

have a quiet talk, until it is time for us to shut up house and go to Sunday School. Tell me, Dick, what the text was this morning?"

"That's too easy, mother; give me a harder question—and you will say so when I tell you that it is the text on the wall in my bedroom, 'Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy.' Mr. Young was the preacher, and he explained the text very well; but I wished he had said something more than he did about showing mercy to the poor defenceless animals; but, never mind, next Sunday Mr. Young preaches altogether on kindness to animals. Anyhow, I practised what our good Mr. Young preached, by unfastening the cruel check-rein on those long-suffering horses, Spot and Petrel, so I did."

"Oh, Dick!" cried his mother, "I know it was a merciful act to ease the poor horses; but I hope groom Nettle did not see you do it—he has a nasty temper, you know, dear."

"Yes, mother, I know he has, but I'm not a coward, so I left my card about the check-rein in the sleigh, so he won't blame any other fellow, for groom Nettle knows my card all right. But, oh! mother dear, what noise is that? I think it is that poor stray dog whining outside. I'll run out and let him into the stable with Nobby. Come, Ben."

On the return of the two boys, little Molly said:

SLIDE 15.—THE CAT-TRIXY.

"Now, listen, Ben, with your two ears, I've going to tell a cat story, the way the children do at Dick's Band of Mercy. Once upon a time—I mean nudder day—Nobby's visitor, the stray dog, creeped in under the fence and comed into our yard. But, Dickie, what is the stray dog's name, I want to say it?" asked Molly in the middle of her story.

"Call him Stray," answered Dick, promptly.

"Very well, Dickie, I will. Well, Ben, Nobby's friend Stray was cold and wet 'cause it was raining, and, I spec', hungry, too. It was the nudder day when Dickie had saved a crust of his bread and put it on the fence for the sparrows 'fore he went to school. Well, Benny, the sparrows were so scared when Stray crept under the fence, that they let the crust fall down, an' it dropped right into Stray's big mouth. Wasn't that too funny for anything, Ben? Eh?"

"The fun was all on the dog's side," answered Ben, grinning. "But say, Sissy, what about the cat? You said you was goin' to tell a cat story."

REPEAT SLIDE 14.—MOLLY.

"So I is, Ben, goin' to tell a cat story right now in a minute. It was on the day that mother was out next door a-dessin' an' a-washin' Mrs. Timms' new doll-baby, an' so I put my rubber shoes on—the beauties