



HUSH, BABY, HUSH.

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Hash, baby, hush! Mother is ill;
 You must be good now, you must be still;
 You must not worry, you must not fret,
 But act like a good little lady, my pet.

After you've had a nice little nap,
 You shall have on your mantle and cap,
 And we shall go where the wild flowers
 grow,
 And birds in tree-tops flit to and fro.

Then you shall pluck a fine nosegay for
 mother,
 And for the vase in the parlour another;
 And you shall make of the daisies and
 leaves
 A chain such as Ellen the milk-maid
 weaves.

Come, my own darling, to sleep now, to
 sleep!
 Those little eyes must stop trying to peep;
 The sooner you sleep on this bright sunny
 day,
 The sooner, my darling, we'll go out to
 play.

WHICH GAVE THE MOST?

Three children brought a gift one day
 to the hospital for sick children.

Percy Wilson brought a splendid rock-
 ing-horse, for which his rich father had
 paid. It had a lovely mane and a long
 tail, and there were beautiful reins and a
 comfortable saddle. Every one said,
 "How kind, how generous, of dear little
 Percy!" and the matron thanked and
 praised him for his expensive gift.

Elsie Payne brought a doll, a musical
 top, a tea-set, a toy organ, a farmyard, and
 a doll's house. She had cleared out an
 old cupboard, and packed up for the poor
 children a number of toys she did not care
 for and would not miss.

Willie Bloom was a poor boy himself.
 He had saved two pennies in his money-
 box to buy himself a little plant, but he
 made up his mind to go without the flower
 himself; and carried the little pot to the
 hospital and left it there for a crippled
 child.

Who gave the most? Let us try to bear
 this little tale in mind when we are in-

clined to think ourselves liberal and gener-
 ous; let us ask ourselves whether our pres-
 ent has meant any self-denial.—*Christian
 Observer.*

THE CHRIST CHILD.

Has he come to you, and to you, and to
 you, dear little ones? If he has how glad
 you must be! For the Holy Child could
 not enter your heart without making it
 light and clean and sweet, could he? If
 he has not come, why is it? Be sure he
 wants to come and live in your little heart.
 Open the door this very hour, and let him
 in. Remember it is your enemy, Satan,
 that wants you to keep him out. Do not
 listen to Satan any longer. Will you not
 say to Jesus now:

"Jesus thou art great and high,
 Just a little child am I;
 But I come at thy dear call,
 Give to thee my little all."

TELEGRAPHY.

Mr. Thomas A. Edison, who is known
 all over the world as a great electrician,
 was a poor boy. He sold newspapers, he
 ran errands, he did everything an honest
 boy could do to support himself. The
 following story, relating an event in his
 boyhood, shows that he was a brave boy.

One summer forenoon, while the train
 was being taken apart and made up anew,
 a car was uncoupled and sent down the
 track with no brakeman to control it.
 Edison, who had been looking at the fowls
 in the poultry yard, turned just in time to
 see little Jimmie on the main track throw-
 ing pebbles over his head, utterly uncon-
 scious of danger.

He dropped his papers upon the plat-
 form, seized the child in his arms, and
 threw himself off the track, face down-
 ward, in sharp fresh gravel ballast, with-
 out a second to spare. As it was, the
 wheel of the car struck the heel of his boot.

"I was in the ticket office," says the
 child's father, "and, hearing the shriek,
 ran out in time to see the train hands
 bringing the two boys to the platform."

Having no other way of showing his
 gratitude, the agent said, "Al, if you will
 stop off here four days in the week, and
 keep Jimmie out of harm's way until the
 mixed train returns from Detroit, I will
 teach you telegraphing."

"Will you?" asked Edison.

"I will."

He extended his hand and said, "It's
 a bargain;" and so Edison became a tele-
 grapher.

THE DRAWBACK.

"Don't you wish you were a postage-
 stamp, Polly?" asked Tommy.

"Why?" asked Polly.

"Oh, they travel so far."

"Beh!" said Polly; "they get a fear-
 ful lickin' first."