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During the night, I heard her calling, calling, piteously and long, for her mate. The falls died away into a murmur; then I heard a flutter, the rustling of leaves, and the thud of something falling on the ground. Next morning I saw her dead body lying on the earth, cold and stiff.

All that day the orphan children chirped and chirped—but alas! they called in vain for both mother and father were dead. Their cries grew feebler. Whenever there was a rustle in the leaves they eagerly craned their necks and gaped their jaws to receive the agonized morsel. Slowly but surely starvation gripped them, and they died one by one, until all had perished miserably—of starvation, brought about by the hand of a wanton, thoughtless boy.

—“Our Dumb Animals.”

**A BOY AND A WOODCHUCK.**

Teddy was sick in bed. The doctor had just come. Teddy could hear him talking with mamma in the next room.

“I can’t persuade him to touch the milk,” his mother was saying. “He never drinks it when he is well. What shall I do?”

Teddy listened eagerly for an answer. Dr. Huntington was such a kind, jolly man.

“Starve him to it!”

Teddy could hardly believe he heard aright. He trusted his ears still less when the doctor walked, smiling, up to the bedside.

“How do you feel this morning?” he asked, taking Teddy’s wrist in his cool hand.

“I haven’t had anything to eat,” whined the little boy. “I can’t drink milk.”

“You’d better try,” said the doctor. “I can’t! Mayn’t I have a cookie?”

“No.”

“Or some bread and butter?”

“No.”

“Why not?”

“Because milk is better for you.”

“But I can’t drink it.”

The doctor was preparing a powder and did not reply.

Teddy wondered if he heard.

“Did you ever hear the story of the little woodchuck?” Dr. Huntington looked up with merry eyes.

“No, sir,” said Teddy. What is it?”

“Well, it was this way,” and the doctor seated himself comfortably in his chair. “There was once a little woodchuck that lived in a nice, deep hole with his mother. There was

nothing he liked to do quite so well as to run around in the sunshine. At the other end of the lot there was a tall tree, and one morning the little woodchuck’s mother said: “To-day you must learn to climb that tree. I can’t always be here to protect you, and, if a dog should catch you away from home, you’d be in a fine place.”

“But the little woodchuck looked up the steep trunk, and said, “Oh, I can’t.”

“The next morning his mother said to him again, “To-day you must certainly learn to climb that tree!”

“But once more the little woodchuck answered, “I can’t! I can’t!” and ran off to play in the sunshine.

“It was not long before the mother went to visit a neighbor. The little woodchuck was having a glorious time, when all of a sudden he heard a yelp, and there was a dog rushing toward him! He looked longingly at his home across the lot; but the dog was between—and he was coming nearer every second! The little woodchuck ran as hard as he could make his feet fly, but the dog ran faster. Just as he thought he couldn’t run much farther, he came to the big tree.

“Dear me!” he gasped. “I can’t climb it!” And then, because the dog was almost upon him, and because there wasn’t anything else to do, the little woodchuck just scrambled up that tree—up, up, up, till he was out of the dog’s reach! You see, he had to, and so he did!

“I hope to-morrow morning I shall find you a great deal better.” And the doctor smiled a kind good-bye.

Teddy lay thinking, after his mother and Dr. Huntington had gone out.

“I wonder if I could,” he thought. “I’m awfully hungry!” and he reached for the glass of milk on the table by his bed.

When his mother came back the glass was empty, and Teddy was smiling contentedly among the pillows.—Emma C. Dowd, in Sunday School Times.

**HOW THE CRIPPLE HELD THE PASS.**

Hans Anderson was the son of a poor widow in a village in Switzerland. He was a cripple and sickly. Though able to walk and even run, after his crippled fashion, his weak spine would not permit much of such violent ex-

ercise. Now, although his body was weak, Hans had an ambitious and noble spirit. He loved his mother, and, as he grew older, and heard the older people of the village talk, and learned the history of his country, he came to feel proud he was a Swiss.

Dame Anderson was a good and trustful soul, and, despite the hardness of her lot, was content that she had food, shelter and clothing, although she was not well supplied with any of these. They both worked all working days, and often on holidays, and from early to late.

One holiday, when the young men were dressed in their best and were enjoying their games, Hans sat at his work until afternoon, and then, putting his work aside, sat for a long time with his elbows on his knees and his face in his hands. His mother watched him for some time, and finally, laying her hand on his shoulder, said: “Come, Hans, put on your hat and go to the village and see the sports. It will make you cheerful.

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