

find something to do, for baby was crying pitifully in the sitting-room. She went in and took baby in her arms and sang to her until the tired little one had fallen asleep, then Bessie went into mamma's room.

Mamma was wide-awake and suffering severely with her head, but her first words made Bessie glad:

'It was so thoughtful of my little girl to stop baby's crying when mamma's head ached so.'

Bessie said nothing, but began bathing the aching head. Her little hands grew very tired, but she would not stop until she thought mamma was asleep; then after pulling down the shades she stole softly out of the room and down-stairs.

The clock struck five just as she entered the kitchen, and remembering that it was nearly tea time, she began setting the table for papa's supper.

When papa came home that night and called her 'Little Sunshine,' and mamma awoke much refreshed, and baby laughed and crowed after her nap, Bessie thought the world seemed very different than it had been a few hours before, and she could hardly believe it when she looked out of the window and saw the rain pouring down as steadily as it had been in the early part of the afternoon.

'I guess it's because the lights are shining again inside that makes it so bright,' she softly said.—Maude Glenn Colby, in 'S.S. Messenger.'

Bread and Point.

'I wish you'd go around by the grocery, Mattie,' said Mrs. Gray, 'and ask Mr. Brown to send up three pounds of butter.'

'I don't believe Sarah will want to go that way,' thought Mattie, as she ran off to meet her schoolmate, who was waving to her from the opposite corner.

'Let's hurry,' said Sarah at once, 'and we'll have time to play hopscotch before the bell rings.'

'There!' exclaimed Mattie, 'I knew you wouldn't want to go to Brown's.'

'Can't you go there on the way home?' asked Sarah.

'Yes, I guess it will do just as well,' and Mattie kept on toward school.

At noon her mother asked if she forgot her errand.

'I have just been to the store,' said Mattie.

'The butter won't be sent up till afternoon if you didn't go before school, and there isn't enough for lunch,' said her mother. 'I'm afraid you'll have to eat great-grandmother's bread and point, because you didn't do what I asked you.'

When they sat down at the table the potatoes were baked to a turn, and the muffins looked so brown and crisp and tempting that Joe exclaimed, Spelicious! This is better than geometry!

'Joe, you may have what butter there is,' said Mrs. Gray, 'and Mattie may have the butter-knife.'

'What do I want of the butter-knife,' said Mattie, crossly, 'if I can't have anything on my muffins, and only salt on my potatoes? I'd rather have great-grandmother's bread and point. I s'pose that's some kind of jam. isn't it?'

Mrs. Gray smiled. 'When great-grandmother was a little girl,' she said, 'and didn't do as she was told, I've heard that her mother used to give her only bread for supper, and point the butter-knife at it.'

'That's a queer dish,' said Joe, as he buttered his second potato; 'it wouldn't do for boys.'

But Mattie didn't say one word.—Anna M. Pratt, in 'Youth's Companion.'

Some Knowing Birds.

(Florence A. Jones, in 'Pets and Animals.')

One night, during a time of unusually severe weather, the family were awakened by hearing a shrill voice cry out, 'Hello, Hello!'

'What's the matter, Polly?' sleepily enquired her owner.

'Cold, cold—O, O,' cried Polly, shivering audibly and repeating her complaint.

Needless to say that her master hastily arose and removed her to warmer quarters.

We at one time owned a pet pigeon who seemed to dislike every member of the family but father, to whom she took a great fancy, following him about wherever he went.

One morning my father started for church, but when a short distance from the house, he heard the flutter of wings, and, in an instant, the pigeon was on his shoulder, cooing softly and ruffling her feathers in a pretty coaxing way.

He turned, and taking her back

to the house, deposited her on the porch, again starting on his way to church.

But again came the whirr of wings and Puff was once more on the shoulder of her beloved friend, only to be carried back to the house again.

Three times was this repeated, when poor Puff was finally shut up, allowing father to go in peace.

Puff dearly loved music, and whenever she caught the sound of the piano she would quickly fly to the door, beating against it until allowed to enter, when she would fly to the piano.

Can You ?

Can you put the spider's web back in place

That once has been swept away?

Can you put the apple again on the bough,

Which fell at our feet to-day ?

Can you put the lily-cup back on the stem,

And cause it to live and to grow ?

Can you mend the butterfly's broken wing

That you crushed with a hasty blow ?

Can you put the bloom again on the grape,

And the grape again on the vine ?

Can you put the dewdrops back on the flowers

And make them sparkle and shine ?

Can you put the petals back on the rose ?

If you could, would it smell as sweet?

Can you put the flower again on the husk,

And show me the ripened wheat?

Can you put the kernel back in the nut,

Or the broken egg in the shell ?

Can you put the honey back in the comb,

And cover with wax each cell ?

Can you put the perfume back in the vase

When once it has sped away ?

Can you put the corn-silk back on the corn,

Or down on the catkins ? Say,

You think my questions are trifling, dear ?

Let me ask another one:

Can a hasty word ever be unsaid,

Or a deed unkind undone?

—'Waif.'