

which the hen ate—and a miscellaneous collection it was—was prepared there.

"Why," said Tom, "Susan calls that the crop."

"Yes," said Speckle, "and the mill she calls the gizzard; but she doesn't know any better."

Well, the next thing Tom knew, he was sitting at his table, with those words, "Ambition" and "Napoleon Bonaparte," before him; and, just then he heard Old Joe flap his wings under the window and give a hearty "Cock-a-doodle-doo."

The Children's Pet.

When Bertie Tyler was a very small boy, his mother was taken ill, and, in order to keep the child amused and happy, a kind friend sent him a little tabby kitten. Bertie was delighted with it, and would sit for hours quiet and contented playing with Pussy, or nursing it in his arms. By-and-bye a pretty little sister was shown to Bertie, and his first thought was to bring the kitten that the baby might see it, and to take her tiny hand and make it stroke the soft fur. When the baby sister had grown into a little girl, her affection for Pussy was as strong as her brother's and the three playmates were inseparable—the cat being their constant companion both in and out of the house. The children declared that she really must understand what they said, for she was so clever in finding them, and so obedient to all their wishes. How happy they were together! At length, however, a sad trouble came to the children. Humankind are born to troubles, as the sparks fly upward; and they come early in life—small troubles, but always large according to our degree. At the time to which I refer the spotted kitten had developed into a large, well-marked cat. One day when Bertie and his sister came down, Pussy did not run to meet them as usual, but sat by the fire seeming quite ill and so miserable. Mamma was then eagerly sought, and she tried remedies, and even sent for a very clever man who understood the ailments of cats, but to no purpose; Pussy did not get better. The doctor said the cat must have been poisoned, and that it must very soon die. The children could not be induced to leave their pet one moment; they were so distressed about her, and did all in their power to relieve the little sufferer. Pussy was not able to recognize their tender efforts beyond a feeble purr, and an ineffectual attempt to stretch out a paw. After a short time of anxious watching for the children, and great pain for the cat, poor pet Pussy cast a last appealing glance at her kind young friends—and died. Neither Bertie nor Edie could at first believe that their pretty playmate was really dead, and their grief was uncontrollable when they realized that she would never run to them again and delight them with her tricks and gambols. Mamma comforted the children, and gave them permission to select a place in the garden where they might bury their favourite; and she talked wisely to them, telling them, though it was natural for them to feel sorry about Pussy, they must not forget other little pussies and animals who needed kindness and attention, and to let their sympathy and gentleness extend to all living creatures, who, upon better acquaintance, might be just as worthy of affection as their lost pet.

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Bertie and Edie chose a pleasant spot under an old tree, and, with much crying and real sorrow, they left Pussy covered with the soft earth; but her memory remained with them, and for a long time all their little acts of kindness and consideration for animals were done in remembrance of poor Pussy. Bertie and Edie are now grown up, and though they are more than twenty years old, they often talk with affectionate remembrance of their little feline pet.

Where the Gold is.

Tom Jones was not so quick to learn as some boys, but nobody in the class could beat him in his lessons. He rarely missed in geography, never in spelling, and his arithmetic was always correctly done; as for his reading, no boy improved like him. The boys were fairly angry sometimes, he outdid them so. "Why, Tom, where do you learn your lessons? You don't study in school more than the other boys."

"I rise early in the morning, and study two hours before breakfast," answered Tom.

Ah, that is it. "The morning hour has gold in its mouth."

There is a little garden near us, which is the prettiest little spot in the neighborhood. The earliest radishes, peas, strawberries, and tomatoes grow there. It supplies the family with vegetables, besides some for the market. If any one wants flowers, that garden is sure for the sweetest roses, pinks, and all sorts without number. The soil was poor and rocky, besides being exposed to the north wind, and the owner is a busy man all day, yet he never hires. "How do you make so much out of your little garden?"

"I give my mornings to it," answered the owner; "and I don't know which is most benefited by my work, my garden or me."

Ah, "The morning has gold in its mouth."

William Down was one of our young converts. He united with the church and appeared well; but I pitied the poor fellow when I thought of his going back to the shipyard to work among a gang of loose associates. Will he maintain his stand? I thought. It is so easy to slip back in religion—easier to go back two steps than advance one. Ah, well, we said we must trust William to his conscience and his Saviour. Two years passed, and instead of William's losing ground, his piety grew brighter and stronger. Others fell away, but not he, and no boy, perhaps, was placed in more unfavorable circumstances. Talking with William one evening, I discovered one secret of his steadfastness.

"I never, sir, on any account, let a single morning pass without secret prayer and the reading of God's word. If I have a good deal to do, I rise an hour earlier. I think over my weak points, and try to get God's grace to fortify me just there."

Mark this. Prayer is armor for the battle of life. Make it a principle, young Christian, to begin the day by watching unto prayer.

"The morning hour has gold in its mouth," ay, and something better than gold—heavenly gain.

—Humor has refreshed myriads more from her natural springs than ever Tragedy has watered from her pompous old urn.—*Thackeray.*

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