



THE CAT AND THE CRAB.

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Whatever do I see,
Coming up to me?
Some dreadful thing I know:
My heart is thumping so.

So many creeping paws—
Or, I suppose, they're claws!—
And has it mouth or eyes?
Its body's all one size.

I ought to run—oh, dear!
I'm really weak with fear!
I heard my mistress say
She always ran away
From bears, or snakes, or frogs,
And t'is is worse than—dogs.

THE TWO VOICES.

Dearly did Kitty love to go out on the lake with her grandfather in his boat; and as they crossed over to the village, or floated about on the quiet water in the sunset, he used to tell her the most delightful stories of the sea, for he had been a sailor the greater part of his life.

One morning Kitty was in a great hurry to get over to the other side; for you see they were going to the village, and grandpa had given her five pennies to spend at the shop, and she could hardly wait to get there, and thought that grandpa must be rowing much more slowly than usual. And now something happened to try the little girl very much. She was sitting in the stern of the boat with the basket close beside her, and as she was looking about she suddenly spied a white cloth waving from old Mrs. Palmer's little cottage way up at the head of the lake. Kitty knew

what that meant directly she saw it; she knew that Mrs. Palmer, who lived quite alone, wanted them to come to her.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Kitty to herself, "It will take so long to go way up there, and I can hardly wait to get to the shop. I'm going to beg grandpa to wait till we get back." But when she glanced at her grandfather she saw that he had not noticed the signal.

"Kitty," a voice seemed to say, "he doesn't see it; make believe that you don't see it either."

So Kitty shut her eyes tight and turned her head away. But then another voice seemed to speak in the other ear.

"Kitty, Kitty, listen to me; don't you know that that will be acting a story even if you are not speaking it with your lips? Tell your grandfather, like a good

girl. I am the good voice, Kitty, listen to me!"

Kitty opened her eyes. "Grandpa," she said, "old Mrs. Palmer is waving."

"Why, bless my heart! so she is," said her grandfather, and, turning the boat with a strong stroke, they were soon knocking at the door.

"O, Mr. Gray, I am thankful that you have come," said Mrs. Palmer; "I was so afraid that you would not see my flag on your way over, and coming back would have been too late. I have been very sick all night." And indeed she did look very ill as her head fell back on the pillow of her chair.

"And you want me to catch the doctor before he starts out, and to send some one over from the village to stay with you? Bless my heart! how fortunate that my little maid has such sharp eyes; I should not have seen the flag but for her. Come right along, Kitty, the sooner we go the sooner Mrs. Palmer will have the doctor."

And Kitty? Who can tell how thankful she was that she had listened to the good voice. The first penny she spent was for an apple for Mrs. Palmer: "To roast for her supper," she

said. And there never was a happier little maid than Kitty while spending the other pennies.

THE SNOW-BIRDS AND BIRDS IN THE SNOW.

Where do the snow-birds come from and where do they go? That is the question put by a friend who has been observing the movements of these little winter wanderers of the feathered tribe. He says a dozen or so of greyish white and brown little beauties, will come twittering and chirping for a few moments about the yard, or near the door of a friendly kitchen, and then away they go. The sky—before cloudless—darkens, and soon the flakes fall thick and fast. Search for them—the yards, the woods, the swamps—but you fail to discover one of the little prophets. The falling mercury in the barometer indicates that a storm of some kind is near; but the presence of snow-birds presages a snow-storm always. Each winter the snow-birds are particularly zealous in giving their timely warning of the snow-storms which often follow each other so rapidly and have thus kept the highways so nicely covered for the convenience and pleasure of man.

Who has not often in winter noticed the poor little birds, just after a snow-storm, vainly endeavouring to look for food? How forlorn they look, as one in this picture does! And how one longs to give them a few crumbs! They, too, on their part, eagerly dart about, seeking for the least sign of anything that looks like food on the road, or in the yard or stable. Alas! how often fruitless is their search! And as for water, all is frozen; and then, there are no fountains for them, or for dogs or horses!

No man is truly penitent who does not begin to lead a better life.



BIRDS IN THE SNOW.