

For Girls and Boys.

AN ECHO FROM THE KINDERGARTEN.

BY MRS. MARY DYE.

It is premised that our readers know something of the practical play-lessons which are given to the kindergarten children daily, and which inculcate moral and religious thought, while affording great pleasure and amusement to the little waifs.

This day, the practical play-lesson is barrel-making; standing in a close circle the children represent the staves, their encircling arms the hoops, and timing his blows by the little song notes, the wee cooper, using a chubby fist for hammer, drives the hoops into position with great show of muscular effort. How they do love to play things that are real.

When the suppositious barrel is finished, the teacher remarks:

"Well, Johnny, now that all is ready, what are you going to put into your barrel?"

The answer comes with great promptness, "Whisky!"—(sensation among the visitors, some of them ladies from the W. C. T. U.)

The teacher, blind to the startled looks about her—wise little woman—says quickly: "Oh! Johnnie, wouldn't it be better to put something into your barrel that we all like, for you know you want to divide with us, and some of us don't like whisky. I don't like it one bit, so you couldn't give me any." "Well, I'd just as leave put—apples—in the barrel, if you'd rather," pipes the happy little voice, all innocent of the shocking nature of the first proposition, but very willing to oblige.

Another childish voice exclaims, "Teacher, Johnny's papa keeps a saloon," and in the chill hush which follows the child learns first of the dishonor which attaches to "whisky in barrels," and "keeping a saloon;" he knows now that this means disgrace, and the probable loss of love his hungering heart has received in this school home.

With face and voice all quivering he seeks the teacher's side: "Don't you love me any more 'cause my papa keeps—a—saloon—" breaking into sobs which shook the delicate frame.

Very tenderly the teacher draws the weeping child closer, and says, "Yes, dear, we do love you ever so much, but teacher is sorry papa keeps such a place as that."

Not many weeks after the above scene, the following occurred:

At the close of a temperance meeting a man made his way up to the speaker's desk, and asked for a pledge to sign; his request was gladly met, and the friends near by fell into talk with the new brother. In answer to the inquiry what has led you to take this important step, he said, "I'm agoin' to put the credit where it belongs. Y'er see I've bin keepin' a saloon fer some time. I'd had mighty bad luck fer years, and seein' other men makin' money easy, sellin' beer and whisky, I just locked up my conscience and opened a whisky shop. Mind ye, I never liked the business, but there's no tellin' when I'd a quit it, if it hadn't been for them 'ere free kindergarten schools and my little chap, who was allers a comin' home and talkin' about the things he learned from them teachers that he nigh about worshipped. T'other day he got hold of my hand, and lookin' up into my face with his great blue eyes—just like his dear dead mother's afore she'd cried the shine all out of 'em—he says, sort o' fraid like, "Papa, won't you please take the whiky out of your barrels, and put sunthin' in 'em that won't do nobody no hurt? Apples is good. Besides," said he, gittin' a fresh grip on his courage, "I don't want the other boys a sayin' that my papa keeps a saloon—it hurts me so here." And I'm blamed if the little critter didn't put his hand on his heart, and the tears just a streamin' down his face. That fetched me, and the upshot is I've gin up the miserable bizness, and am bound to earn an honest livin' or die a tryin', you just bet," and the great burly man's eyes were not the only dim ones, as friendly hands grasped his, and earnest voices promised helpful effort in his behalf.

Verily, "a little child shall lead them."—*Union Signal*.

A DROP OF OIL.

The sewing-machine went hard. Brother Will came over and looked over Amy's shoulder and knit his brow, as was his custom when in a puzzle. At last, turning back the machine, he glanced over the works, and said:

"Do you oil it here, Amy?"

"Why, no, I never thought of that."

A drop of oil was supplied, and in another minute the slender needle was flying through the work like a fairy. It was easy now

to turn the wheel. That drop of oil on a dry spot in the machinery made all right.

There are many other places where a drop of oil works just as great wonders. For cold mornings, when tempers are apt to get frosted as well as toes and finger tips, there is no magic like a few sweet cheery words. So when one is angry and ready to do or say rash things, just give them a "soft answer," and you can see how it will cheer and brighten the way for yourself and all about you.—*Young Reaper*.

THE ECHO-BOY.

A little boy went home to his mother and said: "Mother, sister and I went out into the garden, and we were calling about, and there was some boy mocking us."

"How do you mean, Johnny?" said his mother.

"Why," said the child, "I was calling out 'Ho!' and this boy said 'Ho!' So I said to him, 'Who are you?' and he answered, 'Who are you?' I said 'What is your name?' He said, 'What is your name?' And I said to him, 'Why don't you show yourself?' He said 'Show yourself?' And I jumped over the ditch, and I went into the woods, and I could not find him, and I came back and said, 'If you don't come out I will punch your head!' And he said, 'I will punch your head!'"

So his mother said: "Ah! Johnny, if you had said, 'I love you,' he would have said, 'I love you.' If you had said, 'Your voice is sweet,' he would have said, 'Your voice is sweet.' Whatever you say to him he would have said back to you." And the mother said: "Now, Johnny, when you grow and get to be a man, whatever you say to others they will, by and by, say back to you." And his mother took him to that old text in the scripture, "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

A LITTLE SUFFERER.

BY ELEANOR A. HUNTER.

I'm taking out my Claribel
This morning for an airing;
She has been sick so very long,
We bofe have found it wearing.

She's had the measles and the mumps,
And all since last December,
'Sides several ovver sicknesses
Whose names I can't wemember.

I've had her wac-ci-na-ted, too,
And oh! the scar it's leaving!
But all these fings are nuffin to
The time when she was teeving.

I sat up all night long wis her;
She grew worse fast and faster:
I gave her pollygolic, and
Put on a mustard plaster.

She's been so patient and so sweet,
I love to kiss and pet her.
Poor child, she's suffered ev'ryfing!
But now the darling's better.

I hope the air will do her good;
"Dear, don't kick off your cover."
I've been so anxious, no one knows
Or feels it like a mover!

In Dresden many years ago a large palace was burned to the ground. It was winter; the wells were frozen and people dreaded the intense cold. Spectators they were many, but few were willing to help in extinguishing the fire. Among the crowd stood a stout gentleman well wrapped in furs, and watching the grand sight with enjoyment.

"Come, sir," cried a voice from the ranks of the water-carriers, "just lend us a hand, will you?"

"I am Councillor X," answered the man in the fur coat.

"And I am Duke of Z," retorted the water-carrier; and so saying, he emptied the bucket over the head of the idler.—*Ex*.