

THE LITTLE FOLK.

A Sunday School Song.

Tune: "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

God bless our Sunday school,
Increase its power and rule
From year to year.
Send, Lord, Thy grace divine,
On every child of Thine,
Love in all hearts enshrine,
And holy fear.

Teachers and pastors bless,
Clothe them with righteousness
Of Christ the Lord.
May they encouraged be,
And ever round them see
Thy children serving Thee
With one accord.

Oh, may our school increase
In wisdom, love, and peace,
And self-control;
All our dear parents bless,
And help the fatherless;
May all Thy Name confess
From pole to pole!

Let us all children bring
Here in our school to sing,
God bless our school!
Let us Thy Word send forth
To east, west, south and north,
Till Jesus rules the earth:
God bless our school!

LEVERN.

The Dandelion Club.

BY MARY CHARLOTTE PRIEST.

Happy was ill with scarlet fever. It had been three long weeks since she went home from school, "so hot and tired and with a throat ache, mamma," three weeks so long to Happy's family, watching anxiously her dear, flushed face, and so long to the "boys," seeing the doctor's buggy stop twice every day at Happy's door—that door made awful by the placard upon it—Scarlet Fever within.

Every day the boys gathered in a still little group on the other side of the street and sent Johnny Beale to ask Bridget in the basement for a bulletin from Happy.

Before this Johnny had not been of importance in their set; he was in a lower grade at school and his pitching was "of no account."

His standing had now advanced several degrees, since he was the only one in their fellowship, who, by having had the fever, could safely venture within reach of infection. Johnny was so proud of his distinction, that he would rather have missed dessert than the performance of his daily mission, and he studied his hated spelling lesson faithfully, since he did not now want to risk being kept in after the boys had gone.

How many times had he brought back the answer, "about the same." One joyful afternoon, however, Bridget, with tears in her faithful eyes, told Johnny, "Indeed, the darlint is that much better to-day that the doctor is goin' to let her set up soon, the saints bless him."

Johnny threw his cap across the street as an exultant forerunner of this message, and the boys, restraining their longing to give one glorious yell, raced over to the park to lie under the horse-chestnuts and chew tender blades of new grass, like so many young colts.

"But was not Happy a girl?" you inquire. "Where were her girl-mates?" Happy's mother sometimes asked the same question as she would see her fair haired little daughter spinning down the street poised on the small wheel of Richard Brown's bicycle, or when Happy would breathlessly beg, "The boys are going to have a game over in the lot. Mayn't I go and be referee?" Happy was certainly a boy's girl. They always wanted her, and the fellow who would even have imagined that she was in the way would have been sent to Coventry immediately. They were rivals in offerings to her—score-cards, allies, valentines, Columbian stamps—whatever might be in season; and Happy, who found paper dolls and "playing mother" very uninteresting, compared to prisoner's base and mumble-the-peg, loved her gentle part in their sport.

Therefore it was the boys, and not the girls, who missed Harry most, and it was a group of boys, none of them yet in long trousers, who lay under the sweet June shade and talked of her.

"I say, you fellows," said Richard, after a pause, "don't you think we ought to do something to show we haven't forgotten Happy—to evince our—that was it, Will, the teachers said when the principal went away?"

"Esteem?" suggested Will.

"I guess so. Anyway we want it to be something we do ourselves—something she'd understand—though Happy always understands what we fellows mean, you know.

"Our mothers send her beef tea and custard things, but that isn't our style. When she's well enough we can play old cat opposite her house, so she can see us, but what can we do now?"

There was silence for a minute or two, until quiet, spectacled Will spoke:

"Let's send her some of these dandelions every day, so she needn't miss all of outdoors."

The boys looked upon the glorious shine and shade of the June afternoon, at the spray of the fountain bedewing a stray breeze, at the pink and cream blossoms of the chestnuts fluttering down upon them; around stretched the smooth green lawns of the park, silvered as if by fairy hoar frost with the mysterious seed-balls of the dandelion.

"I heard Happy say once that she liked the dandelion month best of all the year, and this spring she will miss it all; she won't even see a flower growing. Don't you believe she'd like the dandelions?"

"I'm with you," approved Richard, "and I tell you what—let's form a dandelion club." Richard was fond of organizations. "I'll be president, because I know Happy first, and Will may be vice-president, because he thought of it, and Johnny will have to be secretary and treasurer, 'cause he's the only fellow that can carry them to the house. The rest of you fellows will be the executive committee. Let's begin now."

The club, thus formed, did not delay operations, and a little while later the boys trooped over again to Happy's house.

Johnny held his hands extended stiffly before him, and between his fingers the five delicate winged globes that alone had escaped destruction in the rough handling of the boys.

"Be careful," warned Richard, using his cap as a shield against the breeze; he himself had lost all he gathered, "and tell that clumsy Bridget to be mighty careful."

Fortunately for the gifts of the club, Mrs. Halliday and not Bridget opened the basement door. Johnny, however, had his little presentation speech prepared for the cook, and to see Happy's mother cost him all his phrases.

"Mrs. Bridget, they—they're for Bridget—for Happy," he stammered. "The club says she is to give three blows to each one to find out if we miss her; but we're sure we all do, and we'll bring them every day so she can have some out doors, and that's all, only I'm secretary and treasurer of the club," ending proudly.

The next day, when Johnny appeared at Happy's door with another offering, Bridget met him and gave in exchange a letter addressed to the club.

The president opened it with excited fingers and read aloud:

Dear Boys:—"Mamma writes because I cannot yet; but I send you all my love and I thank you with my heart for the lovely dandelions. It was too funny to see papa blow them for me.

"The pretty seeds flew away at the first breath, telling me you missed me very, very much.

"I thought these dandelions looked like the moon the other morning very early, but the gold blossoms are like the sun when it rises. Mamma tells me, though, that the bright flowers are me when I'm well, and that how I am like those you sent, pale and almost blown away, but she will not let my papa call me seedy, and she says she will tell you to hope that soon I shall be again,

"YOUR HAPPY, SUNSHINEY DANDELION."

A Remarkable Cat.

In San Francisco there is a cat that washes windows. It belongs to one of the Chinese companies of that city. It is a cat of Chinese breed, and those who own it claim that it belongs to the same family as the cats in the temples of the Emperor of China. The cat is a mixture of Maltese and tortoise-shell, and is said to be very beautiful. It has a Chinese name which the newspapers claim cannot be rendered into English, so those of its friends who talk English have to call it Tom for short. Tom's Chinese friends declare that he is so clean that he would not lie down until he has dusted off the place where he is to lie. It is claimed that Tom will take a rag and dip it in a pan of water, and wash the glass of the window in front of which he is going to lie down, and then rub it dry, and that he has never been known to lie down in front of the glass without first washing it. Naturalists say that cats are the cleanest animals in the world; that they abhor dirt. Sometimes we see cats in the street which have been turned out of their homes by the people who have gone away for the summer, and these poor cats do not look very clean, but it is not their fault, for how can a poor homeless cat have any opportunity of washing herself?—and pretty soon she gets so weak from hunger that she doesn't care. So when you see a poor dirty cat on the street try to remember that it is not her nature to be dirty, but she has had no chance to be clean, and feel sorry for her.