His Sixth Birthday.

He has given up his cradle and his little worsted ball'
He has hidden all his dolls behind the door;
He must have a rocking-horse
And a hard wood top, of course,
For he isn't mamma's baby any more !

He has cut off all his curls, they are only fit for girls,'
And has left them in a heap upon the floor ;
For he's six years old to-day.
And he's glad to hear them say
That he isn't mamma's baby any more !

He has pockets in his trousers, like his older brother Jim
Though he thinks he should have had them long before,
Has new shoes laced to the top—
'Tis a puzzle where they stop !
And he isn't mamma's baby any more !

He has heard his parents sigh, and has greatly wondered why
They are sorry when he has such bliss in store ;
For he's now the darling boy,
And will be their pride and joy.
Though he can not be their baby any more.

—Youth's Companion.

How Johnnie learned to Wipe his Feet.

'Did you wipe your feet, Johnnie ?'

'No, mama; I forgot.'

'Run back and do it, then, please.'

'Yes, mama.'

There was a prolonged and energetic scraping and rubbing of two obedient feet on the hall rug.

'Mama, won't you tell me why you have to wipe your feet every time you come into the house?'

'Yes, if you cannot find out yourself.'

Johnnie looked interested. Mama always let him find out things for himself when he could. He had found already that there was always a reason behind her commands, and he enjoyed hunting for it.'

'Where can I begin ?'

'Well, walk all around the rooms, and, when you are near the beginning place, I'll say 'Warm !' '

That was just like mama, and Johnnie knew he was going to have a good time. He went through the two parlors, but mama was silent. Johnnie was watching her over his shoulder, and hardly knew when he crossed the threshold into the library.

'Warm !' cried mama suddenly.

Johnnie halted promptly, and looked all about him.

'Don't look too high for the reasons of things,' said mama with a smile, as Johnnie, not budging an inch, stood rolling his eyes up towards the ceiling.

'Warmer !' as the little lad began to look toward the floor.

'Oh, I spy !' said Johnnie suddenly. And he picked up a big cake of dry mud from the carpet. 'I've found out mama !'

'That is one reason, but there are others.

'In the house, mama ?'

'Yes, but you can't see them just yet.

'Why can't I see them now, mama ?'

Mama laughed, and gave Johnnie a kiss. Then she handed him pencil and paper.

'I will write a question on this paper, and you may have until to-morrow night to answer it,—'What makes mud ?

'Huh ! that's easy ! Water and dirt?'

'Yes. Write it this way: 'What makes mud ?'

1. Moisture. 2. Dirt.' Write down everything that you see dropped and left on the sidewalk or in the street. If it is wet, like water, put it under 'Moisture;' if not, put it under 'Dirt.' '

'O mama, what a nice play !'

Johnnie moved over to the window.

'Hullo, here's the sprinkler ! Do you spell 'water' with an a or an e mama ?'

'W-a-t-e-r,' said mama, with a smile.

She never laughed at Johnnie's mistakes, and that was what made Johnnie think she was 'lots nicer'n other boys' mamas.'

Presently the city carts came along to gather up the garbage. The barrels were heavy, and the men, to save lifting them, emptied the contents upon the street, and then shoveled it into the carts. They left a good amount behind them, however, and Johnnie got quite excited over trying to write down all the different things he saw remnants of. Mama suggested that 'garbage' would cover it all, so Johnnie after much wrinkling of his forehead and twisting of his tongue, wrote 'Gobbige;' for mama was called away just then.

The ashman came down the street, and he, too, tipped over the barrels, and shoveled the ashes into the cart,—all but what blew away ; for the wind was high, and a large part of every shovelful went flying all over the street.

Mama was gone a long time, but, when she returned, Johnnie called her to the window.

'I don't know how to say things, mama. There are the sewer men cleaning out the sewers, and they spill the dirty stuff on the street. Then a wagon went by full of old bones and meat from the market, and some of that dropped from the cart. Then there are the horses and dogs and cats. I saw a dog go by with blood dripping from his ear, and the men spit on the sidewalk, and O mama ! I don't think mud is nice; do you ?' And Johnnie's little nose was all puckered up with disgust.

'No, Johnnie.'

Mama smiled meaningly.

'O mama ! I've found out already ; haven't I mama ?'

'Yes, part of it.'

'What else is there, mama ?'

'Draw two circles of the same size on your paper.'

So Johnnie got the compasses which mama had given him for a birthday present,—they had so many circles to draw that mama taught Johnnie to do it scientifically,—and drew two circles, each about an inch across.

'Put eleven dots in one. Just scatter them about anywhere. Now put two hundred dots in the other.'

'My, what a lot for that little circle!'

'Now suppose that every dot is a grain of dust. Would you rather breathe air with eleven grains of dust in it or air with two hundred grains in it ?'

'I guess the two hundred grains would choke us,—don't you, mama ?'

'That depends. Will you close the blinds to that front window, where the sun shines so bright ?'

When the blinds were closed, mama hungs a dark cloth over the window, and cut a little hole in it right over a crack in the shutters, so that the bright sunlight came through in a long pencil of light. Then Johnnie saw myriads of little dust particles, so small that he had not known they were there until the strong sun lighted them up.

'You see, Johnnie, the mud and dirt brought into the house are ground up fine by our feet, and then set moving about in the air by the movements of people and the drafts through the room. The more mud brought in, the more dust for us to breathe. Now that you know what mud is made of, you can see that it is not very good stuff to take into our lungs.'

'O mama ! you won't have to tell me to wipe my feet any more. I'll do it every time, if I don't forget.'

Just then mama took a little red note-book from her work-basket, and wrote something in it. Johnnie thought she wrote down his promise. Mama did that sometimes, and had a queer way of letting Johnnie look over her note-book about the time when he had failed to keep his word. To day, however, she wrote :

'Get a good microscope for Johnnie's Christmas present. If he forgets to wipe his feet, show him the dangers of dust.'

And that is the way Johnnie's mother helped her boy to remember to wipe his feet.—S. S. Times.

Something to Do.

'Mother,' said Lawrence, when he came for his goodnight talk to his mother one evening, 'I'm very much discouraged.'

'Discouraged, Lawrence,' said the mother, looking down in surprise at the rosy-faced little lad by her side.

'Yes,' said Lawrence, looking solemn. 'You know our Sunday-school teacher told us about missionaries and things, and then she said we ought all to be little missionaries. Now I've thought and thought, and I don't see how I can be. There aren't any heathen around here. There aren't even any children that don't go to Sunday-school, and I cer ainly can't be a missionary, can I ?'

'What do missionaries do, my dear?' said mother. 'I mean the missionaries that go away to China and India.'

'Well, let me see,' said Lawrence ; 'they preach, don't they ?'

'Yes ; but I am afraid they would never accomplish anything if they only preached to the people.'

'Oh, I know !' cried Lawrence; 'they have hospitals, and take care of sick people; and they have schools and orphan homes; and they live good lives, and are kind to every one, so that the heathen people can see what kind of people Christians are; and they read the Bible, and have Sunday-school, and do a lot of useful things.'

'I think you know that very well,' said the mother, approvingly 'Now, suppose you were a missionary's little boy, what do you think you could do when your lessons and other work were done ?'

Should I have to do lessons if I were a missionary's boy ?' asked Lawrence.

'Certainly, dear, else you would never grow up to be a missionary,' said mother.

'Well,' said Lawrence,' 'I suppose I might go and read to some of the heathen, who couldn't read for them selves. I wouldn't have to preach would I ?'

'You would hardly be expected to make sermons,' said mother, laughingly.

'I know,' said Lawrence, 'I'd have to take care to be as good as I can, so that I would be a sort of live sermon, for people to see.'

'Yes,' said mother, 'those kinds of sermons are very much alive indeed.'

'And then,' Lawrence went on, 'I suppose I might get acquainted with the little heathen children, and invite them to our school, and I guess that's about all I'd get done, besides studying my lessons and helping around home. But don't you see, mother, I can't do any of those things around here, because there aren't any heathen. So I guess I can't be a missionary till I get bigger.'

'I don't know about that decision, my boy,' said mother ; 'hadn't you better think it over ?'

'But I don't see any way,' said Lawrence.

'Where is grandpa Wiler, who can not read ? He isn't exactly a heathen, but I believe he would enjoy hearing a little boy read to him just as much as any heathen would.

'Oh, do you really think so ?' said Lawrence. 'I believe I will go and read to him to-day.'

'Then there is Joe Adkins,' mother went on ; 'he isn't a heathen child, either, and he belongs to your Sunday-school, but dear me, he doesn't go one third of the time. I wonder how it would be if a missionary boy would be his friend and call for him every Sunday morning.'

'I'll do it,' said Lawrence, soberly, 'and guess I'd better call for Gail Santon, too. He doesn't come very often. Now, what else, mother ?'

'The other day I heard your little Cousin Tom speak very crossly to his sister, and when his mother reproved him, he said, 'Well, Cousin Lawrence is cross, too, sometimes.'

Lawrence hung his head with shame. At last he said: 'I guess, then, I'd better begin to be a live sermon, too, mother.'

'That's right, my good boy,' said his mother. 'Now, I believe you are ready to be a real live missionary boy.'

'But isn't it funny that I didn't think of anything myself, and there are so many things all around to be done ?' said Lawrence.

'Very strange,' said mother soberly, but there are lots more people who have the same trouble—they can't see anything to be done. I am very glad you are willing to go to work when you understand what to do.'

'Yes,' said Lawrence, 'I'm going to begin to-morrow.—Can. Baptist.

How Georgie Got Even.

It was Freddie's birthday. He was three years old, and Cousin George had come to visit him. Georgie was six, and a great deal larger than Freddie.

The two boys played pleasantly till a lady gave Freddie two peaches for a birthday treat.

Georgie wanted the larger one, 'No,' said Freddie ; 'it is my birfday, and course I ought to have the biggest. Mrs. Jones said so.'

His mamma, hearing the dispute, came to the door to ask the cause 'Yes, she said, 'Mrs. Jones said the larger one was Freddie's, but I do not want my little boy to be selfish.'

Freddie at once handed the peach to Georgie, saying 'You may have it, Georgie, 'cause you're company.'

Georgie was ashamed to have his auntie know how selfish he had been, and he said crossly, 'Keep your old peach, Tattletale ; but I'll get even with you, see if I don't.'

After a time the trouble seemed to have been forgotten and the two children were playing quietly again.

Georgie was sitting in the swing, and he said to Freddie, 'Slap me in the face, just for fun.'

'No,' said Freddie, 'that would be naughty.'

'Yes, do ; I like to be slapped.'

'I don't want to,' was Freddie's answer.

But Georgie coaxed till Freddie gave him a little bit of a slap on the cheek, when Georgie raised his hand and struck his little cousin very hard.

Hurt and frightened he ran to his mamma, crying. 'Georgie slapped me!

'He slapped me first. Didn't you, Freddie ?' said Georgie ; and Freddie, too frightened to exclaim, said 'Yes'

'Why, Freddie ! said mamma ; did my boy slap his visitor ?' I am so ashamed.'

And Georgie ran home laughing because Freddie was disgraced.

He thought himself very smart—what do you think ?—Marcia Purdy, in Mayflower.

Success comes to those who persevere. If you take Hood's Sarsaparilla faithfully and persistently, you will surely be benefited.

The Birthday Gift.

There are often wells of thought and feeling in childhood of whose depths parents little dream. We are so accustomed to think of our children's tastes, desires, and wills as being reflections of our own that we too often forget to study their natures, recognize their individuality, and treat them as sentient beings. With such reflections I listened to the relation of the following incident :

A little girl of this city, about ten years of age, was visiting her aunt in the country. They were discussing a certain book, and the aunt remarked:

'Your birthday is near ; perhaps your mamma will buy it for you for a birthday present.'

A tinge of sadness rested on the sweet, young face as she quickly answered:

'She could give me something else I would rather have, something I would rather have than anything else in the world '

'Well, I'm sure,' said her aunt, 'your mamma will get it for you if it does not cost too much.'

'It will not cost money,' replied the child, 'it will not cost anything.'

But she could not then be persuaded to tell what it was. After a long time the shrinking little spirit said :

'Auntie, I will tell you a part ; it is something she gave me before little brother came. It is just not to do something for that one day ; now don't you know ?'

The discerning auntie drew the little one to her and asked :

'Is it that mamma should not scold you on your birthday ?'

A trembling 'Yes,' and long the dear head rested in silence on the bosom of that loving, patient aunt.

When I heard this little incident related by that aunt herself, my heart wept, and I quickly asked myself, 'Am I not that mother ? Have not the cares of a growing family caused me to be often less patient with my first born, my darling Edith ? Have not I, in the multiplicity of duties, been unresponsive to the heart longing for a mother's tender caress and loving recognition of little services rendered ?

That mother is a pious woman. I know she loves her little daughter as tenderly as I do mine. She just didn't think how each impatient word was wearing a sore in that sensitive little heart. She didn't think she was robbing her child's future of the sweet memories of a beautiful childhood. She didn't think how she was cramping the powers of a lovely spirit that needed a continual sunshine for their development. Mothers, pause and reflect.—Herald and Presbyter.

A Boy's Mother.

If I could only see my mother ! Again and again was the yearning cry repeated. If I could only see my mother ! The vessel rocked, and the waters, chased by a fresh wind, played musically against the side of the ship. The sailor, a second mate, quite youthful, lay in a narrow bed, his eyes glazing, his limbs stiffening his breath failing. It was not pleasant to die thus, in this shaking, plunging ship; but he did not seem to mind bodily discomfort. His eyes were far away, and ever and anon broke forth that grieving cry : If I could only see mother ! An old sailor sat by, a Bible in his hand, from which he was reading. He bent over the young man and asked him why he was so anxious to see his mother, whom he had wilfully left. Oh ! that's the reason, he cried; I've nearly broken her heart, and I can't die in peace. She once said to me : 'my son when you come to die you will remember this; O, if I could only see my mother ! He died with the yearning on his lips, as many a one has died who slighted the mother who loved him.

If I Were You, My Boy.

I would learn to be polite to everybody.

I wouldn't let any other boy get ahead of me in my studies.

I wouldn't go in company of bad boys who use bad language.

I would see if I couldn't get people to like me by being civil to everybody.

I wouldn't be ashamed to do right anywhere. I wouldn't do anything that I would not be willing for everybody to know.—Little Chrissian.

The Way to Die.

Sometimes it requires the lowliest of lives, the plainest of surroundings, to bring out the fact that the highest learning is the absorption of the greatest truths in the simplest way. The writer's grandfather had an old colored workman, who had been a slave, and was used to the severest kind of labor. No need for a slave-driver for him, however, as his tasks were always conscientiously performed. Corporal, as the old slave was called, was of a religious turn, and believed, with an unalterable firmness, in the truths brought to him. In his own simple way he was a good deal of a philosopher, and did not a little good by the everyday showing of his quiet faith Finally the time came for Corporal to leave this world for a better one. The doctor was called, and after an examination said : Corporal, it is only right to tell you that you must die."

"Bless you doctor; don't let that bother you. That's what I've been living for," said Corporal with the most undismayed of smiles.

TRY IT.—If your tongue need a certain amount of acquired elasticity, practice reciting the following little piece of blank verse :

If you stick a stick across a stick,
Or stick a cross across a stick,
Or cross a stick across a stick,
Or stick a cross across a cross,
Or cross a cross across a stick,
Or cross a cross across a cross,
Or stick a crossed stick across a stick,
Or stick a crossed stick across a crossed stick.
Or cross a crossed stick across a cross,
Or cross a crossed stick across a stick,
Or cross a crossed stick across a crossed stick,
Would that be an acrostic ?

All Sorts.

An old Scotchwoman, when advised by her minister to take snuff to keep herself awake during the sermon, replied, Why dinna ye put the snuff in the sermon, mon ?

An old colored man was rocking himself backward and forward while riding on a train. Supposing him to be in pain, a sympathetic bystander inquired what ailed him. He said, If I don't keep moving dis way, dis watch I just bought don't go.

A bevy of little children were telling their father what they got at school. The eldest : Reading, spelling and definitions. And what do you get, my little one ? said the father to a rosy-cheeked little fellow, who was at that time slyly driving a tenpenny nail into the door panel. Me ? Oh, I get readin', spel in' and spankin'.

When Cardinal Manning was lying in state, an unsympathetic passer-by volunteered to remark :

I don't know why they are making all this fuss about him. What did he ever do to deserve it ?

An' is it what did he ever do, ye mane ? said a pugnacious Hibernian near him. You jist come outside and take off yer coat, and I'll show you what he did !

A recent article on homesickness, in The Companion, recalls the reply made by a young Swedish maid to her mistress. It expresses clearly, though in imperfect English what every sufferer from homesickness feels.

You ought to be contented, and not fret for your old home, Ina, said the lady, as she looked at the dim eyes of the girl. You are earning good wages, your work is light, everyone is kind to you, and you have plenty of friends here.

Yes'm, said the girl, but it is not the place where I do be that makes me vera homesick; it is the place where I don't be.

Soon Left Her.

"I was taken with a swelling in my feet and limbs. I was not able to walk for four months. I read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and procured a bottle. Before I had taken it all the swelling left me. I took three bottles of Hood's and have not been troubled with swelling since." REBECCA SEEVERS, Chatham, Ont.

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