



FOR THE CHILDREN

THE MISTAKE.

BY ALICE V. L. CARRICK.

THEY looked just alike, these grave little dollies that Aunt Sue had brought all the way from Japan! And their little American mothers were very much alike, too, for they were cousins, almost the same age, with the same long, light pigtailed and the same blue eyes. People who did not know them used to call them "the twins," and people who did know them used to call them "the cousin-twins," for they were always together and very, very fond of one another. No one had ever known them to quarrel; all their grown-up friends said that they were the easiest children in the world to manage. "Just let them have each other to play with and they'll be perfectly happy," every one declared.

But one day something happened. No one knew really what it was. It might have been the hot weather's fault; it might have been the sweet lemonade and cakes they had for their tea-party. Anyhow, just in a minute, Molly jerked O-Mimosa San from her grass bed, where she was lying so comfortably with Miss Almond-Blossom, and cried, "I shall never, never come over to play with you again, Polly Gerould! So there, now!"

And instead of "soft-answering" her, Polly only said, "Well, all right for you, Molly Richardson! I don't care!" And they promptly turned away to their own homes.

And for a week they did not speak, these lonely little uncomfortable souls. But when seven long days had come and gone, Polly came to her mother and said: "Mother, I'm sorry I quarrelled with Molly. And I miss her awfully. And I'm going to send her Miss Almond-Blossom, 'cause she's always wished she had two Japanese dollies so that O-Mimosa San wouldn't be lonesome at night."

So Miss Almond-Blossom was rolled up in a sheet of tissue-paper very carefully, ready to put on Molly's door-step that very evening. Now, as it happened, just at that same time Molly said to her mother, "I was dreadfully cross to Polly the other day. I wish she wasn't mad at me. I want to give her something to make up. I think I'll give her O-Mimosa San, because I love her better than any other dolly I have, and then Polly will know I'm sorry, really and truly!" The thought of being friends again kept her happy all day.

So Miss Almond-Blossom was left on the door-step, and O-Mimosa San went by mail, and neither little girl got the other dolly until next morning. And then how they cried! Because, you see, Polly and Molly each thought that her cousin-twin was angry still, and had sent back the "make-up" present, and that was almost too much to bear.

I do not know what would have happened if Aunt Sue had not come to visit both cousin-twins that very afternoon. She was at Molly's first, and she heard the story and looked at the little Japanese lady; and then, all of a sudden, she began to laugh. "Why, you dear, silly, generous little geese!" she cried, while Molly and her mother stared as if they thought she had gone crazy. "You've both tried to make up by sending the other your own doll. Look, Molly, this isn't O-Mimosa San at all; this is

Miss Almond-Blossom. I know, because there was a little flaw in her silk sash; something you'd never see, but that any one who had ever lived in Japan would notice at once. And so you each have the other's doll."

Mother was almost as surprised as Molly, and came to examine the little sash with its fortunate telltale flaw. She had left the little girls to find their own way out of the quarrel, so that they would learn by experience to be less hasty.

"And now," said Aunt Sue, "you must come straight over with me and we'll tell Polly all about it, because she's probably feeling quite as grieved as you are."

So they went to Polly's and explained, and the week-long quarrel ended, as all little-girl quarrels should, in laughing.—*Youth's Companion*.

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MY UNCLE KNOWS.

I always used when I went to bed,
Right under the clothes to hide my head.

But my Uncle Joe came back one day—

I was only three when he went away—

And he told me what I didn't know
In all my life, did my Uncle Joe.

"There are no bogies at night," he said.

"Just birds and flowers that have gone to bed,

And crickets and such things scattered 'round,

Tucked up in the dark all safe and sound;

"And dreams out of Wonderland, too," said he,

On the lookout for sleepy-heads like me.

So I'm not afraid of the dark one bit;
But I lie half awake, just watching it,
And wait for the dreams to take my hand,

And lead me away to the Wonderland,

Sometimes I think if it wasn't true,
But just pretending, what should I do!

But since he says it, it must be so,
For my uncle knows, does my Uncle Joe.

—*Holiday Magazine*.

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COMPANY MANNERS.

The teacher asked: "Elsie, when do you say 'Thank you'?"

Elsie's face lighted up, for that was one thing she knew, and she confidently answered: "When we have company."

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A GOOD DOLL.

A little girl was overheard talking to her doll, whose arm had come off, exposing the sawdust stuffing: "You dear, good, obedient dolly! I knew I had told you to chew your food fine, but I didn't think you would chew it so fine as that."

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MARY'S TEMPTATION.

LITTLE Mary's father was a fisherman, and when her father had caught the fish she had to take it in a basket to the next village and try to sell it.

One day she seemed quite unable to sell any fish. She walked about for

such a long time, but at last a lady bought some of her.

When Mary counted the money it was a great surprise to her to find a silver coin in between the coppers.

It was a great temptation for her. How easy it would be to keep it and say nothing about it! But Mary was a good little girl, and although it was a long way, she went back to the house.

When she got there she knocked, and the lady who had bought the fish opened the door.

"Why, I have only just bought fish.

You do not think we are going to live on fish, do you, little one?"

"It isn't that, ma'am — you have given me sixpence by mistake," Mary answered.

"Did I? Well, I never!" said the lady. "You are a good little girl to bring it back. Would you not like to keep it now that you have got it?"

Mary said, "Thank you very much, kind lady." And then she went away. She was so happy. She sold all her fish, and her father was so pleased when she got home and told him of her adventure.—*Tiny Tots*.

CANADA OUR HOME

By "MOIRA."

WELL, may our love for Canada abide,
Land of adventure, poetry, romance;
Land where the brave have suffer'd, fought
and died,
Since Cartier raised the fleur-de-lis of France.

Down through the vista of the past we gaze,
All shadowy, as in dim cathedral aisle;
While slowly now above the seeming haze,
Rise pictured forms of innocence and guile.

Pale martyrs to the cause of God and truth,
Pleading for heaven with their latest breath;
Stern men of years and fair unclouded youth,
Marching alike to conflict and to death.

Aye, and these pictured forms are things of life,
The warriors stand to conquer or to die;
And smiling plains, erstwhile the scenes of strife,
Still echo with the shouts of victory.

And vanished ones are with us once again,
And voices hushed still thrill us with their power;
For glory lingers through the daylight wane,
And stars return to glad the evening hour.

Heard ye not how Great Britain's Union Jack
First waved above the ancient citadel?
How Wolfe's brave followers drove the Frenchmen
back?
As snow flakes melt before the rain, they fell.

Heard ye not how one still September night,
When busy life was hushed in slumber calm,
Four hundred scores of warriors scaled the height,
And mustered on the plains of Abraham?

The daylight breaks, the shades of night are past,
And through the waking city thrills the cry:
"The British troops, a mighty host and vast,
Have landed! Frenchmen, on to victory!"

At eve, the setting sun looked sadly down
On two brave leaders fallen with the slain,
A vanquished nation mourned its double loss,
And cries victorious rose for England's gain.

Those rival heroes sleep at peace to-day,
One marble column tells their deeds of fame;
It stands where flowers bloom and children play,
And warm, sweet sunbeams kiss each cherished name.

Fit symbol of the peace that fills our land,
All ancient feuds are buried in the past;
The two great nations clasping hand in hand,
Beside that tomb as brothers meet at last.

This is the tale repeated o'er and o'er,
With bated breath and eyes suffused with tears;
This is the story proudly passed along,
Who will make history for the coming years?

Must there be heroes only of the past?
Who'll guard the sacred rights so dearly won
For Canada, the land that gave us birth,
The broadest, fairest land beneath the sun?