

## TEN TRUE FRIENDS.

TEN true friends you have  
Who, five in a row,  
Upon either side of you  
Go where you go.

Suppose you are sleepy,  
They help you to bed;  
Suppose you are hungry,  
They see that you are fed.

They wake up your dolly  
And put on her clothes,  
And trundle her carriage  
Wherever she goes.

They buckle your skate-straps;  
And haul at your sled;  
Are in summer quite white  
And in winter quite red.

And, these ten tiny fellows,  
They serve you with ease;  
And they ask nothing from you  
But work hard to please.

Now, with ten willing servants  
So trusty and true,  
Pray who would be lazy  
Or idle, would you?

Would you find out the name  
Of this kind little band?  
Then count up the fingers  
On each little hand.

## SMALL DUTIES.

BY S. DAYRE.

"YOU'RE coming out to play, aren't you, Nettie?"

"I'm going to do my sewing first," said Nettie.

"O, don't!" said her sister Lulu. "Come and play first, and then sew."

"No," said Nettie, "I always feel so good when my sewing is done."

"I hate sewing," said Lulu, with a pout.

"I don't like it very well myself," said Nettie.

"It's so pokey, just hemming the end of a towel. If I could make pretty things I know I'd like to sew. I should like to make pretty aprons like our lace-trimmed ones. How pleased mamma would be if I could make all our aprons!"

"You'd better get your sewing done while I'm doing mine."

"But I don't like to hem towels. The needle always pricks my finger and comes unthreaded. And every time I jump up for any thing, my spool rolls away or my thimble gets lost. What nice little stitches you are making! My stitches look so big and crooked."

"The more I sew the nicer I can make them," said Nettie.

"I couldn't, I know. Mine get worse and worse. I tell you, Nett, I'd like to sew for the orphan's home. It must be so nice to make those little dresses and things they make for them. When I'm a little older I'm going to do a great many."

"But you won't know how if you don't sew now."

"Well, I'm going to sew after we've played awhile. If it was anything but hemming towels I'd do it at once."

The foolish little girl idled and talked until her sister folded up her towel, well pleased with the neat hem at one end of it.

Sometime afterward a lady came to see the mother of Nettie and Lulu.

"I have come to ask if your little girls can join a society in which a number of children are helping to make things to sell. They are trying to raise money for a Sunday-school in the far West.

Mamma said she would be very glad to have them go, and the two were very much pleased. On the first afternoon they found a great many children at work in a pleasant room. Little tongues and little fingers moved very fast.

Mrs. Ward, the lady who had invited them, was cutting out some dolls' clothes which looked very pretty. Lulu was sure she would like to sew on them.

Mrs. Ward gave her a cunning apron, turning down a hem for her. And Lulu did her very best, for she was anxious to do as well as the others. But ah! she now wished that the hours she had spent in idle complaints had been put to better use. She had had so little practice in sewing that her stitches were large and uneven, and she was very much ashamed of them when Mrs. Ward came to look.

Nettie, who sat beside her, had no trouble. A neat row of stitches grew fast under her little fingers.

"We have a nice little seamstress here," said Mrs. Ward, smiling, as she looked at Nettie's work. "I think we can give you some of our best work."

She took Lulu's from her, saying that she would give her something easier. And very soon poor Lulu found herself hemming a duster, while she saw that Mrs. Ward ripped out what she had done on the doll's apron, when she thought no one was looking.

Lulu went to mamma with a very mournful face when she reached home.

"I wish I could sew as well as Nettie, mamma."

"And do you know why you cannot?" asked mamma.

"I s'pose it's because Nettie has tried harder than I," said Lulu.

"Yes; you have lost a great deal of time in which you might have learned to sew well for a little girl. And in doing so you have lost several other things."

"My new silver thimble, you mean?"

"No, I mean, for one, the chance of learning sweet little lessons of patience and perseverance."

"What else, mamma?"

"You have lost the chance of pleasing me. And something far more valuable—the chance of pleasing the dear Lord, who loves little children, and is always pleased with their faithful attention to the duties set for them."

"So many things to lose!" said Lulu, thoughtfully. "O, mamma, I'll begin tomorrow and make up. I'll try my very best. But," she added, with a still more sober little face, "I can't ever quite make up. I can never bring back the times I didn't try to do my best."

## JENNIE'S PET.

BY T. E. W.

"WHAT a dear little chap my Billy is!" said Jennie, as the pet lamb came bounding toward her in answer to her childish voice.

Billy's mother was naughty, and because she had another little son she would not care for Billy, so Jennie had nursed and fed the little fellow until now he was almost as large as a sheep.

Jack Grundy, the hired man, had just shorn the older sheep; and, without asking Miss Jennie's leave, he caught the pet and cut off his wool also; Jennie at first was much displeased at Jack for spoiling the looks of her pet, and she ran and laid the matter before her mamma. But her wise mamma told her that she could have her pet's fleece made into nice warm mittens and stockings for the cold days in winter. So when papa took the wool to the carding mill, he had Billy's little fleece spun by itself. And now, though Billy has been sold to the butchers and sent to Toronto for the city folks to eat, Jennie still remembers her pet by the warm mitts and hose that were made from his wool.

Boys and girls are the pet lambs of papa and mamma, and they must learn to be useful to their parents as well as to love and obey them.

A GOOD child is always loved, and he who has the love of his friends is always blessed.