



AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

"TELL me, sweet eyes of the robin's-egg blue, Tell me, rose lips that are loving and true, What is your name? Can you say it to me? Something so pretty and nice it must be!" Oh, the wee hand that is laid in my own! Fondest of friends in a moment we've grown; Then the grave look, as she answers in doubt "I'm little Muriel, when I am out."

"When you are out? Have you pretty names two?"

One is enough for a wee girl like you." Then the bright ringlets are tossing in glee, Shaded like the golden belt of the bee.

"If I get lost when I go out to play, Muriel—that is the one I must say."

"Tell me your other name now, Dimplechin."

"I'm Mother's Comfort, you know, when I'm in."

BE KIND TO THE HELPLESS.

Susy and Faith and Rob were going home from school one day.

"What are those boys throwing stones at?" said Faith.

"It's a turtle," said Rob, when they got a little nearer.

"Oh, what a shame!" said Susy. "Boys, please don't hurt him."

The boys stopped when she spoke so pleasantly, but one of them said, "It doesn't hurt him, he's such an ugly thing."

"Oh, I'm sure it does hurt him," said Faith; "and God made him."

"He must have lost himself in this dusty road," said Rob.

"Let's put him in the lunch-basket and carry him to the river," said Susy.

They did so and soon the poor turtle was swimming about in the cool water.

"Good-bye, Mr. Turtle," said Faith. "I'm sure you would say 'Thank you' to us, if you knew how."

God has many of his little creatures helpless, so that we may be kind to them. We may be very sure that he will punish us if we are cruel to them.

LITTLE GIRLS CAN HELP.

It was a rainy day, and Patty went up into the garret.

She had a little trunk full of picture-books, which she did not look at very often. She liked to look at them when she could not think of anything else to do.

She carried Ida May and Muff with her. Ida May was her doll, and Muff was a make-believe woolly dog.

She sat them beside the trunk and said, "Now, I want you to be very still while I read."

And they were still; neither of them moved a bit.

She found in one of these books a picture of a little Chinese boy. It made her think of something her Sunday-school teacher had told her.

She told them that the missionaries often win the children and grown-up people to come and hear the story of Jesus by giving them books and pictures; but sometimes the missionaries had not enough for all, and she asked Patty and the other little girls if they would give some of theirs to send to the little girls in China.

Patty liked her books very much; she thought she would like to keep them. But then she remembered how many nice things she had. God had given her a pleasant home and parents who taught her to love the dear Saviour.

At last she went downstairs and said, "Mamma, I am going to send my picture-books to the little Chinese."

Mamma kissed her, and said: "You may be sure, my darling, that Jesus will bless you for it. He always loves little children who give up what they like for love of him."

BURMESE TOY SELLER.

A curious observance in India is called the "dall mela," and is supposed to be a children's festival, although nearly all grown people take part in it. The girls dress their rag dolls in nice clothes, and put before them sweets and three sorts of grain, this being an offering to the goddess. After awhile the boys come with small sticks in their hands, and beat the dolls; then the girls carry them to the Ganges and drown them, and spend the rest of the day in visiting.

Lieut. Hooper, writing of the people on the east coast of Siberia, says: "Few countries are there where dolls are not a great resource; the Tuski children have theirs; make and clothe them with the minutest attention to details; every article of dress is provided, and everything put on and off in the proper manner. The boys have miniature sledges, boats, and bows and arrows; the girls their dolls, and also embroidery, which they early begin to practise as a pastime, and soon become expert in."

JENNIE'S THOUGHT.

LITTLE Lou had been out in the woods after bright berries and Christmas evergreens, and her face was as bright as the day, with empty hands and empty basket.

"Why, I thought you went after berries and greens!" said Aunt Fanny. "Couldn't you find any?"

"Plenty of them," laughed Lou. "But I knew we had enough, and so I left all mine by the way. I wanted to carry a bit of Christmas into poor sick Jennie's room, so I trimmed up her window and table, O, so pretty! Auntie, what do you suppose it made Jennie think of?"

"What was it, dear?"

"She said she believed the blessed Jesus had come into my heart and made me think to do it. I never thought before that doing little kind things would show others that our hearts have room for Jesus to come in, and that they are not like that old inn at Bethlehem—too crowded to have room for him.—*Lutheran Standard.*