

WHO'S AFRAID IN THE DARK?

"O, not I!" said the owl,
And he gave a great scowl,
And he wiped his eye
And fluffed his jowl. "Tu-who!"
Said the dog, "I bark
Out loud in the dark, Boo-oo!"
Said the cat, "Mi-iew!
I'll scratch any one who
Dare say that I do
Feel afraid, mi-iew!"
"Afraid," said the mouse,
"Of the dark in a house?
Hear me scatter—
Whatever's the matter.
Squeak!"
Then the toad in his hole,
And the bug in the ground,
They both shook their heads
And passed the word round.
And the bird in the tree,
The fish, and the bee,
They declared all three
That you never did see
One of them afraid
In the dark!
But the little boy who had gone to bed
Just raised the bedclothes and covered his
head.

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TORONTO, JULY 7, 1906.

QUEER ANIMALS.

Some animals and birds have not only been seen to do very funny things, but have evidently known how funny they were.

There is a story of an Englishman in India who had a monkey. One day the native cook was busy "plucking" a fowl ready for boiling; and having finished preparing it, put it into the pot on the fire. He then went away.

Now all this time the monkey had been lying close by, pretending to be asleep, but really keeping one eye on the cook and another on the flock of crows which had flown down, attracted by the cooking operations. No sooner had the cook gone than the monkey sprang up, seized a crow, killed it, "plucked" it just as he had seen the cook do, took off the lid of the pot, drew out the fowl, popped in the crow, and retired. When the cook came back and found his fowl turned into a black crow, his face was a picture, and so was the monkey's.

Practical jokes are sometimes dangerous; but this was really very funny, wasn't it?

A magpie's trick was also very odd. He lived in a stable yard with a pair of kestrels (a kind of hawk), which had a habit of sitting on the edge of the water pails set to warm in the sun. The magpie had nothing to do, and got up to mischief. He quietly came behind the kestrels, and seizing one of them by his long tail, gave it several strong pulls and pushes. The kestrel lost his balance; and then the magpie gave one push more, and sent his victim toppling into the pail of water, from which he emerged flapping and screaming. But by that time the magpie had flown off and hidden himself in the haystack.

The tormentor, however, tried this trick once too often. One of the kestrels saw him coming, and catching him by the leg, gave it such a nip that Mr. Magpie squealed for help, and had to be rescued.

NELL'S MISTAKE.

Next day was little Nell's birthday, and early in the morning there was sure to be a package on a chair in the dining-room tied with big bow-knots, which were easy to undo. Nell could hardly wait for morning to come. It was next best to Christmas! As she fell asleep that evening, she thought: "When I open my eyes again it will be morning."

At last her eyes flew open. How light it was! She did hope breakfast wasn't over! She couldn't wait for Ellen to dress her.

Down the stairs she hurried in her little bare feet into the lower hall; then into the library. It was very dark here. What in the world was the matter?

Then she ran against something and it fell over with a crash.

Nell fell down too, and screamed, "Mother! father!"

It wasn't but a moment before the light streamed into the room and Nell was in her mother's arms.

Sobbing, she told her story.

Father laughed. "Why, my little girl, it's night yet. The light you saw was the moon. In here the blinds are all down and you couldn't see it. All that noise

was from this old screen you like so much," he said.

Nell sat up and wiped her eyes. "I don't feel a bit afraid now," she said.

Father went off to bed, but mother held her little girl closer. "God is always with my baby, in the dark and in the light."

"I forgot," Nell said quite softly.

The next time the little girl came downstairs it was really morning. The package was on the chair, and held a pair of red shoes and a lovely new doll.

There is one place where it is very hard for every one to be good. Where is it? At school? It is hard to be good at school, but that is not the hardest. At church? Dear me! who would be bad there, with the dear, kind pastor looking right down into your eyes and talking about Jesus? When visiting? Why, every one is on his best behavior then. Then the hardest place in the world to be good is in your own home. One who is good there can be trusted anywhere.

Never neglect to perform a kind act when it can be done with any reasonable amount of exertion.

MY OLD DOLL.

BY VERA REDING.

I will take you out once more and look at you,

My old Dutch dolly, as the light gets low,

And you will help me to recall anew

The golden days that seem so long ago.

I look at you, and think you plain and quaint;

I thought you once surpassing fair and dear.

Lips pressed to yours—small curves of rosy paint—

I whispered every secret joy and fear.

The dreams and fancies of those childhood's days,

They all come back, dear dolly, once again!

The sunlight and the happy, flowery ways,
Until the memory deepens into pain.

Oh, lie upon my heart, my childhood's treasure;

In those days it was never, never sore.

Alas, the innocence and simple pleasure
Of that bright land in which we'll dwell
no more!

Some day again, in Heaven's bliss untold,
(Ah, dolly, see, I'm weeping, though I smile!)

The flowers will bloom, and birds sing as of old,

And I shall meet the joys I've lost
awhile!

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