

## THE GIRL WHO WOULDN'T BATHE.

Sombody shook and shivered,  
 Sombody sobbed and cried,  
 While the Sponge and the Soap stood  
 waiting,  
 The nursery bath beside.

Why should she wash this morning?  
 Each day she said the same,  
 And nurse, who was tired of the crying,  
 Quite vexed with her became.

Never a bit of washing  
 Somebody got that day,  
 And the evening fell, and her father came  
 To have a game of play.

Black was her face—he could not  
 Its grimy surface kiss;  
 At washings she never has grumbled,  
 From that sad day to this.



SAVED FROM DROWNING.

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Little Tommy Perkins, with some more of the boys at school, went out one day at noon upon the newly-formed ice. When two or three of them got close together the ice broke through, and little Tommy was immersed in the cold water. His big brother Jack, who was playing not far off, saw his danger and rushed with a couple of oars from the boat-house to his help. Little Tommy was none the worse for his adventure, but was very thankful for his timely rescue.

The time is approaching when the boys and girls will be playing on the ice. They should be particularly careful not to venture on it till some older and heavier person has tried it to see whether it will bear or not. If they do not they might incur the same danger as did little Tom, without the same providential rescue.

To be a real gentleman, not a sham, you must be gentle and courteous and kind to the folks at home. Coarseness and rudeness are as bad at home as before company."

## SALLY, THE PEACEMAKER.

Sally was a big black cat. She belonged to the butcher who kept a shop in the middle of the village. At one end of the village street lived a barber who owned a pointer dog, and at the other end a grocer who had a dog known as a setter.

One day these two men met at the butcher's, and their dogs met also. The latter began to scrape acquaintance, dog fashion. This did not prove mutually agreeable. One snapped, and then the other snapped; and directly there was a dog-fight, with the usual barks and yelps. The hubbub brought the boys and men, who came running up from all directions to see the "fun," as they called it. The owners of the dogs, instead of pulling them apart in a decent manner, began to set them on, and to bet which would beat.

Meanwhile Sally was lying on a box in front of the store, basking in the sunshine,

would most likely have gone in and got a drink, and talked the matter over, and perhaps have gone to fighting about it themselves. As it was, they bought their meat, and folk wed their dogs home peacefully, wiser, and, we hope, better men for the lesson taught them by Sally, the peacemaker.

## LITTLE MR. BY-AND-BYE.

Little Mr. By-and-bye,  
 You will mark him by his cry  
 And the way he loiters when  
 Called again and yet again,  
 Glum if he must leave his play,  
 Though all time be holiday.

Little Mr. By-and-bye,  
 Eyes cast down and mouth awry!  
 In the mountains of the moon  
 He is known as Pretty Soon;  
 And he's cousin to Don't Care,  
 As you're no doubt well aware.

Little Mr. By-and-bye  
 Always has a fretful "Why?"  
 When he's asked to come or go;  
 Like his sister—Susan Slow.  
 Hope we'll never—you nor I—  
 Be like Mr. By-and-bye.

## A LITTLE MISSIONARY.

A little Irish boy, who loved the Lord Jesus very much, was deeply interested in the spread of the Gospel. Perhaps his greatest joy was in listening to the stories about the heathen, told by missionaries when home on a visit. His father sometimes had a missionary staying at his house, and then Harry's happiness was complete. It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that very early in life he resolved when he grew up to be himself a missionary. This desire greatly pleased his father, and both of them asked the Saviour to prepare and send him forth as his ambassador to the heathen. But the Lord did not answer this prayer in the manner expected. Instead of growing up to manhood, a sore sickness came before he was quite nine, and Harry was taken home to be with Jesus. It is not easy to explain, in such a case, why the Lord's love should so show itself. But yet we cannot but believe that the answer was wiser and fuller of grace than if Harry had been spared to grow up and realize his praiseworthy desire; for the Lord never makes a mistake, and always takes the best way to further what lies so near his heart, the salvation of the whole world.

Before Harry died, he asked his father to write upon his tombstone the words below, that they might speak for him when he was away. So to-day, over a little grave in a quiet cemetery in Ireland, not a few have been deeply touched by the record of his ardently cherished desire:

"I want to be a missionary; but if I die before I can be, I would like my wish written on my tombstone, that someone, hearing of it, may go instead of me.—Harry."

and she pricked up her ears as cats do when dogs come around. She had too much dignity to run, but she plainly disapproved of the dog-fight. Perhaps she thought that she would give those men and boys a good lesson. At all events, she did so in good style. She leaped into the middle of the fight, and clawed and spit and cuffed first one dog and then the other, until they stopped fighting and stared at her; then, quick as a flash, she turned on the pointer so fiercely, and polished him off so completely, that he turned tail and cleared for home, never once looking back to see what was after him.

But Sally did not follow. She turned at once upon the setter, who stood looking on in sheer surprise; and he, having seen what she did to the pointer, took to his heels, and made a straight track to his own end of the village. Then Sally reduced the size of her tail, and took down the arch of her back, and deliberately returned to the box and lay down again in the sunshine.

The men and boys were thoroughly disgusted. If it had been a saloon instead of a butcher's shop where they met, they