



THE MAY QUEEN.

In a grassy wood the first of May
These children met to spend the day,
A throne was built, an arch was raised,
And Nannio T. was crowned and praised.

Her sceptre mild o'er subjects gay
She waved, while they their tribute pay
In roses red and violets blue;
The lovely queen so tender and true.

A NEW LESSON FOR TWO.

BY KATTIE LOUISE JEROME.

LITTLE EMMA had come to Cousin Grace's house one morning on an errand for her mamma.

"Come in," cried Grace, "and take off your hat, do."

"I can't," replied little Emma; "mamma said come right home."

"Oh! but you must see my dear new rabbits anyway. Come, they are just down here a little way."

Emma was much younger than Grace, and allowed herself to be led down through the garden to the rear of the shed where the pretty white rabbits blinked their pink eyes in the sunlight.

Little Emma was delighted and forgot all about going home for some time, then when at last she said again, "I must go right home, mother is waiting," Grace said quickly:

"Oh! I'm going to feed them now. you must see them eat. It don't take but a very few moments," and again little Emma became so interested she forgot all about going home. After all the lettuce leaves had been eaten, Grace found something even more delightful than the rab-

bits to keep her little cousin busy and interested.

At last Emma's mother became alarmed and came to find her.

She said:

"Emma, I have always trusted you. How does it happen you neglected to obey this time?"

Her mother's tone was so severe little Emma looked ready to cry, she looked at Grace, and Grace looked at Emma, until all at once it occurred to the older cousin that it was her fault that Emma had not obeyed her mother, and her eyes fell in dismay.

"How did it happen?" repeated mamma.

Emma could not tell, so she began to cry very softly. That touched Grace's heart and made her brave.

"Auntie," she said, quickly, "it was all my fault. I coaxed her and coaxed her to stay. She was going right home, but I kept showing her my rabbits and things so she couldn't get away. I'm afraid it was my fault."

"It is very brave of you to own it, dear," said auntie. "I'm sure

you only meant to be kind to little Emma so we will forgive the thoughtlessness, and Emma will soon learn to resist even kindness when it causes her to disobey."

So the two little girls walked back to the house together, feeling quite comforted and happy again, and each little girl had learned a new lesson that morning.

WATCHING FOR PAPA.

WATCHING at the window,
Tiny maidens three:
Baby May, sweet Marjoric,
And bright-eyed Rosalie.

Watching at the window
This pleasant afternoon,
Looking each for papa—
He surely will come soon!

When he turns the corner,
Now who'll be first to see?
I think it likely, very,
The first will be all three.

GOOD-MORNING.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

BEAMING little blue eyes,
Cheeks so round and rosy,
Baby out upon a ride,
Snug and warm and cosy.

Merry chat and laughter,
Little dimples plenty,
One within and one without—
Fun enough for twenty.

Bonny little Tiptoe,
Reaching up her kisses—
Was a picture ever seen
Gunninger than this is?

TRUSTWORTHY.

BY HELEN A. HAWLEY.

"AND where did you say you found her?"

"Why, ma'am, me an' Lissa was down by the shore, an' we see the little thing a-toddlin' into the water, an' we just runned right in ourselves an' caught her up, 'fore she got more'n her teenty little shoes wet."

Two tall, barefooted girls, one of them carrying in her arms a dainty mite of a child, who laughed with delight at the adventure.

Mrs. Fletcher turned to another lady on the piazza of the hotel.

"You see," she said, "how much these nurses are to be trusted. I told Mary to take little Barbara down and let her dig in the sand, but to watch her. My darling might easily have been drowned! She had only to run out far enough, and there are such treacherous holes! Mary'll get her discharge, if she dares to come back." And just then Mary did come back, all in a fluster.

"Shure, ma'am, an' is the blessid infant safe? I was that frightened. Only turning away wan blissed minute to spake to my brither, which I hadn't seen for wan year, an' him just come from the ould counthry."

"Mary, stop! How many times have you told me you have no brothers either here, or in Ireland? Brother!—I understand. You must learn faithfulness before you are fit to be trusted with children."

Mrs. Fletcher turned to the girls, who looked on eagerly. They might be fourteen and twelve years old.

"What are your names?"

"Amanda and Melissa Jones. I'm Mandy—she's Lissa."

"Oh! I remember. Your mother washes for me, and you sometimes bring the clothes?"

"Yes'sum." Lissa and Mandy looked as if they would like to say more, only they didn't know how.

"Well, run home, now. I'll see your mother to-night."

They went off with a little air of disappointment.

"Me like Lissa—me like Mandy."

"Oh! you do, little puss."

This conversation took place while Miss Barbara's shoes and stockings were changing for dry ones. It was short, but it helped.

"You are sure I can trust them, Mrs. Jones?" Mrs. Fletcher said that night.

"Yes, ma'am, sure. You see they've come up to be trusted, for I've had no one else to carry clothes, or do errands, or help any way since they was big enough."

"Come up to be trusted"—the words impressed Mrs. Fletcher.

So it came about that Mandy and Lissa Jones went barefoot no longer. Turn, and turn about, they were nurses to little Barbara Fletcher during the rest of the season. It was the beginning of other good fortune to them also. All because poor Irish Mary hadn't "come up to be trusted," and they had.