

HANG UP THE BABY'S STOCKING.

HANG up the baby's stocking;
Be sure you don't forget—
The dear little dimpled darling!
She ne'er saw Christmas yet;
But I've told her all about it,
And she opened her big blue eyes,
And I'm sure she understands it,
She looked so funny and wise.

Dear! what a tiny stocking!
It doesn't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold.
But then, for the baby's Christmas
It will never do at all;
Why, Santa wouldn't be looking
For anything half so small!

I know what we'll do for the baby—
I've thought of the very best plan—
I'll borrow a stocking of Grandma,
The longest that ever I can;
And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,
Right here in the corner, so,
And write a letter to Santa,
And fasten it on to the toe.

Write, "This is the baby's stocking
That hangs in the corner here;
You never have seen her, Santa,
For she only came this year;
But she's just the blessedest baby—
And now, before you go,
Just cram her stocking with goodies,
From the top clean down to the toe."

PICKING DAISIES.

ETHEL never seems more happy than
when she is out in the meadow picking
daisies. Out she scampers after breakfast,
and soon comes in, her hat off and her hair
flying, with a big bunch "for mamma to
use."

Mamma makes little girls of them. She
takes her pen and marks nose, eyes, mouth
and bangs on the yellow centre, and with
her scissors trims off a part of the white,
ray-like petals, and the flower is changed
into the likeness of a little girl with a
faintly white hat on her head. Each one
has a different expression, and Ethel names
them, and says she can tell them apart.
They are not sisters, but little friends who
have come to see her; they are her "party."
She puts them in a vase of water and they
keep fresh ever so many days. She enjoys
her "daisy parties" very much.

"I love daisies," says she.

"So do I," says mamma.

"I like them 'cause they don't wilt like
other flowers," says Ethel. "They keep
fresh almost a week. See Anna and Carrie

and Belle, mamma, how smiling they look
still. I picked them, and all that party,
last Thursday."

"I like them because they set us such a
good example," said mamma. "In the
field they always turn their faces to the
sun. If you go out in the morning they
are watching the sun come up from the
east; at noon they hold their heads straight
up; and in the afternoon they are looking
west where the sun is going down. Dear
little daisies, they always follow the sun."

"You said something about 'xample,
mamma."

"Oh, yes, that is just what we should
do, always turn to the Sun. Who is the
Sun, Ethel?"

"The Lord God is a Sun and Shield,"
repeated Ethel slowly. It was her morning
text.

"Yes; we must keep looking with our
hearts to the Lord, to Jesus. His sunshine
will fall on us, and we shall be always fresh
and bright as the daisies are."

REX'S MASTER.

REX and Totty had been playing with the
Noah's Ark. The animals had been out
for an airing, marching in a procession, as
Rex had seen them do when the circus
came to town.

When they were all safely back in the
ark, Rex said that he would build the
Tower of Babel. So he began, but before
the tower was very high he found it lean-
ing to one side, and in another moment
down it came.

Totty clapped his hands and laughed
with delight, but Rex did not laugh. His
cheeks grew red and an angry little sparkle
came into his eyes.

"Stop laughing, Totty!" he said, crossly;
"it's mean of you to laugh. Now, don't
stir while I build it up again."

So Totty stood watching, his hands
clasped tightly about his leather ball,
scarcely daring to breathe lest the tower
should fall. Block after block was care-
fully set in its place. Totty looked on,
catching his breath in little gasps of excite-
ment. Now only six blocks remained—
five—four—three. Totty leaned farther
forward, quite forgetting the ball in his
hands; down it dropped against the foot of
the tower, and then rolled quietly away
behind Totty. But the damage was done.
Crash! down came the tower, and lay in
ruins on the floor.

With a cry of rage Rex flung himself on
his back and lay there screaming, while
poor Totty stood gazing with a frightened
face at naughty Rex.

Just at that moment the nursery door
opened and mamma came into the room.
"Again? oh, Rex!" she said, but in such a
low, sad voice that Rex was quiet in a
moment, and Totty, running to her, buried
his frightened little face in her lap and
began to sob.

Rex lay still on the floor. The room was
very quiet. The clock ticked on and on,
and at last, getting slowly to his feet, Rex
went to his mother's side, and stood there,
looking, oh, so ashamed!

"He has gone, mamma," he said. Rex
called his temper "he."

"Yes, Rex, gone this time; but, oh, my
little boy, when will you learn that if you
do not master that naughty temper it will
surely master you, and you will become its
slave?"

"Slave!" exclaimed Rex. "Oh, mamma!"

"Yes, slave, Rex."

For a moment Rex did not speak. Then
he said, and as though he meant it, "I
won't be his slave, mamma."

Many were the hard battles they had,
those two—Rex and his temper. But the
thought of a free American boy becoming
anybody's slave always helped Rex, and
by-and-by the fight was not so hard, and
the temper, discouraged and beaten, slunk
sulkily away.

SACRED MONEY.

SOME years ago a gentleman heard two
children talking about their "sacred money."
On inquiring what they meant, he found
that they faithfully set apart a tenth of all
money that came into their hands, using it
for Christian work. They often gave more
to this fund, never less. Their father said
they had themselves invented the expres-
sion "sacred money."

Many children might copy this good ex-
ample, and so have a little fund ready to
draw on when they want to help in sending
the gospel to the heathen, or to give Christ-
mas presents to a mission school. How
many of you will try the plan, little friends,
and so gain for yourselves also a blessing
from him who sends you all the money
you have?

AN ODD BANK.

TOT has a little tin bank. She puts
every penny she has into it. She talks a
great deal about her bank, and some one
told her of a bird bank the other day. The
bird is a woodpecker. He makes holes in
pine trees and stuffs acorns in them. He
does not eat the acorns, but he waits until
the worms begin to eat them in the winter,
and then he eats the worms.