

Baby's Basket.

TINY wee shirtlings of white wool, so fine,
That the flax buds all blossomed, I know,
Under the rarest of summer sunshine,
That Baby might thus stronger grow.

TEE little stockings, of pink, blue, and white,
From lambkin's pure soft woven wool,
All waiting for baby feet to stand upright
And fill them out plump, fair, and full.

LONG narrow skirtlets, all roses and vines,
Fashioned by Love's cunning hand;
Wrought in the rarest and richest designs
At exquisite Fancy's command.

DRESSES embroidered, and dresses quite plain,
Robes for a kingdom's own heir;
Ah, long may this happy prince in our hearts
reign,
Light be the crown he shall wear.

TIS be the sovereignty; his be the power
To manifold happiness bring,
With joy for his birthright, and love for his dower,
Oh, gladly we shout "Baby's King!"

G. DE B.

Number Seven.

BY MARY B. LEE.

RICHARD JOHNSON wrote the famous history of the *Seven Champions of Christendom*: St. George, of England; St. Denis, of France; St. James, of Spain; St. Anthony, of Italy; St. Andrew, of Scotland; St. Patrick, of Ireland; and St. David, of Wales. Each was a patron saint.

There is a pretty legend about the island of the Seven Cities. At the time of the conquest of Spain and Portugal by the Moors, seven bishops, followed by a great number of people, took shipping and abandoned themselves to their fate on the high seas. After a time, they landed on an island in the ocean. Here the bishops burned the ships, and founded seven cities. It is said that navigators visited this mysterious island, but were never permitted to return.

Rome was called the Seven-hilled City, because it was originally built on seven hills.

The Seven Sages, or Seven Wise Men of Greece, were a number of men among the Greeks of the sixth century before Christ, noted for their wisdom. Some give their names as Solon, Chilo, Pittacus, Bias, Periander (or, in his place, Epimenides), Cleobulus, and Thales. They were the authors of the seven mottos: "Know thyself; Consider the end; Know thy opportunity; Most men are bad; Nothing is impossible to industry; Avoid excess; Surety is the precursor of ruin." Each wrote one motto.

The Seven Wise Masters succeeded in saving their pupil, a young Roman prince, by each telling a story on successive days to the king. At the end of seven days the prince tells a story, which leads his father, the king, to have the queen put to death.

Jean Ingelow wrote *Songs of Seven*.

The Seven Sleepers were seven noble youths of Ephesus, who, in the time of the Decian persecution, fled to a certain cavern for refuge. They were pursued, discovered, and walled in for a cruel death, but were made to fall asleep, and were miraculously kept alive for almost two centuries. Their names are given as Maximian,

Malchus, Martinian, Denis, John, Serapion, and Constantine.

The Church has consecrated the 27th of June to their memory. The Koran relates the story of the Seven Sleepers, probably deriving it from the same source as the Christian legend.

In one of the miracles, there were seven loaves, and seven baskets were filled with the fragments after the people had eaten.

At the siege of Jericho, seven priests, bearing seven trumpets, compassed the city for seven days; and, on the seventh day, they compassed the city seven times, when the city fell. So seven is a number of great interest.

Queer Sayings of Children.

DEAR DEMOREST:

Seeing in your Magazine some children's sayings, I thought perhaps a few I can vouch for as original at least, might be acceptable. So many of your mother readers wish you would start a mother's column, in which old and young mothers could talk over the rearing of the wee ones. I often think how our girls marry and bear children in shameful ignorance of everything relating to an infant's life. I heard of a Japanese gentleman visiting us, who, after visiting our institutions, asked: "But where do your women learn to be mothers?" On being told how we entered fearlessly into motherhood, in utter ignorance of its God-given duties, he said, "And can God bless such a people, who put his own little pure images into hands that cannot rear them as they should be reared? Why don't you make schools for mothers to teach the girls to be mothers in their turn?" A good idea, was it not?

A little four-year-old girl of mine was baptized some weeks after. I said to her: "My little Virginia is very good, very kind, to her little brother." "Why," she answered, "I has to be. You know I was baptized, and I am God's little girl now, and God's little children has to be good."

When she was three years old we had a terrible thunder shower. Wishing to divert her, I told her of the flood—we were in the country. "Oh," she said, "what lots of tubs and barrels they must have put out to catch rain water in." Again, I told her God knew when she was good or naughty. "How?" she asked. "Why," I said, "he writes it all down;" with a sigh, she said, "How I do wish he'd lend me his big pencil."

Another little girl, Addie, when she was three years old was always bathed and dressed at about noon. Her father being ill, his physician called. Having been up all night and not looking as neat as usual, little Addie walked up and surveyed him with hands behind her and a most serious expression on her oval face, and finally said: "Doctor, did you hab your bath?"

But our Clair, now four, is our oddity. I never tell children of eternal punishment, but rather of God's love; but a friend thought fit to disobey my orders in that line, and one day, I heard Clair (then on the friend's lap) say: "So a big bad black man would keep me in a big hole full of fire, would he? Well, now, I guess not, sir! Why I'd jump on top of that fire, stamp and jump on it, put it out, run down, and he would not catch me again. I'd not be such a dunce as to stay and burn up, no sir!" One day, after a visit he had made, having gone on the steam cars he said: "Mamma dear, do you know who that man was who took me out of the cars at R—?" No, I said; why? "'Cause he was awful ugly—I think he must have been the very same man who nailed Jesus Christ to the cross."

We had a neighbor whose children were none too choice in their use of language. One morning some one said, "Clair, can't you take care of baby

a little, if I take him in the nursery?" "Oh, yes," he answered, "bring the little devil along." As we never allow a naughty word, the surprise was great.

Some one had told him of what animals meats were made. He was handed pork tenderloin, and with a disgusted look pushed it back saying, "I don't want none of you, hog."

His elder sister being ill, he asked another—Addie—who makes people sick. He had just been naughty, so I said, God does, sometimes, if they swear and say naughty words. "Oh, said he, 'then has Sal been swearing?' Then he asked, 'Who lets doctors make people well?' He was told God—"Well," said he, "he *must* be a funny God, make people sick one day, send a doctor to make them well the next."

Some one told him Heaven had everything nice in it. "Pooh," he said, "why then, it's nothing but a big store." My two eldest girls, when small, were very different; the eldest, three years older than her sister, was far more lively and childishly wild. Viewing her with disapproval one day, the younger said, "I think God should have made me the eldest sister, I'm so much more sensible than Sal." She was then nine.

Soon another baby came. The nurse said to her, "Miss Addie you have another baby sister." With perfect unconcern she said: "I s'pose so—I been 'spectin' it," which answer was a puzzle. Being asked why she expected it, she said, "Why, I wanted it, and I asked God to send it every night. It's mine own baby." But the nurse said, "You must let mamma keep it—you have no dinner to feed it." With a look of contempt she said, "My mamma says, if God sends babies, he always sends dinners for them." When some years later this same baby sister was shown by the family physician a new baby, and told it was a boy, she said with contempt: "I don't believe it. If it's a boy where am its pants?" And a few days since, Clair and his elder brother were saying they would like a baby, but said the elder, "I s'pose it would have to be black, for God has given us so many babies he could not likely spare to us another *white* one when so many want them."

I hope I've not tired your patience. In a large family, a mother who is with her children hears many odd sayings. One more and I am done. My husband (like, I truly believe, most other husbands) dislikes seeing me exert myself about the house. One day, being engaged in the kitchen, he walked in, saying to me: "Now my dear, do you just walk out of here, and don't come here at least again to-day." My little five-year-old Horace walked up to me, surveying his papa with a frown (a little doubtful of his right to be rude to him), said at last, very boldly, with his arm around me, "Mamma dear, don't you mind him; stay here just as long as you like, and I'll take care of you!"

Historical Word Pictures.

No. 1.—A lad bound to a tree. A company of archers in the rear. In the foreground a prominent archer about to draw his bow in the direction of the lad.

No. 2.—A prison—two lads lying in bed. Two men bending over them, one holding a torch, the other raising the end of the bedding as if to throw it over the lads.

No. 3.—A general approaching an ancient city with an army. On the route, two ladies and children throw themselves at the warrior's feet in tears, as if imploring him to desist from some purpose.

The reader must guess the historical event.