

My Three Little Texts.

I am very young and little;
I am only just turned two,
And I cannot learn long chapters,
As my elder sisters do!

But I know three little verses,
That my mamma has taught to me,
And I say them every morning,
As I stand beside her knee.

The first is, "Thou God see'st me,"
Is not that a pretty text?
And "Suffer little children
To come unto Me," is the next.

But the last one is the shortest,
It is only "God is love."
How kind he is in sending
Such sweet verses from above!

He knows the chapters I can't learn,
So I think He sent those three
Short, easy texts on purpose,
For little ones like me.

Dora's Small Deed.

I'm tired of reading stories about the wonderful results of some little kind action performed by some impossibly good girl! There isn't a word of truth in them," snapped Dora Adams, throwing the paper on the floor.

Her sister Alice looked up from her work in surprise.

"Now what's the matter, Dora? You are always flying into tantrums over something or other," she said calmly.

"It's enough to make one have tantrums to read such nonsense as there is in that paper, all about a girl who spoke a gentle word to a desperate man, and make a saint of him on short notice. I think it is downright silly to publish such things, when we all know they never happen," said Dora.

"How do you know they don't happen?"

"Why from experience and observation, of course. Haven't I been trying to make a sunbeam of myself for the last six months, with a view to reforming some wicked person or persons, and what has it all amounted to? Nothing, absolutely nothing! I've smiled till the smile has 'set' on my face like jelly in a mold, and I've cultivated a soft and musical voice till I can't talk naturally if I try, and not one hardened or hopeless sinner is better for it, so far as I know," and Dora's voice had pathos in it.

Alice sat sewing on, in silence, for a while.

"It does seem discouraging, the way one seems to fail in her efforts to do good; but I suppose it will all turn out right after awhile. We can only do our best to help those who need it, and try to be good and true ourselves. The reward, if there is any, more than that which comes from a clear conscience, will come when the Master is ready," she said, more thoughtfully.

The little cloud lifted from Dora's face, leaving it bright as usual.

"You are right, Alice. The trouble with me is that I expect a kind of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp performance all the while. If I plant a seed of kindness to-day, I want a whole forest of trees to spring from it and be in their prime to-morrow. I never did have patience about waiting for things. Now don't, please—don't repeat that worn out old 'All things come to him who waits,' or words to that effect. I know it—no, I don't either, but I know people who please themselves by saying so."

Silence again, while Dora looked out of the window, down the bleak and barren street, where the trees, bereft of foliage, were shivering in the cold wind.

"There comes the washerwoman with our clothes. My! how I'd hate such work. And there is her daughter Hetty with her. What an awkward, lubbering girl she's growing to be. What has the poor wretch to look forward to? The little schooling she gets will only make her dissatisfied with her surroundings, without lifting her above them. Well, I am thankful I wasn't born black, at least," and Dora gave a long, deep sigh.

"Probably she is just as happy as we are, after a fashion, but it wouldn't hurt us to bestow smiles and kind words upon her, to help brighten things a little for her," Alice said quietly.

"Oh! she'd rather have gay ribbons or discarded finery than anything else. She is only an overgrown child, with a child's love for bright colors and good things to eat. Poor thing! It isn't to be wondered at, though, when one thinks of her ancestors. I wish I knew how to help her to an appreciation of better things, but there is no way I can think of."

Dora lapsed into silence for some time then, though her fingers were busy turning over some Sunday school papers.

Presently she got up, and taking the papers with her, tripped down stairs.

After awhile she came back and sat down to the sewing-machine, ready to do some stitching.

"I've been casting bread on the waters again," she said; "but I never expect to have it come back to me."

"What now? Have you been wasting more smiles, or tuning some one's heart to thankful lays with your melodious voice?" Alice asked, playfully.

"Neither; somehow my sweet smiles and silvery voice are failures in philanthropic work, so I've come down to something more practical. This time it was simply Sunday-school and Church papers for Hetty. You ought to have seen her grin. It was enough to have sent a reformatory wave over the whole country, if there's anything in that sort of thing. She expressed herself as 'tickled most to def,' so I've made her happy for awhile, anyhow."

Then the sister began talking of other things, and the little incident was forgotten.

Six weeks later they were sitting before a cheerful grate fire, finishing Christmas gifts.

Alice held up a dainty, embroidered doily, and eyed it critically.

"How I wish I had plenty of money! It seems mean to give such tacky things to Aunt Eleanor, when she makes me such handsome presents. I always feel as poor as a church mouse from the first day of December till Christmas, but this year it is worse than usual," she said.

"I feel like a pauper, myself. I want to do so many nice things for people, and can do so few. And this winter there are so many poor folks who need help, too. Oh, dear! how dreadful it must be, to be really hungry or cold, and without money. I believe I should just go off and lie down and die, and be done with it," said Dora, dolefully.

"Yes, but the worst of it is, you can't always die when you want to. Lots of people linger and suffer along for years, like poor old Aunt Mimy, for instance. When I think of that honest, industrious old soul, all crippled with rheumatism, not able to work and without food or clothing, excepting such as is doled out to her by a few poor neighbors, I declare I feel ashamed of eating enough, and of being warm and comfortable at all."

"It does seem dreadful! She was such a faithful old cook and so kind and sympathetic I fairly loved her, if she was black. I wish we could help her some way—buy her a lot of coal, or pay her room-rent, or get her some warm flannels or anything else to comfort her. But I don't see how we can, with papa's store burned and only half insured, and all of us pinching ourselves black and blue trying to economize. It was so different last winter, when we sent great baskets of things to the poor. And yet we didn't half appreciate our blessing then," Dora said reflectively.

"I've been wondering if there is anything I can give up or do without, to get money to help Aunt Mimy. I can't bear to think of her so deprived of comforts," Alice said, her voice a little shaky.

"We might put ourselves on short allowances of food, and give what we do not eat to her, or have a Self-denial week, you know, or something of that kind, as the girls we read about are always doing, suggested Dora.

"Or earn some money ourselves, though I'm sure I don't know any way under the sun in which I could earn any, do you?"

"No, I don't; not now, at least, when there's so much Christmas work to do. Oh, dear! what's the sense in being poor and busy ourselves, when there are so many worse off than we are? Poor old Mimy. I could cry when I think of her," and a mist over the blue eyes veiled Dora's words.

"There comes the washerwoman! Go let her in, won't you, Dora? It's the cook's afternoon out, you know, and there's no one down stairs."

Dora dropped her work and went down stairs.

She was gone a long time, and when she came back her face wore a look of exaltation.

"What is it, Dora? I know you are pleased about something," Alice said as she looked at her sister.

"You're a witch for reading faces, Alice. Something has happened, but you'd never guess what. It is the result of the papers I gave to Hetty. They've brought my bread back upon the waters, after all," Dora said, half laughing, half crying.

"Something Hetty read in them softened her heart and filled it with pity, and, to cut the story short, that awkward, ignorant colored girl has done the very thing we two educated white girls have puzzled our brains vainly trying to do. She—has—earned—twenty-five dollars—to give to—poor—old—Aunt Mimy!"

"Earned it! Hetty has earned it! How could she? Did she wash for it?" Alice asked in astonishment.

"No—a story she read suggested the idea of getting up an entertainment for Mimy's benefit, so she interested

half a dozen other girls, and they in turn enlisted their fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers, and some one gave them the use of a poor, little, old hall; and these girls walked all the way to the woods for cedar and gum-burrs and moss to decorate with and got donations of things to eat and Hetty's father barbecued a sheep and a pig or two for them, and you know colored people always swarm like flies after barbecues, and—oh! well, I can't tell it all, but anyhow they had songs and recitations, and gave of the best they had, and that their entertainment was a success, the twenty-five clean silver dollars she showed me will prove. Isn't it just wonderful, Alice?"

"It is. What did Hetty say about it, any how?"

"I can hardly tell you. I only wish you could have heard her yourself. Her face shone as if it had been polished, and—I know you won't believe me, Alice—but when she said, 'Them papers you done give me 'pear like they come straight from the Lawd Miss Dora, and I wants after this to do everything in His name,' Hetty actually looked pretty to me. Somehow, behind the black face I could see the white soul shining, and after this I shall always be a believer in small, good deeds begetting great ones."—Advance.

Table Etiquette in General.

A host should not stand while carving.

No argumentative or in any way unpleasant topic should be broached at the table.

There should be no difference between "company manners" and those in daily use.

The napkin is not folded, but is simply crushed and laid beside the plate in rising.

Coffee may be served at any time during breakfast, but should come at the end of dinner.

Do not overload the plate of a guest or press upon any one that which they have once declined.

Remember the maxim of Confucius: "Eat at your own table as you would at the table of the king."

Never say or do, or countenance in others, the saying or doing of anything rude or impolite at the table.

Never notice or comment upon any accident, but render unobtrusively any assistance which may be necessary and possible.

The side of the spoon is to be placed to the mouth, except in the case of a man wearing a mustache, when the point of the spoon leads the way.

Teach the children to eat at the table with their elders, and to do it in a dignified manner. It is impossible to foretell what moment may require them to exemplify their home training.

Letters, newspapers or books should never be brought to the table though a very important message may be received and attended to, permission being asked of the hostess.—Good Housekeeping.

What a Little Girl Did.

A good many years ago, a little girl of twelve years of age was passing an old brick prison in the city of Chicago, on her way to school, when she saw a hand beckoning from behind a cell window and heard a weary voice asking her to please bring him something to read.

For many weeks after she went to the prison every Sunday, carrying the poor prisoner a book to read, from her father's library. At last one day she was called to his death-bed.

"Little girl," said he, "you have saved my soul; promise me that you will do all your life for the poor people in prison what you have done for me."

The little girl promised, and she has kept her promise. Linda Gilbert has been all her life the steadfast friend of the prisoner. She has established good libraries in many prisons, and visited and helped hundreds of prisoners; and from the great number of whom she has helped 600 are now, to her certain knowledge, leading honest lives. Prisoners from all parts of the country know and love her name, and surely the God of prisoners must look upon her work with interest.

And all this because a little girl heard and heeded the call to help a suffering soul.

Bad Reading.

The other day a little fellow sat reading a book, when suddenly he saw his father coming along. He put the book out of sight, and stood up in great confusion, waiting for his father to pass by. Now, I didn't like that, and I herewith advise that boy, and all other boys, never to read anything they are ashamed of. Open out every page you read, full and free, in God's light and presence, as you must read if it is not fit to be opened so, do not read it at all.

Bad reading is deadly poison, and I, for one, would like to see the poisoners—that is the men who furnish it—punished like any other murderers. Yes, and more, it's far worse to kill the soul than to kill the body.

In my opinion parents are not half watchful enough in this matter, and if I were you, young folks, I wouldn't stand it.—Selected.

Let no available opportunity to do good be neglected. It may never return.

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Whole, I am composed of 14 letters. I am something many of you have enjoyed, but will ne'er enjoy again this year.

My 6, 13, 2, 11, 5, 1 have been taken by many this year.

My 9, 8, 7, 5, 6, 14 has often been visited during my all.

My 10, 12, 3 is what all should do.

My 4, 8, 14 is what some will be.

No. 200.—CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

In chick, but not in hen;
"house," " " den;
"ink," " " pen;
"corn," " " wheat;
"army," " " fleet;
"ground," " " peat;
"old," " " new;
Whole is a city now familiar to you.

No. 201.—BURIED BIRDS.

1. The little hogs wallow in the mire.
2. Rob, I never heard such language
3. The cow lows on the hilltop.
4. Do not let the cats nip every bit of that mint.

No. 202.—CHARADE.

My first is a color known to all,
My second is used for many a call,
My whole's a flower for great or small.

No. 203.—DIAMOND.

A letter; by the way; foremost; an animal; a letter.

No. 204.—ANAGRAM.

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