our hired man came in to the sitting-room, looking very much frightened, and told us father had fallen down from the hay

mow on to the barn floor. We all ran out to the barn and at first we thought father was dead. But after he had been brought into the house and the doctor came, he became conscious, but his leg had been broken in the fall and his head had been cut in two places. My father was the very best father in the world, so I thought then and so I think now. He was always so companionable with his children, so gentle with their faults and so considerate of them. As soon as he came to himself, and the doctors had set the broken bone, he called me and said, 'Daughter, I don't want you to stay home from Uncle Jacob's on my account. It will be a great disappointment to you, I know, so be all ready when the stage calls in the morning.' But I said, 'Dear father, I'm not going. I would be wretched if I went and left you so sick. I am going to stay and help take care of you.' I know father felt happy to think I loved him so well that I would not leave him, even for a visit to the city. It was months before father could get about and then he had to go on crutches. The doctors called the break 'a compound fracture.'

"That was my first lesson in learning to say, 'D. V.' We cannot any of us say what we will do, because we don't know what may come unexpectedly to prevent us carrying out our plans. We all depend upon a higher Power for 'our goings out' and 'our comings in,' and whether we do this or that depends upon His purposes for us."—The Evangelist.

OO-OPERATION.

The "Girls' Friendly Magazine" says that in March of last year Jane Blank, a poor girl in a Welsh village, and Sarah Dash, another girl on a Cornish farm, emigrated to the United States. They had no friends or acquaintances to protect them on the long voyage, or to receive and look after them when they landed in America. But they belonged to this society, which numbers nearly a half million members all of whom are young women, both rich and poor, associated for mutual help and friendly word.

Their intention to emigrate was made known to the general manager in England who arranged that they should sail on the same ship.

The Cornish and Welsh girls met for the first time on the deck of the steamer, and were known to each other by the little button of the society which each wore.

Each of them carried a letter from the manager to the captain, asking for his kindly oversight. Instead of making the voyage alone and unprotected, they shared the same room and became companions and warm friends.

When the ship reached New York harbor, an American member of the society, accompanied by a clergyman, met them, guided them through the customs, took them to a respectable boarding-house, secured a situation for Sarah, and sent Jane the next day safely to her friends in Ebensburg, a Welsh Pennsylvania village.

A few months later the poor Cornish girl fell sick, lost her place, and penniless and homeless, would have been driven to the street but for her friendly associates, who placed her in a hospital until she was cured, and then again found work for her.

"I feel," she wrote home, "as if our society had a thousand arms, and wherever I go they hold me and take care of me."

This is a homely story, but it is one of facts. It shows what may be done by organization, even among young girls, when the motive is helpful and uplifting.

A smile is as cheap as a frown, and has occasionally turned out to be worth vastly more in hard cash. Recent English newspapers tell of a lonely old bachelor leaving all his property to a young lady known to him only from the fact of living opposite, because for several years she had smiled pleasantly upon him when they casually met in the street, and the smile had cheered his lonely heart and won this practical recognition in his will.