THE PRATTLER

FOR
BOYS & GIRLS

PHILADELPHIA

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO. PHILA

1878
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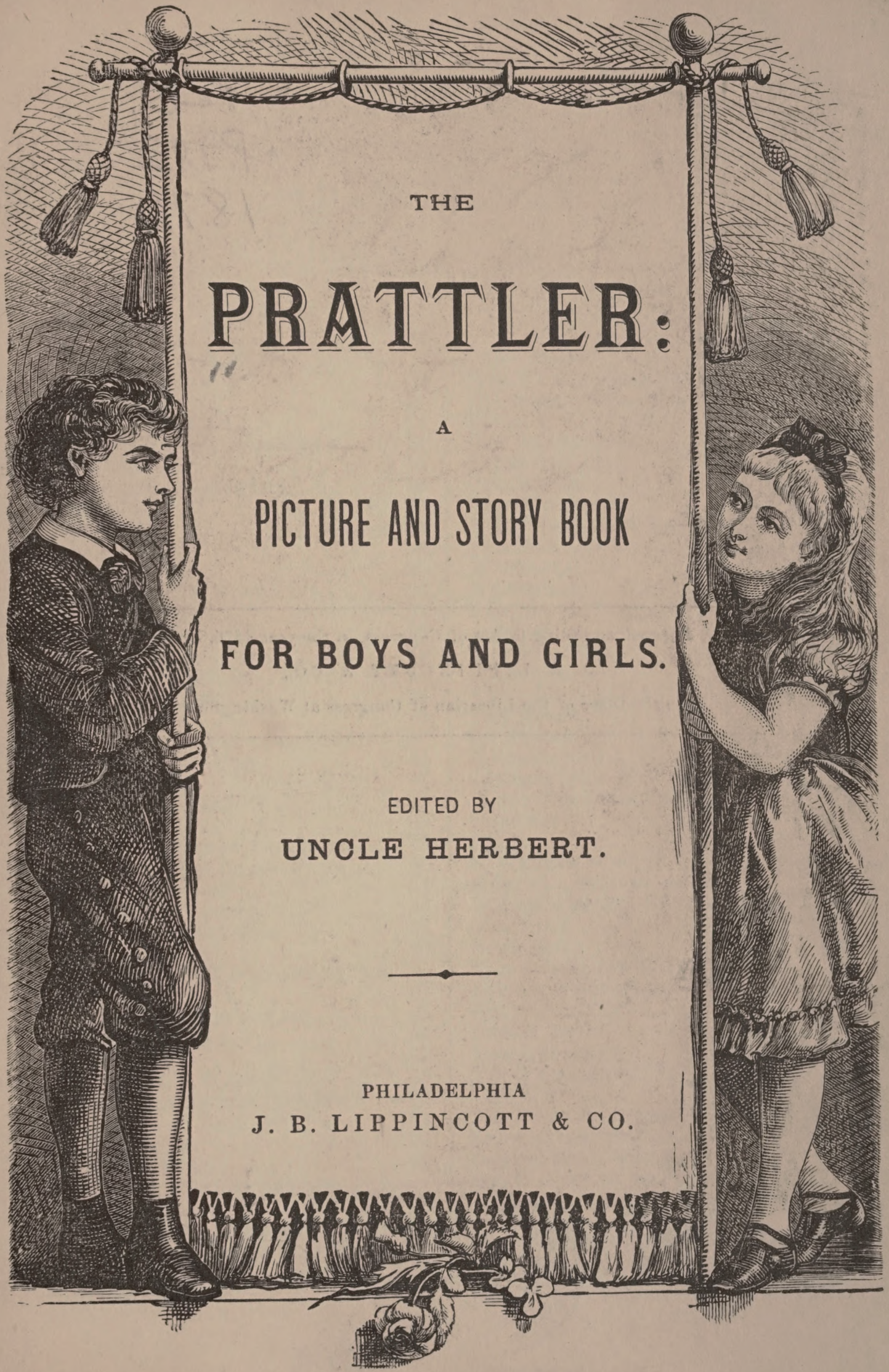
THE FACE IN THE GLASS. [*Frontispiece.*



THE

PRATTLER:

A

PICTURE AND STORY BOOK

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

EDITED BY

UNCLE HERBERT.

PHILADELPHIA
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

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THE FACE IN THE GLASS.

HUSH, my little darling,
'Twill never, never do,
For there's another baby
A-crying just like you.
See his cheeks so chubby,
And see his eyes so dim;
What do you think's the matter,
Hally, my love, with him?

I guess his ma's gone driving
In the pretty, pretty park;
I guess she's got old Jerry,
And won't be home till dark.
I guess she told his nursey
To carry him off up-stairs,
And tell him a little story
After he'd said his prayers.

A story of a bumble-bee
In a great red hollyhock,
With a cap of black and yellow
As big as a piece of chalk,
A-swinging and a-singing,
In a busy, buzzy way,
And a-saying every funny thing
That a bumble-bee can say.

A story of a kitten
That hadn't a thing to do
But to sit in a chimney-corner
And mew, and mew, and mew,

Till somebody brought his dinner
In a little broken jug,
And gave him a kiss for Christmas
And the cutest kind of a hug.

A story of a squirrel,
With a great big bushy tail,
Hiding a hundred hickory-nuts
Under a broken rail;
A story—— Oh, my Hally,
What are we going to do?
For we've lost the naughty baby
That was crying just like you.

But ah, ha-ha! there's another
With laughter over his lips,
With eyes as sweet as the pansy
He holds in his finger-tips.
O-ho, ha-ha, my Hally!
He's just the daintiest elf,
And I'll cuddle him up and carry him off,
For he's only just—*yourself!*

FRANKEY'S SLED.

"F'ANKY F'anky! come look! The g'ound is all covered with sugar!" cried little Charley, as he toddled out of bed and his eyes caught sight of the snow, which lay white and clean upon the ground.

When they went to bed the night before, there had been no sign of snow and everything was brown and bare. But in the night the flakes had come softly down; now it was dazzling

white in the bright sunshine. No wonder Charley thought it was sugar. Sugar and flour were the only white things he knew of.

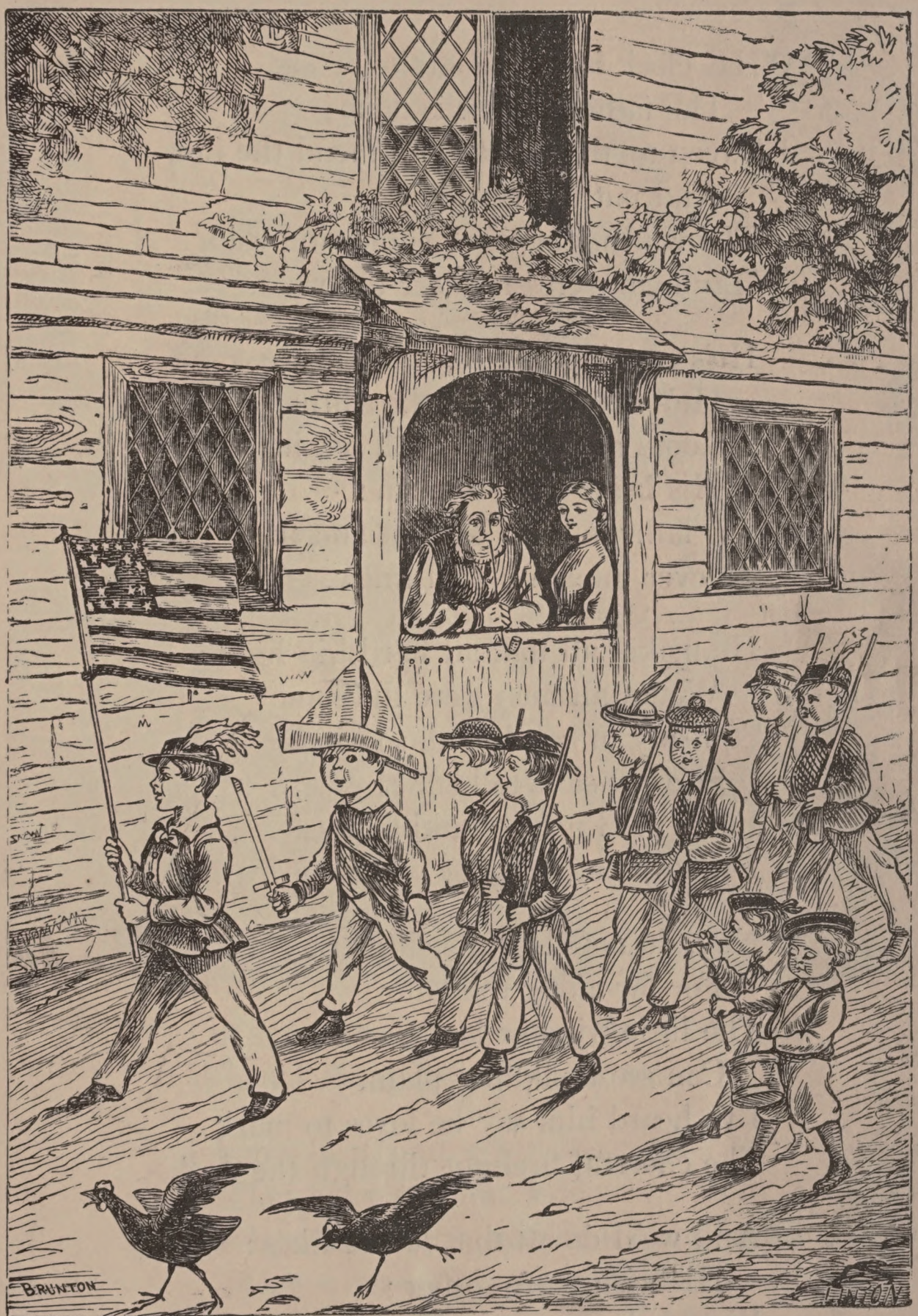
"You little goose, you!" cried Frank. But he hopped out of bed in a hurry and bounded to the window; and there, in spite of Jack Frost, the two little fellows stood in their long night-gowns, pressing their noses flat against the panes, looking out at the snow.

"You goosey, you!" said Frank once more. "It isn't sugar at all. Don't you know better than that? It's snow! Hurrah! there is Neddy Harris with his sled, drawing Mary and little Will. Hurry, Charley, and I will give you a ride before breakfast." Almost quicker than it takes to write it they were dressed and out on Frankey's new sled.

I wonder why children love the snow so? I am sure I am always sorry to see it, for it is so cold. It makes me draw myself all up and wish I was a bear, or a woodchuck, or some other animal which curls up in a warm nest and stays asleep and snug until winter is over.

THE BATTLE.

IN the garden a great game of soldiers had been going on. Several little cousins had been going through their volunteer drill, under the command of Master Freddy, who, with flag in hand, commanded with great judgment and decision. They had marched up and down several times, frightening the chickens as they went; mamma and grandpa watched them from the window, and cheered the little army as it passed. Little Frank had especially won general applause by his skillful management of the drum, when it came into the head of one of the volunteers to propose that the army should be divided into two, and that one part should attack the other. Accordingly two parties were formed, each five men strong; and the attack began under the command of the noble generals. It had proceeded for some time with much spirit and courage on both sides, when suddenly one army which had been driven into a corner made a desperate rally, and drove the opposing forces quite to the opposite side of the battle-field. Now, the battle-field in this instance being a garden, had a large flower-bed at the end, towards which the repulsed army was driven; and the pursuers, who were led by Master Frederick, drove them through the bed, crushing all papa's flowers; whereupon the light infantry began to cry, in which it was joined by the general whose fierce fighting had caused the mischief, and who was doubtful as to what his papa, the commander-in-chief, might think of this particular movement; mamma hearing the noise came out and wiped away the tears, promising to make all right with papa.


BRUNTON

FATHER IS COMING.

THE clock is on the stroke of six,
The father's work is done;
Sweep up the hearth and mend the fire,
And put the kettle on:
The wild night-wind is blowing cold,
'Tis dreary crossing o'er the wold.

He's crossing o'er the wold apace,
He's stronger than the storm;
He does not feel the cold, not he,
His heart it is so warm:
For father's heart is stout and true
As ever human bosom knew.

He makes all toil, all hardship light;
Would all men were the same!
So ready to be pleased, so kind,
So very slow to blame!
Folks need not be unkind, austere;
For love hath readier will than fear.

Nay, do not close the shutters, child;
For far along the lane
The little window looks, and he
Can see it shining plain.
I've heard him say he loves to mark
The cheerful firelight through the dark.

And we'll do all that father likes:
His wishes are so few;
Would they were more, that every hour
Some wish of his I knew!

I'm sure it makes a happy day
When I can please him any way.

I know he's coming by this sign,
That baby's almost wild;
See how he laughs, and crows, and stares,—
Heaven bless the merry child!
He's father's self in face and limb,
And father's heart is strong in him.

Hark! hark! I hear his footsteps now;
He's through the garden-gate.
Run, little Bess, and ope the door,
And do not let him wait.
Shout, baby, shout! and clap thy hands,
For father on the threshold stands.

THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS-TREE.

"DEAR papa, will you tell us just one little story before we go to bed?" asked Alice. "Yes, please, please, do!" echoed Nellie and Greta in one breath.

"Well, my darlings, I do not think I can refuse you, but keep very quiet, and do not interrupt me once. Greta shall sit on my lap, and Nellie and Alice stand beside me. There, are you all fixed? Now for the story.

"Once there was a little girl named Blanche, who, with her papa, used to feed a number of sparrows every morning with crumbs. Very often with them came other feathered friends. There were two blackbirds: one she called 'Jettie'—he was so very black; the other she named 'Blackie'—not being so glossy.

"When Christmas-time arrived, a lady invited Blanche to spend an afternoon with her children. For their amusement a Christmas-tree had been provided, and very great was their delight on seeing it, and receiving the various gifts that had been prepared for them.

"Next morning, it being holiday-time, Blanche did not go to school; but after breakfast went to play in the garden. Her mamma observed her passing and re-passing the window, and was much puzzled to think what her little girl was doing, her

pinafore filled with holly and arbutus branches, each with clusters of beautiful berries.

"When her mamma asked her what she was about, she looked very mysteriously, and whispered, 'Oh, mamma, guess!' As her mamma could not guess, she told her she was preparing a Christmas-tree.

"A beautiful tree it was,—a young fir, which had been planted a year before in the lawn, and was now bright with holly, arbutus, and thorn berries. Small pieces of bread were attached by strong thread to the branches, and in addition tiny paper baskets, filled with hemp-seed.

"Can any of you guess for whom the pretty fir-tree was intended?

"Blanche shall tell you. 'I thought,' she said, 'as we children had enjoyed our Christmas-tree, that my dear little birds would like one too!'

"The birds had been accustomed to re-assemble at the early dinner hour, and it was with no little curiosity that we all

gathered together at the dining-room window to watch the arrival of Blanche's visitors.

"At the usual hour they came. Their ordinary fare of bread-crumbs not being thrown to them, they began to hop about, and quickly discovered the prepared treat. Shyly at first they examined the novel tree, as if they could not quite understand it. Soon, however, this feeling seemed to vanish, and to Blanche's great delight one after another alighted on the tree, showing their appreciation of the treat so kindly prepared for them by making a hearty Christmas dinner.

"The birds so enjoyed their Christmas-tree that they continued their visits for three days, until not a berry nor a crumb of bread remained.

"I hope, dear children, that you like this little story, and that you too will remember the birds, and provide for them a Christmas feast.

"Now, that is all; I hear mamma calling you, and it is time for bed; kiss me good-night, my darlings, and remember always that the same loving, watchful care is over you that marks each little sparrow's fall."

THE FAIRY CAT.

THERE once lived a poor woman, who went into the wood to gather sticks. As she returned laden with a heavy bundle she saw a poor sick kitten under a hedge. It moaned piteously, and the kind woman took it into her apron to carry it home. Her little girl came out to meet her, and when she saw something alive in her apron asked,—

"Mother, what have you there?"

She begged hard to be allowed to carry the kitten home, but the woman was afraid she would hurt the little sick creature,

and carried it home herself. When they had reached the cottage she laid it on some clothes, and gave it some milk to drink. The kitten recovered in a few days, and grew fat and sleek. It loved the little girl very much, and, indeed, seemed to fear nothing, but would lie quietly on the window-sill while Fido barked, and Mary said she almost laughed at him for his trouble. One morning she suddenly disappeared.

When the woman had used up all her sticks she went again into the wood. As she returned laden with a bundle of sticks a fine grand lady stood just in the place where the little kitten had lain.

She beckoned to the poor woman, and threw five knitting-pins into her apron. The poor woman thought it rather a useless gift, as she had plenty of knitting-pins at home; yet she thanked her, and took them with her. Her little girl, too, did not care much for the knitting-pins, for she had a set of her own.

At night they were left on the table, but what was their wonder the next morning when they beheld a pair of well-knitted stockings lying by the side of the knitting-pins! The following evening they were left there again, and a second pair lay on the table in the morning.

Then the truth dawned on the poor woman. The kitten had been a kind fairy, who gave her these wonderful knitting-pins as a reward for her kindness. Every night she put them on the table, and every morning they had knitted a pair of beautiful stockings. Soon she and the children were well provided. The rest of the stockings they sold, and the money received for them supplied them with many comforts: neither did they ever want food or clothing again.

This is only a fairy-story, but it may teach that our kind actions often bring a reward when we least expect it.

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

THAT was a "*golden day*," as Aunt Edith says; a day full of delight. We spent it in the country. What a happy time was ours, sporting on the grass, gathering flowers, running, swinging, and wandering in the woods!

There were eight of us: five city children and three who lived in the country,—our cousins, with whom we had come to spend the day.

I had passed days in the country before, and have spent many in the country since, but no day is "golden" in my memory like that one.

Shall I tell you why? I did not see it then, nor for many years afterward; but it all came to me once, when I talked with a child who returned from a picnic looking very unhappy.

LAUDERBACH SC

"What is the trouble, dear?" I asked.

"Oh," she replied, "so many of the children were cross, and others wouldn't do anything if we didn't let them have their own way."

"I'm sorry," I said.

"And so am I," she returned, artlessly; "for I haven't been happy or good."

"Were you cross and selfish like the rest?" I inquired.

A sigh came up from her heart as she answered,—

"Maybe I was. When other children are cross and ugly, I get so too. It seems as if I couldn't help it. And then I'm so miserable! I wish I could always be with good children, it would be so nice."

And then it all came to me why that day in the country had been a "golden day." From morning until evening I did not hear a cross word nor see a wrong action. Oh, dear little ones, is not love very sweet, and selfishness very bitter?

LITTLE TROT.

LITTLE TROT'S real name was Tabitha Turner, but she had been called Trot when she was quite a baby, and now, though she was seven years old, her mother, schoolfellows, and friends still used the pet name.

Mrs. Turner was a laundress, and had to work hard to keep a tidy home for Trot and herself, and to send the little girl to school every day; but she did not mind hard work, and somehow each morning brought fresh strength and fresh courage, and the struggle for the daily bread was made lighter by thoughts of that kind, loving Father in heaven who is the God of the fatherless and widow.

Little Trot was a merry child, as fond of a laugh or romp as any one could be, but this did not prevent her being gentle, as well as useful too, in her own small way.

It was Trot who blew the fire to make it burn in the morning, and who washed and put the breakfast things away before going to school. It was Trot who helped to fold the clothes for the mangle. It was she who took care of the house when her mother, with the great bundle on her head, took home the week's wash. It was she who ran errands for Mrs. Turner when school was over in the afternoon, and she it was again who, before bedtime came, would bring her Testament, and, sitting down by the side of her poor tired mother, would read to her, in her simple childish way, of the loving deeds and sweet kind words of the Saviour, who himself had lived among the poor and the sorrowful, and was ready to pity and help them.

MINNIE.

I AM going to tell you about a dear little girl named Minnie; sometimes we call her darling Minnie, or sweet Minnie, and we have a great many pet names which always make her look very happy, for she knows how very dear she is to us, and children, like grown folks, like to be loved.

Now, this little girl has many pets. She has a beautiful canary-bird that she calls Cherry; he is very tame, and will sit on her finger while she talks to him, and she thinks the bird knows what she says, for he will talk in his way, and they seem to understand each other nicely.

She has a kitty, whose name is Beauty, and she will carry that kitty all around out-doors and talk to it, and the kitty keeps on purring, and Minnie carries her till some-thing else comes to her notice, then she drops kitty, and away she goes.

E.LAUDERBACH SC.

ANNIE'S RIDE.

"LOOK here, Charlie," said Mrs. Wilmot to a bright boy of ten or eleven years, and she pointed to Mr. Arthur's generous offer of a tool-chest premium; "isn't that worth trying for?"

Charlie's eyes ran down the page quickly, and sparkled with eager hope:

"Oh, mother, you mean I may try, don't you? Indeed I will, and I'll begin to-day, if you'll let me carry this over to Fred Allston's and show it to his mother."

Permission was readily accorded, and in half an hour Charlie returned, triumphant.

"I've two subscribers, mother," he shouted as he came up the walk, seeing his mother's face at the window. She was watching for him, he knew, and eager to hear of his success; for however busy or tired she might be, she always sympathized in what interested him. He came to her side and kissed her as he went on talking:

"Mrs. Allston said yes right off, and there was another lady staying with her, that has children at home, and she said, 'Oh, what a beauty! Jenny and Kitty will be perfectly charmed;' and she and Mrs. Allston both paid me; see here." And Charlie opened his little red pocket-book, and showed two crisp, new one-dollar bills and two twenty-five-cent pieces.

It was not always so smooth sailing; some refused, and others hesitated, but Mrs. Wilmot knew where he would be most likely to succeed, and Charlie profited by her advice. Patience and effort were in time crowned with success.

"Will you write my letter, mother?" he asked.

"No, dear," she answered; "you had better do it yourself, but I will see that it is all right."

Charlie may, when he becomes a man, engage in large com-

mercial enterprises and bear great responsibilities, but he never will feel more important and business-like than he did in writing and addressing that letter, inclosing the money and sealing the precious document.

In a very short time the much-desired box came by express, in perfect order, and a treasure to make a boy's heart glad. Charlie's eyes shone, and his kind mother easily excused the wild whoop that rang through the house, and the Indian dance that shook the floor.

I am glad to say that Charlie was not selfish in his pleasure. His first use of his new treasure was in making a set of nice little silk-winders for his mother, which pleased her very much. After a little practice he made some pretty picture-frames for his sister Mary and a doll's chair for little Annie, while for any small job of hammering about the house he was always ready. A pretty box, too, for stamps, stood on his father's writing-table, which was not there before the tool-box came.

Winter, with its coasts and sleigh-rides and long evenings, passed, and spring's fresh beauty clothed the earth. The children had enjoyed their vacation very much, playing out-doors most of the time, till little Annie hurt her foot badly. It healed nicely, however, and the pain soon left it, but the doctor said she must not walk for two or three weeks.

This was a sore disappointment to the little girl, for she dearly loved to go to school. Her teacher was a very kind, pleasant lady, and Annie belonged to a class of little girls about her own age, who went only for part of the forenoon; they had a nice play at recess, and were dismissed directly afterward. Annie's baby-carriage had long ago been discarded and given away; her father did not keep a horse, and there seemed to be no way of getting her to school.

A day or two before the term opened, Charlie found Annie crying; and finding out what the matter was, he ran up garret,

and after some rummaging he came down, bringing a good-sized clean box.

"Mother," said he, "may I have this?"

"Yes," she answered, supposing he wanted to keep some of his "traps," as he would say, in it.

Charlie took it into the woodshed, and except the sound of sawing and hammering, nothing further was heard of it till the morning school was to begin.

About half-past eight, as Mary was getting her books together, and Annie sat watching her with a very sober face, a noise outside the window drew their attention. There was a clatter of feet and a rolling of wheels and a loud "Whoa!"

Mary opened the door, and there stood Charlie, holding the tongue of a little wagon. It was a very plain one, to be sure; the wheels were only round wooden blocks, and it had no paint or polish about it, but it was strong and light, the fruit of loving toil, and answered its purpose well, as we shall see.

"Want to ride to school, Annie?" asked Charlie, in a bright, cheery way. "Here's a conveyance for lame ladies;" and touching his cap to his mother, whose laughing eyes told that she had been in the secret, he added, "I've just set up business, ma'am; can you give me a passenger? I hope I shall meet some encouragement."

Annie's delight shone in her face and rippled in her bird-like voice, while her mother put on her hood and sack and lifted her into the wagon, with a loving kiss.

"But how will she get home?" asked Mary, thoughtfully, though as much pleased as her sister.

"Oh, I've arranged all that," replied Charlie; "I'm coming home with her at recess. I shall have time enough to get back to school before the bell rings."

Charlie kept his word, and every day for nearly two weeks drew Annie to and from school till she was quite well and able

to walk. Of course, this involved some self-denial on his part, for he enjoyed the usual play at recess with other boys as well as any of them. But he felt more than repaid when he saw his little sister so grateful and happy.

JOHNNY'S LESSON.

JOHNNY BLAIR thought it fine sport, but not so the chickens, when his cornstalk came thrashing about their sides and over their heads. He didn't feel the hurt. It was all the same to him whether the cornstalk hit the rooster or the tub.

Off flew the scared chickens at Johnny's attack, and then he hid himself behind the fence and waited until hunger drew them back. But only a few grains did he let them eat before

he was down on them, striking right and left with his cornstalk, and hurting and frightening them again.

How he laughed to see them scamper away! Oh, it was fine fun for the cruel boy. But just as he had enticed them back for the third time and was raising his stick, the tables were turned, and instead of the hens getting hurt and frightened, Johnny's shoulders felt the sudden smart of a birch rod vigorously laid on.

"How do you like that, sir?" asked a rough voice, as Johnny jumped about and writhed with pain. "Chickens have feelings as well as boys," said the farmer, who, hearing the cries of his fowls, had come round to see what troubled them. "I hope you will remember that."

Johnny slunk away, feeling rather badly in mind as well as body. He knew that it was wrong to hurt dumb creatures, but, like too many little boys, he was cruel towards the weak and helpless. To be caught in his evil sport and get his back well striped was anything but pleasant; and he went off towards his home saying to himself as he went along, "He'd no right to strike me. I'm not his boy; and I'll tell father, so I will."

Just then he saw his father at work in a field, and, clambering over the fence, he ran towards him; but stopped after going a few paces. There were two sides to the story he was going to tell him, and, after looking at both sides for a little while, he thought it best to keep it all to himself. So he sat down on the grass. He didn't sit there long, for his angry feelings made him restless, but got up and went out of the field into the road. Then he saw a dog that ran up to him, wagging his tail. What did Johnny do? Pat the dog on the head? No, he was in an ill humor, and gave him a kick, at which the dog sprang upon him and bit his hand until the blood came. He was frightened at this, and thought, as he walked homeward, that in the future it would be better to treat poor dumb creatures with kindness.

WHO MADE THE FLOWERS?

MAMMA, who made the pretty flowers
That blossom everywhere?
The daisies and forget-me-nots,
And violets so fair?

Who made the golden buttercups,
That in the meadows grow?

The bright-eyed little innocence,
And lilies white as snow?

Who made the wild red columbines,
And filled each tiny cup
With honey, which the little bees
So daintily sip up?

Who made the fragrant clover-fields,
That drink the summer showers?
It must have taken very long
To make so many flowers.

Mamma, who keeps the flowers alive,
And clothes them every day?
Who watches over them by night,
To keep all harm away?

'Tis God, my child, who formed the flowers
So exquisitely fair,
And they, with all his hand hath made,
His kind protection share.

He formed each leaf and opening bud,
With skill so nice and true;
He gave to some a golden tint,
To some a violet hue.

He shields the tender flowers by night,
And cares for them by day;
He giveth to each different plant
Its beautiful array.

He sends the soft refreshing rain,
The gentle summer showers,

And light, and air, and falling dew,
He giveth to the flowers.

'Tis the same God who formed the flowers
Makes my sweet child his care;
Then daily raise thine infant heart
To him in grateful prayer.

NEDDY HARRIS.

"WE'VE had a good time, Tony, old fellow! haven't we?" said Neddy Harris, who was beginning to feel tired with his half-day's ramble in the woods and fields. And as he said this he sat down on a hill-side that overlooked

a pleasant valley, and from which he could see the clusters of elms and maples that stood around his home.

Tony replied to his young master by a short bark and a knowing twist of his waggish little head, which was as near as he could come to saying, "A first-rate time, Master Neddy!" And then he seated himself also, and took a survey of the country spread out beneath them. He looked very wise and very sharp, as though he had charge of everything, and was on the watch to see that nothing went wrong. What kind of fancies played through his doggish brain I cannot tell, but I think they had something to do with the supper that awaited his arrival home.

"A grand good time!" added the boy, as his tired limbs felt the comfort of a soft resting-place on the green turf. "And now," he continued, "as father says we should always do, I'll just go back and think over what I've done this holiday afternoon, and if I forgot myself in anything, and went wrong, it will be best for me to know it, so that I can do better next time."

So Neddy turned his thoughts backward, and read out of the book of his memory what had been written down there by an invisible pen during the past few hours. Now, this book of memory is a very wonderful book. Did you ever think of it? Every instant of time in which we are awake, and often when asleep, an invisible penman is writing in it every one of our thoughts and actions, good or bad, and we have no power to blot out the writing.

"I'm sorry about that poor squirrel," said Neddy. "He never did me any harm. What a beautiful little creature he was, with his bright black eyes and shiny skin!"

And the boy's face grew sad, as well it might, for he had pelted this squirrel with stones from tree to tree, and at last knocked him to the ground, when Tony, with one grip of his sharp teeth, made an end of him.

"I don't blame Tony," said the boy. "He's only a dog, and doesn't know any better. But it was so cruel in me! Now, if I live a hundred years, I'll never harm another squirrel. God made these frisky little fellows, and they've just as much right to live as I have."

Neddy felt better about the squirrel after this good resolution, which he meant to keep.

LOST AND FOUND.

A FRIEND of mine while traveling in Germany heard this story, which I shall tell you.

Little Fritz, the only child of a peasant, wandered away from his home one day with nothing on but his in-door clothing, and his head covered only with his long bright curls.

It was some time before he was missed. Mamma thought he was with auntie, and auntie was quite sure that he was with mamma. But when mamma and auntie met, they found to their great dismay that the dear little boy was missing.

All over the house they searched, among neighboring houses and through the whole street, but in vain. Then the neighbors came, and all the night that followed they searched everywhere for the missing child. The mother, as she walked the house nearly frantic with grief, pictured to herself her baby-boy lying upon the ground crying bitterly for mamma. Ah me! They were heart-breaking visions that came to the minds of both parents through those long, dark hours! It was a night never to be forgotten; a night remembered afterwards with shuddering and tears.

In the morning they brought tidings to the parents that a man living a few miles out of the city had found the little boy the afternoon before wandering near a railroad station, and fear-

ing that some harm might befall him he had taken him to his own home, warmed and fed him, and laid him tenderly to sleep in his own bed.

When the mother saw the man coming she bounded from the house, her loving arms outstretched, and clasped to her breast the little wanderer.

When money was offered to the kind man, he shook his head. "No," said he, "I have children, and if they are ever lost or in trouble, I shall want some one to be kind to them. No money!" And he walked away, bearing the blessing of the happy parents.

LITTLE MOTHER.

HARK how the wind blows, Effie,
Father is coming to-night.
On your wicker chair sit, dearie,
Now that the fire burns bright.

All the long day I've been toiling,
Washing and cleaning away,
Brushing the bars till they glisten,
While you were prattling at play.

Hark how the kettle is singing,
Singing with pussy in time,
While the sweet bells of the steeple
Ring out their musical chime.

Father is coming, my birdie;
You he will take on his knee,
Then, with a kiss on my forehead,
Whisper a blessing for me.

LAUDERBACH SC.

Ah! if our mother could only
Take the sad look from his brow,
Which has been there since she left him!
Mother, oh, where are you now?

Can you look down on your darling,
Striving to fill up your place,
Eager, and anxious, and willing,
Weary for want of your face?

There, darling Effie, I will not
Sadden your bright little brow;
See, dear, the supper for father:
Father will shortly come now.

Bring his red slippers and warm them,
While I make toast for his tea;
There is his step on the threshold,—
Meet him, my darling, with glee.

Show him your loving face, Effie,
Smile all the care from his brow,
Maybe from some far-off region
Mother is watching us now.

THE SQUIRREL HUNT.

A GRAY squirrel was busy one pleasant autumn day in gathering nuts and storing them up for winter in the hollow of an old tree. A farmer was chopping wood not far off, and his axe rang loudly through the forest, but this sound did not trouble our squirrel, for he had heard it often before and knew that it meant no harm for him.

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But there came other sounds on the air—children's voices and the barking of a dog. At this the squirrel started in alarm. The children saw him and gave a loud shout, and the two dogs that were with them went tearing after the frightened animal, making the woods ring with their fierce yelpings.

The dogs were so close upon the poor squirrel when he saw them that escape seemed almost impossible. But close by there lay a hollow log, and into this he darted just as one of the dogs was about seizing him.

"We've got you now, old fellow!" cried the children as the dogs sprang into the hollow of the tree to seize the squirrel. But squirrel was not so easily caught. He was smaller than the dogs, and could go in a great deal farther to keep out of their reach. The dogs barked and yelped and growled, but it was of no use. Squirrel was safe from their teeth. He had been in that log many a time before and knew just how to get out of it at the other end. He had whisked through like a flash, and was springing up into the tree at the very moment when the dogs were looking for him in the dark hollow of the log.

The farmer cut away with his axe, but when he had laid the log open from end to end no squirrel was to be found.

You are glad squirrel got away. I can see it, children, in the gladness that beams from your eyes.

WHEN we begin to count over our own goodness, and admire it, and contrast it with our neighbors', thinking how much better we are than they, then, in angels' eyes, our good deeds are like tarnished gold and frost-bitten flowers.

IN PAPA'S STUDY.

ROGUES! you are there, are you, peeping again?
How do you think I am going to write?
For just as soon as I take up my pen,
Down you come stealing, be it morning or night.
Creeping on tiptoe, you think I can't hear you;
Fingers on lips, not a word do you say.
Scamper away, you rogues, quickly! I fear you
Will find papa's study a bad place to play.

You won't? Then come in, with your laughter and noise,
Why should we work when there's play to be done?
Leave then behind you your books and your toys,
For we know the way to have glorious fun.

Romping and frolicking, oh, it is splendid!
Chairs tumbled down in a terrible plight,
Books scattered, papers dropped; when it is ended,
I shall be glad if my inkstand's all right.

Now I have got you, my girlie, I'll hold you
Prisoner of war—not a word shall you speak;
Close to my bosom my arms shall enfold you,
And press your soft face to my rough bearded cheek.
What? O you cowards! you two must surrender,
And creep to my arms to be kissed o'er and o'er;
Never was captor so loving and tender,
Never were captives so willing before.

LITTLE MARY.

DEAR little Mary, with eyes so blue,
What has Santa Claus brought for you?

He has brought me a cup and a curly sheep,
And a cradle where dolly may go to sleep.

But best of all is this funny box,
That winds with a key just like the clocks.

And when you've wound the spring up tight,
The monkey dances with all his might.

And Fido barks and the puppies play:
We're all very happy this Christmas-day.

MY FIRST SUMMER IN THE COUNTRY.

WHEN I was a little girl, years and years ago, I lived in the city. My home was a brick house three stories high, with white marble steps and close white shutters to the windows of the first story. In front of the house was a brick pavement, and two beautiful maple-trees shaded both house and pavement.

At the back of the house was a tiny yard about as large as a good-sized bedroom, with a brick-paved path all around a little grass-plot the size of a counterpane in the centre.

And that back yard, with its grass-plot, vines, and flower-pots, was all I knew of flower-gardens and fields, and that shaded street gave me almost my only idea of a grove.

One summer mamma's health was very poor, and the doctor said she must go to the country for a few months. It was of course understood if she went I must go, as I was an only child. So papa engaged board for us at a farm-house not so far from the city but that he could spend Sunday with us.

I think that was the happiest summer I ever passed. Mamma seemed to enjoy herself, too, and her health improved wonderfully.

I got many a ride in the cart or wagon with the farmer, whom I learned to respect very much in spite of his working-clothes.

I used to sit by the hour under the willow down in the meadow, fishing in the clear stream that ran dancing along its banks, fringed with rushes and forget-me-nots.

But of all these pleasures I think I enjoyed apple-gathering as much as anything. I would go out with the two young ladies of the family, and we would find in the orchard a ladder and

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baskets all ready for our use; one of us would mount the ladder, and sometimes climb up into the tree itself, and hand down the fruit to the two below, who would place it carefully in the baskets.

It was mounting the ladder and climbing the trees that made this work so enjoyable to me. I soon learned to do it readily; I was so much smaller and lighter than the others that I could venture farther out on the limbs to reach the fruit, besides my short skirts being less likely to get entangled in the branches. It soon became a settled thing that I should do the climbing.

I have spent my summers in the country ever since. Now I am a grown woman and have a home of my own, which is, of course, in the country, and I live in it in the winter as well as in the summer. To be sure, it is sometimes cold and blustering here in the winter, but then it cannot be much better in the city at the same time, and it is so often damp, sloppy, and disagreeable there. Besides, there are no birds in the city in the winter, while here the snow-birds and chippys and robins and blue-birds and cedar-birds keep us almost as lively during the winter as in the summer.

Yes, I think I like the country best.

MOLLY'S FUNNY SONG.

OH, queer little stitches,
You surely are witches,
To bother me so!
I'm trying to plant you:
Do stay where I want you,
All straight in a row.

MOLLY'S FUNNY SONG.

Now keep close together!
I never know whether
  You'll do as I say.
Why can't you be smaller?
You really grow taller,
  Try hard as I may!

There! now my thread's knotted,
My finger is dotted
  With sharp needle-pricks!
I mean to stop trying;
I cannot help crying;
  Oh, dear, what a fix!

MOLLY'S FUNNY SONG.

Yes, yes, little stitches,
I *know* you are witches,—
  I'm sure of it now,—
Because you don't bother
Grown people like mother
  When *they* try to sew.

You love to bewilder
Us poor little "childer"
  (As Bridget would say),
By jumping and dancing,
And leaping and prancing,
  And losing your way.

Hear the bees in the clover!
Sewing "over and over"
  They don't understand.
I wish I was out there,
And playing about there
  In that great heap of sand!

The afternoon's going;
I *must* do my sewing
  Before I can play.
Now behave, little stitches,
Like good-natured witches,
  The rest of the day.

I'd almost forgotten
About waxing my cotton,
  As good sewers do;
And—oh, what a memory!—
Here is my emery
  To help coax it through.

I'm so nicely provided,
I've really decided
To finish the things.
There's nothing like trying;
My needle is flying
As if it had wings.

There, good-by, little stitches!
You obstinate witches,
You're punished, you know.
You've been very ugly,
But now you sit snugly
Along in a row.

DUTY FIRST.

THE summer noonday sun shone broadly and brightly over the hay-fields. The birds sang in the trees; the rabbits ran in and out of the hollows; the insects hummed overhead; the merry little brook went tumbling along; and the fish came leaping out every now and then, their silver sides flashing in the warm light.

In the hay-fields the mowers were busy, and borne on the gentle wind, softened to a musical murmur, came the voices of the men and the sharpening of their scythes.

Ben and his little cousins Jenny and Jake were as happy and light-hearted this bright summer's day as any three children could possibly be.

They were in the middle of an exciting game, when Ben heard his mother calling him, and ran to the house to see what she wanted.

"Ben dear," she said, "it is your father's dinner-time, and I have made him some stew. He is working in Farmer Rix's hay-field, and I should be glad if you would take him his dinner. Here it is, in this little pail. Be careful not to spill any of it, my boy, for it is not often that I can afford to buy meat nowadays."

Ben took the pail and started back, but on his way met some boys; setting the pot down in a corner of the fence, he began to play with them.

It was a good two hours before he remembered the errand on which he had been sent. The game had been so new and so full of fun that the thought of his poor father working in the hot sun had quite escaped his memory.

"Oh dear me!" he cried suddenly, "how stupid I've been! I don't know what father will say at being kept waiting so long, and the broth is all cold."

When he got to where his father was at work, he saw him standing by the fence, talking to his mother; both looked anxious, but brightened up when they saw Ben.

His father after waiting some time for his dinner had gone home, and there heard that Ben had started so long before with the dinner they feared he had got lost or hurt in some way, and his mother had come back to help find him.

Mrs. Brown felt very sad when she heard the truth, but thought that Ben's sorrow was punishment enough. Ben resolved then and there that he would always make duty come before pleasure.

We are happy to say that Ben kept his resolution, and through life he found that the happiest as well as the safest motto was, "Duty first."

THE MILKMAN'S DOGS.

HERE we have a picture of two dogs that belong to a milkman, who lives in the suburbs of London. He has trained them to draw the little cart in which the cans are placed. Early in the morning they come out of their kennels and stand patiently at the door waiting to be harnessed. As soon as the cart is loaded and the man ready, off they start, always stopping at the right places, and giving a short, sharp bark, to show that they are there, standing quietly until the customers are served. These dogs are great favorites along the route, and get many a nice piece of meat from the rosy-cheeked housemaids. They seem to enjoy their work, and when it is over lie down most contentedly, and, I have no doubt, feel as we all do after having well performed a duty.

THE COW.

THE cattle are grouped round the shadowing trees.
T' escape from the flies, that love to tease;
As, swinging their tails, they stand or lie
Under the branches, so sleepily.

But one pretty cow—she stands alone,
So patient and gentle, as still as a stone;
And, though she is milked, she is never afraid,
For well she knows Gretchen, the milking maid.

In the light summer breeze the tree-top is rocking,
And Gretchen not idle keeps knitting her stocking,
Providing thus early to keep warm her feet
In winter's cold season of frost and of sleet.

Come, let us walk down in that meadow fair,
Where starry daisies and buttercups are;
And Gretchen will give, all so friendly and free,
A nice cup of milk to you and to me.

ONE morning little Dora was busy at the ironing-table smoothing the towels and stockings.

"Isn't it hard work for the little arms?" I asked.

A look of sunshine came into her face as she glanced towards her mother, who was rocking the baby.

"It isn't hard work when I do it for mamma," she said, softly.

How true it is that love makes labor sweet!

THE CHARITY THAT COVERETH.

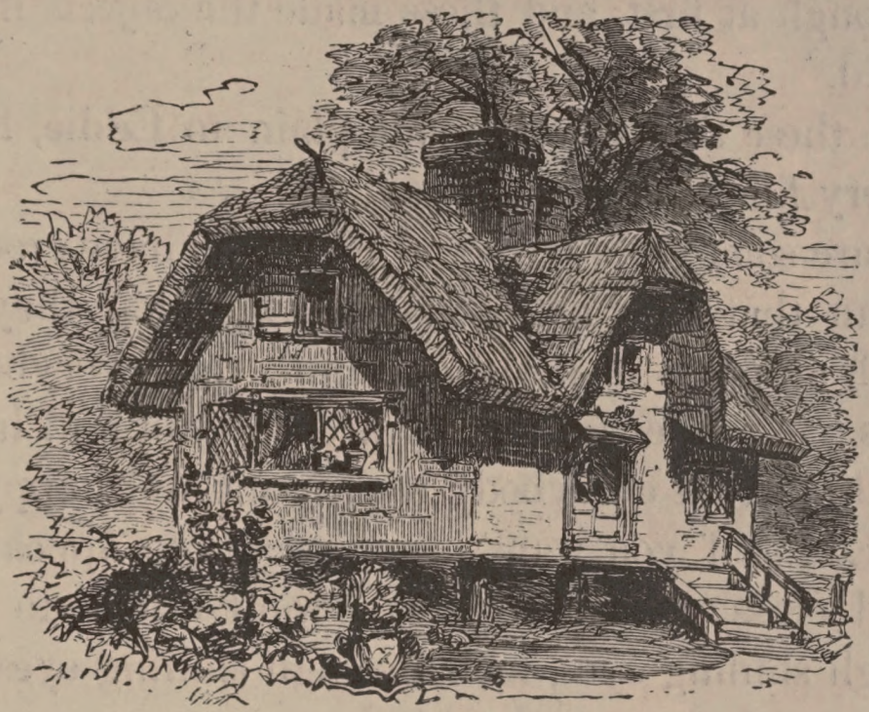
"DEAR MOSS," said the old Thatch, "I am so worn, so patched, so ragged; really I am quite unsightly. I wish you would come and cheer me up a little; you will hide all my infirmities and defects, and through your loving sympathy no finger of contempt or dislike will be pointed at me."

"I come," said the Moss; and it crept up and around, and in and out, till every flaw was hidden, and all was smooth and fair. Presently the sun shone out, and old Thatch looked glorious in the golden rays.

"How beautiful the thatch looks!" cried one.

"How beautiful the thatch looks!" cried another.

"Ah!" cried the old Thatch, "rather let them say how beautiful is the loving Moss, that spends itself in covering all my faults, keeping the knowledge of them all to herself, and by her own grace making my age and poverty wear the garb of youth and luxuriance."



THE CROOKED WINDOW PANE.

LITTLE EDDIE was playing at the window, when all at once he looked very much puzzled, and turning to his mother, who sat beside him, said,—

"Oh, mamma, I did not know that there was a hollow in our back yard."

"Are you quite sure that there is one there, Eddie?" asked his mother. "I think you must have made a mistake."

"Yes, there is one there," said Eddie, "and a big crooked tree, too. I can see them just as plain as can be. Come and see for yourself, mamma."

His mother went to the window and looked out, and sure enough there were the hollow and the crooked tree. Eddie greatly wondered why he had never seen these before. His mother told him to look through another pane and see how things appeared. He did so, but could see no hollow, or crooked tree either. The yard was level and the trees all straight.

His mother explained matters to him just the best she could. She told him that there were wrinkles and flaws in the pane he

looked through at first, and these made the objects in the yard look crooked.

After all these things were made plain to Eddie, his mother taught a very fine lesson. She said,—

"There are some little boys and girls who have crooked eyes. I don't mean that they are cross-eyed, but that they are cross and hateful, and this makes them think that everybody else is out of sorts. At other times they are pleasant and happy, and then they think that everybody is pleasant and happy, too.

"Now, Eddie, if you want other people to appear ugly, be hateful and cross yourself. If you want others to appear to look through smiling eyes, look through smiling eyes yourself; and if you want others to be kind to you, you must be kind to them. 'Do to others as you would have others do to you.'"

BEAUTIFUL ROSES.

GOOD-MORNING, little darling;
Pray have you come to-day
For flowers all fresh and beautiful,
To make a garland gay?"

"Yes, John; will you please give me
Some roses not quite blown?
Dear pa is going to make me
A pretty birthday crown."

"A crown, my little darling?
That soon will fade away:
One that will *never* wither
I hope you'll wear some day."

A FAITHFUL SHEPHERD BOY.

GERHARDT was a German shepherd boy, and a noble fellow he was too, although he was very poor.

One day while he was watching his flock, which was feeding in the valley on the borders of a forest, a traveler came out of the forest and asked,—

"How far is it to the nearest village?"

"Six miles, sir," replied the boy; "but the road is only a sheep-track, and very easily missed."

The traveler glanced at the crooked track and said, "My lad, I am hungry, tired, and thirsty. I have lost my companions and missed my way. Leave your sheep and show me the road. I will pay you well."

"I cannot leave my sheep, sir," rejoined Gerhardt. "They would stray into the forest and be eaten by wolves, or stolen by robbers."

"Well, what of that?" queried the traveler. "They are not your sheep. The loss of one or more would not be much to your master, and I'll give you more money than you have earned in a whole year."

"I cannot go, sir," rejoined Gerhardt very firmly. "My master pays me for my time, and he trusts me with his sheep. If I were to sell my time, which does not belong to me, and the sheep should get lost, it would be the same as if I stole them."

"Well," said the traveler, "will you trust your sheep with me while you go to the village and get some food and drink, and a guide? I will take good care of them for you."

The boy shook his head. "The sheep," he said, "do not know your voice, and——" Gerhardt stopped speaking.

"And what? Can't you trust me? Do I look like a dishonest man?" asked the traveler, angrily.

"Sir," said the boy, "you tried to make me false to my trust, and wanted me to break my word to my master. How do I know you would keep your word to me?"

The traveler laughed, for he felt that the boy had fairly conquered him.

Gerhardt now offered the contents of his scrip to the hungry man, who, coarse as it was, ate it greedily. Presently his attendants came up, and then Gerhardt, to his surprise, found that the traveler was the grand duke, who owned all the country around. The duke was so pleased at the boy's honesty that he sent for him shortly after and had him educated. In after-years Gerhardt became a very rich and powerful man, but he remained honest and true to his dying day.

THE LITTLE GRAY HEN.

ONE beautiful spring day, when the magnolias and azalias were in bloom, we went out to Greenwood Cemetery, in Brooklyn; and on our way saw a little, gray, trim-looking hen walking slowly beside the road, lifting her yellow feet so high and leisurely that they lay awhile at every step hidden among the feathers.

She was clucking and talking, as hens talk, to her brood of—not chickens, as one would think they ought to have been, led round and talked to by a little gray hen, but they were long-necked, web-footed yellow and white goslings.

Looking on, we said the hen was a goose in one sense, if she wasn't in every.

She scratched, looking for food. And if she found worm or insect, she called her brood, and they came running with their clumsy legs. We wondered she did not know they were not chickens when she saw them running.

I do not know how she found it out at last, nor when. But she found it out some time, some way, for we went out again late in the season, when the flaming salvias and chrysanthemums had succeeded the early magnolias, and the tender green of spring had ripened into the crimson and purple and gold of autumn, and we saw the same little gray hen out in the frosty grass alone.

She laid her feet up against her feathers this time, too; but not this time because she felt so proud and nice (or so we believed), but because she was cold.

The goslings, grown up now into white-necked geese, made a great show. The gray hen was but a little creature beside them. Or she wasn't exactly beside them. She was up by

the fence, and looked lonely enough, while they were at the roadside, where water was standing in little pools.

They seemed to have forgotten that she had so faithfully led them about, had given up nearly all the seeds and worms to them, had run after every dog and goat that came near, hovering over them at night, and on stormy days taking upon her own back the whole drenching.

Of course we could not find out how she felt about it.

"Perhaps she had no feeling," we said. "Perhaps hens never do have, although they seem to have if anything threatens their young."

But we thought she looked grave, and pitied her.

We said,—"Biddy, faithful old Biddy, you shall have something warm at Christmas; they shall be killed and eaten. Hang up your stocking as the children do, good Biddy—only you haven't a stocking to your feet, you poor thing! and never will have if it is ever so cold."

When, lo! as we condoled, the creature lifted her wings in the lively way hens have of doing it when they feel nicely about the sunshine or anything, laid them down again on her sides, looked up brightly towards the clear sky; then, stepping as if she were a queen, and a contented one, too, she walked slowly on around the corner of the garden, towards the house, giving not one look—probably giving no thought—to the group of white-necked, water-loving geese at the roadside.

So we knew she was a wise, contented hen, that needed neither our gifts nor our pity.

We learned a lesson from her content. And, by that time, we were where the clipped hedgerows lined our way, and the beautiful gate of Greenwood displayed itself before us.

CAUGHT AT LAST!

YES, here he is. Here is the mouse that has been making himself so much at home in the storeroom. He had a hole in one corner, and took good care never to come out of it when old Muff, the cat, was around; for he was a sly little mouse.

But last night he saw a nice bit of cheese inside of something that looked very much like a wire dish-cover. "That cheese smells good," thought he: "I will taste of it. I am a judge of cheese."

So he crept in through a little round hole that seemed to have been made on purpose for him, and nibbled away with a good relish. All of a sudden, he heard a noise that startled him.

"I must be off!" thought he. Off he darted; but, dear me! he couldn't find his way out. The little door through which he came was fast closed. He tried to squeeze through the wires; he tried to gnaw them: but it was of no use. He was barred in on all sides.

Then it flashed across him, "This is not a dish-cover at all. I ought to have known better than to come in here. This is a trap; and I am caught at last." Of course, the poor little mouse must have felt sad enough then. There was some cheese left: but he had no appetite for it. He sat trembling in the middle of the cage. He was not a bit hurt; but he was dreadfully frightened.

Well, the first person that came to him was our Mary, with baby in her arms ready for a bath; she sat him on the floor, gave him his horse, and told him to watch mousey until she came back.

I hope he won't put his finger near the cage: don't you? the mouse might bite him.

WHAT THE OAK-TREE SAID TO THE LITTLE CHILD.

I WAS once an acorn green
  Lying in my cradle-bed,
Peeping through the leafy screen
  To watch the sunbeams overhead.

Idly swaying all day long
  In the green and golden light,
Listening to the bluebird's song,
  Watching for his sudden flight.

Just below me lay a pool
  Within the moss-grown root's embrace,
With trembling shadows gray and cool
  Upon her dimpled face.

And woodland creatures gathered there
  For shelter from the noontide heat,
The dappled fawn, the timid hare,—
  'Twas Nature's own retreat.

The bright-eyed squirrel loved to view
  Her image in the glassy lake,
The oriole her plumage knew,
  And paused a second glance to take.

E'en the sweet woodbine from her bower
  Leaned o'er the marge her wreath to twine.
And shook the dewdrops in a shower
  From flow'ret, leaf, and vine.

By night the fairies came and danced
  In moonlit circles on the grass,
While glow-worms shone and meteors glanced,
  Until the magic hour should pass.

Thus fled my youth, until one day
  I fell into the mouldering earth;
In dull obstruction there I lay,
  And bade farewell to joy and mirth.

But soon I felt my pulses move
  Responsive to a higher life;
Within my heart a germ of love
  Whispered of days with glory rife.

And so I grew a mighty tree,
  And for a century have stood
Upon the very spot you see,
  But where is now the wood?

With hoary locks alone I stand,
  And sigh for all the "loved and lost,"
The monarch of a barren land,
  By storm and tempest tossed.

O days of youth! my pearly crown*
  I'd gladly give, if I might be
An acorn in an acorn cup—
  A little child like thee.

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* Mistletoe.

LET US HOPE IT IS ROVER.

I AM very much afraid some little boy or girl has been naughty; see how cross mamma looks; and, yes, that is a switch in her hand. Let us hope it is Rover, the dog, that has brought mud in over the hall carpet, and mamma is going to punish *him*. I don't like to think of any little boy or girl getting whipped, and, indeed, it makes me feel sad even to think of any one striking a dog or cat, but then sometimes they have to be whipped, for we cannot make them understand in any other way. But surely it is enough for any little son or daughter to know that dear kind loving mamma is grieved at their naughty conduct to make them sorry at once and mind every word she says.

BIRDIE AND BABY.

WHAT does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day?
"Let me fly," says little birdie,
"Mother, let me fly away."

"Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger."
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
"Let me rise and fly away."

"Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away."

EARLY TO BED.

"DON'T say early to bed."

"Why not, Georgie?"

"Oh, 'cause it's so nice to sit up; I like it."

"And you like sugar-plums, and would eat a pound a day if I'd let you, Georgie. They're so nice! But that would do you a great deal of harm. It would so disturb the healthy action of your stomach that it could not rightly digest your food, and so you would grow weak and sickly, and have a miserable time of it. Let me read you something about the good sleep does little boys and girls:

"Many children, instead of being plump and fresh as a peach, are as withered and wrinkled as last year's apples, because they do not sleep enough. Some physicians think that the bones grow only during sleep. This I cannot say, certainly, but I do know that those little folks who sit up late at nights are usually nervous, weak, small, sickly.

"The reason you need more sleep than your parents is because you have to grow and they do not. They can use up the food they eat in thinking, talking, and walking, while you should save some of yours for growing. You ought to sleep a great deal; if you do not, you will in activity consume all you eat, and have none, or not enough, to grow with.

"Very few smart children excel, or even equal, other people when they grow up. Why is this? Because their heads, if not their bodies, are kept too busy, so that they cannot sleep, rest, and grow strong in body and brain. Now, when your mother says, Susie, or Georgie, or whatever your name may be, it is time to go to bed, do not worry her by begging to sit up 'just a little longer,' but hurry off to your chamber, remembering that you have a great deal of sleeping and growing to do to make you a healthy, happy, useful man or woman.

"There, now, Georgie dear! If you want to be a healthy, happy, and useful man go early to bed, and get all the good out of sleep it is possible for you to obtain."

"I guess I'll go," said Georgie, who was pretty tired, for he was a busy little fellow, and played hard all day.

So off he went, and by the time his head touched its pillow, he was in the land of dreams.

CHARITY is never lost; it may be of no service to those it is bestowed upon, yet it ever does a work of beauty and grace upon the heart of the giver.

THE FARMER'S PARROT.

ONE beautiful spring a farmer, after working busily for several weeks, succeeded in planting one of the largest fields in corn; but the neighboring crows committed sad havoc with it. The farmer, however, not being willing that the germs of a future crop should be destroyed by either fair or foul means, determined to drive the bold marauders to their nests. Accordingly, he loaded his rusty gun, with the intention of giving them upon their next visit a warm reception.

Now the farmer had a parrot, as talkative and mischievous as those birds usually are; and being very tame it was allowed its freedom to come and go at pleasure. "Pretty Poll" being a lover of company, without much caring whether good or bad, hopped over all obstructions, and was soon engaged in the farmer-like occupation of *raising* corn.

The farmer with his gun sallied forth. Reaching his cornfield he saw at a glance (though he overlooked the parrot) the state of affairs. Leveling his gun, he fired, and with the report was heard the death-scream of three crows, and an agonizing shriek from poor Poll.

On looking among the murdered crows, great was the farmer's surprise to see stretched upon the ground his mischievous parrot, with feathers sadly ruffled and a broken leg.

"You foolish bird," cried the farmer, "this comes of keeping bad company."

On carrying it to the house, the children, seeing its wounded leg, exclaimed,—

"What did it, papa,—what hurt our pretty Poll?"

"Bad company—bad company!" answered the parrot in a solemn voice.

"Ay, that it was," said the farmer. "Poll was with those

wicked crows when I fired, and received a shot intended for them. Remember the parrot's fate, children, and beware of bad company."

With these words the farmer turned round, and with the aid of his wife bandaged the broken leg, and in a few weeks the parrot was as lively as ever, but never forgot its adventure in the corn-field; and if ever the farmer's children engaged in play with quarrelsome companions, it invariably dispersed them with its cry, "Bad company—bad company!"

ANNA'S STAY AT THE SEASIDE.

ANNA GRAY'S health was so poor one summer that the doctor said nothing but a few weeks at the seaside would do her any good. So her father, Mr. Gray, found a quiet place down by the sea, where he engaged board for Anna and her mother. Anna was at first much pleased with the excitement of traveling, but she was tired before she reached her journey's end, and her head ached from the jar and noise of the cars. She was very glad to go to bed as soon as she had eaten her supper, without taking even a look at the ocean.

But the next morning she went out with her mamma on the sand. When she first caught sight of the immense stretch of water, she felt very frightened. It seemed as if the great waves would roll right upon her and crush her. But she soon found that after they had broken in a long white line of surf near the shore, they came creeping harmlessly in until they at last gently lapped the sand at her feet. Then she took off her shoes and stockings and stood in the sand and let the water come up around her feet. Sometimes, when a bigger wave than usual came in, she would have to scamper to get out of its way.

ENAWAY, DEL
J. GREENAWAY Sc

One day while Anna and her mother were walking on the beach, they saw a young woman leaning against a rock looking far, far out to sea; her face had such a wild, troubled look on it that Mrs. Gray asked some one what great sorrow she had passed through. And this is the sad story that little Anna listened to on the sand that bright summer morning. Several weeks before, the woman had been walking on the beach with her only child, a little girl about four years of age, who was barefooted and would run close to the water to feel the warm waves kiss her little brown feet. One moment more, and a great wave has borne the child far out to sea. She gives one stifled scream, and the mother turns in time to see the little form she loves so dearly tossed hither and thither on the crested waves. In her frenzy she rushes up and down, screaming for help. It soon comes, but is too late; all efforts, even to recover the lifeless baby, are fruitless. And every day the mother stands as you see her in the picture, watching for one glimpse of the baby buried in the pitiless ocean.

Little Anna's eyes were filled with tears, and she felt very sorry for the woman who had lost her little girl. And when the roses came back to her cheeks, and she went home again, she told her papa all about it.

COME look in my eyes, little children,
And tell me, through all the long day
Have you thought of the Father above us,
Who guarded from evil your way?
He heareth the cry of the sparrow,
And careth for great and for small;
In life and in death, little children,
His love is the truest of all.

CHRISTMAS.

AGAIN the Christmas holidays have come,
We soon will hear the trumpet and the drum;
We'll hear the merry shout of girls and boys
Rejoicing o'er their gifts of books and toys.

Old Santa Claus comes by at dead of night,
And down the chimney creeps—a funny sight!

He fills the stockings full of books and toys,
But puts in whips for naughty girls and boys.

One Christmas-eve the moon shone clear and bright;
I thought I'd keep awake and watch all night,
But it was silent all around and stilled,
Yet in the morn I found my stockings filled.

I wonder where that queer old fellow lives,
And where he gets all the fine things he gives?
Some children think he's one thing, some another,
But I suspect he's only father and mother.

LITTLE LOTTY.

LOTTY is the German nickname for Charlotte. The little Lotty that I mean is the daughter of a German shoemaker. Her father is only a journeyman, and works very hard to earn a little money. Her mother has several children younger than Lotty, and one of them is a baby. Lotty does most of the housework, and helps with the cooking. When her mother goes out to milk the cows for a neighbor, she leaves Lotty to take care of the children. To-day she is ironing, in a little back-room, and we must listen while she is talking to herself.

"There, now," says Lotty, "I think that neckerchief will do. Father will look very nice in it, when he sits in church to-morrow. I love to do anything to please father: it makes him smile so, and smooths the wrinkles out of his forehead, just as this iron smooths the muslin.

"I wonder what makes father look so sad. Perhaps it is be-

cause he is so poor. Oh! I do wish I was older, so that I could earn something for father and mother! But, patience, patience, time flies very fast. Mother is sad, too, and the tears came into her eyes when she was talking about paying the rent. But they both seem glad when they look at us; that is because they love us. I wish the crease would come out of that apron. Well! my iron is cold. I'll put it down and take another.

"There, mother is back. I hear her singing. What hymn is it? Oh! now I know,—'Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to thy bosom fly.' I think it is mother's darling, darling hymn. *Mine* is,—'The Lord my pasture shall prepare.' I am glad that I went to Sunday-school, if it was only to learn that hymn. Next Sunday the teacher will tell me something new, I know, for he always says something we like to hear, and that does us good, too. And he is so kind to teach us good.

"Now my ironing is all done, and after I have fed the chicks, I will learn a new hymn, and some verses for next Sunday."

BE A GOOD GIRL.

"BE a good girl, Dolly! Don't do anything naughty while I'm gone."

And Katy shook her finger at Dolly as she opened the door to leave the room.

And what do you think was in Katy's mind when she said this? She had been playing with her Dolly for a good while, when all at once she thought of the basket filled with cake she had seen that morning in her mamma's closet, and as soon as she thought of the cake she began to want a piece.

But mamma had told her never to go to this closet to help herself; so she tried not to think about the cake, but still the

thought would come. At last she said to herself, "I'll just get a tiny little piece,"—as if it wasn't as wrong to take a little piece as a big one.

So off Katy started, charging her Dolly to be a good girl. As she opened the closet door she thought she heard her mother's voice. She stopped to listen. "Be a good girl, Katy!" It seemed as if the words were spoken aloud, so distinct did they seem to her. "Don't do anything naughty while I'm gone." Just what she had said to Dolly.

Katy stood wondering; then she said softly to herself, "I guess it's one of the angels mamma told me about. I was going to be naughty, but I won't."

And the little girl went back to her Dolly, and kissed it fondly, saying, as she danced about the room, "Dear Dolly was a good little girl and didn't do anything naughty while its mamma was gone!"

HOW DOLLIE DEANE SPOILED HER CHRISTMAS.

DOLLIE was sitting in the bay-window, in the dusk, all cuddled up, with her pet kitten in her arms.

"To-morrow night, Pussy," said she, "I am going to hang up my stocking right close by the sitting-room grate, and old Kriss Kringle will fill it up full of beautiful presents. He isn't a *real* Kriss Kringle, you know,—it's only papa and mamma,—but I like to pretend it is an old fellow in furs and a sleigh and all. Oh, dear, I wonder what I'll get, anyhow!"

Just then Dollie caught a glimpse of her papa standing in the hall with his arms filled with bundles, and she heard her mamma say in a whisper, "Put them in the lower bureau drawer, where Dollie won't find them."

Here Dollie leaned forward and began to feel a keen interest in the bundles and packages she was not to "find."

"In the lower bureau drawer," she repeated to herself; "guess I *will* find 'em."

Then Something whispered to her, "But, Dollie, that would be a kind of stealing to go *find* what mamma wishes to *hide* from you."

"No 't won't, neither," answered Dollie's self. "I'm just going right up-stairs to see, now;" and letting Pussy fall out of her arms in her haste, she went up-stairs softly, and saw through the crack of the door her papa busily opening parcel after parcel, and putting their contents in the lower bureau drawer.

Dollie waited until he had finished, then she hid herself behind the door as he passed her on his way down-stairs.

Very softly crept little Dollie into her mamma's room then. Very cautiously she opened the lower drawer, and her eyes danced with delight over what she saw there. A beautiful *Grande Duchesse* doll, in pink satin; a little silver tea-set, like mamma's real one; a little blue locket and gold chain; a scarlet fan with a bird on it; a set of story-books, and great papers full of candies.

Dollie took out the doll and examined it all over, opened the locket and saw her mamma's and papa's picture, fanned herself with the fan, peeped into the story-books, and ate several of the candies before she heard the tea-bell ring and papa ask where his "Dollie Dumpling" was.

Somehow supper didn't taste good to Dollie; she was very quiet, too, and papa wondered what was the matter with his chatterbox. Mamma thought she looked feverish, and asked if her head ached. Dollie said, "No, she was only sleepy," but down in her heart Something was saying all the while, "What a wicked, naughty, little girl you are to have stolen a sight of the pretty presents your papa and mamma meant to surprise you with!"

Christmas morning came, and when Dollie ran down-stairs into the sitting-room where her two long, scarlet stockings hung up by the grate, her papa and mamma thought she did not look as surprised and delighted over her presents as they expected she would.

"What is it, Dollie? Are your presents not what you wanted?" asked mamma.

"Yes—but——"

"But what? You don't look happy and pleased over them."

Then Dollie burst into tears, and between sobs and sniffles confessed how she had spoiled her Christmas by anticipating its pleasures in stealing a look at the happiness in store for her. "I thought it would be so nice to know everything,—and now I don't feel so happy," sobbed Dollie.

"Ah, Dollie," answered her mamma, "even grown people are like you, sometimes. They want to look ahead and see what is to be, when, if they would only wait and trust to the good Father, everything would be all right in good time. If blessings are ahead, we will enjoy them in due time. If sorrow, we will feel it soon enough."

Dollie thought her mamma was right, and she determined she would never spoil another Christmas by peeping in the lower drawer to discover the presents her papa and mamma would give to her in due time!

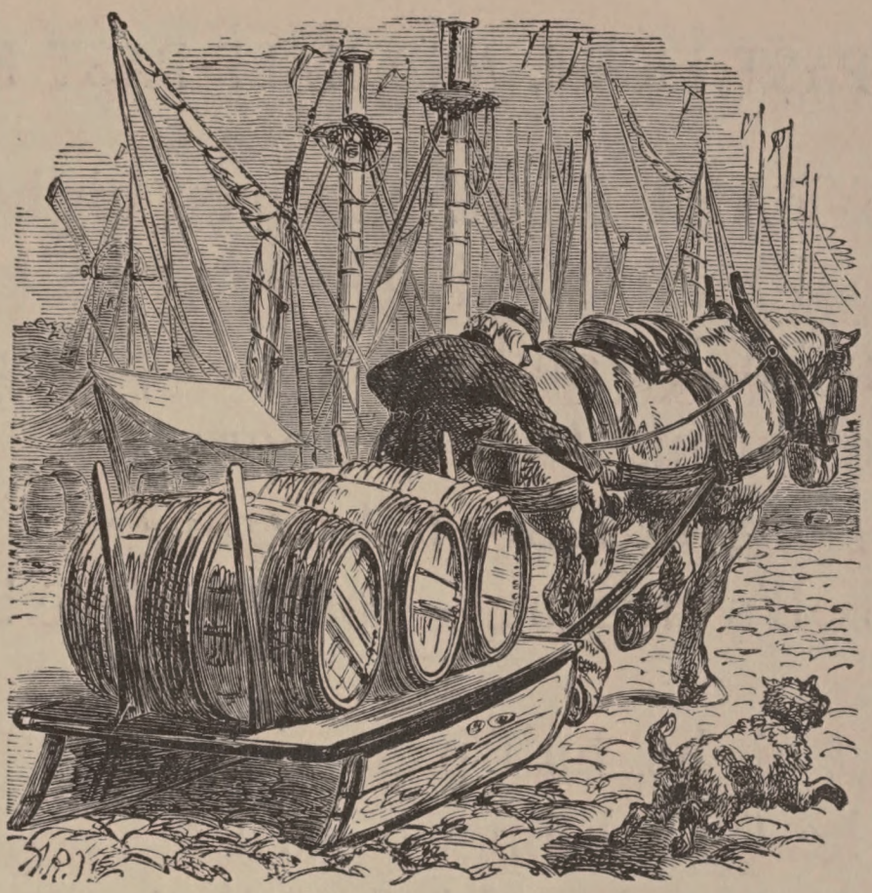
THE DRAY HORSE AND THE RACER.

"WHAT a dull life yours is!" said a racer to a dray horse.

"Dull enough," said the dray horse.

"You must feel uncommonly stupid."

"Stupid enough," said the dray horse.



"Up and down, up and down, with great heavy loads all day. No wonder your head hangs down. Why, you're just a piece of machinery, and no better."

The dray horse didn't answer, but continued doing his work; but the racer, who was tethered near, repeated his remarks every time he came within hearing.

"I'm afraid I've offended you," said the racer.

"Oh no," answered the dray horse; "but my quiet life has this advantage in it—it gives me time to think before I speak."

"And have you been thinking while I have been talking?"

"Yes," answered the dray horse, "and I'll tell you what I've been thinking: you're a very fine fellow, and I'm contemptible in your sight, but I know which of us would be the most missed. Depend on this: if I and my breed were to go away, and no other substitutes could be found, folks would do without racing, and take you and your breed into our places."

HALF-PAST EIGHT, AND HALF-PAST FOUR.

HALF-PAST eight, half-past eight!
School-bell's ringing—don't be late!
Get your books, and pens, and papers;
Don't be cutting truant capers.
Half-past eight, half-past eight!
School-bell's ringing—don't be late!

Half-past eight, half-past eight!
Who is he for whom we wait?
Lazy Jack!—why, this is folly!
Why d'ye look so melancholy?
Don't hang back—march out straight,
School-bell's ringing—school won't wait!

Half-past four, half-past four!
Bell is ringing—school is o'er!
Master Jack is blithe and ready:
Needn't hurry, Jack—march steady.
See the rogue, he runs about;
He's the very first boy out.
Half-past four, half-past four!
Bell is ringing—school is o'er.

L.A.DERBACH SC.

LACE-MAKING.

"OH see, mamma!" cried little Ellen; "what a pretty picture this is! Here is a woman looking at a chicken which somebody is holding in at a window. Poor chicken! I wonder if he is alive! It must hurt him to hang his head down like that. I wonder if she is going to cook him for dinner! Poor thing!"

Mamma looked at the picture, but did not attempt to reply to the string of exclamations the little girl poured out. Ellen went on,—

"See, mamma! what is the woman doing? She looks as if she was holding a pin-cushion in her lap and was sticking pins in it."

"So she is, my dear," Ellen's mother remarked. "But that is not all she is doing. There is a cluster of bobbins hanging down one side of the cushion which are wound with threads, and these threads she weaves around the pins in such a manner as to make lace. They do not make it in the United States. The woman whom you see in the picture lives in Belgium, in Europe. In that country, and in some parts of France and Germany, many of the poorer people earn a living at lace-making."

"Can they work fast?"

"An accomplished lace-maker will make her hands fly as fast as though she were playing the piano, always using the right bobbin, no matter how many of them there may be. In making the pattern of a piece of nice lace, from two hundred to eight hundred bobbins are sometimes used."

Ellen thought she should never see a piece of nice lace without thinking of these wonderful lace-makers, who produce such delicate work and yet are paid so little for it, and while she was thus thinking over the matter mamma went quietly on with her sewing.

LAUDERBACH SC

OUR "BOSSY."

OH, I love our pretty "Bossy,"
Patient cow she is, and mild;
Standing in the barn-yard musing,
Never is she cross or wild.

Oh, I love our pretty "Bossy,"
Standing in the winter's sun,
Chewing still her cud so slowly,
Rolling it beneath her tongue.

Oh, I love to feed our "Bossy,"
For I give her salt and hay;
She repays me for my kindness,
Milk she gives me every day.

And I would not hurt our "Bossy,"
She is always kind to me,
And I know that I'm the gainer
If I kind and gentle be.

For the God who made our "Bossy"
Loves to see His children mild,
And I'm sure He never loveth
Any cross or cruel child.

For He made both me and "Bossy,"
And He heeds the sparrow's fall;
Let us never hurt His creatures,
For His eye is over all.

WHAT PAPA TOLD ERMY.

MANY a time I have heard poor little pale-faced city boys sigh and wish they lived in the country, where they could breathe the fresh air and scamper merrily over the green fields, instead of being cooped up between high brick walls and compelled to play in the hot and dusty streets. And just as often I have heard round-faced little country boys with cheeks so red that the very birds would almost be fooled into thinking they were great, round, red peaches growing on purpose for them to peck at, get fretful and cross just because they couldn't live in the great city, where they imagined every pleasure clustered and every desire was gratified.

I suppose no little boy, and I fear I must include many of

the grown folks, was ever quite satisfied with his own lot in life; and as the feeling is perfectly natural, we will not quarrel about it.

City boys would soon get tired of the quiet country and the green fields, and long to get back to their tops and marbles in the dusty streets, and it would not be very long before the rosy cheeks of the country boy would get pale, and he would give anything in the great, noisy city to get back to the babbling brooks and the green meadows, the gray squirrels and birds' nests that can only be found in the country. I know, because I was once a country boy, and after I went to the city to live many were the nights on which I cried myself to sleep and wanted to go home.

I want to tell you about a Lion I had when I lived in the country.

He was a great, shaggy beast, with curly black hair, and a long tail that nearly touched the ground, and a pair of eyes terrible to look at when he was angry, but that wasn't very often, for he really was the kindest and most loving Lion you ever saw,—not a fierce wild beast from the jungle, but only a splendid Newfoundland dog. No wonder I never was afraid of him, because we were good friends and playmates. Why, I could ride on his back just as though he were a horse, and we would lie down on the grass together when we were tired, and he would put his paws over my neck and hug me, and kiss me too, sometimes, when I wasn't watching, as well as any dog could do. And I could put my hand in his mouth, and feel his sharp white teeth, and then he would shut his jaws and pretend to bite me, but only in fun; and when I pretended to be afraid and ran away from him, he would scamper after me as nimble as a squirrel, and throw me down and roll over and over, he barking and I shouting and laughing, as happy as we could be.

Once Lion got into trouble, and met with an accident that was funny enough to me, but poor Lion couldn't see "where the laugh came in."

We were out in the apple-orchard, and busy enough looking for eggs, for our hens were great "gad-abouts," and would run away from the chicken-yard and lay their eggs in all sorts of places, but Lion and I knew pretty well "all their tricks and their manners," and generally found out where Mrs. Cackle and Mrs. Cluck had hidden them. So, while we were keeping a sharp lookout for eggs, I spied a queer-looking thing up an apple-tree that looked like a bunch of old newspapers all matted together. Lion saw it and began to bark, and I got a pole and began to punch at it, when down it came right at Lion's feet. How he did pounce on it! And how quickly he let go again! And the next moment he was making a "bee-line" for the house, running like a race-horse and howling at every jump.

I laughed until the tears ran down my cheeks, and wondered what was the matter with the dog; but pretty soon I found out. Something struck me in the mouth, and in just two seconds I was making a bee-line for my mother, crying as loudly as Lion was howling. Do you want to know what was the matter? Well, I had torn down a hornet's nest, that was all, and both Lion and I got pretty well stung for our pains! As the Irishman said, "The hornet is a mighty purty bird, but he has a very hot fut!" I soon got over the pain, after I had been pretty well pickled and rubbed down in salt, but Lion rolled over in the grass a thousand times, and finally ran into the goose-pond, and stayed there nearly all day. For two or three days afterward he looked very sheepish, and seemed to hang his head and look sorry whenever any of us said "hornets!"

But it was many a day before he would follow me into the apple-orchard again.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

MY heart is filled with gladness
When I behold how fair,
How bright are rich men's children,
With their thick golden hair!
For I know 'mid countless treasure,
Gleaned from the east and west,
These living, loving, human things,
Are still the rich man's best.

But my heart o'erfloweth to mine eyes
And a prayer is on my tongue,
When I see the poor man's children,
The toiling and the young.

My heart o'erfloweth to mine eyes,
When I see the poor man stand,
After his daily work is done,
With children by the hand;
And this, he kisses tenderly;
And that, sweet names doth call;
For I know he has no treasure
Like these dear children small.

Oh, children young, I bless ye;
Ye keep such love alive!
And the home can ne'er be desolate
Where love has room to thrive!
Oh, precious household treasures,
Life's sweetest, holiest claim;
The Saviour blessed ye while on earth,
I bless ye in his name.

TIRED OF READING.

"TWENTY pages more," said Adelaide White, turning to the back of the book to see how many leaves remained.

Then she gaped, stretched herself wearily, and looked out of the window for a minute or two. After this she bent down over her book again and went on reading. Her mother, who sat sewing in the room, noticed this.

"Haven't you read long enough, daughter?" she asked.

"I'm 'most through. There are only twenty pages left," Adelaide replied.

"But if you are tired of reading, why not stop?"

"Oh, I'm bound to finish the book now," said Adelaide. "I have set myself so many pages to read every day, and must go through to make up the number."

"What have you been reading about for the last ten or fifteen minutes?" asked Mrs. White.

Adelaide turned back the leaves of her book, and began running her eyes over the pages.

"Shut your book and tell me," said her mother.

Adelaide closed her book and tried to remember, but was able to give only a very confused idea of what she had been reading.

"Why do you read?" inquired her mother.

Adelaide was silent.

"You read to know, do you not?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Not to see how many pages you can go over in a given time. One page a day, if remembered, is better than a hundred if forgotten. Put away your book, dear, and go out into the garden."

Adelaide shut her book and ran out into the garden, where she spent half an hour. Then she came back with glowing cheeks and a mind fresh and cheerful.

L. RIDERBACH SC.

THE BRAVE COCK.

THE cock that belonged to Patty and Susan was, indeed, a very wonderful bird. I will tell you how brave he was.

At one side of the mill there was a barn, and sometimes, when it was rainy, the children were sent to play there. One day, when Patty, Susan, and Harry were amusing themselves in it, swinging and making nests in the straw, Patty said she would sing a song, so she fetched a book, and sang, "Little Bo Peep," and "Jack and Jill," and "Sing a Song of Sixpence."

Just as she finished, she heard a loud, piercing cry. The youngsters rushed to the window to see what was the matter, and saw poor Mr. Cock standing in the middle of the barnyard screaming with fear, while he stared at a far-away black spot in the air. The ducks and chickens ran hither and thither. Nearer, nearer it came—a cruel, sharp-beaked hawk. It hovered now right over the frightened group. The brave cock flapped his wings, and tried to frighten the enemy by his screams. The hawk hovered some time, and, perhaps not being hungry, or not caring to meet so angry a foe, presently flew away, and left him rejoicing. Then the children ran to their mother and told her all about the wicked hawk, and how brave the cock had been. I really think Patty would have hugged him if she could. Then they got some barley from their mother and fed all the chickens, who pecked away as if they had eaten nothing for days. Certainly the fowls ought to have said "Thank you." Perhaps they did.

A LIE STICKS.

A LITTLE newsboy, to sell his papers, told a lie. The matter came up for conversation in a class in Sunday-school.

"Would you tell a lie for three cents?" asked a teacher of one of her boys.

"No, ma'am," answered Dick very promptly.

"For ten cents?"

"No, ma'am?"

"For a dollar?"

"No, ma'am."

"For a hundred dollars?"

"No, ma'am."

"For a thousand dollars?"

Dick was staggered. A thousand dollars looked like such a very big sum. Oh, what lots of things he could buy with a thousand dollars! While he was thinking about it, and trying to make up his mind whether it would pay to tell a lie for a thousand dollars, a boy behind him cried out,—

"No, ma'am."

"Why not?" asked the teacher.

Now mark this boy's answer, and don't forget it.

"Because, ma'am," said he, "*the lie sticks.* When the thousand dollars are all gone, and the good things bought with them are all gone too, the lie is there all the same."

This we should never forget, "*the lie sticks.*" And it is this that makes the punishment of lying so great, even when we repent of the sin and get it pardoned. It is still true that "*the lie sticks,*" and the sad and sorrowful recollection of it will be our punishment.

OUR ROMEO.

DAY by day, when I look from the parlor windows or from the front piazza of my home, I see a stream of children go to and return from the fine public school building opposite. From the back piazza I look upon the great park or playground attached to and surrounding this, our village, temple of knowledge, and there is but a low picket-fence between this pleasant ground and our garden. I have grown so accustomed to the sound of youthful voices and childish mirth that vacations are to me almost lonely. I find that the playground looks cheerless as a desert without the quick-moving figures of children upon it.

For more than seven years I have seen upon this green stage the pleasing panorama of youthful life, have been cheered by it, amused by it, and interested in it. Of course the younger, the almost baby, pupils call out my tenderest sympathies, and many a time have I thought to myself that there surely must be a certain amount of physical strength and energy allotted to each child, male and female, while it was plain to be seen that motion was a certain law of each one's being.

But one day came a new figure upon the scene—Romeo H——, a poor little cripple, for his feet were so weak that he never had stood upon them.

Little sisters or playmates drew him in a small wagon to the door; he could walk upon his knees and climb into a chair, but he was generally tenderly lifted out and carried to his seat.

His place was first in the primary department, but as the years go by he advances to the higher grades; but sisters and playmates grow as he grows, and there is not one of all the pupils of the school but that comes and goes at his beck and call. That Romeo has less activity each child of his acquaint-

ance is urged to have more to supply his deficiency,—yes, each playmate has an excess of the strength he lacks.

But nature has been just to Romeo. If she has denied power to his feet, she has endowed him with extraordinary mental energy. When he hears of what he would see, that he does see; in fact, he hears of more and sees more than anybody else, for who would withhold any good from Romeo?

I see him sit in his little wagon like a king upon his throne, born to rule yet ruling by love alone; but strangely enough, or rather comically enough, he invariably carries a whip, which he cracks fiercely from time to time, in order to quicken the pace of his voluntary team, when oh! but they step high and prance proudly.

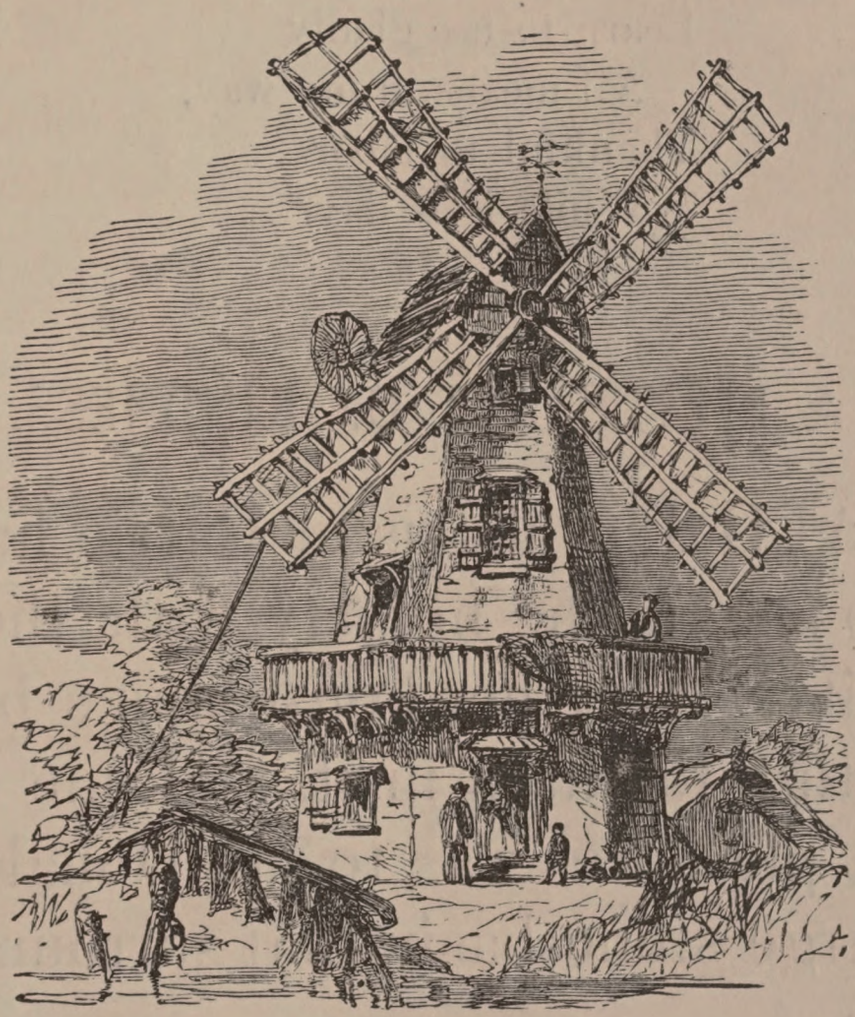
To me it is an ever-new pleasure to see his companions, no matter how eager for play, still mindful of him; and when the little wheels roll over the soft grass, my good wishes follow the kind-hearted pushers and pullers of the low chariot.

While I see in childhood that ever-present impulse to relieve distress and aid infirmity, I will not believe that we are by nature bad-hearted, but the reverse. Surely we all have a natural love of doing right, else why the command to be as little children?

Blessings upon those who keep this kindly nature, whose hearts are not hardened by utter selfishness! Bless the young man, one of the teachers, who (just the other day), when joyous school-boys ascended to the cupola, took our Romeo in his arms and carried him there, also to enjoy the extended prospect of woods and farms and villages! Did the gentle-hearted young man while he lifted up that boy realize that even then his own soul was lifted up? Perhaps he knew it not, but surely he was then drawing very near to the realm of the angels.

Romeo is now some thirteen years of age, pleasant-faced and bright and amiable, having a keen relish for all sports, a

Yankee fondness for whittling, a handiness for saws, hatchets, and all manner of tools; and, in short, Romeo is one of the recognized institutions of our town, and we owe him a great debt of thanks for developing in our children a spirit of ready accommodation and untiring kindness, and long may it be ere we miss his presence from our midst.



THE WINDMILL.

BUSILY, busily,
Turn the sails,—
Never they linger,
Unless the wind fails.

Small must the breeze be
They cannot use;
Who ever saw them
Their labor refuse?

While they are turning—
Their work to fulfill,
Many a lesson
I learn from the mill:
Learn to use gladly
All means in my way,
Thankful to labor
While it is day.

A LITTLE ACT OF KINDNESS.

DONALD and his sister Carrie had gone to spend the holiday with their aunt in the city. Near her house was a beautiful park with a fountain in it, and one of their greatest pleasures was to sail Donald's boat in the large stone basin that surrounded the fountain.

One very hot day while they were out in the park playing, a poor dog came up panting very heavily, and saying, in dog language, "Please give me a drink." There was, I am sorry to say, no dog-trough, but

Donald, never thinking whether it would hurt his hat or not, took it off, filled it with water, and gave the dog a good drink. Having quenched his thirst the grateful animal wagged its tail, as much as to say, "Thank you, my kind boy," and trotted off, leaving the children at their play.

Dear little ones, do not let the smallest chances pass of doing good, even to a dumb animal. If your eyes are open you will see these opportunities every day, and, oh, how happy you may make your own heart, and the heart of some other! while your Father in heaven will smile upon your efforts.

THE SEA-SHORE.

WE had just had a good run to the sea-beach. There were three of us,—Emma, John, and myself. Nay, there was one more: our little dog Growl was of the party. I stood against the rocks, with my hat off, enjoying the fresh breeze; and John and Emma were kneeling on the sand, trying to teach poor Growl to stand on his hind-legs and beg.

Soon a little boat came round Lighthouse Island, right up to the beach where we all were. Out of the boat jumped Uncle Silas. "Now, children," said he, "hurry into my boat, and you shall go to the island."

In we got; and soon our little boat was skimming the water at a brisk rate. We passed a sail-boat; we saw some boys catching fish; and, at last, our boat glided into a little bay by the side of a rock, and we all stepped out on the island.

It was a very small island; but we liked it all the better for that. The lighthouse-woman let us go up to the top of the lighthouse; and there we had a fine view, and saw how the lamps were lit to guide the poor sailors away from the rocks.

Coming down, we climbed over the rocks, got some pretty purple seaweed to add to our collection, and taught Growl to go into the water after a stick.

"All hands aboard!" cried Uncle Silas. So we all ran to the boat, and got in; and I do not think it was more than ten minutes before we were landed at the beach near the hotel where we were staying. We all made up our minds that we had had a very good time.

WATER-LILIES.

TAKE care, little girl. You can't get those lilies; the roots are so twisted together way down in the water, that it would take more strength than yours to pull them out, and if you should bend over a little too far you will fall into the water, and then who would get you out? Oh, dear! you would be drowned. I'm afraid, for I don't see your mamma, or anybody else. I know the lilies are beautiful, with their soft, creamy petals open to the sun, but you can't get them, for if you try to drag them with that stick you will destroy all their beauty. Hark! Isn't your mamma calling? Yes, I'm sure she is; and I hope she is near, and will come right away, for if you fall in you might be drowned before she could get you out.

MY SISTER.

WHO at my side was ever near?
Who was my playmate many a year?
Who loved me with a love sincere?
My sister.

Who took me gently by the hand
And led me through the summer land,
By forest, field, and sea-shore sand?
My sister.

Who taught me how to name each flower
That grows in lane and garden bower,
Telling of God's almighty power?
My sister.

Who showed me Robin with the vest
Of crimson feathers on his breast,
The blackbird in his dark coat drest?
My sister.

Who pointed out the lark on high,—
A little speck unto the eye,—
Filling with melody the sky?
My sister.

When sometimes sick I lay in bed,
Who laid her head against my head,
And of my loving Saviour read?
My sister.

And while in sickness thus I lay,
Who helped to nurse me day by day,
And at my bedside oft would pray?
My sister.

SAM.

SAM'S father had a boat, and Sam used to sail in it every evening as soon as school was over and he could get his sister, or his big brother John, to go with him. The river ran behind the house, and was very deep in some places, which frightened Sam's mother a good deal; but Sam had no fear. Sometimes they would put Fido in the water and watch him swim after the boat, but if he seemed the least tired Amy would take him in all dripping as he was. Sam said he intended being a sailor some day, and seeing all sorts of wonderful places, that is, if his papa and mamma would let him, for Sam, although he loves the water, is not the boy to do anything without the consent of his parents.

PLENTY OF TIME; OR, JOHNNY'S FAULT.

"JOHNNY," said Mr. Gray to his little son, "do you see that pile of brush and rubbish over there? I want to see that all cleared away to-day. The brush you must chop up into firewood for your mother, and the other rubbish must be gathered into a pile, and to-night you may have a bonfire."

"Yes, sir," answered Johnny, carelessly. He was building a miniature ship, and was wholly occupied with his masts and sails.

"Remember to have it all done by to-night," said his father as he rode away.

"That little bit of work won't keep me long. I'll just finish this rudder, then I'll go at it," said Johnny, whittling away.

How fast the moments slip by when we are not thinking much about them! Johnny thought it would only take him a

MARY

few moments to finish his rudder, and so it did, but, that finished, something else was begun, until Johnny was surprised to hear the bell ring for school.

"Did you chop the brush, Johnny?" asked his mother as he flew into the dining-room after his books.

"No, mother, I'll do it at noon. I'll have plenty of time," said Johnny, as he hurried off.

But Johnny was unfortunate that morning. He had put off studying his lesson until just a few moments before his class was called. The result was, he missed, and was kept in at noon to learn it. When he had recited it perfectly, after studying nearly all the noon spell, he found he had just twenty minutes left in which to go home, eat his dinner, and get back to school. No time for cutting brush, surely, but I regret to say that Johnny had not once thought of the brush since he left home in the morning. That afternoon the boys had planned to go out in the woods after school to gather nuts. The girls, some of them, were going with them, and the hour for dismissal was eagerly waited for. Johnny ran home to leave his books and ask his mother's permission.

"Oh, mother," he exclaimed, "the children are all going off to the woods to gather nuts. I am going too. I'll be back before dark."

"But, Johnny, how about that pile of brush? You know your father told you it must be done," said his mother.

"Oh, mother! Can't I do it to-morrow? I'll have plenty of time in the morning. I'll get up early, and do it all before school. Say, mother, won't that do?"

But his mother shook her head as she answered,—

"I fear it will not do to put it off, Johnny; you had plenty of time to do it this morning, but you neglected to do so."

Johnny knew it was no use to talk any further. So he threw down his hat and coat, stamped his foot, gritted his teeth and

commenced to cry. Yes, he actually did all that, although he was eleven years old.

By and by he heard the voices of his schoolmates, and he knew they would soon be along inquiring for him. He could not bear to meet them. So he just picked up his hat and ran into the garden and hid in the branches of the old apple-tree.

"Johnny Gray! Johnny Gray! Ho, Johnny!" called Willie Short, the ringleader of the party. Johnny, from his retreat, could see them, but he answered not a word.

Very soon he saw them all talking and looking, then little Minnie Lee went tripping into the house, a committee of one to look up the absentee.

"Pleath, Mith Gray, we're going after nuts, and we want Johnny," was her message.

"I am very sorry," replied Mrs. Gray, "but Johnny cannot possibly go to-day. His father has something for him to do which cannot be postponed." She did not tell that it was Johnny's own fault. So little Minnie went briskly out and told the result of her inquiry.

"Too bad! It's mean, so it is! Mr. Gray might put off his something, I think;" and so the children talked as long as Johnny could hear them, then when they were well out of sight he crept down out of his hiding-place and went reluctantly at his work.

It was not a hard task nor a tedious one; and if Johnny had worked with a will, he might have done it all in an hour. But he was disappointed and out of humor, and so the work lagged. Then he saw a rabbit run through the garden.

"It won't take me long to catch it," he said, dropping the axe and giving chase. But it proved a "wild-goose chase;" for after watching and poking around the hole in the stone fence where he had seen it go in, and "knew it couldn't get out," he was obliged to go back without it. Then he thought

of his father's promise of the big bonfire at night, and went at his work with a will. He had not worked long when his father came driving up to the door. Johnny ran to meet him.

"Well, my son, if you have finished the work I gave you, you may get your coat and come with me. Your mother and I are going over to the new mills to see the trial of the new flour-mill."

How Johnny's heart sank, and how his face burned, as he said, tearfully,—

"But my work is not done, father."

"Then we must go without you," said his father. Mrs. Gray was soon ready, and Johnny with sad eyes watched them drive away. But he did not rave and stamp his feet and cry over this new disappointment, as he had over the first. He was not angry now, and could reason with himself, and he soon saw that he was all to blame. He picked up the axe and went to work, resolving never to put off his work for anything again.

I hope he kept his resolution; but remember, it is much easier to form a habit than to break one's self of it, and easier to make good resolves than to keep them.

THE OLD WELL.

BESIDE the dusty highway,
In sight of the village green,
Where the old yew throws its shadow,
An ancient well is seen.
Close by its clear, cool waters
There stands a mossy seat,
And o'er it, in quaint old letters,
"Rest for the weary feet."

THE OLD WELL.

The children come at evening,
When the tasks of the day are done,
And the ivy and lichen are reddening
In the glow of the setting sun;
They peep down into the water
And laugh and shout to see
Their merry rosy young faces
Reflected so curiously.

And the passing traveler pauses
With dusty, tired feet,
And gladly loves to linger
On the old time-worn seat;
He looks at the strange old carving,
At the water cool and deep,
And thinks of the hands that placed them there,
Now long since gone to sleep!

And the village youths and maidens
Loiter beside the well,
And, resting their pitchers upon it,
The village stories tell;
And when the shadows lengthen,
And night falls calm and sweet,
The moonbeams light up the old words,
"Rest for the weary feet."

Little Sunshine.—Who is Little Sunshine? The child who does not pout, or frown, or say cross words, but who goes about the house laughing, smiling, singing, saying kind words and doing kind deeds—that child is Little Sunshine. Does anybody know Little Sunshine? Where does Little Sunshine live?

VERY LITTLE ONES IN MISCHIEF.

HOLLO, boys! what a fine time you're having! Take care, Tommy, or you'll break papa's big fiddle. Mamma doesn't know you're here, I'm sure, or nurse either, but if your brother keeps on ringing the bell you'll be sure to have visitors before long. It's a splendid thing, I know, to have the chance of playing, but I don't think papa will be pleased when he finds it out, and I would advise you to hang up the bow and play with some of your toys. Listen! I think I hear footsteps now on the stairs.

THE RIVER.

RIVER! river! little river!
Bright you sparkle on your way:
O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,
Through the flowers and foliage glancing,
Like a child at play.

River! river! swelling river!
On you rush o'er rough and smooth:
Louder, faster, brawling, leaping,
Over rocks, by rose-banks sweeping,
Like impetuous youth.

River! river! brimming river!
Broad, and deep, and still as time,
Seeming still, yet still in motion,
Tending onward to the ocean,
Just like mortal prime.

River! river! headlong river!
Down you dash into the sea,—
Sea that line hath never sounded,
Sea that sail hath never rounded,
Like eternity.

BE THANKFUL.

"I DON'T want any supper," said Kate. "Nothing but bread and milk, and some cake,—just the same every night."

"Would you like to take a walk?" asked mamma, not noticing Kate's remark.

"Yes, mamma."

Kate was pleased so long as their walk led through pleasant streets; but when they came to narrow dirty ones, where the houses were old and poor, she wanted to go home. "Please, mamma, don't go any farther."

"We will go in the corner house," said mamma.

A man stood by the door with a sick-looking little girl in his arms; she was crying and looked sad and hungry.

Some rough-looking men were sitting on the door-steps. Kate felt afraid, and held tight to mamma's hand; but on they went up the tottering steps to the garret. So hot and close it was that they could scarcely breathe. On a straw bed near the only window lay a young girl asleep, so pale and thin and still, she looked as if she were dead.

Hearing footsteps, she opened her eyes. Mamma uncovered her basket, and gave the girl a drink of milk, and placed the bread and cake beside her.

Kate's eyes filled with tears as she saw the girl eagerly eat her supper. Not a mouthful had she tasted since early morning.

Her poor mother had been away all day working, and now came home wishing she had something nice to bring her sick child. When she found her so well cared for, she could not thank mamma and Kate enough.

The supper seemed a feast to them.

L'AUDEBRACH

"If we can keep a roof over our heads," said she, "and get a crust to eat, we are thankful."

Kate never forgot these words. Let us all learn the same lesson, and cease complaining and fault-finding. If we have a home, and food to eat, let us thank God, for many wander the streets homeless and hungry.

PINCHER AND I.

TOGETHER we rambled, together we grew;
Many plagues had the household, but we were the two
Who were counted the worst; all doings reviled
Were sure to be done by "that dog and that child."

If my own kin or kind had demolished my ball,
The transgression was marked with a scuffle and squall;
But with perfect consent Pinch might mouth it about
Till the very last atom of sawdust was out.

When half-pence were doled for the holiday treat,
How I longed for the taffee so luscious and sweet!
But cakes must be purchased, for how could I bear
To feast on a luxury Pinch could not share?

I fondled, I fed him, I coaxed or I cuffed—
I drove or I led him, I soothed or I huffed:
He had beatings in anger and huggings in love,
But which were most cruel 'twere a puzzle to prove.

If he dared to rebel, I might battle and wage
The fierce war of a tyrant with petulant rage;
I might ply him with kicks or belabor with blows,
But Pincher was never once known to oppose.

F WENTWO

JOHNNY AND WILLIE.

THE street I live in is very narrow, yet it is not unpleasant, and I think the little boys and girls like it even better than a wider one, for there are so few teams passing through that their mammas are more willing to have them run and play in it. And such merry games of tag, and rolling hoop, and marbles as I see from my window! It does my heart good.

But I want to tell you to-day about two little boys that live opposite me. They moved there about two weeks ago, and their mamma is such a dear little young woman I thought at first she was their sister, but I soon discovered my mistake.

One day I saw the two little boys flying some pieces of paper fastened to strings out of their bedroom window, and every few minutes I could hear the oldest one say, "Where are they now, Willie? Have they blown far?" and the little one would answer him, "Wait; the wind hasn't come yet," or "There, Johnny—there they go clear over the tree." Then both would jump and laugh, and then wait for the wind to come again.

By and by their mamma came to the window, and standing by them said, "I see some birdies on a tree." "Now I see a dog running along, carrying a basket in his mouth." And then stooping, she kissed them both, and said, "Willie, you tell brother about everything, dear," and went back to her work.

It seems strange that the little boy only about three years old should tell the other one, who must have been five, doesn't it? It did to me, but after watching a while I saw that Johnny was blind. Since then I have seen them often, and have learned from their mamma that when Johnny was three years old he was very sick and lost the use of his eyes. He is very bright, and I doubt if there are many little boys only five years old

who can add and multiply figures and spell as well as he can. You will wonder what he can play when he cannot see, and I'm glad to tell you that he is as full of fun and as active as one could wish. He has a large rocking-horse, which he is very fond of riding, and blocks which, with help from dear Willie, he builds into houses, and churches, and railroads, and all the other things which little folks like. You would be surprised to see how gently he touches each block as he piles one upon another. But what he likes best of all is to sit close by some one's side and have them show him—by which he means tell him—the pictures in some story-book, and then read the stories to him.

I was glad to hear this, for I take some of the children's magazines, and I intend to coax Johnny and Willie to come to see me often and let me read to them.

WHAT THE SUNBEAM SAW.

"STAY, dear sunbeam," murmured a bright wood-lily, as the sunshine danced in, one summer day, among the pine-tree branches. "Stay a while and rest upon this bright carpet of moss, and tell me a story. It is so quiet here to-day, in the forest, that I am almost asleep. I wish I could get out into the world and see some of the fine sights there. What a gay time you must have of it, dancing about wherever you please from morning till night!"

"Nay," said the sunbeam, "I cannot stop to tell you all I have seen; but, if you care to hear it, I will tell you what was the prettiest sight of all."

"Do," said the wood-lily, bending her graceful head to listen.

"I was kissing away the tears that the night had left upon a cluster of climbing roses that overhung a cottage window," said the sunbeam, "when I heard the sweet sound of children's voices. I looked within and saw two dear little boys at play; one was leaning his chubby little arms on the table while he watched his brother, who was busily building a block house. I thought them lovelier than the flowers in the garden, and their happy voices made sweeter music than the birds. By and by they put up their sweet lips and kissed each other, while I hovered over them with delight, caressing their cheeks and brows, and turning their brown curls to shining gold."

"A pretty sight, indeed, that must have been," said the wood-lily.

"And now," continued the sunbeam, "shall I tell you the saddest sight that I have seen to-day?"

The wood-lily bent her head still lower.

"I went again to see the dear children and to give them my parting blessing, but I found them, alas! how changed. Harsh words issued from their rose-bud lips, frowns clouded their fair white brows, and their little hands—ah! shall I tell it?—were raised in anger."

"That was a sad sight, surely," said the lily.

"A sad sight!" murmured the summer wind through the pine boughs.

"A sad sight!" breathed a cluster of violets, while tears fell from their blue eyes into the little stream beside which they grew.

"A sad sight!" echoed the stream, as it rippled on its way.

"A sad sight!" sang the birds in the branches overhead.

So it was as if a gloom had suddenly settled itself over the forest, and all because of the sad story the sunbeam had told.

Have a care, dear children, that no bright sunbeam ever has so sad a tale to tell of you.

DONKEYS.

THERE certainly are few things prettier to my mind than a dear little baby donkey. Every little young thing in the world has a great charm for me, but I particularly like baby donkeys. See what a pretty creature this is in the picture, with its innocent-looking little face, bright eyes, and sharp pricked-up ears, ready for a game with its sedate mamma, who is loving it in donkey fashion. I once had a donkey that I drove in a basket carriage, and it was as nice to drive as any pony. It is only ill-usage that hardens the poor donkey's mouth and temper.

I will tell you now how this little donkey became mine. I do not know if you children have ever heard the saying—but there is a saying—that nobody ever sees a dead donkey. My old nurse, I remember, used to say, "Pins and dead donkeys rolls off the earth together, I do believe."

Having had this idea instilled into me from my childhood, you may suppose that I was very much astonished one morning, as I was walking along a lane close to where I lived in the country, to see a young donkey lying right in my path. I stooped down to look at it, and it appeared quite dead. Presently up came a laboring man, who exclaimed,—

"Hollo! this is little Tommy. I expect he's come from our place to look after his mother." Then I learnt that the poor little animal's mother had been sold the day before, so the little son had wandered off that morning in search of her.

"Poor little thing!" I cried, "I fear he is dead; do bring his mother to him." The man very good-naturedly went off to fetch Mrs. Donkey, who soon came trotting down the lane; and when she got by the side of Tommy, what do you think the little animal did? Why, he just jumped up, and seemed all

REENAWAY
E·N·Dow.

right directly. Then it was so pretty to see how mamma donkey loved and caressed her little son; while he returned all her affection with interest.

The end of this little adventure was that I bought Tommy and his mother, so that they should not be separated.

HECTOR.

I AM going to tell you about a dog that belonged to a friend of mine. His name was Hector, and he was a great pet.

If his master would throw anything in the water, and say, "Fetch it, sir!" off Hector would go, and return wet and dripping, and lay it at his master's feet.

One night, about ten o'clock, when his master went to bed, he thought the bed looked rather tumbled, almost as if some one had been lying in it. The next night it looked just the same, and so it did for several nights, and he was quite puzzled.

But one evening he happened to go up-stairs rather sooner than usual, and there, lying in the bed, was Hector, who, however, the instant he saw his master, jumped up in a great fright and ran away. Of course there was no doubt that he had done this for several nights past, always contriving to be safe out of the room before his master's bed-time.

But now he had been caught in the act; and I have no doubt that in future the bedroom door was kept carefully shut, and Master Hector had to take his evening nap somewhere else.

Boys, remember you grow old every day, and if you have bad habits they grow old too; and the older both get, the harder you are to separate.

A WINTER SONG.

SUMMER joys are o'er;
Flow'rets bloom no more;
Wintry winds are sweeping:
Through the snow-drifts peeping
Cheerful evergreen
Rarely now is seen.

Now no plumèd throng
Charms the wood with song;
Ice-bound trees are glittering;
Little robins, twittering,
Fondly strive to cheer
Scenes so cold and drear.

Winter, still I see
Many charms in thee;
Love thy chilly greeting,
Snow-storms fiercely beating,
And the dear delights
Of the long, long nights.

KISSING A SUNBEAM.

SUNBEAMS, creeping through the maples,
Flashed across the window-pane,
Lighting up the darken'd parlor
Like a shower of golden rain.

Baby May, her white hands softly
Folded in her mute surprise,
Sat upright upon the carpet,—
Baby-wonder in her eyes.

Soon the little hands unloosing,
Each essayed the toy to grasp,
But in vain,—no shining substance
Found she in their tightened clasp.

Down she went upon the carpet,
Creeping softly round and round,
Making eager, restless movements,
And a cooing, baby sound.

Reaching now, and now bewildered
By her shining, new-found prize,—
All the while the baby-wonder
Beaming in her violet eyes.

Wearied with the vain endeavor,
Both the dimpled hands grew still,
But the bright eyes watched the sunbeams
Flitting here and there at will.

Watched them as they danced about her
Lighting up the carpet gray,—
Then she softly stooped and—*kissed them.*
Darling, precious Baby May.

WHICH WAS THE BETTER SPORT?

TWO little boys, John and Harry, were on their way to school, frolicking as they went, when they espied an old lady sitting beside the road with a basket of apples.

She had evidently walked quite a distance with her heavy load, for she looked pale and tired.

"John," said one of the boys, "I'll show you some sport."

"What is it, Harry?" asked the other, his merry black eyes dancing as he spoke.

"Let's tip over that old woman's apples, as if by accident, and see her scramble for them," answered Harry, and he laughed as he pictured to himself the bent form of the poor old woman in a weary endeavor to collect her scattered fruit.

John drew himself up, and his eyes flashed. "Would you call that fun?" exclaimed he. "I think it would be downright meanness and cruelty to play such a trick as that. Besides, she may be somebody's grandmother."

Harry hung his head and looked ashamed.

"I'll tell you what would be better fun," continued the manly little fellow. "Let us carry her basket for her, if she will let us."

When they had reached the place where the old lady sat, John, taking off his hat, said respectfully,—

"Please, ma'am, are you going far with your basket?"

"Yes, dear," answered she. "I am going to market to sell my apples, and I have half a mile to go yet. I have come more than that already, and it is a long walk for a poor old body like me;" and she sighed wearily as she spoke.

"We are going right by the market," said John, "and we will carry your basket for you, if you will trust us."

"Of course I will trust such a well-spoken lad as you are!"

said the old lady, her faded cheek glowing and her dim eyes brightening with pleasure at this kindly offer. "And may God bless you for your kindness, my lads!"

When the little boys took hold of the basket and carried it lightly between them, while the old lady hobbled on behind, it would be hard to tell which of the three was the happiest.

Say, little ones, which of the boys had proposed the better sport?

OUR LILY.

"OUR LILY!" So every one in the house calls her, from Hannah, the cook, up to grandma. She is "Our Lily" to each and all of us—dear, sweet, kind-hearted, happy little Lily! Almost any hour in the day her voice may be heard breaking out in pleasant laughter, or singing a "hushaby" song to her dolly, or cheerily calling from hall or stairway, from kitchen or chamber. She's an active little body, and, like the birds, keeps flitting about and making merry with life.

When she was a little bit of a girl, grandma gave her a ring, but made her promise that for fear she might lose it she would never take it off her finger, and Lily kept her promise faithfully. After she had worn it about a year, Lily said to her grandma one day, "Isn't it nice, grandma, I can't take my ring off even if I wanted to, it's so tight;" and grandma saw the baby hand had grown so large that the ring was fast on the little finger. Papa said the only way to get it off was to have it cut in two; so Lily was taken to have the ring filed. The workman frightened her a good deal by setting her up on his bench, but he held her hand very gently and the ring was soon filed off. Grandma was so pleased with the way she behaved that she promised Lily another ring for her next birthday.

BUSY BEE.

DEAR children, I am going to tell you about a nice little girl called Busy Bee.

Sibyl is her real name; and shall I tell you the reason why we called her Busy Bee? Because she is always busy. She is never idle like some little girls I know; she never whines out in a peevish tone, like some little friends of mine, "I haven't got anything to do-o!"

Our little Busy Bee is quick and clever in all that she does. She gives no trouble to nurse when she gets up in the morning, but helps to dress herself; and as soon as she is dressed, without waiting a moment, she says her prayers. Then Bee comes into mamma's room before her breakfast, looking fresh and sweet as a little pink rosebud.

One day I went to see Sibyl's mamma, and when we had talked a little while, I said, "Where is darling Bee?"

"Oh," said mamma, "come into the kitchen, and there we shall find Bee, busy as ever."

And so we did; for on opening the kitchen door, the first thing we saw was our little girl, standing by the table with a bowl and spoon, helping cook stir up some sauce for dinner.

Sweet Busy Bee! what a pretty picture she made with her sleeves rolled up and a bright earnest look on her rosy little face!

My darling little Busy Bee, I can see you in the years to come, a grown-up woman, making hearts glad with your cheerful spirit, busy brain, and clever fingers.

VAN INGEN - SNYDER

THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

HERE we have a picture of two little German children, Fritz and Marguerite. They have been out in the woods to get a Christmas-tree. It was hard work for little Fritz to saw through the tough wood, and his arms ached very badly before the beautiful fir-tree fell; but Fritz is sturdy and strong, and the trouble he had is soon forgotten, as he thinks of the many things the Christ-child will bring on the morrow, and of how pleased the mother will be when she sees what a pretty tree they have brought home. Little Marguerite walks beside her brother, with apron full of fresh moss and bright evergreens, while Fritz repeats to her this beautiful carol:

Little children, this is Christmas,
Happy time of peace on earth!
This the day that Christ, our Saviour,
Came to us—His day of birth.
Born within a cattle-shed,
With a manger for His bed.

Like us all, a little baby
In His mother's arms He lay,
Loved her tenderly in childhood,
Ever ready to obey,—
Taught us, even as a child,
To be good, obedient, mild.

LITTLE WHITE LILY.

LITTLE white Lily
Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
Till the sun shone.
Little white Lily
Sunshine has fed;
Little white Lily
Is lifting its head.

Little white Lily
Said, "It is good—
Little white Lily's
Clothing and food."
Little white Lily,
Dressed like a bride,
Shining with whiteness
And crown'd beside!

Little white Lily
Droopeth with pain,
Waiting and waiting
For the wet rain.
Little white Lily
Holdeth her cup;
Rain is fast falling
And filling it up.

Little white Lily
Said, "Good again,
When I am thirsty
To have nice rain;

Now I am stronger,
  Now I am cool:
Heat cannot burn me,
  My veins are so full."

Little white Lily
  Smells very sweet;
On her head sunshine,
  Rain at her feet.
"Thanks to the sunshine,
  Thanks to the rain,
Little white Lily
  Is happy again."

EFFIE'S DREAM.

"OH, dear mamma," said Effie, laughing, "what a funny dream I've had! I thought the air was filled with little people, and it seemed as though I had seen them all before. I was startled by a voice close beside me, saying, 'Little girl, did you see my sheep? they are lost, and I have nothing left of them but tails.' 'Don't talk so much about your sheep,' said another voice. 'If you had been chased by a wolf, there would be some sense in talking.' 'You

needn't be so cross about it,' said Little Bo-Peep. 'I believe after all it was your wolf that ate up my sheep.' 'Oh, dear,' said Little Red Riding Hood, 'what a stupid fellow Simple Simon is, to suppose he can taste pies without buying them!' 'Speaking of pies,' said Little Bo-Peep, 'I wish the Queen of Hearts had given us some of her tarts before the Knave stole them.' 'Don't tell,' said Little Red Riding Hood, 'but I know where the tarts went to. Last night, while standing by my window, I heard Twinkle Twinkle Little Star tell the Man in the Moon that the Knave of Hearts took them to Little Miss Muffet, who was eating them, when—

"'There came a big spider and sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.'

And so they went on talking about all the stories in my Mother Goose, and getting them mixed up in *such* a funny way." And the little girl laughed again heartily, and so did mamma, who thought it *was* a very funny dream.

THE MAGPIE.

THE magpie, like the raven and the jackdaw, is not very honest, and he has a great deal of cunning. He is, however, extremely handsome; his bill and his feet are black, with a shade of bluish purple. There are patches of white about him, both on the shoulder and under the body. His tail is very long, and shines with green and purple, there being a band of purple near the end of each feather, and the tip is blue and deep green.

He is a very sociable bird, and can easily be tamed. There is, however, the same objection to a tame magpie as to a tame raven—his love of stealing. Many a trinket has been snatched from a lady's toilet-table by a tame magpie and securely hidden away in his nest. What use these stolen goods can be to him, as he does not wear either rings or bracelets, is a question not easily answered.

He himself has many enemies, and requires all his activity and cunning to keep out of danger. The habit he has of robbing the nest of the pheasant, or the partridge, or the grouse, makes the gamekeeper at war with him, and he fires at every magpie he sees. The farmer is not any more fond of him than the gamekeeper, and his gun is often aimed at him. He remembers the magpie's love for young chickens, and that the farm-yard is none the better for his visits.

Early in March the magpies begin to build their nests, and choose the top of a tall tree, such as an ash or an elm; or, where such accommodation is not to be had, they will even place the nest in a hedge.

It is a very large nest, and can be known at once by its size and its oval shape. First there is a layer of twigs, and then a layer of mud; and then it is covered with a roof, or dome, made of twigs, and a hole is left in the side for the magpie to get

in. Within this sheltered retreat the eggs are laid. They differ much in color, and are sometimes blue, specked, or spotted, and sometimes of a pale green.

THE CHICKENS.

SEE the chickens, round the gate,
For their morning portions wait;
Fill the basket from the store,
Let us open wide the door:
Throw out crumbs, and scatter seed,
Let the hungry chickens feed.
Call them; now how fast they run,
Gladly, quickly, every one.

Eager, busy hen and chick,
Every little morsel pick:
See the hen with callow brood,
To her young how kind and good;
With what care their steps she leads,—
Them, and not herself, she feeds:
Picking here and picking there,
Where the nicest morsels are.

As she calls, they flock around,
Bustling all along the ground.
When their daily labors cease,
And at night they rest in peace,
All the little tiny things
Nestle close beneath her wings;
There she keeps them safe and warm,
Free from fear and free from harm.

J. Hyde Del

Now, my little child, attend:
Your Almighty Father, friend,
Though unseen by mortal eye,
Watches o'er you from on high:
As the hen her chickens leads,
Shelters, cherishes, and feeds,
So by Him your feet are led,
Over you His wings are spread.

THE PUMP BATH.

ONCE upon a time there were two little brothers who had not a friend in the world. Their father was dead and their mother was dead, and they lived with their grandmother. "Well, then," you say, "if they lived with their grandmother, they had one friend in the world." But I say, "No." The grandmother grumbled very much because they lived with her, and said they were a great burden. The parish allowed her every week some bread and some money for each of the two children, but she said it took more than that to feed them and clothe them. I should hardly think it did, however, for the two poor little creatures looked as if they were starved; and as for clothes, they were always in rags.

One dull Saturday night, when the wind blew hard and the rain was falling in large drops, a gentleman passed them on the street, and Ed said to Tom, "He looks nice, I'm going to ask him for a penny." So he ran after the gentleman, who was walking quite fast, and, touching his coat, said, "Mister, won't you please give me a penny?" The gentleman looked at him, and stopping, said, "Why, my boy, you're getting very wet;

FLEMING

why don't you run home and get yourself dry and warm?" "'Cos we don't never go home until we has to; grandmam's dreadful cross, and don't like the noise we makes," was the answer. "Oh, there's another boy, is there?" said the gentleman. "Come here, you other boy, and listen to me. Now, to-morrow is Sunday, and if you boys like you may come up to my house—see, there it is right over at the corner—early as you please, and I'll see if you can't be comfortable and happy at least for awhile. Run along now home with you, because we are all getting wet, and come in the morning." "Yes, sir, we'll come," said Ed, whose eyes brightened with pleasure. "Good-by." "I tell you, Tom, ain't he a jolly genl'mn?" said Ed. "Well, maybe he is, but he didn't give us any penny," answered Tom. "Oh, that's all right, I guess he hadn't any change, but maybe he'll do more in the morning." So the boys went home and told their grandmother about it, who was pleased enough at the news, and packed them off to their little bed right early.

Sunday came bright and clear, and Ed, who had been dreaming that the gentleman's house had caught fire and burned down, got off softly without waking either his grandmother or brother; he thought he would just make sure that the place was all right, and so ran away off to see it. Yes, there it was, all right, but not a window open; and Ed, saying to himself, "Guess it's 'most too early for visitors," walked back home and found nobody up yet. So he went and waked up Tom and told him to "Come ahead, hurry up, let's go up to the gentleman's to breakfast." Tom rubbed his eyes and soon had his scanty clothes on, Ed having, meanwhile, started off; but Tom soon caught up, and they walked along right fast talking of what the gentleman would do, when Tom said, "Your face's dreadful dirty, Ed." "Guess 'taint much worse than yours," said Ed. "Oh, I guess we must 'a forgot to wash 'em," said Tom. "I often do," said Ed. "Well, it don't seem as if we

ever were going to get to the gentleman's; we ought to wash our faces," said Tom; "I don't want to go back home though." "Oh," said Ed, "let's wash right here at the pump. You pump for me, and I'll pump for you, and, as it's a special occasion, we can take a wipe too on our caps." "All right," said Tom; "you go first."

So here you see Tom pumping for Ed, who has as much as he can attend to to keep from falling down.

The story of the boys is too long to tell here, but the gentleman was a "Good Samaritan," and helped the boys along until they became in after-years good, useful men.

THE KITE.

HAVE you ever, on a summer's day, seen a bird gliding about in a circle, with outspread wings and extended tail?

His way of flying was like that of the eagle, and yet he was a much smaller bird. Sometimes he balanced himself in the air, and ceased to move, but hung suspended, as it were, on nothing. Then, while you were still looking, he glided downwards to the ground.

While poised in the air, his keen eye had been fixed on some object below; for he seeks his food on the ground, and is very quick at spying it out. Lizards, frogs, mice, and even young birds, fall into his clutches; nothing comes amiss to the kite. He is a bird of prey as much as the eagle, only that he has not the strength or the bravery of the king of the birds; and he descends to acts of theft and violence, like the whole of the tribe, great or small. He is often hovering over the farmyard,

and if the hen does not take care of her chickens, he is pretty certain to carry some of them off.

But he is a sad coward; and if the hen sees him, and comes rushing out, as she always does under the circumstances, looking angry and excited, and with her feathers ruffled, he never attempts to withstand her. He would do anything rather than fight, and she drives him away as easily as possible.

The kite often gets into trouble by his love for young ducks and chickens.

A hen-coop once stood in a farm-yard, and the young ducklings, which a hen had hatched, were waddling about and enjoying themselves. The kite saw what was going on, and, knowing that the hen could not interpose, attacked a poor little duckling. The duckling screamed, and ran to the pond for safety. The kite followed as close as could be, and even ventured into the pond after it. In the mean time the servant-girl had heard the screams, and went to see what was the matter. The kite could not fly all at once, and the girl had time to knock him over with a broom.

In the picture you see the kite is about to carry off a poor little bird in his sharp talons.

Power of Kindness.—A horse passing down the street suddenly stood still and refused to proceed. The driver beat him, but the animal would not stir. A kind-hearted man who was passing picked up a little hay and put it before the horse. As he ate it, the man patted him on the neck and coaxed him. In a minute or two the stubbornness was gone, and the horse and driver went on their way. So much for patience and kindness.

SELFISH MATTHEW.

THERE are a great many good children; yet once in a while we meet those who, we are sorry to say, do not belong to the class of those we love. Such a boy was Matthew.

You would not have given a fig to play with him. He had carpenters' tools, and books, and checkers, and chess, and drawing materials, and balls, and kites, and ships, and skates, and snow-shovels, and sleds. Oh! I could not tell you all he had.

Well, if you went on a Saturday afternoon to play with him, he would watch all these things as closely as a cat would a mouse; and if you went within reach of them, he would call out, "*Don't; that's mine!*"

One day I went to see his mother. Matthew, with another little boy, was at play in the garden; he had a soldier suit on, while his friend was dressed like a sailor. For a time the boys played happily, but soon Matthew grew tired of gun and drum, and they were thrown aside. "Come," said Matthew, "see me sail my boat in the trough." "Ho! ho!" said his friend, "you mustn't sail a boat, you're a soldier;" and taking his stick he was about to give the boat a push, when Matthew, in his selfish way, said, "No, you let my boat alone; I'll sail it myself." "Oh, but you're mean," said the boy; "I won't play with you any more," and he went away, leaving Matthew alone with his selfish thoughts.

Oh, dear children, *be generous.* If you have but half a stick of candy, give *somebody* a bite of it. Perhaps some child will say, "But I have not anything to *give.*" That is a mistake; that boy or girl is not living who has nothing to give. Give your sympathy; give pleasant words and beaming smiles to the sad and weary-hearted.

COMING FROM SCHOOL.

DEAR little Anna Bell
Coming from school:
Heeded she mamma's words—
"Break not a rule;"
Heeded she mamma's words—
"Kind be and true;
Learn every lesson well
Given to you."

Homeward she trips along,
Eyes full of light
Cheeks red as roses,
And footsteps so light.
Sweet are the kisses
That wait for her lips,
Sweet as the nectar
The honey-bee sips.

ONLY A BUNCH OF FLOWERS.

TWO little girls were walking down a street together, when they saw a girl selling flowers. Her little sister stood beside her, and looked wistfully at the passers-by; but it was Saturday, and everybody seemed too busy marketing to notice her.

One of the little girls—she looked the elder of the two—stopped, saying to her companion, "Just wait a minute, Milly; I have a penny, and I shall buy a bunch of those flowers." Then, turning to the girl, she said, "Give me one bunch, and be quick. Why, this is an ugly one! let me pick out a better," she added; and she began turning the bunches over, till at last she seemed satisfied, and was turning away without offering to arrange them again, or say "Thank you," when her companion said that she would buy a bunch too, saying, "Willie is so fond of flowers, poor boy! So, if you please, I will have one." Then, seeing that the little sister looked eagerly at a piece of cake which she held in her hand, she added, "Are you very hungry, little girl? Would you like half my cake?"

"Thank you kindly, miss. I haven't had much to eat to-day." And then the girl added, "Would you like your choice of the bunches, miss? Maybe you're buying them for a sick brother, and would like them extra good?"

"Thank you, but these will do very well," answered the other.

"Oh, do come along, Milly! I can't think how you can waste so much time over a beggar!" cried the other little girl, pulling at the sleeve of her friend's dress. "I'm off!" she said, running homeward. Milly soon followed her friend, but not before she had given a bright nod to the flower-girls.

Only buying a bunch of flowers; but even that little deed is made great by the kind words which rest like a sunbeam in the sad and weary heart.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY, THE DEWDROPS, AND THE SNOW.

A LILY of the valley pushed up its green leaves as the spring opened, hung out its tiny white bells and breathed its perfume on the air. Every evening a host of little dewdrops came and sat on its green leaves, or nestled in its white flower bells, and the lily loved the dewdrops and took them into her heart.

All through the hot summer the lily dwelt in a cool retreat, shaded by tall forest trees, by lowly ferns, and by rankly-growing grasses, and dewdrops came to her every evening, sitting on her green leaves, nestling in her flower bells, and going down to dwell in her loving heart. The lily was very happy.

Autumn painted the forest trees, and made the mountains and valleys look like splendid pictures. Then, as the days grew shorter and the frost fell, the leaves of the trees lost their rich coloring and dropped to the ground. And now the lily could look up through the leafless branches of the trees above her and see the blue sky and the bright sun. But the cold winds began to moan and sigh, and to rush down into the valley where the lily grew. As soon as their chill was felt by the dewdrops, they said, "Now we must go, sweet lily, but we will come again."

And the lily was sad at this, and drooped her leaves as the gentle dewdrops crept out of her heart and were kissed away by the wind. Then all her leaves faded, and her stem withered, and she shrank away into the ground. After this the frost came and built a prison of earth as hard as stone all about the lily.

Meantime, the dewdrops, borne away by the winter winds, rose in the air. Up, up they went until they were lost in the

clouds among sister drops, which had, like them, risen from the earth. Colder and colder it grew in this high region, until the drops were changed into pure white snow and came drifting down to the earth.

How beautiful it was! Old men and children came out to look at the soft flakes that dropped through the air like the soft down of birds; not pattering noisily, as the rain, but touching all things gently and silently. Soon the dull, brown earth and every tree and shrub were clad in garments as white as innocence.

Down in its frozen cell slept the lily. It could not hear the snowflakes that dropped on the ground above its resting-place, even if their coming had not been in silence, for its sleep was like the sleep of death.

For many weeks the snow rested above the lily's hiding-place, softening the frozen earth and drawing out the hard and chilling frost. Flake after flake melted and went down to search for the lily. At last they found her and awakened her with kisses, and she said, "Oh, my sweet dewdrops! I thought you were gone forever."

But they answered, "No, we have come to you again, as we told you when the winds bore us away and carried us into the sky. We came back as snow, and have softened and warmed the frozen earth over your head. The spring is almost here. Soon you can push up your green leaves and hang out your white bells, and then we will rest on your leaves again and creep into your fragrant blossoms."

At this the lily's heart thrilled with delight, and she began to make herself ready for the coming spring. A few weeks longer, and many more dewdrops came down and told the lily that all was ready above. And they gathered about her, and crept into her chilled heart, and like good angels, as they were to the lily, bore her up to the regions of air and sunshine. And

then she spread forth her green leaves again, and hung out her row of white flower bells, filling the air with sweetness. And every evening and morning the dewdrops came to her as of old, and she took them lovingly into her heart, and they were very happy.

THE WHITE MAGNOLIA.

A WHITE magnolia grew far up on a tree, and sighed to be down in the garden with the other flowers.

"I am of no use away up here," she said. "Nobody sees me, and when I breathe out my sweet odors, the wind bears them off and they are lost."

But even as she sighed her complaints a soft hand reached up and took her gently from the stem that bore her, and she heard a voice say,—

"How pure and sweet!—pure as my patient Lily."

Then the hand that held her tenderly bore her to an inner chamber, where a sick child lay upon a bed.

"This beautiful magnolia," said the voice which had sounded so sweetly, "grew on a tree just outside your window. It has breathed the purest air and drunk the warmest sunshine. Its heart is full of sweetness."

And the hand held her close to the sick child, who was refreshed by her beauty and fragrance.

Then the magnolia quivered with delight, and, breathing out her very heart upon the air, filled the chamber with a rich perfume.

"I am content," she said a little while afterward, as she lay on the pillow beside the sick child, her soft white leaves touching the cheek as soft and as white as themselves.

THE TIGER.

THE tiger is just a giant cat.

He has no mane, but his body is all covered over with black stripes, as you see in the picture.

In India there are vast tracts of waste land called jungle, overgrown with tall, thick bushes and reeds. It is there chiefly that the tiger has his haunts.

Unlike the lion, he runs so swiftly that the fleetest horse cannot overtake him.

He goes over the ground at a fearful rate, by making bounds or springs, one after another.

By day, as well as by night, the tiger is on watch for his prey.

When an army is marching near a jungle, it sometimes happens that a tiger will spring out.

With a frightful roar he will seize a man, and carry him off before anything can be done to save him.

Have you ever thought of what use whiskers are to cats?

Lions have great whiskers, and so have tigers, and all other animals of the cat tribe.

Whenever you find an animal with whiskers like the cat, you may be sure that that animal is meant to steal softly among branches and thick bushes.

By the slightest touch on the tiger's whiskers, he knows when there is anything in his path, and whether it would make too much noise and alarm his prey as he creeps along through the jungle.

Some years ago a number of English officers went out to hunt.

In returning home after their day's sport, they found in the jungle a little tiger kitten.

They took it with them, and tied it with a collar and chain to the pole of their tent.

It played about, to the delight of all who saw it.

However, just as it was growing dark, the people in the tent were checked in the midst of their mirth.

A sound was heard that caused the bravest among them to quail.

It was the roar of a tiger!

In an instant the little kitten strained at the chain with all its baby strength, and tried to break loose.

With a loud wail it replied to the terrible voice outside.

Suddenly there leaped into the middle of the tent a huge tigress!

She caught her kitten by the neck and snapped, with one jerk, the chain which bound it.

Then turning to the tent door, she dashed away at full speed to the jungle.

One cannot be sorry that not a gun was raised at the brave mother as she bore her young one off in triumph.

SPRING HAS COME.

SPRING has come back to us, beautiful spring!
Blue-birds and swallows are out on the wing;
Over the meadows a carpet of green
Softer and richer than velvet is seen.
Up come the blossoms so bright and so gay,
Giving sweet odors to welcome the May.
Sunshine and music are flooding the air,
Beauty and brightness are everywhere.

KATIE'S RIDE DOWN HILL.

"TAKE good care of her, Frankie."

"Yes, ma'am."

"And be sure not to upset her in the snow."

"Wouldn't that be fun!" laughed Katie, a merry light sparkling in her blue eyes.

"Get on now! There! Hold fast, and away we go!" shouted Frankie, and off he started with little Katie on his sled, pulling her easily over the snow.

Away they went down the lane and across an old field to a hill-side. This hill was steep, and there was a mill-race at the bottom, now frozen over and covered with drifted snow.

"You get off now," said Frankie, "and let me go down the hill."

So Katie got off of the sled, and Frankie drew it to the edge of the hill, then went down as swiftly as the wind. Katie almost held her breath as she watched her brother, and when she saw him safely at the bottom clapped her hands with delight.

"Get on with me," said Frankie, as he came dragging his sled to the hill-top, his face glowing with excitement. He had forgotten his mother's parting words, "Take good care of her, Frankie."

"Oh, I'm afraid!" answered Katie.

"Get on! There's no danger. I'm not afraid," urged her brother. "You don't know how nice it is. Come! That's a dear little sister! It's splendid fun!"

So urged and persuaded, Katie, with her little heart in her mouth, as the saying is, got on to the sled, sitting right behind her brother and clasping both arms around him, while he held the cord that was fastened to his sled.

Away they went, their speed increasing every moment, until they reached a place where the hill pitched down at a sharp angle, and beyond which the coaster had no power to stop him-

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self, but must go on swiftly to the bottom, where by firmly bracing his feet he could check his flight in time to keep free of the mill-race.

"Oh dear!" cried Katie, as she looked down the hill, "I'm so frightened!"

"No danger," said Frankie, trying to speak bravely. "Keep right still and hold on."

Away they flew, swifter and swifter. It seemed to Katie as if they were falling from a window.

In the next moment she was buried deep in the soft bed of snow that filled the mill-race, and as safe from harm as if she had tumbled into a bank of feathers.

Half a dozen boys, who had seen the flight down the hill and the leap into the mill-race, came running to the rescue, and soon pulled little Katie out of the snow-drift.

"I won't tell mother anything about it," said the dear child, in a voice out of which the fear had not yet gone, as Frankie brushed the snow from her hair and shook it from her coat.

"But I will," answered Frankie.

Frankie's mother did not scold him, but she talked to him about the care he should feel for his sister.

"You are older," she said, "and know where danger is better than she does."

And ever after Frankie was as careful and tender of her as his mother could desire.

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

BUTTERCUPS and Daisies,—
Oh! the pretty flowers!
Coming ere the Spring-time,
To tell of sunny hours.

While the trees are leafless,
While the fields are bare,
Buttercups and Daisies
Spring up here and there.

Ere the snow-drop peepeth;
Ere the crocus bold;
Ere the early primrose
Opes its paly gold;
Somewhere on a sunny bank
Buttercups are bright!
Somewhere 'mong the frozen grass
Peeps the Daisy white!

Little hardy flowers,
Like to children poor,
Playing in their sturdy health
By their mother's door;
Purple with the north-wind,
Yet alert and bold,
Fearing not and caring not,
Though they be a-cold!

What to them is weather?
What are stormy showers?
Buttercups and Daisies
Are these human flowers!
He who gave them hardship,
And a life of care,
Gave them likewise hardy strength,
And patient hearts to bear.

Welcome, yellow Buttercups!
Welcome, Daisies white!
Ye are in my spirit
Visioned,—a delight!
Coming ere the Spring-time,
Of sunny hours to tell,—
Speaking to our hearts of Him
Who doeth *all things well.*

THE FISHERMAN.

MANY of my little readers have been to the sea-side, and seen the fishing-boats tossing on the waters and the fishermen preparing their nets.

Very much of this often dangerous work is done at night. It was so in the time of our Lord. The disciples, you will remember, "toiled all night and caught nothing." This will often happen now.

Ah! we little think when we see on our breakfast- or dinner-table the nice-looking fish, of the perils to which the men and boys who caught it have been exposed during the stormy night, while we have been fast asleep in our comfortable beds.

FEEDING THE DONKEYS.

WHY, here are our old friends, the donkeys, looking out at us from their snug little stable, and pricking up their great long ears, because they are so pleased to see us and get something nice to eat! Well, you do look happy and contented; and no wonder, for John has just covered the floor of your stable with clean straw, and placed a pail of fresh water for you when you are thirsty. Besides, you have had a good dinner of oats, and your coats have been brushed till they look soft and smooth.

And then, too, you never have any hard work to do, only to carry Mary and Willie by turns upon your back, or baby in the pannier, along the green lanes or across the meadows, for a little way every fine day. You never have to pull along a heavy cart, and get beaten with a big stick, like a donkey we saw the other day. No wonder that poor animal put back his ears and did not seem to want to move at all! When we were down at the sea-side last autumn we saw a great many donkeys, but none of them looked so happy or had such smooth, soft coats as you have.

The men would beat them, and when little Willie was having a ride upon one along the sandy shore he turned round and said to the driver, "Please don't beat the poor donkey, because he can feel just the same as you can; if you do, I must be taken off."

Then the man looked ashamed and did not beat him any more, and the donkey pricked up his ears and trotted away when Willie patted his neck. Don't you think Willie was quite right? Little boys and girls should never be afraid to speak out when they see poor animals ill treated.

MY DEAR KITTY.

HAVE you seen my little Kitty?
Her fur is soft as silk,
And every day I feed her
With bread and sweet new milk.

Her feet they are like velvet,
As she goes pat pat along,
And her soft and gentle purring
Is like a pleasant song.

Her ears are small and downy,
Her neck and breast are white,
Her eyes are like two tiny lamps,
To light her in the night.

She has no hat or bonnet,
But o'er her shoulders thrown
Is a mantle of Chinchilla,
To keep her nice and warm.

I have no little sister
To walk with, or to play,
But my pretty Kitty loves me
Almost as well as they.

And often we run races,
And play at hide-and-seek;
Or she will climb the cherry-tree,
And through its branches peep.

I have never hurt my Kitty,
Or harassed her, or teased,
For she is God's own creature,
And He would not be pleased.

OS

NOT FAR AWAY.

"SUFFER the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." . . . "And He took them up in His arms, and laid His hands upon them, and blessed them."

Edith read the verses word by word as she stood by the table, her hand on Willie's shoulder, and Annie bending over the precious book.

"The dear Lord loved little children, and took them in His arms," said she. "Wasn't that sweet and beautiful?"

"But, sister," and Willie's face had a sober look, "He can't do that any more."

"Why not, darling?"

"Oh, because He went away up into heaven. We read about that yesterday. He isn't walking among the people, and talking to them, as He did once."

"But the people may go to Him if they will, and so may the little children, and He will take them in His arms and bless them as of old."

"How, sister? How can little children go to Him?"

"They go near to Him when they are good."

"Yes, but I don't understand what it means. I'm just a little boy, you know."

"Yes, I know. But, if you try to be good, you will understand all about it one of these days,—that is, when you grow up to be a man. Now, I want you to think of the Lord and Saviour as walking about among the people everywhere, though they cannot see Him, healing their diseases, and feeding them, and taking up children in His arms and blessing them."

"Real, sister?"

"More real, Willie, because now He heals the soul's sickness, and feeds the heart's hunger, and blesses the children with good

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and loving affections. He has really come back again, though you do not see Him; and if you read about Him in the Bible, and try to do what He says is right, you will get so near to Him that He will really take you up in His invisible arms and lay His hands upon you and bless you."

Willie had a sweeter and tenderer look in his face after this. Some new thoughts had come into his mind, and he felt that the Saviour was not so far off as he had once believed Him to be.

JENNY'S CALL.

"IT'S no use, ma'am; I've been trying—and Jim with me—the better part of an hour to catch that mischief of a horse. She won't be caught, that's all."

Such was the report that Sam Wilbur, the hired man on the Templar farm, brought to Mrs. Templar one bright May morning, when she had been planning a ride. As she was a delicate woman, and not able to walk long distances, it was the more trying.

"I suppose it cannot be helped, but I wanted her very much," she said, in a disappointed tone, as she turned away; and the man strode off to the field, growling to himself about the "confounded brute" that had made him "lose an hour in planting-time."

"Wanted what, mother?" said Jenny Templar, a bright, brown-haired, brown-eyed girl of twelve, who had just come into the room.

"Fanny," was replied. "It is such a beautiful morning, I meant to drive down to the village, get some groceries, and then call for your Aunt Carrie, have a nice ride up the river-road and through Hazel Woods, and bring her home to dinner, to surprise you when you came from school. But father's away

for all day, and the men have been trying nearly an hour to catch Fanny; Sam says it's impossible."

A clear, merry laugh rippled from Jenny's red lips.

"Maybe it is, for him," she answered, gayly. "But get ready, mother; you shall go if you like. I'll catch Fanny, and harness her too."

"Why, my child, they say she jumped the ditch three or four times, and acted like a wild creature. You'll only be late at school, and tire yourself for nothing."

"It won't take long, mother dear—she'll come to me," Jenny said, cheerily; and, putting on her wide straw hat, she was off in a moment down the hill, to the field where the horse was grazing.

The moment she heard the rustle of Jenny's dress in the breeze she pricked up her ears, snorted, and, with head erect and eyes of fire, she seemed ready to bound away again at the first attempt to approach her.

"Fanny, Fanny!"

The beautiful creature turned her head, her eyes softened; that gentle tone she well knew, and, glad to see her friend, she came directly to the fence, rubbed her head on the young girl's shoulder, and, as soon as the bars were let down, followed her willingly up to the house.

Sam had treated her roughly, and she remembered it. When she had been shy or in any way intractable, he had struck her, but she knew and loved the voice that was always kind, the hand that always guided her gently, often fed and caressed her, and in cold weather threw the warm blanket over her. She gave love for love, gratitude and willing service for kindness and care.

This is a fact—that after the hired men had tried for an hour to catch the horse, she would come readily at the call of this girl of twelve years.

LITTLE SUNSHINE.

ALICE HAYWOOD is four years old. She came with the June roses four years ago. She is a happy, sweet little girl, and has always been called "Little Sunshine." Papa says there are no dull days in his home, for he has Sunshine all the year round. But there were dull days in that home once, when dear papa was very, very sick, and mamma thought he was going to die. Such a dear little girl Alice was then! Just as patient and good and quiet, helping mamma in every way she could. The sickness was short, and happy days came again when dear papa was well enough to sit up and watch the children at their play.

One day, when mamma had gone out for a few hours, she left Sunshine to take care of papa. And most faithfully did the little girl fulfill the trust, doing all she could for his comfort.

Wasn't she a darling to be so thoughtful and kind? She is always trying to make people happy; and when anybody tries hard to do anything she is sure to succeed, you know. Do you try, too, little ones! I hope you do; and I know that everybody loves you if you do, and you are happy yourselves, like Little Sunshine, who is curled up on the low window-seat just now talking to her kitty, telling it never to catch little birdies, and when it catches mousies it must be very careful not to hurt them.

HOW TO MAKE MOTHER HAPPY.

"WHY, mother, how bright and cheerful you look to-night! What has happened?"

"I feel very happy, my dear, because my

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little boy has really tried to be good all day. When my head was aching and I asked him to amuse little sister, he played so nicely and quietly with her that I was able to take a nap, and waked up feeling much better. Hearing all quiet below, I stole softly down, and what a pretty picture it was I saw through the nursery door! he was playing at horse with sister, who was on his back, with the new flag in her hand, and happy as a bird, forgetful that mamma was out of sight. Once, when sister Katie teased him and he spoke quick and cross to her, he turned round a moment after, of his own accord, and said he was wrong, and asked her to forgive him. I believe I should grow young and never look tired or unhappy again, if, every day, my little boy and girl were as thoughtful, unselfish, and loving as they have been to-day."

Here's a grand secret for you, little one. And now that you know how to make mother happy, may you keep her face always full of sunshine.

MUFF AND HER PUPPIES.

MUFF ought to be a happy dog, and I think was so until last week. Muff has a kind good mistress, who washes and brushes and combs her, pets and fondles her, and lets her sleep in a basket in her bed-room. Then, too, Muff, who is a warm-hearted Scotch terrier, has four loving friends in her mistress's brothers and sisters, and the doggie returns their affection with her whole heart.

About a month ago, Muff's happiness was increased by having two dear little puppies. Never, she thought, had mother more cause to be proud. The puppies were named by the children Tippy and Cuffy: Tippy was, if anything, the favorite child of his mother.

One morning, about a week ago, Muff left her children together in the basket in her mistress's dressing-room, while she went down-stairs to see the young people of the family start off to a picnic. She stood in the garden and barked a gentle farewell, thinking to herself that she would very much have liked to join the picnic; but, after all, it was a proud thing to be a mother, and of such lovely children too. Still Muff sighed as the merry party drove away, and she could not help thinking that puppies were a great tie.

As she turned back into the hall she heard a whining on the staircase above her. "Dear, dear!" said she to herself, "surely this must be one of my children, who has followed me, although I told them not."

Raising her eyes, she saw Cuffy standing on the landing, looking down upon her through the bars of the balustrade. "Naughty child!" cried Muff, in dog language, "go back to your basket. My Tippy is always good: *he* stays in his proper place."

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Thus spoke the fond and deluded mother. Alas! her Tippy was lying but a few feet from her, quite, quite dead. He had been the naughtiest puppy of the two, and had been the first to leave the basket and go on a journey of discovery after his mother. Cuffy had but followed his bad example, and was crying at seeing his brother fall through the balustrade.

Poor Muff's lamentations were so loud when she found out the truth that the servants soon gathered round her, and tried in vain to console her. At last she went to take care of Cuffy, and bemoan herself in her basket with her one child left.

The next day, when all the family were at home, poor Tippy was buried. Johnny, the eldest boy, dug the grave. Muff of course was chief mourner, and Cuffy was carried in the arms of little Lily to see Tippy's interment. Etty and little Horace were there, with very sad faces, and the black pussy came to look on too.

Mamma even was present, and felt quite melancholy at seeing poor Muff leaning over the grave, and looking a last fond farewell at her little dead puppy.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

DEAR little Anna Bell
Going to school,
Thinking of mamma's words,
"Break not a rule;"
Thinking of mamma's words,
"Kind be and true;
Learn every lesson well
Given to you."

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THE WOODMEN.

"OH, Franky!" exclaimed little Charley, who sat one day busily looking over a portfolio of engravings. "What a pretty picture! Do look at it! See how still the oxen stand and how beautiful the trees are!"

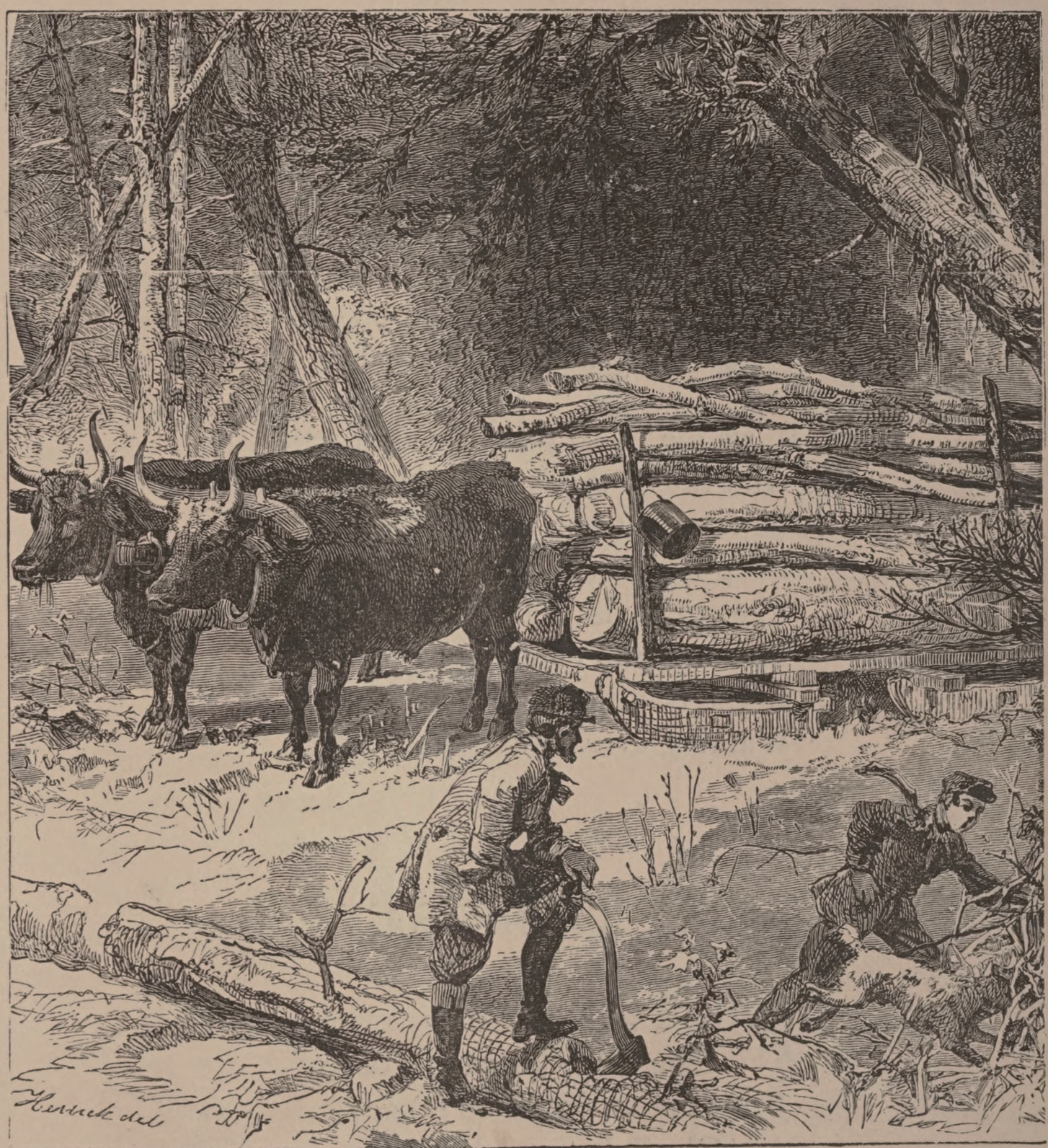
"It is pretty," said Franky, "and it just makes me think of some fun for to-day. Let's be woodmen; the trees that have been cut down are all lying about: it'll be such fun."

"All right," cried Charley; "let's call cousin Reggy."

But before the three boys started, they went to the gardener's tool-house to search for choppers or hatchets. Unluckily they found one,—an old and blunt one, it is true, but still a dangerous tool for boys to use. Then off they went, picking blackberries and brown ripe nuts as they walked along, and soon reached the wood.

They hastened through a part of the wood where the trees were close and the undergrowth thick, till they came to an open glade. Here several trunks of trees lay strewn about: the branches had mostly been cut off, and the smaller ones lay piled together ready to be tied into bundles for faggots. Franky, as the biggest boy, of course had possession of the axe, and began chopping away with all his might at anything he could find. Charley and Reggy more sensibly employed themselves in tying up great bundles of sticks, and showed a great deal of skill too in twisting the more slender branches into a kind of rope.

Master Franky, with coat off and shirt-sleeves turned up, thought he presented a most workmanlike appearance, and was perfectly satisfied with himself until, in an unlucky moment, the chopper descended, not on the tree, but on his own shin. Here was an end of the day's amusement. Poor Franky yelled with pain, and it was lucky for him the chopper was so blunt; but he had to limp home, supported by his cousins on each side, nor could he walk comfortably for a week afterwards.



NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

IN the quiet nursery chambers,
Snowy pillows yet unpressed,
See the forms of little children
Kneeling, white-robed for their rest.
All in quiet nursery chambers,
While the dusky shadows creep,
Hear the voices of the children,—
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

"If we die,"—so pray the children,
And the mother's head droops low;
(One from out her fold is sleeping
Deep beneath the winter's snow),—
"Take our souls:" and past the casement
Flits a gleam of crystal light,
Like the trailing of his garments,
Walking evermore in white.

KISS OF THE RAIN.

PRETTY little raindrops,
Laughing, kissed the daisy,
Dozing on its couch of green,
Oh, so hot and lazy!
Then the daisy upward sprang
And sang out so gayly,
"Kiss again, kiss again,
Raindrops soft, I pray ye!"

MY YOUNG SOLDIER.

RUB-A-DUB! rub-a-dub-dub!

For half an hour the sound of Robie's drum had come up to me from the room below; and rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub-dub it still went on.

"I must talk to our little soldier boy," said I to myself; and so went down-stairs.

There he stood, with knapsack and sword and drum, gazing intently on a troop of wooden horsemen arranged on a small round table. His eyes were bright and his countenance full of interest. The soldier-spirit was on him. How handsome he looked! He stopped drumming as I entered the room, and in a little while sat down, showing signs of fatigue, for, as I have said, his rub-a-dub had been going on steadily for half an hour.

"Going to be a soldier?" said I.

"Yes, ma'am," he answered, promptly.

"And kill people?"

"Only enemies," he replied.

"Have you enemies?" I asked.

The question set him to thinking.

"There's Bill Toland," he answered, after a long pause, with a flash of anger in his eyes. "I guess he's an enemy, for he threw stones at me yesterday, and last week he broke my kite. He's kicked my marbles out of the ring ever so many times."

"Then you would like to kill Bill Toland?" said I.

"No, ma'am, I wouldn't; but I'd like to give him a good pounding, if I was strong enough," answered Robie.

"But you are not; so the fight would be unequal, and you'd get the worst of it. It may be that a good pounding, as you say, would be of service to Bill Toland, and teach him to let other boys alone."

Robie's face grew grave and thoughtful.

"You understand me, do you not?" I asked.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, without hesitation.

"Bad feelings," I said, "are our worst enemies, as I have often told you. Against these every one has to fight, and we must conquer them or they will conquer us. In this warfare we fight by the sword of truth. Do you know what that means?"

"No, ma'am," he answered, with his clear eyes looking steadily into mine.

"A real truth is something from the Bible, for the Bible is God's Word, and what God speaks must be the very truth itself. *Love your enemies* is a truth, and may become like a sword in your mind."

"How?" my boy asked, with his earnest eyes still looking into my face.

"Why do you feel like giving Bill Toland a good pounding?" I asked.

"Because I'd like to punish him for breaking up my kite and throwing stones at me."

"That is, you are angry, and wish to be revenged on him?"

Robie thought for a little while, and then answered,—

"Yes, ma'am, I guess that is it."

"The Bible says, Love your enemies. Now if you take that truth as a sword, and fight with it, against whom will you fight? Not angrily against Bill Toland, but against the feeling of revenge in your heart that urges you to hurt him all you can. And as soon as you begin to conquer this feeling, kindness will flow in, and you will feel sorry for Bill, and wish to do him good instead of harm. And so you will become a soldier in a better and higher sense than you desired just now. There is a *good* fight, my dear boy! We must all be soldiers, and give battle to the enemies that are within our hearts. Anger, selfishness, hatred, and all wrong and evil desires,—these are our

worst enemies, who are ever seeking to overcome and destroy us; and we must gird on the sword of truth and fight against them, sure of conquest if we are watchful and brave; for in this fight they who are for us are stronger than all who are against us, for God and his angels are on our side."

BY MY WINDOW.

I WAS sitting one pleasant June day before the window of my parlor, busily sewing. Although I was doing nothing more interesting than mending a little jacket which was much the worse for wear, I was really enjoying myself very much. Outside the window the trees and grass were brightly green and the roses were in full bloom. In-doors, my ivy, which had kept alive all winter in spite of the cold, was growing beautifully, and my hanging baskets, watered carefully every day, had long trailers of moneywort and maurandia, the latter just opening its delicate purple flowers.

Bobby, the canary, seemed no less happy than I, for he was singing his merriest song, and the gold-fishes in the glass globe were darting about in the sunlight, making flashes of brilliant color that constantly drew my eyes from my work.

There was a rustle at the door, and in glided my little niece Nelly. She was so breathless with running that at first she could not say a word. I wonder what the reason is that little girls can never go anywhere without running as if somebody's life depended on their speed? But then I needn't wonder, for I remember I used to do just the same thing when I was a little girl.

"Oh, Aunt Lizzie!" she exclaimed, as soon as she found breath to speak, "won't you please tell me a story?" "Yes, dear; bring your chair here by this lovely window and I will tell you of something I read in the paper this morning."

LAUDERBACH, SC.

THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

SUCH a merry Christmas we were to have! Children and grandchildren, papa, mamma, uncle, and aunt, all going to spend Christmas with grandpapa and grandmamma at their great country house.

It was Christmas eve. We had just arrived, and I was dressing, when my little Wide-awake came scampering into my room, calling out, "Mamma, mamma, Totty has come! May I go to the door, and see her get out of the carriage?"

"Yes, dear," I said, "we will go together; but mind, you are not to be rough to Totty. Little boys should always be gentle when they play with little girls."

We were standing in the hall, welcoming the new-comers,—Totty and her papa and mamma. Wide-awake was very affectionate to his pretty little cousin, and the two trotted off together hand in hand.

Many little feet besides Totty's descended from carriages that afternoon at the hospitable hall-door. There was a children's party. The house was full of light and warmth, rosy smiling faces, childish laughter, and other pleasant sounds of merry Christmas-time. The children were all gathered together in the drawing-room; but at six o'clock the doors into the dining-room were thrown open, and their little eager faces brightened as they all trooped in. There stood a monster Christmas-tree, grand and beautiful, looking like an enchanted thing, with its toys and tapers glittering and shining; its flying angels and fairies in the branches; its horses, carts, dolls, balls, tops, and picture-books underneath.

Wide-awake and Totty stood side by side comparing notes as the beautiful things were handed to them in turn. The branches of the tree being stripped, each had something, even to baby crowing in grandpa's lap.

OUR CHARLEY AND THE WATCH.

OUR Charley is the smartest little fellow alive. At least I think so, and I consider myself a pretty good judge of babies. Not that our Charley is really a baby, after all. He will be two years old some day if he lives long enough. He thinks himself quite a man when he can put on his papa's boots and gloves. But the desire of his heart is for a watch. He can see no reason why he should not own a watch. It is such a pretty thing, and it says "tick, tick," so funnily that he is sure it was made on purpose for such little fellows as he. And I am equally sure that nobody ever owned and carried a watch with half the pleasure that Charley would, if any one would only be kind-hearted enough to give him one.

Sometimes grandpa takes the little rogue on his knee and holds his watch to his ear. Charley seizes the seal with one hand to make sure the watch does not escape too soon, and listens intently to the "tick, tick," which says such wonderful things to him. Then he begins to make remarks. He says, "oh!" and "ah!" and "oh!" again; and I, who understand every word he says, know he is expressing his wonder and delight in the finest language of which he is capable.

Then, when he has listened long enough, he begins to beg for the watch. He claps his little hands, and twists his little mouth into the most coaxing shape, and looks so pleadingly at grandpa. But grandpa, selfish, cruel man that he is, puts the watch back in his pocket, and says, "No, my young man, I can't do it." It is too bad, indeed it is! I could almost give him a watch myself, rather than see him so disappointed, though he is too brave to cry.

Once Charley was a happy boy. His uncle gave him a measuring-tape which rolled up with a spring into a case some-

thing like a watch. He thought it was a watch, and I don't believe that General Grant when he was elected President of the United States was as proud and rich as our Charley. He marched up and down the room swinging his watch by the tape in a way that would have been its certain destruction if it had been a real watch, and showing it to everybody in the greatest delight. But if anybody wanted to take it,—"No, thank you!" He could be as choice and as stingy with his watch as they had been with theirs. The most delightful part was that his watch would tick a great deal louder than grandpa's when the spring inside wound the tape up. Indeed, Charley was a happy boy. Some day, when he gets big enough to know how to take care of it, he shall have a real watch of his own.

EVENING HYMN.

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless thy little lambs to-night;
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Watch my sleep 'till morning light.

All this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

THE CAT RABBIT.

IN a comfortable basket, lined with green baize, not far from the kitchen-fire, lay a large white pussy-cat with two kittens, one white, with black spots, and the other yellow. She licked them all over till her rough tongue ached, so that she was obliged to rest it, and as soon as it was rested she licked them all over again.

The cook bustled about the kitchen, and lifted saucepans on and off the fire, without noticing the basket and its occupants much, except to place an occasional saucer of milk within reach of Mother Puss.

By and by a little girl came in, carrying something very carefully in her hands.

"What do you want here, Miss Alice?" said the cook. "The kitchen is not the place for young ladies."

"Oh! do let me come in, cookey dear," said the little girl; "I've got something for pussy."

"I always looks after dumb animals, Miss Alice; the cat don't want nothing at all," answered the cook.

"Oh! this isn't anything for her to eat; it's something for her to take care of. My white rabbit has got such a number of little ones, more than she can possibly take care of properly, and I thought as pussy has only got two kittens, it would be such fun to give her one of them. I'm sure she'll be kind to it."

"You had better take it back to its own mother, miss," said the cook. "The cat has got enough to do to look after them two. She's heavy enough on the bread and milk as it is."

"Do let me try, cookey dear. If she's the least unkind to it, I'll take it away again."

"Well, I suppose you must have your own way, miss," said

the cook; "but I don't answer as the cat don't bite the poor little thing's head off."

The old cat was asleep just then, and Alice approached the basket softly, put the little rabbit carefully down by her side, and watched the effect anxiously. To her great delight, as soon as she opened her eyes, pussy gave it an affectionate lick all down its back. The little rabbit nearly toppled over, for the touch was much less gentle than what she was accustomed to; but she evidently only thought her mother was in a hurry, and cuddled up close to her, and Alice felt satisfied.

"Now, miss," said the cook, "you'd best be off out of my kitchen. I want to get on with the dinner; and I should say as you'd better take that there rabbit with you, and put it back in the hutch."

"Oh, no," said Alice, "it's quite happy. Please send the whole basket of pussies up to the nursery by and by, and I shall see how they get on."

"It ain't natural-like!" soliloquized the cook, as the little girl left the kitchen.

"Very odd that I didn't notice this one before!" said the old cat to herself. "I certainly thought there were only two! I even counted them on my claws for fear of mistakes." But she soon ceased to wonder, and took care of it as tenderly as if it had been her own.

BEAUTIFUL hands are they that do
The work of the noble, good and true;
Busy for them the long day through.

Beautiful feet are they that go
Swiftly to lighten another's woe
Through summer's heat or winter's snow.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

HERE we have the picture of a poor little barefooted boy selling Christmas carols. How cold he looks! I hope some one will take him in and give him a good hot breakfast.

This picture makes me think of a very beautiful Christmas carol I learned when I was a little girl; I will tell you what it is, and on Christmas morning you can surprise mamma and papa by repeating it:

Little children, can you tell—
Do you know the story well,
Every girl and every boy—
Why the angels sang for joy
On the Christmas morning?

Yes, we know the story well;
Listen now, and hear us tell,
Every girl and every boy,
Why the angels sang for joy
On the Christmas morning.

Shepherds sat upon the ground,
Fleecy flocks were scattered round,
When the brightness filled the sky,
And the song was heard on high
On that Christmas morning.

CAROL

Joy and peace the angels sang,
And the pleasant echoes rang,
"Peace on earth, to men good will;"
Hark! the angels sing it still
On the Christmas morning.

For a little Babe that day,
Christ, the Lord of angels, lay—
Born on earth our Lord to be;
This the wondering angels see
On that Christmas morning.

Let us sing the angels' song,
And our pleasant notes prolong;
This fair Babe of Bethlehem
Children loves, and blesses them
On the Christmas morning.

THE SWALLOW.

THERE are five kinds of swallows that come to us in the summer. There is the chimney swallow, the swift, that makes a squealing noise as he flies, the house martin, about which we shall have something to say, and the sand martin, that makes deep burrows in a cliff or in a sand-bank, and places her nest at the bottom, a little after the fashion of the kingfisher.

The chimney swallow does not always build in the stack of chimneys, but chooses often to place her nest under the eaves of an outhouse, or even among the rafters of a barn.

One spring a pair of swallows were resolved to build in the rafters of a summer-house. They were not in the least disturbed by the constant presence of persons going in and out,

but completed their task, carrying pellets of mud and soft earth in their beaks, and bents of grass to mix with it.

When the saucer-shaped nest was finished, the eggs were laid and hatched without any misfortune happening. The young nestlings had now to be fed every few minutes from morning till night. It was a matter of curiosity how the old swallows would like to pass in and out over the heads of persons sitting in the summer-house, and who, by putting out their hands, could touch the nest. But this fact did not deter them from performing their parental duties, and the little birds grew and throve merrily.

Their heads were soon seen peering above the edge of the nest. As a rule, they were silent; but long before any one could discern the parent bird, they had spied her out in the far distance. They would set up a chirp of delight, raise themselves in the nest, and a row of little beaks would open wide.

A LITTLE STORY.

OH, the book is a beauty, my darling,
The pictures are all very fine,
But it's time you were soundly sleeping,
For the little hand points to nine;
So, here's a good-night—but give me
A dozen of kisses or more,
To make me forget what vexed me,
To-day, in the dull old store.

Can't go till I tell you a story?
Well, a long, long time ago,
When I was a little wee fellow—
No bigger than you, you know—

A LITTLE STORY.

When I hadn't a nurse, as you have,
And my papa was gone for goods,
I ran away from my mamma,
And got lost in the big pine woods.

I'll tell you just how it happened:
I was hunting for eggs, you see,
And all over the house and the garden
My mamma was hunting for me;
Hunting and calling, "Oh, Willie!
Ho, Willie! where are you, my son?'
And I heard her and hid in the bushes
And thought it the jolliest of fun.

Naughty? Ah, Robin! I know it,
But I didn't think of it then;
I laughed and said, "I'm a robber,
And this is my dear little den;
I'd like to see any one take me,
I reckon—O-ho! what's that?"
And away I went after a squirrel
As round and as black as my hat.

No, I didn't forget my dear mamma,
But "boys will be boys," I said;
And I kept a good eye on squirrel,
And followed wherever he led,
Over briers, and bogs, and bushes,
Till the night fell blackly about,
And I found I was far in the forest
And didn't know how to get out.

What became of the squirrel? Why, Robin!
To be thinking of him, and not me!

When I hadn't a thing for my pillow
That night but the root of a tree,
With a bit of soft moss for its cover,
And never a star overhead;
Oh, oh! how I cried for my mother,
Till I slept—and dreamed I was dead

I awoke in my own little chamber:
My papa was holding my hand,
And my mamma was crying beside me;
I couldn't at first understand
Just what it all meant—when they told me
I wasn't to stir or to speak,
For I was half dead when they found me,
And had been very sick for a week.

But I pretty soon thought of the squirrel,
And the bushes and briers—and then—
"Oh, mamma, forgive me," I whispered,
"For hiding away in a den!"
"Hush, hush! my poor darling!" she answered,
And I turned my face to the wall,
Crying softly, because I was sorry.
Now kiss me good-night. That is all.

ERNEST.

I HAVE a dear little friend named Ernest; he is fond of boys' games, and sometimes makes a terrible noise in the house. In short, he is a regular boy; but I love him because he is so good and kind to his little sister Rosa, who is

much younger than he is: he is seven and she is only three years old. Last summer poor little Rosey was very ill, and Ernest used to sit by her bed and watch her; he never made a noise in the house at that time, but thought always of his poor little sister ill up-stairs.

His grandmamma came one day and took him out for a long drive. They went to a toy-shop, and just as she was going to buy him a beautiful horse and cart, he said,—

"I think, grandma dear, I would rather have something that might amuse Rosey."

Then grandmamma bought him a beautiful picture-book.

Little Rosey was getting better then, and on that very day she was sitting up for the first time after her illness. He brought it to the bed and sat by her while she looked at it. Rosey was so pleased, she clapped her little hands, and cried out with delight.

SONG OF THE FAIRIES.

FIRST FAIRY.

"FAIRIES who live in the murmuring shell,
Rocked by the ocean's slumberous swell,
What gifts can ye bring to the little child
That mortals have lured from your home so wild?"

OCEAN FAIRIES.

"We will bring sweet light for her sunny eyes,
Paint her soft cheeks with the rarest dyes;
We will deepen her dimples with fingers light
And tint her lips with the coral bright;
Give for her teeth the lustrous pearl,
And golden gleams for each flaxen curl,
And bind her feet with a loving charm
That she never may stray to shame or harm."

FIRST FAIRY.

"Fairies who live in the woodland sweet,
Where the zephyrs follow your dancing feet,
What beautiful gifts from the mossy glade
Can your love bring to the little maid?"

WOOD FAIRIES.

"We will catch the south wind when it blows,
And fan the child to a soft repose;
We will gather the nectar the wild bees sip
From the thornless rose for the darling's lip;
We will bring the dew from the lily fair,
And sprinkle its gems in her shining hair,
And our fairy art shall charm away
All blight from the heart of the blossom, May."

FAF

ALL.

"From our homes in the shells and beside the fountain,
From the woodland buds in the cleft of the mountain,
From our haunts 'neath the fern-leaves in the brake,
From the lilies that float on the silver lake,
We promise to guard with charm and spell
The little mortal we love so well;
Creep through the grass with footsteps light,
Kiss the sleeper a soft 'good-night;'
Then away to our homes, for the clock strikes 'One;'
Come, fairies, come, our frolic is done!"

PLAYING PEDDLER.

FRANKY and Etty were looking at the pictures in a new book that papa had brought home, when they came across one of a peddler showing his wares. After looking at it a long time Franky made up his mind that he would dress up as a peddler, and borrow nurse's workbox to carry as the peddler's box. Nurse, having gone out for a day's holiday, gave him a fine opportunity.

So Master Frank, strapping a toy-knapsack upon his shoulders and nurse's box in front, started off. Etty and Lucy bought some old bits of ribbon and lace from him,

paying him with buttons; but he was not content with this: he trotted out into the garden and down to the gardener's cottage, where he displayed his wares in triumph to the gardener's large family of small children. It seemed quite like reality.

KITTY'S TROUBLE.

THE sun was shining bright and warm that morning, and you would have thought that Kitty's heart ought to have been full of sunshine too, but there was a sad frown on her face, and her little feet went up the stairs very slowly, as if it were the hardest work in the world to go at all.

Kitty was wondering to herself why she must always do just what she did not like to do, and why her mother and Aggie found so many errands for her on that particular morning.

She had been taught to obey at once and not to grumble; but though no word of complaint left the pretty red lips, her *mind* was all in a fret, and so the ugly frown grew on the rosy face.

By and by, when she had wiped the dishes, found Aggie's thimble, and brought down the basket of colored balls which were to be sewed for the new carpet, her mother called to her from the kitchen, where she was busy making pies.

"Kitty," she said, "you may go out for a little walk now; but Willie must go with you." She made no objection to taking the little brother; but wished in her heart that he could stay at home, and for once she might walk out alone.

Poor Kitty! she saw nothing beautiful in the wood that morning; her little rebellious heart had taken entire possession of her, and she forgot how many loving things the poor, tired mother was always doing for her.

On and on went little Kitty, never heeding where the path led, but ere long her thoughts returned to the brother, for in spite of her ill humor she loved him very dearly.

"We must turn back, Willie," she said, kindly, "or mother will be worried about us." But when she started, everything looked strange and there was no path. Poor little girl! as she

walked on the wood seemed to get thicker, and Willie grew so tired that she was forced to sit down on the ground and take him on her lap, where he soon fell asleep as peacefully as in his little bed at home. It was quite dark now, except where the moon shone in long slanting rows through the trees.

"Oh, mamma, if you only *could* find your little Kitty!" she sobbed; "I would never be tired of work again!"

And then suddenly lights flashed about her; she heard the tramp of men's feet and her father's voice ringing out in a glad shout, and the next moment she was in his arms.

How happy Kitty was, and how glad her dear mother felt as she clasped in her arms the little lost one!

Kitty had taken cold sitting on the damp ground, and for many days she was obliged to stay in bed and let her mother and Aggie wait on her.

When at last she *did* come down again she was glad to run on numberless errands for her dear mother and sister. And if she ever was tempted in her heart to complain, she thought of the terrible time when she was lost in the woods and could not see a dear face or hear a dear voice, and it was wonderful to see what a change came over her face. The rose or the lily, laughing out of doors, was not sweeter then than the cheerful little face which Kitty lifted to the sunshine.

COUNT not things as small or great;
Rather count as wrong or right.
On the right side throw your weight,
Feeble be your blows or strong,
Be your service brief or long.

AN ALLEGORY.

ONCE or twice a little leaf was heard to cry and sigh, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said,—

"What is the matter, little leaf?"

"The wind," said the leaf, "just told me that one day it would pull me off and throw me on the ground to die."

The twig told it to the branch, and the branch told it to the tree.

And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over and sent word back to the leaf.

"Do not be afraid; hold on tightly, and you shall not go off till you want to."

And so the leaf stopped sighing, and went on singing and rustling. And so it grew all summer long till October. And when the bright days of autumn came, the leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow, and some were striped with colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant. And the tree said,—

"All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these colors because of their joy."

Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it. And when it was gay in colors, it saw that the branches of the tree had no colors in them, and so the leaf said,—

"Oh, branch, why are you lead-colored, and we golden?"

"We must keep on our work-clothes," said the tree, "for our work is not yet done; but your clothes are for a holiday, because your task is over."

Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it, and the wind took it up and turned it over, and then let it fall gently down under the edge of a fence, among hundreds of leaves, and it never waked up to tell us what it dreamed about.

IN THE SPRING.

OVER field and over forest
Smiles a livelier green,
Shower after shower kindles
Color in between;
And the sparrow on the house-top,
Robin in her nest,
Each one feels a kindly presence—
Spring-time in her breast.

Can it be some angel careth
For the drop of dew?
That some tender spirit blendeth
O'er the violet blue?
Where, think you, the lily getteth
All her gold and snow?
What sweet voice among the roses
Tells their time to blow?

There the swallow, joyful, saileth
Through remembered skies;
Here a daisy, 'neath your footstep,
Brings a sweet surprise;
Here the breeze of morning bloweth
From some sunny shore;
There the purple twilight goeth
Through Night's golden door.

Buttercups the warm gold garner,
Blue-bells nod their heads,
And the red hearts of the roses
Light the garden-beds;

Bud, and leaf, and flower, heavenward
  Lift themselves to-day:
Shall our human hearts refuse to
  Learn the happy way?

Oh, the spring-time! oh, the spring-time,
  Smiling in the sky!
Dreaming on the happy present,
  On the grass I lie.
All the birds among the branches
  Sing in merriest strain:
Through the dawn of such a morning
  Shall we live in vain?

A PRAYER ANSWERED.

WE read a little story the other day that we must tell in our own words.

Nelly came home from school one afternoon and complained bitterly of her teacher; called her cross and unreasonable, and said a good many hard things against her, because she had kept her in at recess. After her excited feelings had spent themselves, and she had grown quiet and thoughtful, her father said,—

"Did you ever pray for your teacher, that God would make her more gentle and loving?"

"Why, no," answered the little girl, looking up, half surprised at the question, into her father's face.

"Well, suppose you try that, and see how things get on tomorrow," said her father.

That night, when Nelly said her prayers, she added these words at the close,—

"And please, Lord, make teacher Annie kinder and more patient."

And after thinking for a few moments, she added these words,—

"And please, Lord, help me to be a better girl at school."

On the next day Nelly came home from school with a bright face and a bounding step.

"I think your prayer for teacher Annie must have been answered," said Nelly's father, as he drew his little girl to his side. "Let me ask if no good came to teacher Annie because of your prayer for her?"

"I was better to her, and that made her better to me," replied Nelly.

"Why were you better to her?"

Nelly thought for a little while, and then answered,—

"Because I prayed for her, I think. If I hadn't prayed for her, I'm afraid I shouldn't have tried so hard not to do anything to annoy her."

Every night after that, in Nelly's prayer was one petition for teacher Annie. The teacher did not know of this; but to Nelly she was greatly changed, and never was cross, unreasonable, or impatient toward the little girl, who often said on coming home that "Teacher Annie was so sweet to-day," and that she "loved her dearly."

CONCEITED CARRY.

CARRY FENNER was a very clever little girl, and unfortunately she had been so often praised for her mere cleverness that she had come to look down on all boys and girls, and grown-up people, too, who were not clever, and to fancy that it did not much matter how she behaved, so long as she said smart things. When grown-up people were talking together, Carry would contradict them, and make fun of what they said, and give her valuable opinion as to what they were talking about.

One day her brother brought home a friend from school, and, growing tired of play, Carry proposed a game of checkers.

"Will you have white or black?" asked John, as he emptied the men out of the box.

C. "Oh, it doesn't matter to me. You'd better take the black. They'll suit you. Why do you look so black? I suppose it's because you know that I shall win, and you don't like to be beaten by a young lady."

J. "We've got to see about that."

C. "Oh, but I can beat papa; can't I, Harry?"

H. "Sometimes."

C. "You know I nearly always do, Harry."

J. "Perhaps he lets you."

C. "No, that he doesn't."

J. "Then I should say he can't be much of a player."

Carry tossed her head to intimate that John Knowles would soon find out that a first-rate player had condescended to play with a bungler like himself, and when the board was dressed, said loftily,—

"There! you can take the first move."

"No," answered John, "let's play fair."

He held out his fists; Carry touched the one with the white man in it, and made the first move. "It won't be long before I shall make the last," thought Carry; but, though she was a tolerable player, she was no match for John Knowles, and soon lost the game.

"I didn't play the losing game, after all," said John, laughing as he took the piece. "You'll have another game, won't you?"

"No, you rude boy; I believe you cheated!" cried Carry, bursting into tears.

She caught up the board in her passion, closed it, dashed it on a sideboard, and rushed out of the room. The draught-board had overturned an inkstand, and the ink had run down on the carpet.

"Miss Carry 'll catch it now for her tantrums, and serve her right," said John Knowles. "Come along, Harry, and have a game at trap before tea."

It was a bitter mortification to have to own to her defeat before her father and mother, but, like bitter medicine, it did her good. In more senses than one, I am happy to say, that afternoon's experiences took the conceit out of Carry.

THOMAS HENRY.

THOMAS HENRY was a cat of the Maltese persuasion. A noble fellow he was, too. He wore a smooth, spotless coat, with a beautiful white bosom and clean stockings. When I first made his acquaintance, he was eighteen months old—just the age of his mistress's little grand-daughter. But as cats get along to maturity so much faster than babies, Thomas

Henry was a grown-up, very dignified cat, while little Miss Minnie, though a very precocious young lady, was yet a baby.

But baby and pussy were excellent friends. He would allow Minnie to take great liberties with him. She would poke her fat fingers in his eyes, lay her head on him as he was taking a nap in the sun, or even pull his tail, which he would allow no one else to do. If she pulled too hard, he would rise in a very dignified manner, and walk off with a look at baby that seemed to say, "I could scratch you, but you are only a baby."

One day Thomas Henry walked into the sitting-room where we all sat, and laid down in the great square of sunshine that was spread over the braided mat on the floor. Presently, Minnie trotted up to him, and getting down on her knees beside him, put her little mouth close to his ear, and said, "Say-ee prayers, Tommy;" and putting his fore paws together, she repeated, in a solemn tone, "Now I lay me." Thomas looked at her very wisely, but said nothing.

"Oh, 'ou tan't talk, tan 'ou, Tommy?" and Minnie looked very pityingly at puss, who no doubt thought, "What will she do next?"

As the weather grew cooler, Minnie's grandmother had a cunning little cook-stove put up in her sitting-room. It was the dearest little cook-stove I ever saw. Hardly larger than a toy cook-stove, it was so small and so neat it did not look out of place in the sitting-room, and saved making up a fire every meal-time in the big stove in the kitchen.

Thomas Henry admired the stove too. It stood so high he could lie comfortably under it in a cold day; or if that place was too warm, he could get a nice place behind it where he could stretch out full length. One afternoon his mistress, her daughter and baby went out to make calls, leaving Thomas Henry sleeping behind the stove. By and by the sun went

down and the room grew cold. Thomas got up and went under the stove to finish his nap, but the fire had gone out, and he was not very comfortable there.

The stove-oven door stood open. Thomas Henry put his nose in. It smelt warm there. It looked snug and cosy in there. So in went Thomas Henry into the oven. Pretty soon came home the ladies.

"Bless me!" said his mistress. "It's after six, and I have biscuit to make for supper;" and she shut up the oven-door and filled the fire-box with pine wood, and, lighting the fire, went off into the pantry to knead her biscuit.

Baby Minnie's mother sat down before the fire to undress her little one. In a moment she hears a strange noise, but thinks it is the boys on the street. Talking with Minnie for a moment more (I dare say poor Thomas Henry thought it was hours), she does not heed it, but presently she says, "What is that queer sound? Why, it's in the stove. Is it the wood? No, it's in the oven. Why," with a great jump, almost throwing Minnie on the stove, "it's that poor cat!" and throws open the oven-door, and, hardly daring to, puts in her hand and draws out—Thomas Henry.

One minute more, and he would have been a dead cat; but as he is dropped on the hearth-rug, he slowly rises and crawls off to the bed-room and hides under his mistress's bed. And there he stayed for hours, for the two women were so frightened they dared not look under to see if he were alive. But he did live, though his poor feet were so blistered the skin came off.

All winter long after that he kept a respectable distance from the stove. He used to come in from the kitchen and make a wide circuit around the stove to get to his sunny corner. After a time he ventured to lie on the outer edge of the hearth-rug. But if any one rattled the oven-door, he would jump up and run to the bed-room.

THE CONTRAST.

THE old woman sits at the cottage door,
That the heat of the sun she may feel;
The little child plays on the sanded floor,
And watches the turning wheel—
The turning wheel in those aged hands,
For she still goes on spinning the same,
Though her eyes are dim and she understands
Few words or of praise or blame.

NOT anything should I destroy
Which others may for good employ;
Not even tread beneath my feet
A crumb some little bird might eat.

THE SHEEP.

LAZY sheep, pray tell me why
In the pleasant fields you lie,
Eating grass and daisies white,
From the morning till the night?
Everything can something do,
But what kind of use are you?

Nay, my little master, nay,
Do not serve me so, I pray:
Don't you see the wool that grows
On my back to make you clothes?
Cold and very cold you'd be,
If you had not wool from me.

True, it seems a pleasant thing
To nip the daisies in the spring;
But many chilly nights I pass
On the cold and dewy grass,
Or pick a scanty dinner, where
All the common's brown and bare.

CLEAN LIPS.

THIS picture makes me think of a dear old lady I once knew, who taught a school of young children. She cared very tenderly for her little lambs, trying to bring them to the fold of the good Shepherd. She always had a pleasant word and kindly smile for them, and often had a flower, an apple, or a kiss to give for such as behaved properly, and the simple rewards from her loving hands were prized.

This lady's little pupils never had to be sent to school. They ran off cheerfully before nine o'clock, that they might be ready to hear the first tinkle of her school-bell. One day her heart was deeply wounded by hearing that a fine little boy had said some naughty words at play. She called Charlie to her, and looking sorrowfully into his bright blue eyes, she asked, "Have you used naughty words to-day, my child?"

"I didn't swear," whispered Charlie.

"Are you willing to go home now and repeat your words to your dear mother?"

"No, ma'am," faltered the little culprit, as he hung his head and blushed deeply.

"And, my dear boy, have you forgotten," said his kind old friend, "that One was listening to you holier than any mother, even yours, and loving you far more than even the best mother can love her little son? He heard in heaven your naughty words. I am afraid, my child, that when the lips are naughty, the heart must be very unclean too. I cannot make your heart clean, Charlie, but I will ask the Lord Jesus to do it for you. One thing, however, I can do,—I can cleanse your lips. They would not be fit for your mother's 'good-night' kiss if I did not clean them for you." The old lady then called for a bowl of clean water, and took from her desk a bit of fine soap and a little sponge. Then bidding Charlie open his mouth, she washed

it well, teeth, tongue, lips, and all. She then wiped them dry with a soft, fresh napkin, and bathed his tear-stained face and kissed him. This simple punishment and her real sorrow, apparent to the child while she inflicted it, made a deep impression, not merely on Charlie, but on the whole school, who witnessed the transaction.

Charlie is now a man, but *never* since that day has one improper word passed his lips. Ever since, at the very thought of such a thing, he says he fancies he *tastes soap*, and hears again the gentle voice that reproved his youthful naughtiness.

That boy was myself.

THE ROBIN'S NEST.

A ROBIN'S nest in the ivy hung;
Like a tiny cradle it lightly swung
To and fro with each passing breeze,
That gently ruffled the ivy leaves.

Two little light-brown heads peeped out;
What was the mother so long about?
O, for a worm! O, for a fly!
This was the baby robins' cry.

Under the tree and under the hill,
Stood a cottage beside the mill;
And, idly leaning over the gate,
Two boys were sealing the robins' fate.

"I will climb up the rock," said Ben.
"All right; we will call it settled then."
So he handed down the poor little nest,
With the baby robins in soft down dressed.

O, mischievous boy! I greatly fear
You will pay for your purchase very dear.
Already the birdie drops his head,—
The poor little thing will soon be dead.

But Bessie laughed in her childish glee,
And cried, "Don't grieve, I will set you free;
Wake up, dear robins, look up, look out!
See for a moment what I'm about."

So she gently took the dear little nest,
With the baby robins in soft down dressed,
And, climbing the rock so high and steep,
She laid them down in the leaves to sleep.

BROWNIE.

"WHAT is Brownie going to do, I wonder?" thought mamma, as the little girl crept softly as a mouse out of her pretty bed and trotted over to the chair that held her clothes. Mousie did not know that mamma was awake, so she very carefully pulled out her two tiny white stockings and sat down on the carpet. Her real name was Marion, but her father called her all manner of pet names, and oftenest Brownie or Mousie. Brownie, because her hair was brown, her eyes were brown, and she ran and played so much out-doors in the sunshine, so often forgetting her hat or taking it off to fill it with wild flowers, that her face and hands were brown too. Not quite as brown as the chestnuts she liked so much. Brownie couldn't tell whether she cared most for gathering the chestnuts or sitting before the kitchen fire watching for them to boil, while old Katy, the colored cook (she was browner than chestnuts), told her stories of the days when she was a little girl, or eating them in papa's lap, when he had pared them nicely around the rim, as she said.

Mousie he called her, because, though she could run fast and play hard, though she talked and laughed and sang, she had a way sometimes—always when any one in the house was sick—of gliding about so quietly that nobody knew she was coming. If papa came home tired and had a headache, the first thing he knew the little brown hand was nestling among his dark locks and trying to rub away the pain, or holding the camphor-bottle, or putting a pillow under his head.

Brownie was a little mouse only three years old; but she had a large thought that morning. She knew baby kept mamma awake nights, and that she did not feel very well. Papa, too, was away from home, and Brownie resolved to help mamma.

It was to be a surprise, too. Oh, how pleased mamma would be when she found her little girl could put on her stockings all by herself!

It was a pretty room where Brownie slept. There was a soft carpet, with wreaths of roses on a brown ground. There were roses on the wall, too, with their bright green leaves and tiny buds, but the rest of the paper was white. There were white muslin curtains, drawn back with pink ribbon, to let in the glad morning sunshine, and the breath of the sweet-brier that climbed up around the south window and peeped in now and then as it rode the breeze for a rocking-horse, to say good-morning to Brownie. The furniture was cream-colored, with sprays of rose-buds; and mamma's coverlet was white marseilles, but Brownie's own little bed had a pink-and-white one, which she called "purfly booful."

But what is Brownie doing? There she sits, in a rose-wreath, her tiny pink toes peeping out, and tries the stocking one way and another.

"Oh, dear me! what's the matter? I know it's inside out;" and, with a great pull, off came the stocking, and Brownie almost tumbled over. She managed to turn it and tried again. This time it was up-side down, but Brownie didn't know it till, after a great deal of tugging, it was on indeed; but oh dear! that didn't look right—the heel of the stocking lay across Brownie's instep. Off it came again, and she looked it all over, and held it square in front of the pink, waiting toes. She made up her mind it was right this time, and she put in her foot a little way. Another look, another pull, and Brownie sprang up in triumph, and almost clapped her hands; but, just in time, she remembered that she wasn't going to wake mamma.

Then she thought of the other stocking—but where was it? Brownie was quite sure that she drew it out with its mate from the pile of clothes in papa's arm-chair, but she couldn't see it.

Yes—there it was, on the floor, half-way. Brownie seized the runaway and sat down again. She held it this way and that till she was pretty sure about it, and, with two or three tugs, on it went; and Brownie caught a wee laugh from mamma. She scampered across the floor fast as her feet could carry her, and climbed up on the bed; and—well, I wouldn't have cared to count the kisses she received.

Little children, Brownie had helped mamma more than she knew. True, mamma wouldn't have been a minute putting on the little stockings, while it took Brownie full five. But if some one had come in and done all her sewing, it would not have been worth so much. Do you know why? That would have helped her hands, but Brownie's love helped her heart. It went down deep and drew out two or three little thorns it found there, and dropped like oil on a sore spot that was aching, though Brownie didn't know it; and mamma felt stronger and happier and more hopeful all day.

Remember, little ones, when mother is sick or troubled, that —next to father—your love can help her more than anything else.

SEEING HIMSELF IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

IT is often curious to watch animals when they see themselves reflected in a looking-glass. If the animal is bad-tempered, he will show anger and make ready for a fight; if good-tempered and playful, he will exhibit pleasure. A lady had two canaries, one bold and fearless, and the other timid and shy. If a looking-glass was set before them, one would grow so angry that it was hard to pacify him, while the other would begin to sing the moment he caught a reflection of himself, and ruffle his feathers with delight.

A very pretty incident is related of a canary bird by a Georgia paper. The door of the bird's cage was occasionally left open, that he might enjoy the freedom of the room. One day he happened to light upon the mantel-shelf where there was a mirror. Here was a new discovery of the most profound interest. He gazed long and curiously at himself, and came to the conclusion that he had found a mate. Going back to his cage, he selected a seed from its box, and brought it in his bill as an offering to the stranger. In vain the canary exerted himself to make his new-found friend partake; becoming weary of that, he tried another tack. Stepping back a few inches

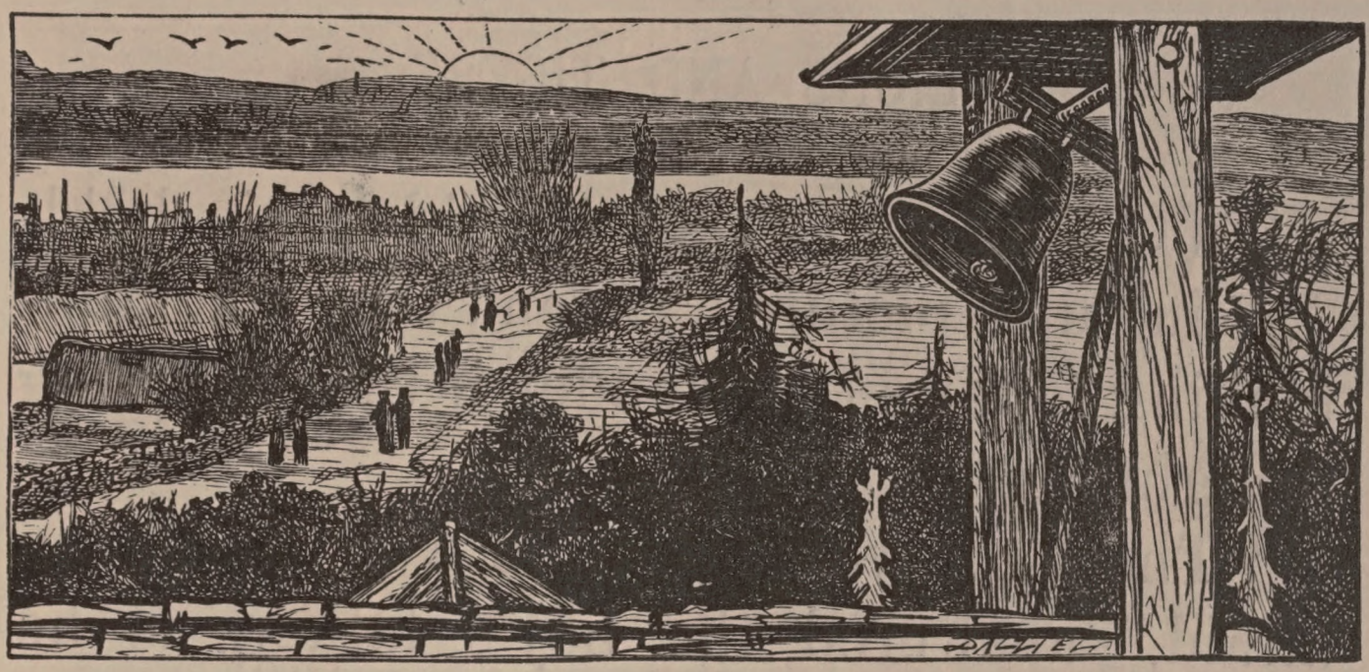
from the glass, he poured forth his sweetest notes, pausing now and then for a reply. None came, and moody and dispirited he flew back to his perch, hanging his head in shame and silence for the rest of the day, and refusing to come out of his cage again.

AMY AND HER DOVES.

I ONCE knew a girl whose name was Amy. Amy is *Aimée* in French, you know, but this Amy was not a Loved little girl. She was an orphan, living in her rich uncle's house. Some one gave her two beautiful doves, and you can fancy what pets she made of them. The cage was generally hung up in a lumber-room at the top of the house; for although Amy's aunt had allowed the doves to be left, she had soon discovered that their cooing was "tiresome," and told Amy that she must keep them somewhere out of hearing. So Amy had carried them up into the box-room, and there, except it was fine enough to carry them out for a walk, she spent most of her leisure time with her pets. Nobody in the house seemed to care for the doves except Amy, and nobody seemed to have any love for Amy except the doves. One of them she called "Mamma," and the other "Papa." They became so tame that when she opened their cage door they would fly out together on to her head or into her lap, or one would light on her right shoulder and the other on her left, and there they would sit cooing, nestling in her hair, and rubbing their beaks against her cheeks,—the dove's way of kissing. The middle of November came, and Amy took her doves out to enjoy the Martinmas summer which had come after a long spell of cold, rainy weather. Most of the leaves had fallen from the trees; but the air was still and warm, and the sky was almost as blue, and the sun was almost

as bright, as on a fine day in June. Amy put down her cage on a little knoll in a little wood, where I happened to meet her, and let her doves out. They rustled about in the sunlit fallen leaves, and very beautiful did the creamy couple look as they picked their way over the russet, crimson, and pale gold. They perched themselves upon a sunny bough, and cooed drowsily as they warmed their backs. They flew overhead in little circles. "Mamma" got tired presently, and came back into the cage, but "Papa" kept on flying round and round, flecking the blue sky like a snowy little cloud. Suddenly there was a bang, and down dropped poor "Papa." Some little rascal, loitering about with a pistol, had shot him. Amy rushed to the rescue, but "Papa" was quite dead when she brought him back to the cage, and widowed "Mamma" pined away and died about three weeks afterwards. Amy buried them both in the little wood, and put up a little tombstone.

WHAT does the sparrow chirp,
  Gathering food,
All the day over
  To feed its young brood?—
Dear little children
  Waste not the day;
Always remember
  That work sweetens play.



ON A SUNDAY MORNING.

ON a Sunday morning
How pleasant 'tis to hear
The church bells chiming merrily,
So musical and clear.

As I, musing, listen,
Thus they seem to say—
"Little Mary, come to church,
Come to church to-day."

Down the daisied meadow,
Up the leafy lane,
From each homestead gathered,
Comes a swelling train.

Mary, too, is coming,
With the rest to pray,
Where the bells still tinkle
"Come to church to-day."

LIONS AND TIGERS.

"TWO lions and a tiger!" said Louis, holding up a picture. "Aren't they splendid-looking fellows? I wonder if they're going to fight?"

"The tiger would get the worst of it, I'm afraid," answered the boy's father, as he examined the picture. "Two lions to one tiger are more than a match. They are splendid-looking fellows, that's a fact. How grandly the artist has drawn them!"

"Don't you think, papa, that the tiger is a little scared?"

"I shouldn't wonder, for the two great lions look as if they were going to eat him up. But it isn't likely they'd find that a very easy thing to do, for a tiger is about as strong as a lion, and more active. He'd make a hard fight for his life, even with two against him."

"I think he wants to get off," said Louis. "You see that his head is set away from the lions; but they could catch him, I reckon."

"In a race the tiger would beat them. At a single bound he could go eighteen or twenty feet."

"Then he'd better be off," said Louis.

"So I think. Running will be better for him than fighting. Two lions to one tiger are too much."

NEVER be cruel to a dumb animal; it cannot tell how much it suffers.

GOOD-NATURE, like the bee, collects sweetness from every flower; while ill-nature, like the spider, finds only poison.

FRED AND DOG STEPHEN.

"NOW just one good cuddle," said little six-year-old Freddie, "and then I'll be ready for school;" and he curled himself up like a young Turk in his mother's lap, and nestled there in a very enjoyable way.

She was sitting by the dining-room window; it was open, and a pitcher of wild phlox and pink and white wake-robins stood in it. While they sat there they saw Uncle Rube, who lives over on the hill-side, coming along the crooked path with a basket on his arm. His head was down, and he was thinking so intently that he did not hear the steps behind him of his young dog, Stephen.

Now, Rube means to make the best dog in the world of Stephen, the playful little puppy! and he never permits him to follow him anywhere unless by special invitation. About once a week he will say to him, "Stevie, would you like to go to your grandfather's with me? Come on, then," and here they will come, the puppy so glad that his gait is more awkward than ever, his fat body, twisted out of all shape, wriggling along, while his tail will flap about in every direction and his ears look like wilted cabbage leaves.

"He doesn't know Stevie is behind him, does he, ma? and now let's watch and see what they will both do when they find out." So they snugged down by the window and tittered and watched, and anticipated rare fun.

Uncle Rube was whispering to himself and nodding his head, and making gesticulations with his open hand, while Stephen trotted with his little, soft, careful feet behind him, smelling of the ground, and thinking green grass with the dew sparkling on it was just made purposely for dogs to admire.

Just as Rube came to the big gate and stopped to unlatch it,

he heard a little whiffy breathing behind him, and then he looked and saw Stephen. He was very much surprised, but as he never scolded the dog, he simply said, in a very earnest way, "Steve, I am astonished! You go right back home immediately. You're a great boy, indeed, to sneak along without ever being invited! I didn't want you, sir, or I'd have told you so. Now go right back again."

Oh, it was *so* funny! Stephen just threw his head back, and whirled on his heels, and ran with all his might down the crooked path. His fat body was the color of a dingy buff envelope that had been carried a long while in a man's old hat or pocket, and was so awkward and ungraceful that it went every way over the ground. His big, soft ears just flapped in the wind, and his unmanageable tail whipped about first on one side and then on the other.

Fred and his mother laughed and shouted merrily, and as long and hard as they could. There is nothing any more ridiculously funny than a puppy of a tender, green age.

Fred's mother said, "I never saw a dog so good to mind before."

"Oh, mother," said Fred, "the funniest of all was that he ran just 'zactly as if he liked to be scolded off home. Why, he did it the same as if it was something good. Now, if he'd been coming this way, and as fast as that, we wouldn't have wondered at it; that's the way I always do when I go to our Aunt Lizzie's. I hurry my very fastest, so I'll have longer to stay. But Stevie did that just as if he was pleased and liked to do it."

"Well now, Fred," said his mother, "even you, a boy who can read and talk, may learn a good lesson from a dog. Let his example teach you to do cheerfully whatever you are bidden, even though it be something you very much dislike, just as kindly and with the same heartiness as though you loved it.

If you are sick and have to take medicine, don't make ugly mouths and shake your head and pout and cover up your face; it makes it a great deal harder to take than though you took hold of it, and braced your nerves, and brightened your eyes, and didn't stop to think and shrink from it.

"And if I want you to do anything that you always dislike to do, let this teach you to go right off and do it in the same pretty, bright, jolly way that puppy Stephen ran back home after he had got clear to his grandfather's gate. Only think! Even my little Freddie, reading in the third reader, can learn a good lesson from a little wee puppy."

Then the school-bell rang, and Fred's mother kissed him "good-morning," and he started off with his books, and as he turned round the corner his white teeth showed prettily, as, half laughing, he said to himself in wonderment: "*Dear little Stevie-dog! he just ran back 'zactly as if he wanted to.*"

SAMMY.

"I WON'T!" said Sammy, resolutely, as he turned away from the sight of the bright rosy apples that lay scattered on the ground just within the fence. They were very ripe; Sammy was poor, and had little beyond necessary food, and he wanted them *very much.* "But they're not mine," he thought, "and I won't,—no, I won't!" and he hurried on, even shutting his eyes lest they should try him too much.

Presently his foot struck against a stone, and over he went. Poor Sammy! he was not much hurt, but it seemed rather hard that even his good resolution should bring him trouble.

Wait a moment, little folks, and see what the trouble was for.

"Halloo! my boy, what's this?" said the cheery voice of

Farmer Dale, who was driving home from market in his old wagon. He jumped out and he lifted Sammy up. "Be a little man! Look there," pointing to the apple-tree; "just crawl under the fence, and pick up a couple of the best you can find. I guess you'll forget the bump in less than a minute. Maybe, though, you don't like apples," he said, roguishly: "it isn't every boy that wouldn't stop and help himself without asking."

"Oh, I do like them indeed, sir," said Sammy. "I wanted them,—oh so much! I was afraid I *should* take one, and so I shut my eyes and ran on."

"And then you tumbled over a stone, eh?" said the farmer, laughing heartily. "Well, run along and get your apples."

"I sha'n't forget it of him," he said to his wife, after telling her the story at dinner. "That's the sort of a boy to make a good, trusty man."

And he did not forget it. When Sammy grew older, Mr. Dale took him to help on his farm, allowing him to go to school in winter, and for years he had a happy home. He grew up a good and useful man, respected and liked by all who knew him. And when he had a home of his own, and his own trees laden with fruit, somehow he never could see a poor child look longingly at the bright red apples without putting one in his hand.

THE ROOK.

WE need hardly describe the rook, you know him so well. His silky, glossy plumage shines in the sun as he struts about the field looking for worms. He is the earliest abroad of all the birds. When the dew is on the grass, and ere the sun has risen, he betakes himself to the open country to feed on the worms that have come to the surface of the ground, or he even condescends to visit the streets and search among the heaps of refuse that lie there waiting to be carried away.

All day long you may see him at work in the pastures. He breaks up pieces of dry mould with his bill, and digs among the tufts of grass, to see if any grubs have harbored there.

Towards evening the rooks collect into straggling flocks, and come back to their homes to roost. Every summer evening, at the same hour, they sail over the garden to their abode in the tree-tops, with the regularity of clockwork.

In autumn all the family cares of the rook are over, and he leads a life of ease and of enjoyment. He puts on a new suit of

glossy black, and wanders at large over the country. Sometimes he and his friends visit gardens and orchards, but in this case one or two rooks are always perched on the wall, to give notice of danger.

There is an old saying, "As happy as a rook on a Sunday," and some people think that rooks know when Sunday comes round. They seem to take it for granted that nobody is at home, and will venture much nearer to the house than on any other day, and take liberties not to be thought of at any other time. They seem quite at their ease, and aware that no gun is to be fired on a Sunday.

DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY.

A LITTLE boy, in a holiday-time, set off to walk to his home. It was some distance, but the day was bright and clear, and he had Gyp for company.

When he came out into the open fields he saw young lambs sporting by the side of their mothers, and here and there cows were standing knee-deep in the cool streams. After walking about a mile he began to feel somewhat tired, when he reached a shady bank, where a pretty mossy seat had been made near a spring. He threw himself at his length upon this seat and was enjoying the rest it afforded, when another boy came along, seemingly much more wearied than himself, and asked him to make room that he might sit down and rest beside him in the shade.

"Oh, no!" said our little boy, "do not ask me to move, I am so comfortable; I have found this resting-place, and if you go on farther, I dare say you can find another spot as pleasant where you can also stretch yourself and rest."

The little traveler no doubt thought him very selfish, but he said nothing and passed on. When our little boy was rested enough he arose and resumed his walk. The sun was now pretty high and the heat was great, and it was only here and there that shady places were to be found. He felt more and more tired, and longed to reach a large tree which he saw at a distance, that he might rest himself in its shade. As he drew near he found that the ground all about it was wet and miry, but a rude bench had been formed beneath the tree, and on it was stretched the very same boy that had passed him an hour before. He felt, as he drew near, that he had no right to ask

the boy to allow him room upon that bench to rest himself, weary and heated as he was, for had he not refused to render the same kindness a short time before to that very boy? He stood still awhile, and looked wistfully at the seat, and the boy who occupied it, seeing it, sprang up, and making room for him, said,—

"Come, you look as tired as I was an hour ago; I know you will be glad to rest yourself in this shady place. Here is plenty of room for both of us. Come and sit down awhile."

Which of these two little boys felt happiest?—the one who thought only of his own comfort, or he that did as he would be done by, and returned good for evil?

While your thoughts are full of cheerfulness and your hearts of innocence and good affections, one of the first evils you must learn to strive against is selfishness. To give way to this evil may seem to be pleasant, but have you ever tried how much pleasanter it is to strive to do to others as we would have them do to us? Now, the first chance you have, try this.

My friend Mr. Tongue
  He lives in my mouth,
He's red as a rose,
  And as warm as the south;
He has not a foot,
  Yet how quickly he goes,
My little friend Tongue,
  As red as a rose!

THE BEST WAY TO BE HAPPY.

I THINK I should like to be happy to-day,
If I could but tell which was the easiest way;
But then, I don't know any pretty new play:

And as to the old ones,—why, which is the best?
There's fine blindman's-buff, hide-and-seek, and the rest;
Or, pretending it's tea-time, when dollies are dressed!

But no—let me see? now I've thought of a way,
Which would make me quite happy at work or at play;
I'll try to be good, if I can, the *whole day*,—

Without any fretting or crying: oh, no,
That makes me unhappy wherever I go,
And 't would be a pity to spoil the day so.

WONDERFUL PRESENCE OF MIND.

A LONG train of cars went hurrying through a mountain region. As they came rapidly down a grade they passed along a short, narrow curve. Suddenly the whistle gave a shrill scream. It was a signal to put on the brakes—a warning of danger in such a place. Windows flew up, scores of heads were thrust out, passengers sprang to their feet, while the cars rushed on with but slightly decreasing speed. As the train drew near the curve the engineer had caught the glimpse of a little girl lying fast asleep on the grass, with her feet across the track and her head pillowed on the back of a dog. A moment, and it seemed as if the terrible engine would be upon her.

The scream of the whistle brought the switchman from his house. He saw all at a glance; and, with a self-possession like a power from heaven, he leaped the track, caught the little sleeper in his arms, and was back at his post as the train rushed by like a tornado.

WAITING.

"IT'S never going to come," said Eddy, in a fretful tone of voice. He was lying on the floor doing nothing.

"What isn't going to come?" asked his sister Fanny.

"Why, four o'clock. It's only two now. Just look at the clock. The hands don't move a bit."

"You are to have a ride at four?" said Fanny.

"Yes. Mr. Gardiner is going to take me to the park. He's to call in his buggy at four o'clock. Oh dear! I wish it was four now."

"It won't come any faster for the wishing, Eddy. But there is a way to make it come so quickly that the hours will seem hardly longer than minutes."

"I'd like to know that way," said Eddy, starting up from the floor.

"Maybe I can show it to you;" and Fanny smiled pleasantly.

"You're just fooling me," answered the boy.

"No. Time is swift or slow as we choose to make it. Don't you remember the party at Mrs. Winder's?"

"Indeed I do! Wasn't it splendid?"

"Yes; and when I told you it was eleven o'clock and we must go home, what did you say?"

"I said I didn't believe it was nine."

"When we are enjoying ourselves we take no thought of time."

As Fanny said this she opened a drawer and took out a bundle of colored worsteds.

"Will you wind or hold?" she said as she opened the bundle.

"Oh, let me wind, won't you?" cried Eddy, reaching out his hands.

"Very well. You hold until I get the ball started, and then you shall wind."

So the ball was started, and then Eddy wound and wound until it was as big as his two fists.

"Just as nicely as I could have done it," said Fanny as the last thread slipped from her hands, and she took the crimson ball and turned it round and round. "Shall we try another?"

"Oh yes; I'm ready," answered the pleased boy. Then Fanny selected an orange skein.

"Let me start it," said Eddy.

"Very well; you shall start this one;" and Fanny stretched the skein between her hands, while Eddy loosened a thread and wound it about his fingers to make a centre for the ball.

"That's the way," said his sister, encouragingly. "Now it's all right. Isn't it a beautiful color?"

"Splendid!" replied Eddy, who used his strongest word.

An orange ball was laid in due time beside the ball of crimson.

"And now for one of blue," said Fanny.

"Blue it shall be," answered the boy. "And this time I will hold and you shall wind. Turn and turn about, you know."

"That's generous," said Fanny, as she slipped the skein of blue wool over Eddy's hands. "But I don't believe I can wind a firmer or more even ball than yours. I'm going to try, however, for it won't do to let a little boy get ahead of me. You must hold steadily, mind. No putting of me out."

Eddy laughed, and his eyes danced with pleasant excitement. He held the skein firmly and in good faith, while Fanny's hand flew around the ball she was making.

"Now let's see," she cried, as the last thread dropped from Eddy's hands, and she laid the blue beside the orange ball. "I say that mine is smoothest."

"And I say that mine is," laughed Eddy. "And it's harder than yours. Just feel it."

"Maybe it is harder," returned Fanny, "but I'll stick up for mine as being smoothest."

"What's smooth?" answered Eddy, with pretended contempt.

"It's a great deal. But I see that we can't settle this dispute. We must call in mother. But mind, she's not to know which is which."

"I'm agreed," said the boy. "Mother shall decide."

So mother was called and the orange and blue balls set before her.

"Eddy wound one and I the other," said Fanny, "and you are to decide which is the best ball."

"Which is Eddy's?" asked mother.

"Oh, you're not to know. That's our secret. I say mine's best and Eddy says his is best, and we want you to decide."

Mother looked at one and then at the other, felt of the orange and felt of the blue, and seemed puzzled.

"They're both so nicely wound that I can't tell which is best."

"Mine's best," said Eddy.

"And I say that mine is best," said Fanny, with mock earnestness.

"Then if they're both best, they are both alike," answered mother, "and there is, of course, no choice between them."

"And so you're not going to decide."

"How can I, when I see no difference between them?"

"But you must decide," said Fanny. "That's what we called you in for;" and she gave mother a knowing look, touching the orange ball as she did so.

"Well, if I must, I must," returned mother, taking up the balls again and examining them closely. "The difference is so slight that only a practiced eye can detect it. Let me see. Orange. Yes, I give it to the orange."

"That's the one I wound," said Eddy, triumphantly. "But see! here is Mr. Gardiner with his buggy. It is four o'clock, and the time hasn't seemed so long after all."

A POLITE DOG.

TRIP is a Scotch terrier. Like "Old Dog Tray," he is "ever faithful;" and his sympathy for any one who seems to be suffering is touching.

Sometimes, when grandpa has a hard turn of coughing, he will stand beside him and cry like a child.

He has a very uncanine fondness for cats, and will lie, as you see him in the picture, with pussy's head resting on his paw. Very pretty they look in the ivy-covered window, with Dicky merrily singing above them.

Trip is always delighted to see his friends, and when asked to shake hands will put out his paw as gracefully as any city belle.

But his real politeness shows itself in another and better way. His favorite place for a nap is in grandpa's easy-chair. There

he will curl himself up on the leather-covered cushion, and take more comfort than a king on a bed of down. But at the first sound of grandpa's step he is wide awake. Up go the pretty black ears, and in an instant he is on his feet, looking at his master, as much as to say, "Will you have the chair, sir?"

If grandpa says, "No, I thank you," he goes back and settles himself for another nap; but if grandpa seems inclined to sit down, the little dog at once retires.

MY PRETTY SHEEP.

SEE my pretty sheep! Isn't he a beauty? He can open his mouth and say *bah! bah!* When he opens his mouth you can see his red tongue, and hear him say *bah!* Now isn't that nice? And his wool is so soft and warm!

Mother calls me her little lamb. That's when I'm good. I wish I was good always. But I'm not. I feel real naughty sometimes, and then I don't care much what I do. Mother says she can see wolves in my eyes then, but I guess she doesn't mean real wolves. What does she mean? Maybe it's only the bad look she sees in them that she calls wolves. I saw it once when I was angry, and happened to be standing before a glass. I was frightened at myself. Why, if I was to see a little girl with that look in her eyes, I'd be scared and run away. I'd feel as if she wanted to eat me up. Oh, now I've got it. Wolves are cruel and eat up the lambs. That's what mother meant, for she said one day, after I got over my angry fit, "Now I see the little lambs in your eyes again. I was afraid the wolves had eaten them all up."

Little lambs are good and innocent, and wolves are bad and

cruel. Then, if we are good and innocent, we are like lambs, and if bad and cruel, like wolves. Oh yes, I see it all now, and I'm going to try just as hard as I can to be a dear sweet lamb, and never let another wolf look out of my eyes.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

"LITTLE by little," an acorn said
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed,
"I am improving every day,
Hidden deep in the earth away."

Little by little each day it grew,
Little by little it sipped the dew;
Downward it sent out a thread-like root,
Up in the air sprang a tiny shoot.
Day after day, and year after year,
Little by little the leaves appear,
And the slender branches spread far and wide
Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.

* * * * * * *

"Little by little," said a thoughtful boy,
"Moment by moment I'll well employ,
Learning a little every day,
And not spending all my time in play;
And still this rule in my mind shall dwell,
'Whatever I do I will do it well.'
Little by little I'll learn to know
The treasured wisdom of long ago,
And one of these days, perhaps, I'll see
That the world will be the better for me."

THE COCKATOO.

THERE is a very interesting branch of the parrot family that wear a crest of beautiful feathers on their heads. They can set the crest up and down just as they like.

They are called cockatoos, and, like the parrots, they live in the forests; and, like the parrots, they are not always out of mischief. The cockatoo in the picture is of a light rosy tint, and with a sulphur-colored crest.

They like to fly about on the banks of the rivers where there are great trees close by; and here they enjoy themselves as the parrots do, and bathe, and take their afternoon nap, and lead pretty much the same sort of life.

The native thinks nothing is better sport than to go out to catch cockatoos. He has to be very careful, for the birds are extremely shy, and if they catch sight of him will fly away to a distance. So when he has seen the flock of birds in the air, which he is almost sure to do if he goes in the right direction, he hides himself behind a bush. Then he creeps in the most cautious manner, and contrives to come as near to them as he can.

The birds, meantime, are going to roost on the trees, and make as much noise and uproar as the parrots. They spy out the native before long, for there are several cockatoos on the watch ready to give the alarm, and they huddle together as close as they can, and begin to be frightened.

The native has a spear in his hand that he manages in a very clever way. He flings it among the birds so that it spins about and knocks one or two of them down. Of course, they rise up, and try to fly away; but, whichever way they turn, some unlucky bird is sure to meet with a blow from the spear. Almost all the cockatoo family are dressed in light rosy-colored plumage. There is a great black cockatoo, but he is rarely seen in this country.

THE WOODEN SPOON.

THERE was once a wooden spoon, that was so fine, so neat, so pretty, made of the best wood, and carved in the most beautiful manner,—one could never see a more delicate and tasteful wooden spoon; and no one took it up without saying, "Ah, how pretty it is!" Thus the little spoon grew vain and proud. "Ah," thought the beautiful wooden spoon, "if I could only be like a silver spoon! Now I am used by the servants alone; but if I were a silver spoon, it might happen that the king himself should eat rice-milk with me out of a golden dish; whereas, being only a wooden spoon, it is nothing but meal-porridge I serve out to quite common folk." So the wooden spoon said to the mistress, "Dear lady, I consider myself too good to be a simple wooden spoon; I feel within myself that I was not meant to be in the kitchen, but that I ought to appear at great tables. I am not suited to servants, who have such coarse habits, and handle me so rudely. Dear mistress, contrive that I shall be like a silver spoon." The mistress wished to satisfy her pretty wooden spoon; so she carried her to a goldsmith, who promised to overlay her with silver. He did so. The wooden spoon was silvered over, and shone like the sun. Then she was glad and proud, and scorned all her old companions. When she came home, she lay in the plate-basket, and became quite intimate with the family silver, wished the teaspoons to call her aunt, and called herself first cousin to the silver forks. But it happened that when the other spoons were taken out for daily use, the silvered wooden spoon was always left behind, although she took the greatest care to render herself conspicuous, and often placed herself uppermost in the basket, in order not to be forgotten, but to be laid with the rest on the great table. As this happened several times, and even

when there was company, and all the silver was brought out, the poor wooden spoon was left alone in the basket, she complained again to the mistress, and said, "Dear lady, I have to beg that the servants may understand that I am a silver spoon, and have a right to appear with the rest of the company. I shine even more than others, and cannot understand why I should be thus neglected."

"Ah," said the mistress, "the servant knows by the weight that you are only silvered."

"Weight! weight!" cried the silvered spoon. "What! is it not by the brightness alone that one knows a silver spoon from a wooden one?"

"Dear child, silver is heavier than wood."

"Then, pray, make me heavier!" cried the spoon. "I long to be as good as the rest; and I have no patience with the sauciness of that servant."

The mistress, still willing to gratify the desires of her little spoon, carried her again to the goldsmith.

"Dear heart," she said to him, "make this silvered wooden spoon as heavy as a real silver one."

"To do that," said the goldsmith, "it will be necessary to put a piece of lead here in the handle."

"Ah," thought the poor spoon, "then must he bore straight into my heart,"—for the heart of a wooden spoon always lies in the handle; that is to say, when wooden spoons *have* hearts,—"but one must bear all for honor. Yes, he may even put a bit of lead in my heart if he only makes me so that I shall pass for a real heavy silver spoon." So the goldsmith bored deep into her heart, and filled it up with melted lead, which soon hardened within it. But she suffered all for honor's sake. Then she was silvered over again, and brought back to the plate-basket. Now the servant came and took her up with the rest of the spoons, and saw and felt no difference; so she was

placed with the rest on the great dinner-table, passed for a real, beautiful silver spoon, and would have been as happy as possible if she had not got a lump of lead in her heart. That lump of lead caused a great heaviness there, and made her feel not quite happy in the midst of her honors. So time went on, and the wooden spoon continued to pass for a silver one, so well was she silvered, and so heavy had she been made. But the mistress died. At that, the silvered spoon, instead of sorrowing, as she once would have done, almost rejoiced; for every time she had lain shining on the great table she had recollected that the mistress was the only person who knew that she really was nothing more than a simple wooden spoon; and so, if her mistress took another spoon instead of her, she became quite jealous, and said to herself, "That is because she knows all about me; she knows I am a wooden spoon, silvered outside, and with a lump of lead within me." But when the mistress was dead, she said to herself, "Now I am free, and can enjoy myself perfectly; for no one will ever know now that I am not quite what I seem."

The goods, however, were now to be sold. The family silver was bought by a goldsmith, who prepared to melt it up in order to work it anew. The unhappy wooden spoon was bought with the rest: she saw the furnace ready, and heard with dismay that they should all be cast therein. She was dreadfully alarmed, exclaimed against the cruelty practiced toward the friendless orphans who had so lately lost their good protectress, and began to appeal to her companions in rank and misfortune, who lay calmly within sight of the furnace. "They will burn us up!" she cried. "They will turn us to ashes! How quietly you take such inhuman conduct!"

"Oh, no!" said an old silver spoon and fork, who lay composedly side by side,—they had been comrades from youth these two, and had already gone through the furnace I know not

how often,—"Oh, no! they will do us no harm. They may willingly melt us: the furnace will do us good rather than harm, and we shall soon appear in a handsomer form."

The silvered wooden spoon listened, but was not comforted. It did not comfort her to find that silver would not burn, for she knew well that wood would do so.

"Ah," sighed the silly little spoon, "I see it is not by brightness only, nor only by weight, that real silver is known!"

The silver was cast into the furnace; but when the goldsmith came and took her up, she cried in great excitement, and with a trembling voice, "Dear master, I certainly am a silver spoon; that is seen both by my appearance and weight; but, then, I am not of the same sort of silver as the other spoons; I am of a finer sort, which cannot bear fire, but flies away in smoke."

"Indeed! What are you, then? Perhaps tin?"

"Tin! Can the dear master think so meanly of me?"

"Perhaps even lead?"

"Lead! Ah, the dear master can easily see if I am of lead."

"Well, that will I do," said the master, and began to bend the handle, when snap it went in two, for wood will not bear bending like silver, any more than it will bear melting. The wooden handle broke in two, and out fell the lump of lead. "So!" cried the master; "only a common wooden spoon silvered over!"

"Yes," cried the poor spoon, who, as soon as the lead fell from her heart, grew quite light and happy,—"yes, I am only a common wooden spoon. Take away the silvering, dear master; cause me to be mended, and set me in the kitchen again, to serve out meal-porridge for the rest of my life. Now know I well how stupid it was for a wooden spoon to want to pass for a silver one!"

SULKY NED.

NED and Norah were playing in the garden when it began to rain, and mamma came to the door and said they must come in or they would get wet and catch cold.

Norah came right in and commenced to play with her doll and make herself happy. But Ned sulked and said, "I won't come in," and turned his back on mamma and pouted. So she sent Norah out to bring him in, and he knew that punishment would follow if he disobeyed.

"I hate sticking in the house all day," said Ned, peevishly; "it isn't right of mamma to keep me here."

"Oh, Ned! oh, Ned!" cried Norah, taking his hand, "how can you say such naughty things? Only think how kind and good mamma is, and what trouble she takes to make you happy. I'm glad to see you crying, Ned, for I know you are sorry for what you have said."

Ned *was* sorry, and begged mamma to forgive him before he slept.

SWAIN SC

PHILIP THE DREAMER.

PERHAPS Philip ought scarcely to be called a *little* friend of mine, because he is such a big boy: indeed, he is about twelve years old; but he is a very great favorite with me all the same.

He lives in the country, in a part of England called Cumberland, where there are grand mountains, and merry waterfalls, and lakes. His greatest pleasure in the fine weather is to lie upon the grass on a steep hill-side, and dream. He is fond also of taking long rambles, generally quite alone; but if he has a companion, it is most likely some grown-up person. Philip knows a good deal for a boy of his age: for instance, he is quite learned in botany. When he is out on his rambles, he will sometimes take a basket with him, and fill it, not only with lovely wild flowers, but with different kinds of beautiful grass; and he can tell you the names of all the flowers, and of every kind of grass.

Often he will steal away from the family and sit alone on the stairs thinking and planning what great things he will do. He longs to do something great and useful; either to be a great inventor, or discoverer, or to set the world right in some way. A little while ago his thoughts were all turned to the invention of—what do you think, now? Why, a flying-machine.

I often wonder what sort of man Philip will grow into. Very likely he will remain a dreamer; either his plans may always be of a kind as difficult to carry out as they are now, or he may never have the energy to attempt to carry them out if

they are possible. Still, some of the greatest inventors, and some of the greatest teachers of their fellow-men, have grown out of such boys as he is. Among all my little friends there is not one in whom I feel a greater interest than in Philip the dreamer.

EUGENE AND HIS PIGEON.

A LITTLE French boy owned a pet pigeon which had been reared in the house. It probably was a little orphan-bird, and it had its nest in a basket in a corner by the fire. You know pigeons are very easily tamed, and the tiny creature soon knew Eugene's voice and step, would eat from his hand and come at his call. He would perch on his friend's shoulder and follow him. He usually went with him to school, and then flew home by himself. But he seemed only half contented while Eugene was absent, and in some way he surely knew the hour of return. The boy really thought he could tell the time by the clock, for the family said he kept watching it. And it is possible that he did remember the position of the hands at that one hour of the day, though it seems incredible. But however this may be, it is certain he always at that time flew to the window or door to have it opened for him, that he might fly out and meet his friend, and he never made a mistake. Once he happened to be shut up in the room alone; and as no one was there to open the window for him, he broke the glass with his beak.

One day Eugene was kept after school to study a lesson in which he had failed.

The pigeon showed great anxiety and disappointment when he saw the other boys come out without Eugene (the school was but a little distance from the house). Away he flew to the school-building, and around it till he found an open window.

In he flew, perched directly on the boy's shoulder, and showed his delight at finding him in every possible way. The teacher was much surprised and pleased, and on hearing from Eugene the story of his little pet allowed him to return home.

In summer Eugene's mamma would take her guitar and sit

under the trees in the garden, and the pigeon would perch on her shoulder and never leave as long as she played.

For years Eugene kept his pigeon, never forgetting to provide for all his wants and make him happy with caresses and kind words.

As you see, the bird was not caged, but allowed full liberty, and his affection was the sole tie, and the strongest one possible. Eugene kept the pigeon till it died of old age, and the remembrance of his little pet, to whom he had been always kind, was ever afterward a source of deep, true pleasure to him.

Hearts, like doors, can ope with ease
To very, very little keys;
And don't forget that two are these—
"I thank you, sir," and "If you please."

THE GREAT BROWN OWL.

THE brown Owl sits in the hollow tree,
And she looketh wondrous wise,
With a horny beak beneath her cowl,
And a pair of large round eyes.

She sat all the day in the selfsame place
From sunrise till sunset;
And the dim gray light, it was all too bright
For the Owl to see in yet.

"Jenny Owlet, Jenny Owlet," said a merry little bird,
"They say you're wondrous wise;
But I don't think you see, though you're looking at me
With your large, round, shining eyes."

But night came soon, and the pale white moon
Rolled high up in the skies;
And the great brown Owl flew away in her cowl,
With her large, round, shining eyes.

GOOD AND BAD COMPANY.

"HE'S just the goodest little boy, mamma, that ever was."

"The best little boy, you mean, Franky. We say 'best,' not 'goodest.'"

"The best, then, mamma; only it don't sound good, like goodest."

"I'm glad to hear it, Franky. It's because he keeps good company, and that can't always be said of every boy, not even of my dear little Franky."

The child's face reddened. A hurt look came into it.

"Oh, mamma!" he replied, with a feeling of wrong in his voice, "I never go with bad children."

"I hope not, dear. But for all that, you get into very bad company sometimes."

Franky looked bewildered. The tears were coming into his eyes. It was such a hard accusation to bring against the dear little fellow.

"Shut your eyes, dear," said the mother.

The long fringes closed down over the blue orbs and lay quivering on Franky's cheeks.

"You don't see anything now?"

"No, ma'am."

"Nothing with your eyes that are shut; but you have another pair of eyes."

"Me!" His eyes flew open and looked into his mother's face full of wonder.

"You were at your father's store yesterday."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Shut your eyes again."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Now, can't you see your father sitting at his desk in the store, just as you saw him then?"

"Why, yes, mamma. I can see him writing a letter."

"Not with these eyes in your head;" and his mother laid her finger on one of them; "but with the eyes of your mind. So you see that you have two pairs of eyes; one in your body and one in your mind."

"In my mind, mamma?" Franky looked puzzled. "Where is my mind? What is it?"

"Your mind is what thinks, and it is inside of your body."

The little fellow put on a serious face and tried to understand what his mother was saying. He shut his eyes, holding the lids down tightly.

"I can see papa again writing at his desk, just as I saw him yesterday," he said.

"And you can see the chickens, and the cows, and the garden and trees out at Uncle William's?"

"Yes, mamma."

"I will tell you how this is. In your mind there is something like a book. We call it memory. Everything you see is drawn like a picture on some leaf of this book, and everything you hear is written down on some leaf. With the eyes of your mind you can, whenever you please, look at these pictures and read these pages. You did so just now when you saw your father writing at a desk in his store, and also when you saw the chickens, and cows, and garden at Uncle William's. When you remember anything you have seen, you look at it with the eyes of your mind."

"But that isn't keeping bad company, mamma," answered the child, his thought going back to what his mother had said.

"No, dear; but it will help you to understand better what I wish to say. It was of the bad company in your mind that I wished to speak. There are two worlds: the outside world in

which our bodies lives, and the inside world in which our minds, or souls, live. Our minds can see and feel just as well as our bodies. Men and women are our companions in the outer world, and spirits and angels our companions in the inner world. There are good men and bad men, and so there are good spirits and bad spirits. In the outer world our companions are good or bad, just as we choose to have them, and it is the same in the inner world of our minds. Shall I tell you how you may know whether your soul's companions are good or bad?"

"Yes, do, mamma."

"This morning I heard you and Helen talking in the nursery."

A red flush came into Franky's face.

"Helen was dressing you, and I heard her say, 'Now do, please, Franky, hold still and let me put your shoe on.' But you kicked, and curled up your toes, and threw yourself back in her arms, annoying and worrying her all you could. In trying to hold you still she hurt your arm, and then you got angry and called her ugly names."

Franky hung down his head and looked very much ashamed.

"Now, it isn't like my little boy to act so," said his mother; "he is usually gentle and kind to Helen; and I think it all came from the bad company in which he happened to get. Some evil spirit must have got very close to him—close to him inside, I mean—and filled him with bad temper."

"But how did he get there?" asked Franky.

"I think I know," replied his mother.

"How? Tell me, won't you?" urged Franky.

"Didn't Jane, who was dressed first, ask you to let her have your box of glass marbles to play with until you were ready?"

Franky hung his head again.

"Did you let her have them?"

"No, ma'am."

"Why?"

"I don't know."

"I will tell you. You felt a little selfish about them, and when you let this selfish feeling get so strong as to deny Jane the pleasure of playing with your marbles for a few minutes, you opened the door of your heart and let evil spirits come in, and they filled you with their bad tempers. That is what made you feel and act so naughtily to Helen. It was the bad company you were in."

The little eyes grew large with wondering thought.

"It would have been very different with you, darling, if you had felt willing to let Jane have the marbles. Kind feelings would have drawn the good spirits near, and they would have filled your mind with gentleness and kindness. There would have been no trouble with Helen, for Franky would not have had any naughtiness in his heart."

Franky looked very sober and very thoughtful for so young a child.

"I won't let them come in any more, mamma, if I can help it," he said.

"The bad spirits, you mean?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Then you must be on guard, dear, just as much as against outside enemies. If a boy that you know to be wicked, and who will hurt you if you play with him, wants to get in our house, you will not open the door. If the door is open and you see him coming, you will shut it and keep him out. Now, you must do just so with inside enemies, the bad spirits who would hurt your soul. You may always know when they are coming near by the ill-temper, the naughtiness and wish to do something wrong that you feel. Shut the door quickly, then. Don't speak a naughty word, nor do a wrong thing. Close your lips tightly

and hold back your hands. Then the evil spirits cannot hurt you, and angels will come and drive them away."

"Oh, mamma, is it all true what you are telling me?"

"Yes, dear. You may have angels for your companions if you will, or bad spirits if you will. The bad spirits are very cruel—as cruel as the worst men that ever lived,—and they come near us only to do us harm; but the angels are full of love, and draw near to make us good and happy."

JANIE'S RIDE.

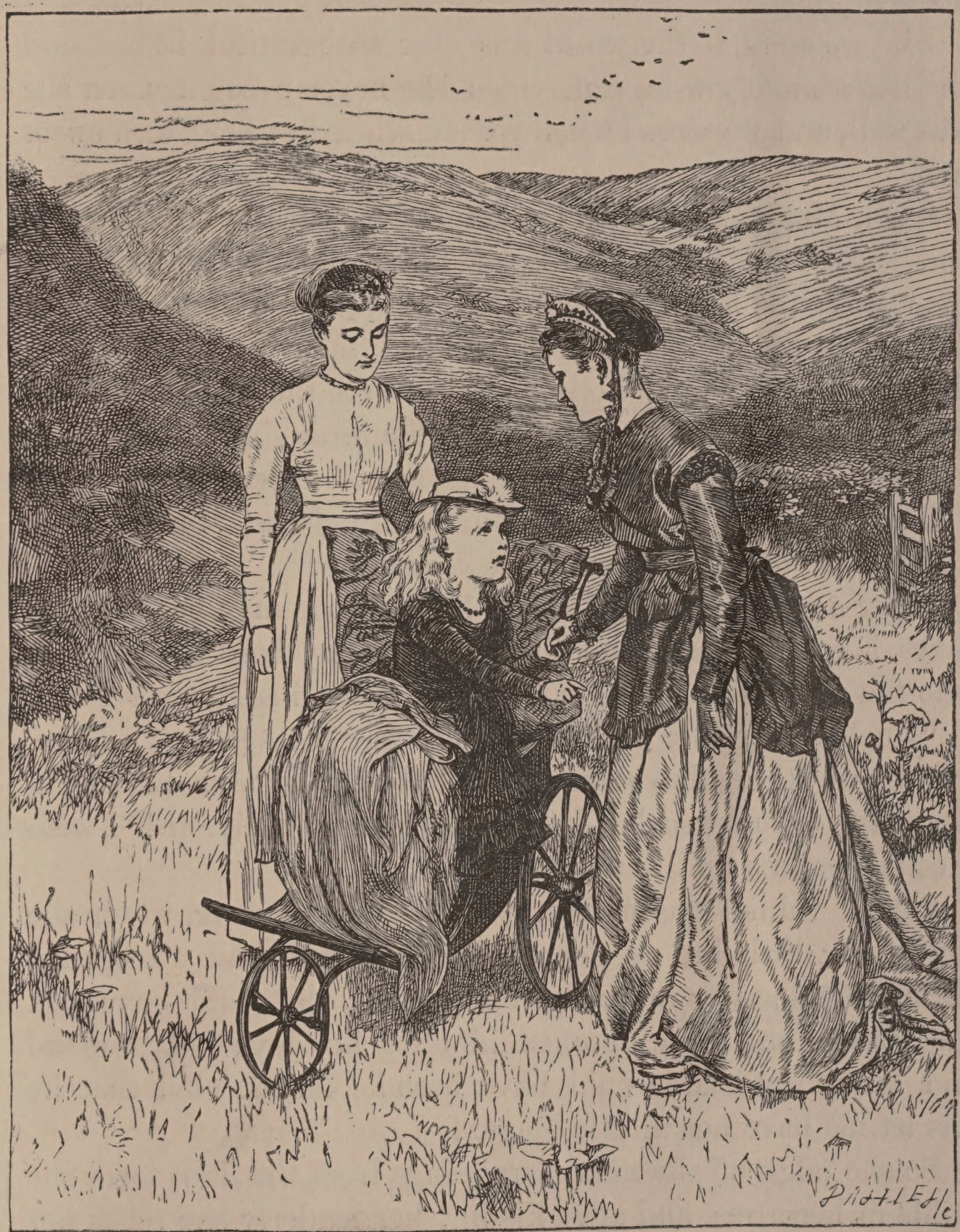
DEAR, sweet, pale-faced little Janie is going to a ride—not a common ride in a chaise or a coach behind prancing horses down a long street with a cloud of dust rising behind, but a rare, sweet ride in a carriage of papa's own furnishing, with Mary to push her.

"Are you warm enough, darling?" asks the loving mother for the twentieth time, as she carefully wraps the little cloak more closely around her dear child's shoulders, and covers her delicate little hands so that not a breath of air can reach them.

True, it is a bright spring day, and the vines are fresh and green, while the flowers in the garden-beds are blooming brightly, but the dear child has been long ill; and as this is the first day that she has been strong enough to go out of doors, the fond mother feels that she cannot be too tender of the little frail one.

How happy little Janie is now! Her blue eyes sparkle with pleasure, and a faint, pink flush, delicate as that upon a wild rose petal, is on her cheeks.

"How good it is to be alive!" says she. "How lovely every-



thing is! I did not know before that it was so sweet out of doors!"

She wonders if the world was ever so beautiful before, and she notices many things of which she never thought when she was well, and wandered wherever she wished at her "own sweet will."

"Oh, Mary," says she, "how the dew sparkles on the grass and leaves! I can see all colors when the sun shines on it. How sweet the flowers smell! And see the butterflies! they are dancing in the air—whole companies of them! And oh, such flowers! the roses and hollyhocks! Were there ever so many in blossom before at a time? Hear the birds sing, Mary! Do you suppose they are glad to see me out of doors again?"

Thus the little one chatters on, hardly giving Mary time to answer one question before she asks another.

After a while, fearing that her little charge may be tired, she takes her to the door, and lifts her carefully from the carriage into the arms of the dear mother who is waiting to receive her.

"Such a nice ride as I have had, dear mother," says Janie, "and everything is so beautiful! How good 'our Father in heaven' is to make such a lovely world for us to live in! I wish I could see him and thank him!"

"Ah!" thinks the mother, "if my sweet darling, when she lay in her little bed so sick, with closed eyes, had not opened them until she was in her heavenly home, she could have seen the Father and have thanked him for her joy; but how sad and heavy my heart would have been! Thank God that he has let me have her a little longer!"

So she takes off the many wrappings from the light form she holds in her arms, and after kissing her tenderly she rocks her to and fro, until little Janie is fast asleep.

THE NEW TEA-THINGS.

COME, Dolly, come quick, for I want you to see
The present mamma has just given to me:
A set of new tea-things that really hold tea,
A dear little teapot to keep the tea hot,
And tiny white cups with a pretty blue spot,
And a glass sugar-basin. How nice, is it not?
And I am to use them this same afternoon;
So, Dolly, I'll give you some tea very soon
In a little white cup, with a saucer and spoon.

GYP.

"GYP! Gyp! Where is that dog?" asked Harry Owen of his mother, who was at the door. He had his gun over his shoulder, and was going out for a squirrel hunt.

Gyp, who was lying on the floor, raised his head and gave a low, longing sort of whine, as if he desired above all things to answer the excited call of his young master, Harry Owen, but had no power to rise.

"Why, Gyp!" exclaimed Lucy, Harry's younger sister, coming into the room where the dog lay about ten minutes afterward. "Your master has been looking for you everywhere. Why didn't you go when you were called for?"

Gyp sprang up, danced about the floor, and showed many signs of pleasure. Lucy had her bonnet on and a small package in her hand. Gyp knew that she was going over to the village and followed her as she left the house.

"Come along, then!" said Lucy, speaking to Gyp. "Let's you and I have a run." And away they started, fleet as the wind.

Mrs. Owen, Lucy's mother, was sitting at her work nearly an hour afterward, when Gyp came bounding into the room. He raised his great black, lustrous eyes to the face of Lucy's mother, and then sprang away to the door, where he stood looking back and whining piteously.

Mrs. Owen knew that something was wrong, and, starting up, went to the door. As she did so Gyp bounded away, looking back as he ran. A sudden fear fell like a deep shadow on her heart as she thought of Lucy.

Gyp led and she followed.

At the bottom of the ravine, beneath the bridge, Mrs. Owen found Lucy clinging to the branch of a tree, her body in the rushing stream. Gyp stood on a rock just above her, barking

and leaping about, and in his dog language telling her as best he could that help was near.

Mrs. Owen ran down the bank and reached Lucy just as her strength was exhausted, and bore her, fainting, to a place of safety. In ten minutes it would have been too late.

"How did Gyp know, mamma dear?" asked Lucy, looking with serious eyes into her mother's face, as they talked afterward of the dog's strange conduct in refusing to go with Harry. "How did he know that I would fall over the bridge?"

"He didn't know," replied Mrs. Owen.

"He must have known something. I can't understand; but it's wonderful, and I keep thinking about it all the time."

"Our Father in heaven is very near us, you know. Nothing passes, or is coming to pass, without his knowledge."

"It was so good in him!" said Lucy. "I never felt before that God was so very near—seeing us, caring for us, and saving us when in danger."

WHAT MAMMA SAID TO PAPA.

I DIDN'T mean to be listening; but then I wasn't asleep, and how could I help hearing what mamma said to papa? She didn't speak loud, but leaned close to papa as if she feared her voice might wake me, but every word she said went right into my ears. So you see I couldn't help it.

And what did mamma say?

Oh, that's just what I'm going to tell you. I would have been fast asleep in a minute more when I heard mamma, who was talking to papa, say, "Hattie," and in a moment I was wide awake. I'm Hattie, you see.

Then I listened, for how could I help it? and this is what mamma said as she leaned close to papa and talked to him:

"She was so patient and kind with her little cousins. She let them have her playthings, and when Lulu let one of her dollies fall and a hand got broken off, she behaved just like a little lady."

"How?" asked papa.

And mamma said,—

"Of course poor little Lulu was very sorry when she saw the broken hand. Her eyes were full of tears as she exclaimed in a frightened voice, 'Oh, what have I done?' It was a sore trial for Hattie; I could see it in her face. But in an instant

she controlled herself, and, putting an arm around Lulu, said softly and kindly, 'Never mind, dear. It was an accident.' Then, as she picked up the broken hand and looked at it, she added cheerily, 'All right; it can easily be mended.' Then Lulu kissed her and looked at her gratefully, saying as she did so, 'I'm so sorry, cousin Hattie.' 'Don't let it trouble you a minute,' Hattie replied. 'Accidents will happen. You are not the only one who lets things fall. I do it almost every day.' Then they were all happy again, and things went on nicely.

"It was so sweet and good in our Hattie," mother went on saying, "and made me feel so pleasant and thankful. If she had been selfish and cross and inconsiderate of her cousins, how differently the day would have been spent for them and for us all! They were better and happier for their visit, and our daughter, in entertaining them, showed herself to be a little lady."

That was all I heard, but it made me feel so good. I hope I am not proud because I did well and was praised for it. I'll try not to be, for pride spoils everything, I have heard mamma say.

COME TO THE WOODS.

COME to the woods with me—
The woods where nothing grieves;
Life is innocent and free,
Beneath the little leaves.

The birds are very glad,
They love to see you come;
If a pair of wings you had,
The woods might be your home.

Lie softly on the grass,
It likes to feel you lie;
Kiss the shadows as they pass
Before the shining sky.

The woods are cool and green,
The sky is soft and gray;
So in pictures have I seen
The distance melt away.

No picture is so fair,
With such a living glow;
And the fragrance of the air,
A picture cannot know.

SUNSHINE.

I LOVE the sunshine everywhere—
In wood and field and glen;
I love it in the busy haunts
Of town-imprisoned men.

I love it when it streameth in
The humble cottage door,
And casts the chequered casement shade
Upon the red brick floor.

I love it where the children lie
Deep in the clovery grass,
To watch, among the twining roots,
The gold-green beetles pass.

* * * * *

How beautiful on harvest slopes
To see the sunshine lie;
Or on the paler reapéd fields,
Where yellow shocks stand high.

LILY'S HAPPY DAY.

"HAVE you had a happy day, Lily?" asked Mrs. Caswell of her little girl, as she sat down by the open window one pleasant summer evening and took her in her lap. They lived about twenty miles from Boston, and she had been in the city all day, shopping.

"Yes, mamma, only I missed you. But you know you said the day would go fast if I kept busy, and I did. First, there was our nice ride home from the station. Then Minnie and I went down the lane and into the meadow to get wild flowers. We picked ever so many, and watched the fishes in the brook, and sailed shingle boats; and oh, mother, see that blue iris in the vase!—we brought that home for you."

"Thank you, dear; it is very pretty. But I hope, Lily, you did not wet your feet."

"No, mamma, we thought of that, and were careful. Then we went to see Johnny Sheldon,—you know he has been sick and is not well enough yet to go out,—and we carried him some flowers and the peaches papa gave us this morning. You would have liked to see him, mamma, he was so pleased. When we came home it was almost dinner-time, and after we had ours I fed puss and Rover and the doves and chickens."

"It has been a well-spent day, Lily dear; that is the reason it has been a happy one. Was there any hard place in it—any time, I mean, when you found it hard to do right?"

Lily thought a moment.

"There was one time, mamma—when I felt very angry because I couldn't find my doll, and I thought Sarah had swept it out. But I didn't say a word, only to whisper, Help me! and the bad feelings went away, and after a while I found my doll just where I had left it myself, in your room."

Her mother kissed her tenderly as she said, "My darling, you have indeed gained a victory over yourself!"

LITTLE PARTRIDGES.

"MAMMA! mamma! mayn't I have the little new partridges brought on the lawn to feed? Harry has fourteen under a hen, just hatched," cried Arthur, rushing into the room, followed by his sister, who ran after him everywhere like a little dog. Jenny was two years younger than he was, and when one is only six that is a large share out of one's life, and she respected him accordingly for his age and experience.

The partridges and their foster-mother were accordingly transferred to a sunny shady corner of the lawn, where the great oak cast long shadows in the hottest part of the day upon the green mossy turf, and a little yard was fenced in by planks for their park, to keep out mischief of all kinds.

But although the partridges looked very pretty in their new home, they did not seem to thrive. They were fed by the children with the most orthodox viands, chopped eggs and barley-meal. In spite, however, of all this care, they rather dwindled in size than grew. They looked scared, and tumbled over each other into the shelter of the coop at the smallest noise, without growing any tamer.

On the third day one of them was missing. "I can't think what ails the little things," said Arthur, dolefully. "Nothing can get at them in the coop all night, and all day there are people about to look after them, and they're safe so near the house."

The next day another bird was gone, and two more the morning after.

"We must send them back to the keeper," said his father.

"Oh no, papa. Mayn't we try a little longer whether we can't find out what it is? We're putting bushes for them to run into."

As he spoke, the yellow stable cat sauntered carelessly and demurely across the lawn, with a sort of melancholy gentility in her air.

"Pussy! pussy!" cried Jenny, running after her, and taking her up in her arms.

"You wretch!" said Arthur, shaking his fist at her; "you've had some hand in it, I'll be bound."

"Oh no," answered Jenny for her; "there isn't any bit of a place where such a big puss can get in. Could you, dear! if you wanted ever so?" She ended with a hug.

But quite early next morning, before we came down, there was an outcry on the lawn.

"I saw her, Master Arthur," shouted the gardener; "I caught her at it I did, just after dawn. She puts her paw in between the bars of the coop, so clever, just like a hand, and drags out the little birds and eats 'um."

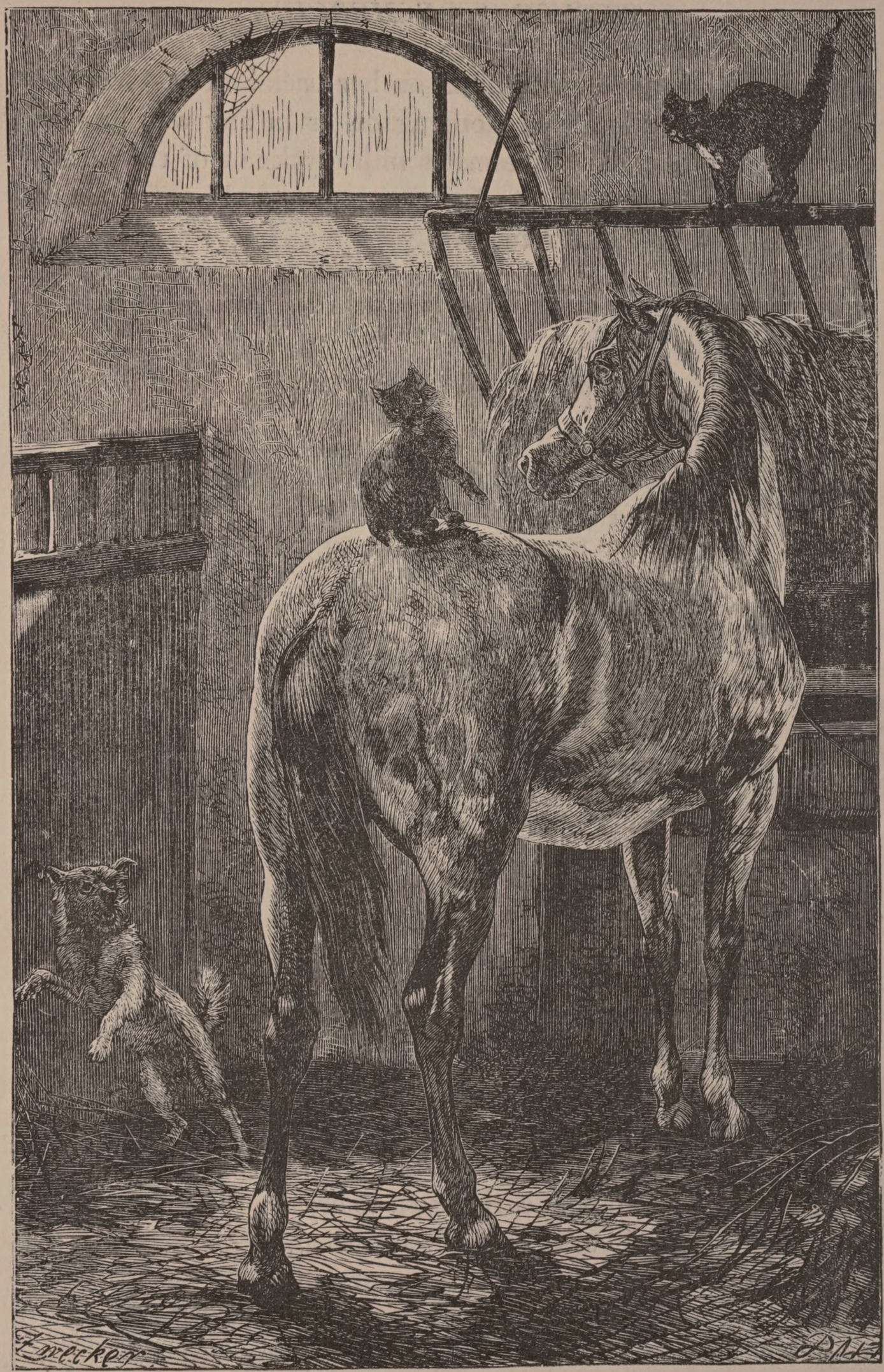
We took good heed after this against the beast of prey, and the whole establishment was covered over with a great net, which baffled even puss.

TWO FRIENDS.

THIS picture of a pussy curled up on a horse's back might have been made for two such friends that really live in Saxonville.

The horse belongs to a livery-stable; a gentle, pretty creature, of a dark bay color. Last summer, during a heavy thunder-storm, a severe flash blinded her; whether it were electricity alone, as her owner thought, or combined with terror, its sad effect remained. The poor animal is totally blind; but no one, in riding, would guess it, as she keeps the road perfectly, turns out for every vehicle she meets, and always knows her way home, wherever she may be. Her sense of hearing is more acute than before, and quicker than that of any other horse in the stable. She is always first to welcome the young man who feeds her.

A large cat, kept about the stable, has taken a great liking to this particular horse, and the affection seems mutual. She never goes to any other; but she rubs fearlessly against this



one's legs, and sleeps every night on her back! The horse uses the greatest care to avoid stepping on or in any way hurting her little companion. It seems as if pussy knew of the horse's blindness, and meant to offer her sympathy; and her friendship is certainly valued and returned.

THINKING OF MERCIES.

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see;
What shall I render to my God
For all His gifts to me?

Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God has given me more;
For I have food, while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the street
Half naked I behold;
While I am clothed from head to feet,
And covered from the cold.

While some poor creatures scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal,
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.

Are these thy favors, day by day,
To me above the rest?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

HERE is a picture of two little girls who have found a ground-sparrow's nest. You see that their hearts are loving and tender, for they do not touch nor harm the young birds, but only look at them with faces full of interest and pleasure.

I'm afraid it would not have been so well for the tiny things if two little boys instead of girls had found the nest. I am afraid the boys would have picked it up and carried off the helpless birds, instead of leaving them in their soft little home to be fed and cared for by their mother.

Little boys are not usually as tender-hearted as little girls. They do not mean to be cruel; but they are not so quick to think and feel as their sisters.

Isn't the picture a sweet one! Let it teach you to be gentle and kind and loving to all the innocent creatures your Father in heaven has made.

IN-DOOR JOURNEYS.

LETTIE BERNAISE sat under the swinging vines, and listened to the song of a bird up somewhere between the earth and the sky, and as she listened she fell to thinking of all the pleasant life about her.

A thin veil of clouds hung over the sky, but behind the soft billows of vapor the blue heaven shone in wavy color, and the soft south winds, wandering by, rocked her in the luxury of tender thoughts.

Her sweet young face was pale and thin, and there were lines on her fair forehead drawn by the finger of pain. Lettie was a cripple, and the old arm-chair on the lawn was her one out-door haunt, yet she was quite happy as she sat there looking up into the green shadows of the oak-tree.

"It is just a little *home*," she said to herself, half aloud, "that nest up in the tree; and they enjoy it, those robins, as much, perhaps, as we enjoy ours. I wonder what *they* think about, and if they ever watch us with curiosity? There is that oriole too, all a flicker of gold from his head to the tips of his restless little wings. How fearlessly he sits on the very end of that slender twig, swinging up and down in the sunshine, never dreaming of evil to come!"

And, leaning back in her chair, Lettie shut her eyes to the world.

How long she sat there she did not know, but she was aroused by a gentle touch on her hand, and opened her eyes to see pretty May Leonard standing by her chair.

"Oh, May, I'm *so* glad to see you! But how did you happen to think of *me* to-day?"

"Why, I have been out all day long," said May, with a long

breath of delight, "and it is all so beautiful I knew you would want a piece of it."

And then, in eager fashion, May uncovered her little willow basket to show her treasures.

There was a bunch of wild-flowers laid in among cool green mosses; some delicate leaves just touched with gold at their edges. "I found them in the woods," said May; "how I wish you could have been with me!"

"I shall not walk here any more ever, but some bright day, when this poor body is laid away under the daisies, I shall stand joyfully and breathe the air of eternal life on the hills of Paradise."

And she kissed May good-by on her trembling lips, and while she was carried back into the house, May went home through Golden lane thinking sweeter thoughts about heaven than she had ever thought before.

And sitting in the twilight, looking up through the sunset light to the sunny land of resurrection, I wondered if May and Lettie had not each made a day's journey heavenward.

PHŒBE'S LETTER.

"THIS is from Phœbe," said Mrs. Colby to herself, opening a letter that the postman had just brought; and we will look over her shoulder and read it.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: I am going to tell you about something that's made me feel very happy. I'm sure that you and father will say I did right. There's a girl in school named Gracie Allen; she lives in Stockport. Her father died three months ago, near the middle of her term. When she came back, she told us that she was going to leave school at the end

of the term, because her mother was poor now, and could not send her any longer. We all felt so sorry about it, for Gracie is such a nice girl, and we all like her. And she was sorry, and cried about it a good deal. I often found her crying when I went into her room.

Next week her term will be up. I found her crying all by herself one evening, and tried to comfort her. And then she said, with the tears running down her face,—

"Oh, Phœbe, if it wasn't that mother is so poor now, I wouldn't care so much about it. But what will she do? And there's little brother Frank; what is to become of him? If I could stay here until I learned enough to be a teacher, then I could earn money and be such a help to mother. But I can't, you see. Next week I must go home, and, oh dear! I don't know what is to become of us!"

Oh, mother dear, I did feel so sorry! I put my arms about her neck and cried too. "Maybe it will all come out right," I said. "Don't feel so badly about it." You don't know how this did seem to comfort her; and as soon as I was alone in my room that evening, it came all at once into my mind that if ten of us girls were to put half our spending-money together it would be enough to pay Gracie's term bill. I jumped right up and clapped my hands together, I felt so happy. I did not wait a minute before going to Celia Jacobs and telling her my plan. "It's just the thing," she said, looking as glad about it as if Gracie had been her own sister. After we'd talked it all over we went to Miss Colegate and told her our plans. She didn't speak a word for a good while. At last she said, with her voice trembling a little,—

"Who thought of this first?"

"It was Phœbe," spoke up Celia, right off. She wouldn't take any credit to herself. Such a sweet look as Miss Colegate did give me!

"There's another way to do it;" and Miss Colegate looked pleased and happy.

"But her term is up next week," I urged. "What is done will have to be done right away."

"I'll take care of that," said Miss Colegate, smiling. "I'll see that the ending of her term shall make no difference."

"Oh, Miss Colegate, you are so good!" I cried out, throwing my arms about her neck,—it seemed as if I couldn't help it,—and hugging her just as tightly as I ever did you, mother dear. And then we all cried together.

And she's been just as good as her word. Gracie isn't going home. She told me this morning that she'd just got a letter from her mother, who said that she'd arranged with Miss Colegate to have her stay for at least another year. I never saw such a glad and thankful girl.

Oh, I'm so happy about it, mother! And it all came round so easily and nicely after my talk with Celia. We meant to do all we said, and yet it came round without our doing anything. I talked to Miss Colegate about it yesterday, and she said, "Never mind, dear; it's all right."

I think she's lovely. Don't you, mother? Give father a kiss for me, and let him read this letter.

Your loving

PHŒBE.

LITTLE moments make an hour;
  Little thoughts a book;
Little seeds a tree or flower;
  Water-drops a brook.
Little deeds of faith and love
Make a home for you above.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

SILLY little Mary,
Sulking all the day,
While the other children
Run about and play.

Silly little Mary
Wears a peevish look,
When she sees the others
Laughing at the brook.

Silly little Mary
Will not skip or swing,
Won't at puss-in-corner play,
Won't do anything.

Silly little Mary
Hides behind the bank,
In among the roots and weeds,
All so thick and rank.

Mary hears a footstep
O'er the velvet moss,
Sees a roguish little face:
It is Willie Ross.

I have found you, Mary,
Won't you come play too?
And with cheeks all crimsoned,
Whispers—I love you.

Ah! but love has conquered,
Fall the tears like rain,
Then our little Mary
Is herself again.

Where are sulks and tears now?
All are fled away,
And our little Mary
Will both laugh and play.

REAPERS.

OF all the dangerous games ever played by these children, who are so fond of pretending to be grown-up people, the worst, I think, was that fancy they took to play at being reapers. When I heard of it, I was not surprised to hear also that one of them was badly hurt.

Franky had two schoolfellows and two of his cousins staying with him all at once that summer, and on the day I speak of the five boys went out together. Luckily Franky's sisters did not go out with them. Well, the boys went into the field, where the yellow corn was being cut down and bound into sheaves. After they had been looking on at the reapers for a little while, the men left off work to have their dinners; and as it was a very hot day, they all went to sit down under the shade of some large trees at the other end of the field, leaving two of their reaping-hooks behind them.

No sooner had the men turned their backs than Franky exclaimed,—

"Now let us play at being reapers!"

They began their play by all taking off their jackets. There were Franky, Reggy, Artie, Watty, and Ratty—the last being short for Horatio. Franky and Reggy, as the two biggest, took possession of the reaping-hooks, and began flourishing them about as if they had quite forgotten that the blades were sharp.

Ratty, who was only five, showed himself the wisest of the party; for he got behind some sheaves of corn, which he could just see over, and prepared to look on at the game from a place of safety. Artie, who was famous for his appetite, took a hunch of bread and cheese out of his pocket, and giving some to Watty, he sat down upon the ground. "Now let us two," said he, "play at being reapers having their dinner!"

What with the hot day, and the reaping, and the eating bread and cheese, they all soon began to feel thirsty. A little barrel, which had been brought out with beer in it for the

reapers, was lying on the ground. Artie took it up, and as they all crowded around to see if there was any beer left in it, a gruff voice sounded close to them,—

"Hullo! hullo! what are you about? I'll be after you!"

It was only one of the reapers; but the little rogues were so frightened that they ran off, Franky forgetting even to put down his reaping-hook. In his hurry he stumbled and fell; while Reggy, who was close behind, fell over him, and cut his leg so badly on the hook that he had to be carried home, was obliged to have the cut sewn up, and could not walk for three months afterwards.

ELLA'S STORY OF THE WHITE ROSEBUD.

BECAUSE I am a little girl is no reason why I shouldn't tell you a story, is it, when I've such a pretty one to tell?

While Jack and I were taking a run in the garden this morning I spied a large white rosebud. I picked it and brought it to Aunt Ellen, and she told me the story I am going to tell you.

Once there was a large white rosebud just opening into the light. It was very beautiful, half hidden by its dark green leaves. It was during a hot July day, when the sun was scorching in its fiery light, and the air was like the hot breath of a furnace; the ground was parched and dry. The rosebud hung its head and sighed longingly for a drop of water—just one drop to quicken it into life. But no drops came. No clouds —no showers. The day passed, and the sun went down in its fiery splendor, and still the little rosebud murmured its plaintive cry.

E.F.B.

Now, just at this time a little drop of dew was coming up from the earth, and thinking and talking thus to itself: "I'm a little thing, it's true, but I am going to see if such a little thing as I can't do some good. I'm almost afraid to start out into this great earth; but there must be a work for me to do, and I'll try to find it, though what it is I cannot imagine."

But soon she saw the drooping rosebud, and she nestled in its bosom; and the rose opened its creamy petals, and, breathing in its fresh sweetness, murmured, "Oh, it gives me life! new life."

And so it seemed; for she soon grew well again, and was full of health and joy.

I have told you the story, but I can't tell you how sweetly auntie talked to me afterward about little children's duties and privileges, as she called them. But when she kissed me good-night, she said, "Remember that even a little dew-drop can do good; then think of a little child's power."

THE STAR.

COME, stand at my knee, little children;
I'll read you a story to-night,
While the stars in the heavens above us
Are shedding their silvery light.
I'll read you of one, little children,
That shone in the long, long ago,
And when you have heard, you will call it
A beautiful story, I know.

It was night, and the sky was illumined
With many a bright-shining star,
But one in the eastern horizon
Shone clearer and brighter by far.

There were watchers who gazed on its brightness,
And followed its beautiful rays
With hearts overflowing with gladness,
With songs of thanksgiving and praise.

For it showed them the way—listen, children—
It showed them the way to their King,
And they joyfully followed its guiding,
Their love-laden offerings to bring.

They followed nor thought to grow weary,
  Their bosoms with joy were aglow,
And they found Him—draw nearer, dear children,
  For I would speak softly and low—

They found him a babe in a manger;
  This story you've often been told,
And yet it is new, little children,
  'Twill never, no, never, grow old.
They found Him a babe in a manger,
  Our Jesus, our Saviour, our King!
The sadly sweet story forever
  Through heaven's high arches will ring.

'Twas for you and for me, little children,
  He laid all his glory aside,
And left his bright home to be homeless,
  And sorrowed and suffered and died.
Then, oh, let us come with our offerings,
  Our hearts and our praises to-day;
Then strive to be stars, brightly shining,
  To show unto others the way.

"LITTLE MOTHER."

ROSA was the eldest of a large family of children. Her parents were poor and had to work hard. They were so poor, indeed, that it was necessary for the children to work too, to help buy food and clothes. The elder ones took

care of the younger, and in harvest-time they went into the field to help rake and bind the grain.

Now, where there is so large a family there is always plenty to do, and Rosa found very little time to play. One day when Rosa's mother called her to her bedside, and showed her a wee pink baby, and asked her to look at and love her little brother, Rosa was not glad at all. She would not kiss him, and said she thought there were babies enough about the house already. Rosa's mamma felt sad at this, for the little helpless creature was just as dear to her as any of her children, though she had so many.

But by and by baby fell sick. Every day he grew worse. The poor mother watched by the side of his little cradle day and night. He turned his head restlessly on his pillow and moaned in pain. But he would always raise his eyes and stretch out his hands to his mother whenever she spoke to him, as if he thought she could help him. If Rosa came near him, he would turn away his head and refuse to let her take him. Poor Rosa! how bitterly she repented her unkindness to him! And as he grew still worse, and the doctor said it was very doubtful if he would ever get well, she felt as though she would give the world if her little brother would only show that he loved her.

At last there came a night when they said he would either die or get better. Rosa's mother wanted her to go to bed, but she would not leave her little brother's side. She sat by him far into the night, watching intently every change of his countenance. Oh, how much she found she loved her little brother, and what a night of agony she endured! But at last the babe sunk into a quiet slumber, and they told her that there was now a hope that he would get well. So she was persuaded to go to bed.

In the morning she was early at her brother's side, and the

little creature opened his eyes and looked up smilingly at her. She clasped him in her arms, and kissed him and sobbed over him until her mother led her away, and told her she would kill him if she were not more careful. And how tender she was with him from that time forth! And as he grew better she nursed him and played with him, until he learned to love her almost as much as he did his mamma.

The doctor said the baby must have plenty of fresh air to make him well and strong. So when the warm summer days came Rosa would take his cradle out of doors and sit on the stile near their home, and watch him while he slept, meantime braiding straw to help earn money for the household. When baby learned to talk, she taught him to call her "little mother," and a proud, happy, and loving "little mother" she was.

I think when baby grows up he will some day repay her care, as he even now repays her love.

A LITTLE fellow, on being asked what he thought fire-flies were made for, answered: "I think God made them for candles to light the little frogs to bed; because the poor little frogs wouldn't want to go to bed in the dark, would they? And God is good to all the animals."

OUR CITY COUSIN.

WE were two as plain little country girls as ever you saw, my sister Anna and I. We lived in a big farmhouse that had a great fireplace where the fire of hickory logs used to roar in winter, and make the room more cheerful than it ever could be with a coal fire. We had nothing but a rag carpet on the sitting-room at home, and the windows had green paper curtains, with white muslin half-curtains on the lower half of the windows. There was a roomy dairy with shelves along its sides where were set great pans full of sweet white milk.

When I was about twelve years old, and my sister two years younger, came the first real excitement of our lives. We knew we had a cousin living in a distant city; but as we had never seen her, and seldom received letters from her, we had thought little about the matter. Of a sudden all this was changed. She wrote us she was coming to pay us a visit. In a few weeks she came.

She was a beautiful girl, two or three years older than I, with brown wavy hair and dark eyes. I can recall how I felt when father drove to the door with her. We had pictured a girl like ourselves, only perhaps a little larger, and rushed out to give her a cousinly greeting; but when we saw a woman getting out of the carriage, we drew back in dismay. This surely was not the cousin we expected to see. But she sprang toward us with a pleasant smile, and, calling us each by name, stooped and kissed us. She set us at our ease at once, and we hastened to show her to the room we had so carefully prepared for her.

Everybody liked Cousin Grace. Even the hired man, who was always so grum to us, actually put himself out once or

twice to oblige her, so through her agency we got more rides about the farm in the empty lumber wagon or on the top of the loads of hay than we had ever done in a whole season before.

Grace's visit came to an end all too soon, and she was as sorry to go away as we were to have her, and promised to return the following summer.

LULLABY.

SLEEP, baby, sleep;
The while I softly sing,
Bright angels near thy cradle stay,
And turn dark night to sunny day;
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep;
The while I softly sigh,
Kind angels guide thy little feet
To meadows full of daisies sweet;
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep;
The while I softly weep,
May tender angels hover nigh,
And close each little tired eye;
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
Thy mother still is near;
Good angels keep their watch o'er thee,
And bring thee back to love and me;
Sleep, baby, sleep.

UP AND AWAY.

UP and away
To the meadows gay
In the golden summer morning!
The lark on high,
In the deep blue sky,
His joyful song is outpouring.

The scented grass
Waves back as we pass,
And light are our merry voices;
And our feet pass o'er
Such a golden floor
That the light our heart rejoices.

Diving deep
Where the daisies peep,
Still wet with the early dew,
We fly here and there,
When a flower more fair
Catches our eager view.

We hear just away
The brooklet at play,
And its musical voice is calling:
"Oh! stay yet a while,
With thy song and thy smile,
And the sunbeams over thee falling."

Oh! who would not be
In the meadows free,
On a golden summer morning,

With never a fear,
Or sorrow, or tear,
In childhood's happy dawning?

The buttercup sweet
Smiles at our feet,
And rich is the purple clover;

And sweet is the blush,
In the morning flush,
Of the wild rose hanging over.

The hum of the bees
Is borne on the breeze,
And cheery the mower's scythe;
Then up and away!
We may not stay,
Was ever a sound so blithe?

Our hearts are light
As the wild bird's flight,
And boundless our joyful soaring;
Oh! we'd be for aye
In the meadows gay
On a golden summer morning.

HELPING MAMMA.

POOR papa was sick. He came home from his office one night feeling badly, and the next morning he was so much worse he could not get out of bed. The doctor said he was very sick indeed, and that the house must be kept very quiet, so that he should not be disturbed.

It was all very well to tell Ella to keep quiet, for she was a large girl nearly seven years old; but little brother Georgy was only three, and did not know what it meant not to be allowed to make a noise.

Ella behaved like a lady, and tiptoed around the house, speaking in whispers; but baby brother's little feet clattered

through the passages, and his voice, now merry and now cross, rang through the rooms until mamma was nearly distracted on papa's account.

"Ella, won't you please try and keep Georgy quiet?" said Ella's mamma.

"I can't, mamma," answered Ella, fretfully; "he will make a noise in spite of all I can do."

"Take him into your room and amuse him with your playthings for a while."

Ella went to do as her mother requested her, though there was a scowl upon her face and crossness in her voice when she called her brother. She was such a large girl she did not like to play with babies.

All was quiet for a while, then there came a din plainly heard through the closed doors.

Mamma stepped into the hall to see what was the matter. Georgy was screaming, and Ella, all forgetful of her sick father, was scolding him at the top of her voice.

She gathered up the sobbing boy in her arms, and, sitting down, sang low and softly to him, and rocked him until his wet eyelashes closed and he forgot his troubles in sleep. Then, when she had laid him in his crib, she went to make papa a cup of tea.

Ella stood by while the tea was drawing, and then watched every motion as her mother poured it into the delicate china cup for the sick man.

"Mamma," said she, at last, "I wish you would teach me how to make tea for papa, so I could help you."

"Does my little girl really wish to help her mother?"

"Yes, mamma."

"It is much easier, is it not, to do something that you do not know how to do than something that you can do perfectly well?"

"What do you mean, mamma?"

"I mean that even if I could spare the time to show you how to make a cup of tea, it is scarcely possible that you would make it exactly right. But you can amuse your little brother if you give your mind to it, and even if he should tear up your paper dolls, for which I would be sorry, after all, they are of not so much consequence as papa's comfort."

Ella made no reply. Her mother took in the tea to the sick man, and after he had drank it sat down quietly by him to fan him whilst he slept.

As time passed on she began to listen for the sound of Georgy's waking, but everything was quiet so long she finally resolved to go and look after him. The crib was empty and the room deserted. Passing down the stairs, she sought in room after room for her children. At last she reached the kitchen, and this apartment certainly bore traces of them. There were building-blocks scattered around, displaying the ruins of some temple which had been built and then torn down, and over and among all were crumbs of bread and butter and cake, showing that the children had helped themselves to luncheon.

A few moments' work removed all traces of disorder, and then mamma took a further look for the children; there they were out of doors. Ella was patiently working away at something which she hoped would turn out a kite, while Georgy watched her at intervals, his hands full of buttercups and clover blossoms, now and then running after any butterfly that chanced to dance his way. Here they were, both happy and amused, and here they could both laugh and shout without fear of disturbing their sick father.

Mamma smiled softly to herself as she went back to the sick-room, and I think the very nice family of paper dolls which came to the door not long afterward, and in an excellent letter of recommendation asked to be taken in, saying they heard there was a vacancy in the house, would never have made

their appearance if they had not heard how Ella helped her mamma, and how she continued to help her in the same way as long as there was need of her little brother being kept quiet.

Little girls, and little boys too, remember there are many things you can easily do to help your parents, and parents seldom overlook or forget such evidences of thoughtfulness and self-sacrifice in their children. If they do not actually reward you, they always love you better.

LITTLE MISCHIEF.

MAMMA came into the dressing-room in a great hurry one day. She had been out walking; and as she had need to go down-stairs at once to attend to something, intending to come back presently, she did not stop to put her things away, but flung her rich velvet mantle over the back of an easy-chair, dropped her silk dress on its arm, and laid her delicate lace collar on the stand near by with her bonnet. But she had callers, and it was some time before she was able to come up-stairs and put things to rights.

Meantime, little Golden Head, who was everywhere all at once,—now up-stairs, now down, now in-doors, now out,—came hopping and skipping into the room. Her bright eyes saw everything in a minute, and she had her mamma's bonnet on her head in a twinkling, and was up on a chair before the dressing-bureau, looking at herself in the glass. Then she tried the collar round her neck, but could not make it stay in place, because she could not manage to pin it.

Suddenly she espied a needle in the pincushion with a long black thread in it. The bonnet went down on the floor in a hurry, and Golden Head, with needle in one hand and collar

in the other, mounted into the big arm-chair, and drew herself up on her mother's dress, her head resting against the velvet mantle.

"Mamma said she would teach me to sew some day when I got big," said little Miss Mischief; "and I am sure I am big now. I am ever so much bigger than baby. Now I am going to give her such a nice s'prise. I am going to learn to sew all by myself. I will sew this collar, for I think it will look booful all sewed in black."

So she sewed in and out of the beautiful embroidered collar with the big needle and coarse black thread, every now and then stopping to examine and admire the work.

"Oh, won't mamma be glad when she sees how her little girl can help her, and won't she be proud of this collar!"

She sewed for full five minutes, and then she began to get tired.

"I wonder if it ain't mos' done?" The collar looked as if it were about finished in more ways then one. It was all drawn and sewed together, and the long stitches crossed and recrossed each other.

Her hand fell down on the arm of the chair, and presently the blue eyes shut, and Golden Head forgot all about her work.

"Where's little Golden Head?" somebody asked of her mother.

"Not far off, I think," was the reply. "She was here just a moment ago."

She called her, but no Golden Head appeared; and she judged from past experience it would be best to go in search of her. She was not in the dining-room, nor the kitchen, nor the garden. Mamma went up-stairs to look, and there found the object of her search fast asleep in the arm-chair, the half-ruined collar in one hand, and the needle dropped from the other. She looked so sweet that mamma had not the heart to punish her.

"AT THE SWEETS."

"BLESS my heart!" cried the cook, dropping a pan of flour in her hurry. "I haven't thought of those children this half-hour. And I'm sure I don't know what mischief they are at now. I'll run up-stairs and look for them."

Up-stairs she went, calling them loudly by name: "Johnny! Katy! Ned! Ruth! Mollie!"

There was no answer. Behind doors, under beds, in closets, in all places both likely and unlikely looked the poor cook, but in vain; no children were to be found.

"Oh dear!" said she, despairingly, "how could I undertake to look out for such a slippery little pack while their mamma went out riding? and they all dressed in their best, too, for company! This is the third time I have left my work to hunt them up, and the first time I was out of the kitchen the cat ran away with the steak, the second time my pies got burned, and now I have dropped a pan of flour over everything. Oh dear! Oh dear!"

By the time this speech was made the cook was down-stairs again, into the garden, calling their names again and again.

In vain, and back again to the house she went, now thoroughly frightened.

"The dear little things!" exclaimed she, wiping her eyes. "Where can they be? I'll take a run among the neighbors and see if they are there."

Just as she was taking down her sleeves and brushing off a little of the flour from her apron and dress, she heard a mewing in the next room. "There!" said she; "I mustn't leave the cat in the pantry if I am in ever so much of a hurry!"

So she opened the door, and what a scene burst upon her view! There were the lost children "at the sweets."

Katie was pouring syrup into a little jar, from which she had

evidently been drinking, and, in her haste, her face, dress, and the floor had received a good share of the dainty.

Poor little Johnny was crying because he could not get his closed hand out of the jar of preserved damson, to which he had been helping himself quite freely, judging from the looks of his face.

If I were in the habit of moralizing, which I certainly am not, I should say that Johnny was a sample of many older people in the world, who, instead of being satisfied with a moderate portion of this world's goods, grasp for more and get none at all.

Ned and Ruth, the rogues! were deep in a jar of prunes, or, rather, their hands were, and little Mollie, in her hiding-place behind the door, was doing her best with a box of honey-comb.

"Mew! mew!" cried the kitty, from her perch overhead. But the children were too busy to give her a share.

The cook stood with both hands raised, too much amazed to speak, and just then the mother's voice was heard. "Where are my darlings?" said she; "come into the parlor and see your uncle and auntie, who have come so far to make us a visit."

At the pantry door she too stopped. Were these little, guilty-looking, besmeared children, the nicely-dressed children she had left an hour ago, when she went to the station to bring the company so long and eagerly expected? What had become of the many promises they had made their mamma to be good and keep themselves nice and clean? No nice dinner with the long-expected guests was it theirs to enjoy, but with a sad face their mother undressed them, gave them a bath and put them to bed, although the sun was still high.

That was hard, but it was not the worst of their punishment, for in the night there were five little sick children in the house.

The doctor was sent for, and the medicine he gave was anything but nice or sweet.

The next day they were a pale and sorry-looking little set. As they ate their invalid breakfast of dry toast they promised their kind mother with tears that they would never, never again be found without leave at the sweets.

THE LESSON OF THE FLOWERS.

PAULINE had been sick for a long time, and had suffered much pain. But at last she grew better, and could be lifted from her bed and placed in an easy-chair by a window that looked down upon a garden in which she could see the bright and beautiful flowers. Sweet odors came to her nostrils, and the twitter and chirping and songs of birds to her ears. How pleasant it all was!

New strength came to her day by day, and at last she was strong enough to be carried down-stairs and out among the flowers. Her father lifted her in his arms and placed her in a chair in one of the loveliest spots he could find, and then, after filling her lap with flowers, talked to her about them. He took a white lily and told her that it was an emblem of purity, and its fragrance as the sweetness of a good life that sheds an odor of blessing all around it. Then he asked her if she remembered what our Saviour had said about the lilies; and Pauline repeated in a weak but tender voice the verse,—

"Consider the lilies; they toil not, neither do they spin: but I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

"God makes everything so beautiful and so perfect," said her father. "And of all the beautiful and perfect things, nothing exceeds the flowers. They are nature's loveliest teachers, always giving us true and noble lessons. Why are the flowers so sweet

and lovely? Shall I tell you? It is because they are like our innocent thoughts."

"Like our thoughts, papa? I don't see how that is," said Pauline.

"Thinking comes before doing, as flowers come before fruit. It was because you thought about poor old Mrs. Malcolm that you asked me to send her tea and sugar and a bag of meal last winter. You remember about that?"

"Oh, yes! And how glad I was that I had thought about her!"

"That thought," answered her father, "was one of the pure, sweet, innocent blossoms of your soul. You did not let it die after it had bloomed forth so beautifully, and drop its leaves ere its mission had been fulfilled. The loving thought was made fruitful in a good act as far as it was in your power to perform it. This is the lesson of the flowers. They are our teachers. Turn where we will, they look up from the earth or smile down from tree and vine, always saying to us, 'Be fruitful in good deeds.'"

"I shall love the flowers more than ever now," said Pauline.

"And you must never forget their lesson—never forget that when you think about doing good you must let this blossom of your soul become fruitful."

"But I have been sick so long, papa, and I am so very weak. It doesn't seem as if I could do anything."

"You helped poor Mrs. Malcolm."

"I don't know about that. It was you that helped her. I only asked you to take her the tea and sugar and flour," said Pauline, a little shade in her voice.

"I was so busy thinking about other things that I'm afraid I shouldn't have thought of Mrs. Malcolm if you hadn't talked to me so earnestly about her," answered the child's father. "So you see what even a sick girl can do if she tries to make her blossoming thoughts the ministers of good deeds."

WAITING FOR PAPA.

PAPA is late this evening. The sun has gone down, the new moon has hung her silvery crescent in the sky, and one bright star has come out, glowing and sparkling like a diamond, while dusky shadows are creeping slowly over the woods and fields.

"I wonder why my papa doesn't come?" little Mark says, as he stands looking away off to where he can see the road winding in

and out among the trees and hills. "I want my papa."

Mamma calls to her little boy. "It's getting cool and damp, Mark," she says.

"I'm waiting for papa," he answers.

"He won't come any sooner for your staying out there," mother says.

"But I'll see him sooner."

Dear little Mark! yes, he will see him sooner, and there is a great deal in that.

"But I'm afraid you'll take cold, darling," calls his mother; "the dew is falling."

"Just a minute longer, mamma," answered back the child.

A silence, and then a shout, a clapping of hands and pattering of feet, and Mark is bounding away like a young fawn. Mamma comes to the door just in time to see his white dress vanish like a gleam of light through the gate leading into the road. She calls; but he is already beyond the reach of her voice. She runs down to the gate, arriving just in time to meet papa with Mark in his arms, and the child's head lying peacefully on his breast.

BLOSSOM'S BABY-SHOW.

BLOSSIE was a dear, pleasant child, with a store of fun in her little heart. She could amuse herself day after day with the same old toys, but she had to "make up" new plays to keep restless Johnny still when mamma was sick, so that she would not have the headache.

"Ev'ythin's old and ugly!" cried the little boy, one rainy day, when he could not play out of doors as usual; "mamma's sick, and papa's gone to the old store, and nursey's cwoss, and my tooff aches, and my shoes untie, and I loss my pochangcher —and—and"—and then poor Johnny threw himself down and began to cry, "Boo hoo! boo hoo! hoo, hoo, hoo!"

"Oh, Johnny, jump up!" said Blossie, in a cheery tone. "You don't know what I've got here on this cunning little salver."

The nice lunch of cracker and milk, with a taste of mamma's jelly and a rosy-cheeked apple, made the world look brighter to Johnny. By the time he had wiped the milk from his rosy lips he found out that "the wain was weal pretty, now."

"Oh, Johnny!" said his sister, "I've thought of a lovely new play."

"Ev'ythin's b'oke to play with," said Johnny.

"I'll make new things, then," said the good little sister. "Do you know Barnum, Johnny?"

Johnny rose up and rubbed his eyes, and said, "Yes, I know Barnum. He's the man that makes old black womans, and wool hosses, and fat ladies. Papa told me 'bout him. Will he make new playthings for us?"

"We don't want his kind of things," said the little sister, scornfully. "We don't want old black women, wool horses, and fat folks to play with, you know. Mamma says Barnum

got up a baby-show once, and some mammas that had pretty babies brought them to a big hall, and lots of people came to see them and paid Barnum for letting them in. And then they went all round saying, 'How old's this one?' and 'Oh, what a pretty baby!' and such things. And he gave the prettiest baby a prize. Now, I'll have a baby-show in the nursery this afternoon. I'll have Katie and Bell, with their dollies, here—you know we'll all take off our shoes, so as not to make a noise over dear mamma's head; nurse will be a committee, and give a prize for the prettiest or the most wonderful baby."

"Katie and Bell has got pretty dollies, and they'll get the money, 'cause ours is old, smash-up ones;" and Johnny sighed at his and his sister's poverty in dolls.

"Oh, Johnny, I can make lovely dolls, and Katie and Bell will bring only their every-day dollies, I know, because their wax ones are locked up in a drawer. Now see what I'll do."

Johnny gathered up his fat little limbs, and they ran down into the kitchen together.

"Bridget," said Blossie to the cook, "I'm going to do something to please Johnny."

"'Dade ye are, darlin'; ye'r always doin' somethin' to plaze somebody. Will I make some small-sized doughnuts for ye, now that I'm frying them?"

"Oh yes, make me some dough-dolls."

And then the little girl told how lonesome Johnny was, and that she had promised to get up a "baby-show" for him, and had come to borrow a few clothes-pins to dress for dolls. Bridget laughed, and said, "See, jewel, I've a small-sized rolling-pin that's lost the end; I'll give it ye for a huge giant baby, and ye may take all the clothes-pins if ye like; and I'll do more'n that," she said, wiping her hands.

Then she took a pair of rusty scissors from a nail and a sheet of brown paper from the drawer, and said, "See this, darlin'!

When I was a child, in Ireland, we ne'er got sight o' a doll, and this is the way we made them of paper, punching holes so for eyes, nose and mouth;" and Biddy held up these Irish babies for the baby-show.

Johnny laughed and forgot all his troubles.

Blossie got the clothes-pins and then went up to the nursery and sat down in front of a box of baby-rags, and the little girl began to "pink" out a cloth cape, which she tied around the neck of the clothes-pin.

Then she opened her paint-box and made eyes, nose, and mouth, and said, "There, now! Ain't that a nice boy-baby to begin with?"

"Hain't got no arms!" cried Johnny.

"Oh, the next one will have arms, and we'll make believe this one has curled his up under his cape," said Blossie, very gravely.

"So we will," said Johnny, laughing. "Ev'ythin' isn't old and ugly; is it, sissy?"

"No, dear," said the little sister. "You may help me by holding my scissors when I'm not cutting, darling;" and Johnny held them as firmly and proudly as a flag-bearer could hold his colors.

Then Blossie tore and cut and rolled up coarse white cloth till she made a doll as thick as her wrist. Then she made a roll as large as one of her big fingers, and sewed it on to the big roll for arms. She next pinned a snarl of raveled yarn—once the wig of her old Dinah—on its head, put a calico slip on it, tied a pink sash around the waist, and held it up with pride.

"There, Johnny, see that!"

"Oh! I bet that's 'plendid!" cried Johnny. "I guess we'll have a baby-show as good as that wool hoss man had."

Two or three rag babies, and six clothes-pin boys, and any

number cut from Bridget's pattern, were ready by the time that Katie and Bell, the little neighbors, came in. The children all sat down on the floor, while Blossie dressed up the rolling-pin for a "giant baby," and the little visitors curled and washed and dressed their broken-nosed and legless dolls for the "show." While they were busy, who should come in but "dear papa," who did not often come home so early.

So, while nursey and Bridget and Nora were "the paying folks that came to see the babies," papa was the committee to award the prize. He was a "splendid committee," for he gave each little mamma, and Johnny too, a prize.

Blossie got a quarter of a dollar for "the most original babies;" Katie for the "cripple-est ones," as Johnny said; Bell for the cleanest one; and Johnny came off victor for "the finest and fattest fried babies."

The children had such a happy time that Blossie said, "We'll leave the 'baby-show' here, and to-morrow we'll make houses and things for them to keep house with."

When the little visitors went away, Johnny kissed them and said, "I'm sure this is a pretty world; only naughty boys thinks 'ev'ythin' is old and ugly.'"

THE MINSTRELS.

SCRAPE, scrape, toot, toot, scream, scream! Oh, what a noise! Yet the good mother sat and endured it for the sake of her little children, who seemed to like it, although Charley, the four-year-old darling, was about as much frightened as pleased. The baby liked the sound; it was ever so much prettier than the clatter of the shovel and tongs, and

nicer than the drum, which she had whenever she wanted it, —a battered tin pan, with clothes-pins for drum-sticks.

Carlo growled; it was plain he did not like music. All things, both good and bad, have an end; and so at last the old minstrel closed his song, his violin gave its last asthmatic quaver, the little boy, quite red in the face with his efforts, stopped the shrill noise of his instrument, and

> "Silence like a poultice came
> To heal the blows of sound."

Now came a sweet rest for the poor travelers. The kind mother asked them into her pleasant cottage, brought them cool water for their dusty hands and faces, and then set before them a nice lunch of bread and milk. How good it seemed to them, and how the little boy enjoyed it! After they had eaten, the old man told his simple and touching story.

They were Scotch, and a number of years before, he had come to America with his daughter and her husband, when this little lad was a babe. They had settled at the far West; but though their surroundings were so much finer than those they left in "bonny Scotland," they all longed for home again. Finally, sickness came and swept away the son and daughter; their little all was soon gone, and now the old man with his little grandchild was trying to earn enough by their music to pay their passage home. How the old man's eye kindled when he pronounced the sweet word "Home"!

"Let me but be buried in Scotland," said he. "The 'auld wife' lies there, and there are plenty who will take care of little Robert when I am gone."

THE SECRET.

I'VE a secret, darling Bertie,
I shall share with only you;
You must never, never tell it—
Take my hand and promise true.

Bend your head a little nearer,
So no other one will hear,
For I never had a secret
Half so precious, Bertie dear.

On my way to school this morning,
Just beyond the chestnut tree,
Where so many times in autumn
You have gathered nuts for me,
Such a darling little bird's nest,
With four speckled eggs, I found,
Close beside a fallen tree-stump,
Nestling on the mossy ground.

Over it the ferns were waving,
While the violets, white and blue,
And the nodding, graceful wind-flowers
All about the bird's nest grew.
We will go when school is over,
And to you the place I'll show,
For you'll never, never touch it;
You're too kind and good, I know.

BIBLE BIRDS.

GRANDPA and little Robbie are keeping house. Mamma, papa, and the rest have gone away to spend the day, but Robbie does not mind being left, it is such a treat to be alone with grandpa, to be allowed to go into his study, sit upon his lap, and turn over the leaves of the wonderful picture-books. Kitty is happy too, and she puts one velvet paw upon grandpa's knee and rubs her head affectionately against his hand.

"How d'ye do?" screams Polly, overhead. "Nice time, nice time!"

Yes, it is a nice time, and grandpa is as happy as the rest.

It is a book of Bible birds that they are looking at, and as Robbie turns over the leaves grandpa explains the pictures, and the child spells slowly and carefully the lines beneath.

"I know what these little birds are," says Robbie, turning over another leaf; "they are sparrows, just like those that fly in our garden. Pretty little things!"

"Listen," says grandpa, "to the sweet words that are written about the sparrow. You can understand them:

"'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.'

"Precious words, Robbie," says grandpa, closing the book; "and we will not look at any more pictures now, for I want you to remember this lesson. The dear Father in heaven, who cares for the birds and notices even the fall of the little sparrow, bids us not to fear, for He will surely take care of us wherever we may be. What a kind, tender Father He is, and how much we ought to love Him! Think of it when you see the birds and hear their sweet songs."

BE KIND TO YOUR MOTHER.

THE woman we see in the picture looks very sad, and we know she is a widow by the cap she wears. My little readers do not understand this, I know, because they never see widows with caps on unless they are old ladies and with gray hair. And this lady is neither old nor gray. But in England—which you all know is a country, or rather an island, on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean—a widow, no matter how young she may be, always wears a white cap. I think it is both an uncomfortable and a foolish fashion, and I am glad it is not followed here.

As this woman is not dressed all in black, I think she must have been a widow a good while—almost long enough to lay aside the cap. Still, she looks very sorrowful, and no doubt she is thinking of the happy days before her husband died. I wonder if she has any children? I think she must have one boy at least, for I see she is knitting a good strong stocking which can be for nobody but a boy of ten or twelve. I hope he is good and kind to her, and a comfort to her in all her troubles.

I wonder if all boys know how much comfort they might prove to their mothers, whether those mothers are widows or not? Do they know how they delight in brave, manly boys whose bravery and manliness are of the true sort, and who would scorn to do a mean action? Do they know how any kindness and gentleness toward their mothers touches their mothers' hearts, and fills them with gratitude and thankfulness? Boys, be kind to your mothers, and try to become such men as they will always regard and speak of with pride and love.

DOCTOR CHARLIE AND HIS PATIENT.

RUN for the doctor! Dolly's very sick!
Mary, you'll have to go, I cannot leave her;
Tell him to pack his bottles and come quick;
I think she's got a very dangerous fever."

In stalks a hat and cane; if you look close,
You'll see young Doctor Charlie somewhere under;
He takes a pinch of snuff and blows his nose,
While poor sick dolly seems to stare in wonder.

He feels her pulse, he gravely shakes his head:
His hat dropped o'er his eyes with the shake he gave it;
He says poor dolly must be put to bed
And have her head shaved—he, in fact, will shave it.

Poor mamma sober looks, but says at once
That "Dolly's head shall not be shaved! I guess not!
Her hair would never grow again, you dunce!"
"It shall!" "It shan't!" "She'll die then, if it is not!"

But Mary, ere the quarrel gets too grave
(Already in her hand a bowl of gruel),
Says, "Don't you know that doctors do not shave?
And then besides, it really would be cruel!"

"I'll give her pills, then, when she's safe in bed
Plenty and sweet—of sugar I will make them;
As dolly cannot eat, 'twill do instead
For you and me and Mary here to take them."

A VISIT TO GRANDPA'S.

WHAT a happy day it always was for the children when they could make a visit to dear old grandpa and grandma! What a loving welcome they received! for their coming to the little country home was like the bursting in of sunshine.

Look at the picture. A fullness of joy beams from every countenance. Each one is eager for the hand-clasp, the tender kiss, or the loving embrace. It is a golden day in their lives never to be forgotten.

Dear old grandma! You can almost see her arms tremble with pleasure as she reaches them out for the little ones she will hug to her bosom. And grandpa, happy in the coming of his daughter, holds her hands in both of his, while he looks lovingly into her gentle face, that year by year grows more and more womanly. How few seem the days since he held her in his arms, a babe no bigger than the one now smiling upon him from hers.

It is good to look at a picture like this. How it binds our lives together!—the babe and little children, with their mother in the bloom of her young womanhood, and the aged grandparents made glad by the spring-time warmth of love coming back upon them in their autumn of life.

Little children who read this, be very kind and loving to your grandparents. You will never know until you get old like them how much their hearts are bound up in you, how sweet to their ears are your voices, and how like sunshine to their hearts your happy faces.

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PLEASURE SHARED.

THE pleasure we share with another is purer and sweeter than the pleasure we take alone. If we all believed this, how much happier the world would be! If children could only believe this, how much happier they would be!

"This is mine, and you sha'n't see it nor touch it," says the selfish little brother with his new picture-book or toy, and so he goes off by himself and tries to enjoy it alone. But he doesn't find the expected pleasure. Brother and sister want to see the pretty pictures, or play with the new toy, and they follow and tease him until a quarrel takes place, and then the toy or book that might have given so much happiness to all is taken away by mamma, and put out of sight.

I wonder if any little reader ever saw this happen? Did such a thing ever happen at your house? or yours? I hope not.

I knew a little brother and sister once who led a sweet and happy life together, and kept their pleasant home full of sunshine, while in the very next house to that in which they lived it was almost always stormy times with the children, whose home might have been just as pleasant as theirs, if they had not been so selfish and so unkind to each other.

A new picture-book or toy, whether it came to the brother or the sister, in the sunshiny home of which I have spoken, was always a delight. If it came to Louis, he ran with it first to his sister, that they might enjoy it together; and if it came to Edith, she hardly looked it over until her brother was at her side.

The artist has made a picture of two such happy children. Isn't it a pleasant one to look at?

GOING TO SCHOOL.

"LITTLE maiden, where away
On this lovely summer day?
Don't you hear the robins sing?
Humming-birds are on the wing,
Flowers are blooming everywhere,
Making sweet the pleasant air.
Stop a while and play with me
By the cool stream running free;
Come, my little maid! I know
Where the mint and cresses grow;
Where the grass is soft and green,
And the brightest flowers are seen.
Come!"

And the little maiden said,
As she shook her dainty head,
"I am on my way to school,
And I cannot break the rule."

In my face she gravely smiled;
Then I stooped and kissed the child.
She went singing on her way,
Bright and beautiful as May.
I went homeward, saying low,
In my thought of long ago,
"Ah, if in life's daily school
I had never broke the rule!"

BOB AND LION.

"IS the cat dead?" asked Lina, with almost a sob in her throat, as she looked at the picture.

"I'm afraid poor pussy has mewed and purred for the last time," answered papa.

"Oh, the wicked dog!" exclaimed Lina.

"Let me read about it," said papa, "and see what it means, before calling that fine-looking fellow hard names."

And papa read from an English magazine which he had brought home for his little daughter the following story, which was said to be strictly true:

Mrs. May had a very fine cat, a tabby, named Bob, which was a great favorite. And her neighbor, Mr. Brown, had a fine dog, named Lion.

One time Bob disappeared. He was accustomed, like a good many cats, to be away all night and make his appearance next morning in a very sleepy and hungry condition; but three nights went by, and still Bob was absent.

"Something must have happened to him," his mistress said.

What Lion thought of the matter no one, of course, could tell; but what follows would seem to show that he *did* think of it a good deal, and that he was sorry for the loss of his little neighbor, although there was not much love lost between them.

On the fourth day after Bob's disappearance, Mr. Brown, the owner of Lion, took him out for a run. He had his bathe in the river and a splendid scamper over the grass, and enjoyed himself immensely.

There was a deep ditch which ran by the field near the houses occupied by Mr. Brown and Mrs. May. As Lion came near it he plunged into its depths as usual, and shortly after, to

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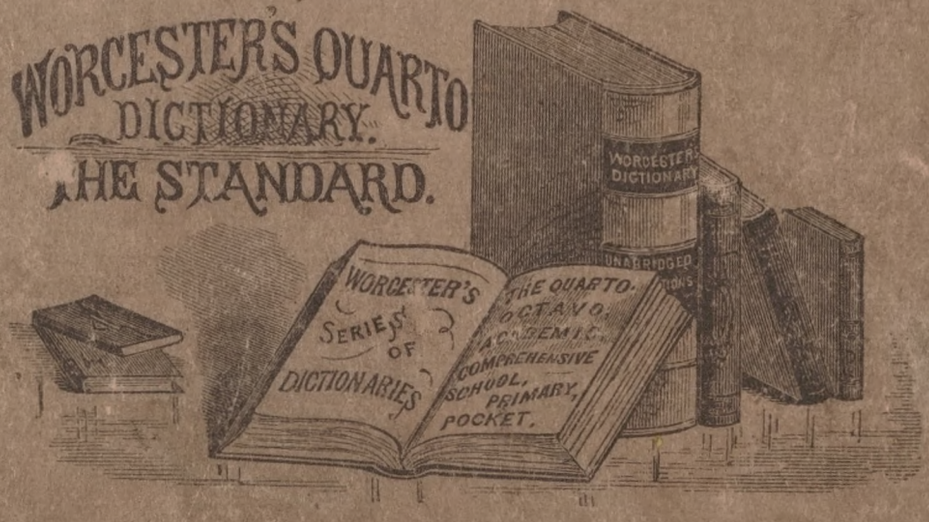
Mr. Brown's astonishment, he bounded out, holding between his teeth, but in far from a savage manner, a dead cat.

He wagged his tail in answer to his master's wondering inquiry as to what he had there; but instead of putting the helpless body down, he trotted on with it till he reached Mrs. May's gate—which at the time was standing open—and, running up the steps, laid it at the street door. He then gave two or three sharp barks to excite attention, and, as he had been seen by Mrs. May herself from the window, she ran at once to the door to find the dead body of her favorite, Bob, lying on the top step, with Lion wagging his tail and looking up into her face for approval.

"There!" said Lina's father as he ceased reading, "I was sure that dog was innocent."

"And I'm so glad he was," answered Lina. "Poor pussy! I guess, though, some other dog killed it, for you know dogs are awful on cats."

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