

"May we go in, sir, and see Norman for a moment?"

"Certainly," Mr. Swift said; and himself led the way.

Through several long rooms and rows of workers went Mr. Swift, and Mrs. Meadow and Silky went after him, to the one where they found little Norman. He was standing before some sort of a machine, folding papers and pressing them against rows of pins, that were held all in order, and with their points ready, by two pieces of iron in the machine. Norman was not working smartly, and looked already jaded, though it was early in the afternoon. Close at his feet, almost touching him, lay the little white dog. A very little and most beautiful creature. Soft, white, curling hair, and large silky ears that drooped to the floor, as he lay with his head upon his paws, and two gentle brown eyes looked almost pitifully up at the strangers. He did not get up; nor did Norman look round, till Mrs. Meadow spoke to him.

"When he heard Mrs. Meadow's soft, 'Norman, how do you do?' his fingers fell from the row of pin points, and he turned towards her, looking a good deal surprised and a little pleased, but with a very sober face.

"How comes it you haven't been for Long Ears' milk these days?"

"I—I couldn't," said Norman. "I hadn't any money. I gave it to mother." He spoke low and with some difficulty.

"And what has Long Ears done, dear, without his milk?"

Norman was silent, and his mouth twitched. Mrs. Meadow looked at the little dog, which lay still where he had been when she came in, his gentle eyes having, she thought, a curious sort of wistfulness in their not-taking.

"I've brought him some milk," whispered Silky; and, softly stooping down, she uncovered her little tin pail and tried to coax the dog to come to it. But Norman no sooner caught the words of her whisper and saw the pail, than his spirit gave way; he burst into a bitter fit of crying, and threw himself down on the floor and hid his face.

"Oh, well," said Mr. Swift—"but he mustn't make such a disturbance about it—it's against all order; and feeding the dog, too!—but it's a pretty creature. He's hungry, he is! Well; it's well we don't have ladies come to the factory every day."

(To be continued.)

The Toys That Moved Away.

(Alix Thorn, in the 'Presbyterian Banner'.)

"Now," said Marietta, "let's go upstairs to the play room, Helen, and see my doll's things."

"Oh, yes," chimed in the little guest, joyfully, "let's." And the small girls ascended the steep stairs rather slowly, and holding on tightly to the bannisters, for Marietta was six and Helen only five years old.

But what fond little mother would not gladly climb many stairs to be so rewarded when she reached the top. In the corner of the play room, by the broad chimney, stood a spacious tin kitchen, where stood enough kettles and pans to cook a fine dinner for all the dolls in the neighborhood. Just opposite was a white bedstead, occupied this afternoon in great comfort by two doll babies, one black and one white, still wearing their long night gowns. In a wicker chair near by sat a rag doll, so large that she was dressed in a little white frock worn by Marietta herself, while in the middle stood a doll's bureau made of dark mahogany, and each drawer had shining glass knobs. It stood on quaint little claw feet.

"My grandma used to play with this," explained the young hostess, "and it came from England. See how many clothes I can put in it, Helen."

The small guest listened and watched with round, wondering eyes, and at last she spoke in a very soft little voice:

"I guess, Marietta, you're a happy girl."

"I s'pose so," answered Marietta, cheerfully, "my bestest doll is shut up in that chest of drawers, but it isn't any fun to play with her, 'cause I'm afraid we'd muss her party dress."

"I'd rather hold this one," said Helen, lifting the smiling rag doll to her lap. She shook down the lace trimmed petticoats in motherly

fashion, and rocked slowly to and fro; how delightfully full her arms were.

The dancing flames in the fire-place shone on the glass knobs of the little bureau, turning them to red and gold.

"I wish," said Helen, wistfully; "I wish, Marietta, that my grandma would give me a bureau, but," she hastened to add, "my grandma loves me, she does, and of course my dolls' trunk is pretty nice."

Helen was spending the day with the minister's small daughter while her mother and many other mothers beside, sewed in the parlor at the parsonage, making warm coats and skirts for poor little girls who would need them in the cold winter coming.

The children played on happily till a rattle of wheels sounded in the yard below, and it was her father coming to take Helen and her mother home, for they lived two miles above the village.

The months passed, and Helen played with her large family of dolls, or rode on her little sled up and down the hills near the house. Through the frosty air sounded the music of many sleigh bells. Then the warm sun melted the ice and snow, and brave little crocuses came pushing up their blue and yellow cups.

One April day her mother said: "Helen, we are going to move into the village next week; we have rented the parsonage; the new minister is to board this year. Now you will be near the school and see your little friends more often. That will be jolly, girlie."

The little girl was sent on a visit to Aunt Mabel till the new home should be all in order, but a certain morning her father called for her, and carried a very happy Helen away with him. Down the wide village street they drove, and, oh, the queeriness of it, stopped before the parsonage door. On the piazza stood mamma, herself waiting to welcome her.

Helen scampered in, and with fast beating heart reached what had once been Marietta's play room. Where, oh where, were the playthings she had seen there on her last visit? Gone was the tin kitchen, gone the rag doll; gone the bureau, with its glass knobs, not even the doll's bedstead left. She buried her face in both chubby hands and burst into tears.

"Why, Helen," cried her mother, "what is the matter?" and grandma hurried in to learn the cause of the trouble.

"The playthings," sobbed Helen; "Marietta's taken them away, all away, mamma, and I thought I'd find them here 'cause this is our house now."

Mother's eyes smiled, but she comforted her little daughter and explained that Marietta owned her toys and would have felt sad enough to have left them behind.

"We will put your own playthings where Marietta's stood and you can have just as happy times with them."

Helen looked very sober, but at last she said: "Mamma, I'm going to write a letter to Santa Claus, all about a little bureau with shiney knobs. He always seems to know what I want, so I won't have to 'splain to him. Do you think he'll remember next Christmas, mamma?"

"I'm sure he will," said mamma, and he did.

The Nail.

A tradesman had once transacted a good day's business at a fair, disposed of all his goods, and filled his purse with gold and silver. He prepared afterwards to return, in order to reach home before the evening. So he strapped his portmanteau, with the money in it, upon his horse's back, and rode off. At noon he halted in a small town, and as he was about to set out again, the stable boy who brought his horse said to him, "Sir, a nail is wanting in the shoe on the left hind foot of your animal."

"Let it be wanting," replied the tradesman; "I am in a hurry, and the iron will doubtless hold the six hours I have yet to travel."

Late in the afternoon he had to dismount again, and feed his horse, and at this place also the Boy came and told him that a nail was wanting in one of the shoes, and asked him whether he should take the horse to a farrier. "No, no, let it be!" replied the Master; "it will last out the couple of hours that I have now to travel; I am in haste."

So saying he rode off; but his horse soon began to limp, and from limping it came to stumbling, and presently the beast fell down

and broke its leg. Thereupon the tradesman had to leave his horse lying on the road, to unbuckle the portmanteau, and to walk home with it upon his shoulder, where he arrived at last late at night.

"And all this misfortune," said he to himself, "is owing to the want of a nail. More haste the less speed!"—Grimm Brothers.

Who Was Cinderella?

Cinderella's real name was Rhodope, and she was a beautiful Egyptian maiden who lived 670 years before the Christian era, and during the reign of Psammetichus, one of the twelve kings of Egypt.

One day she ventured to go in bathing in a clear stream near her home, and meanwhile left her shoes, which must have been unusually small, lying on the bank. An eagle passing above, chanced to catch sight of the little sandals, and mistaking them for a toothsome tidbit, pounced down and carried off one in his beak.

The bird then unwittingly played the part of fairy godmother, for, flying directly over Memphis, where King Psammetichus was dispensing justice, it let the shoe fall right into the king's lap. Its size, beauty and daintiness immediately attracted the royal eye, and the king, determined upon knowing the wearer of so cunning a shoe, sent throughout all his kingdom in search of the foot that would fit it.

As in the story of Cinderella, the messengers finally discovered Rhodope, fitted on the shoe and carried her in triumph to Memphis, where she became the queen of King Psammetichus.—Selected.

On an English Roadside.

On one of the most travelled roads leading to London, at the foot of a hill is hung this sign:—

'HORSE'S PETITION TO HIS DRIVER.'

'Up the hill whip me not,
Down the hill hurry me not,
In the stable forget me not,
Of hay and grain rob me not,
Of clean water stint me not,
With sponge and brush neglect me not,
Of soft, dry bed, deprive me not,
When sick or cold chill me not,
With bit or rein jerk me not,
And, when angry, strike me not.'

To which should be added:—

With tight check rein, check me not.
And do not cover my eyes with blinders.

The petition is one worthy to be heard in this country as well.

The Flower of God.

The flowers got into a debate one morning as to which of them was the flower of God; and the rose said: "I am the flower of God, for I am the fairest and the most perfect in beauty and variety of form and delicacy of fragrance of all the flowers." And the crocus said: "No, you are not the flower of God. Why, I was blooming long before you bloomed." And the lily of the valley said modestly: "I am small, but I am white; perhaps I am the flower of God." And the trailing arbutus said: "Before any of you came forth I was blooming under the leaves and under the snow. Am I not the flower of God?" And all the flowers cried out, "No, you are no flower at all; you are a come-outer." And then God's wind, blowing on the garden, brought this message to them: "Little flowers, do you not know that every flower that answers God's sweet spring call, and comes out of the cold, dark earth, and lifts its head above the sod and blooms forth, catching the sunlight from God and flinging it back to men, taking the sweet south wind from God and giving it back to others in sweet and blessed fragrance—do you not know they are all God's flowers?" All they that take this life of God, and, answering it, come forth from worldliness and darkness and selfishness to give out light and fragrance and love, they are God's flowers. There is not one of us who cannot bring something of this to our fellow men; no matter how arid your life is, it is possible for you to be the giver of life to your neighbor.—Lyman Abbott.