

"And a bit of jelly," said another. "Or a taste of mint-sauce," said a faint little voice.

"It shall be so done," said the ox; "we will have him well done, in fact, with a bit of Yorkshire pudding and an apple in his mouth to suit our fat friend under the gate. Now arrange yourselves so that he can't escape," continued the ox: "make a circle around him and we will drive him in the back yard and kill him."

It is needless to say that I got terribly frightened. The ox looked vicious—the hog was bristling—the goose had a hard wing, as I knew, and so had the old gobbler, and the innocent lamb went off and returned with a horrid old ram that could butt down a stone wall.

"One, two, three and at him," said the infernal turkey, and every one of those horrid beasts made at me. I turned and fled, I ran and screamed, the men on the streets stopped to look on and laugh, the dogs joined in and cheered on my barn-yard, the calves and pigs in the butcher's cart encouraged them on—even the horses neighed their approval, a storm of cheers rose from every stable and outhouse, and while I fled down the street into lanes and over gates, the brutes kept after me and no man or woman raised a hand to help me. I turned a sharp corner though the goose was up to me, I passed the fat pig before he could turn around, and the big ox never saw he was going the wrong way for some time. However, as he hadn't gone far from my yard, that was all the worse.

"Fly," said the pig to the goose.

"I can't," said the goose, "but the chickens can."

So the chickens flew and caught up to me and fluttered so I couldn't see the way and I stumbled against a milk wagon and fell flat.

"Now we have him" said the villain of a gobbler; "now we'll fix him."

So he sent back the duck to explain how it was to the ox, and in two minutes the fat pig and the big ox, the bad old goose and the battering ram, were all around me with murder in their eyes.

"He's dead," says the goose.

"He's not dead," says the ox, "but give me room and I will pin him on my horn and we will have him served up in no time."

So they all made way for the ox and he walked back ten paces and then made a rush at me.

"Bless my heart," said my wife, "you mustn't eat those mince pies again before going to bed. You've had an awful nightmare. Nearly frightened the wits out of me, you and your mad bull. Go to sleep."

PATERFAMILIAS.

## THE ANGEL'S STORY.

*A Transposition of Adelaide Proctor's Poem.*

'Twas Christmas night. The snow lay deep on all around, and the cold blasts of wintry wind came sweeping along in great gusts, while from the many steeples and towers the bells rang out joyfully as they only can ring when Christmas is at hand.

That night, joy reigned supreme; families were reunited, enemies were reconciled, wrongs were forgiven and forgotten. But amid the universal gladness, one house was dark and cheerless, not with poverty, but with sickness and despair; the darling of the household was dying. Around the downy bed hung silken curtains, and on it were scattered costly toys, all unheeded by the dying child.

Nothing had been left undone that could give one gleam of hope; not all the doctors of that mighty city, nor even the broken-hearted mother, could sustain that little life one minute longer. But did she sit idly weeping by the little sufferer? Not so. She knew that in a few short hours, at most, her darling would be gone from her forever, but she was a Christian mother and spoke not of the parting, but of the meeting beyond the grave. She spoke of the little children who dwell in

that Golden City, clothed in the garb of innocence; of the beautiful thrones of gold, and pearl, and ivory; of the countless saints in snowy robes, glittering with diamonds.

While she was yet speaking, the child started, and fixed his large, wondering eyes on a mysterious vision.

Above him hovered an angel, around whose head a star-like light was shining, and he was smiling sweetly upon the little sufferer. Leaning over the little bed, with tender love he folded the sick child to his breast—the sobs and wailings of those around told the mother that all was over.

The angel, slowly ascending, bore the child away, clasped to his breast with loving care, while beside him he placed a branch of crimson roses. The child, enraptured by the angel's beauty, clung to him trustingly. Then his bright companion, looking tenderly upon him, said, "Know, dear little one, that in heaven rich and poor alike find peace, the joys and sorrows of man find echo there, love, on earth so feebly striving, there rests in God."

"In the town below," continued the angel, "in a poor and narrow street, dwelt a sickly little orphan. Utterly neglected, he had not heard, like you, of that lovely place where the good abide; he had never heard of a heavenly Father daily watching over him; his dreams were all of earthly beauty. He was too weak for childish pastimes, so the hours passed wearily. Through the long days he sat supporting his aching head on his trembling hands, while through the sleepless, painful nights he lay on his hard bed dreaming of cool forests far away, and of rosy children playing there the whole day long, retiring home at evening, through long and shady lanes, laughing merrily and trailing after them long branches of blooming May blossoms. All too soon he awoke to cruel reality. What a contrast to the green fields and warm sunshine was the narrow street, over which scarcely a glimpse of azure could be seen. The sultry air of summer that you called so sweet and warm, fevered the poor orphan's cheek in his loathsome dwelling.

"One day he crawled through the crowded streets till he came to a mansion, the garden of which rivalled all the rest. In the centre stood a lovely child, his golden curls floating on the breeze, his arms full of buds and blossoms which he threw into the air, and laughed merrily when they descended on his head. Around him, everywhere, were signs that told what love was lavished on this only son. Long, velvet glades, with shady nooks aglow with brightest flowers and cool fountains, sparkling in the sunlight, made the garden seem a paradise to the orphan, he stood utterly bewildered by the beauty of the scene, till your servants, tired of seeing that face of want and woe, gave him coin and bade him leave. Bitter tears began to trickle down his pale and wasted cheeks. He looked up imploringly but his pleading was in vain. You saw it all, and were touched by that look of childish sorrow, and with gladness you plucked some of the reddest roses from the tree you loved the best, and passed them through the stern, cold grating, speaking words of kindness, and gently bidding him farewell.

"How everything was changed! he did not remember the harsh words of the servants, nor their unkind looks, but in his hand he bore away the flowers, in his heart the loving words. He crept back to his little garret, no longer poor but rich in the possession of a few red roses that would soon wither and die; he thought not of the future in the happiness of the present.

"All through that starry night came the first visions of hope and love and rest that his young life had ever known. When day dawned, the child was too weak to rise, but how different was this day on his hard bed from other days when he had risen and crept around his miserable garret. Every thing seemed brighter, every one was kinder. Surely his roses must have charmed all ills away. They were fast fading, but the sick child smiled, saying: 'Such bright things can never die; they will bloom again.' Toward evening he grew weaker, and when the next day's sun arose, child and flowers both were dead."

The angel ceased and pressed the listening child in a more loving embrace. The child looked wonderingly from