

Bairnies, Cuddle Doon.

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
 Wi' muckle faught an' din ;
 "Oh try and sleep, ye waukrife rogues,
 Your father's comin' in."
 They never heed a word I speak ;
 I try to gie a froon,
 But aye I hap them up an' cry,
 "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon !"

Wee Jamie wi, the curly heid—
 He aye sleeps next the wa',
 Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece"—
 The rascal starts them a'.
 I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks,
 They stop awee the soun',
 Then draw the blankets up an' cry.
 "Noo, weanies, cuddle doon."

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
 Cries out, rac 'neath the claes,
 "Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at ance,
 He's kittlin' wi' his taos."
 The mischief's in that Tam for tricks,
 He'd bother half the toon ;
 But aye I hap them up and cry,
 "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon !"

At length they hear their father's fit,
 An', as he steeks the door,
 They turn their faces to the wa',
 While Tam pretends to snore.
 "Hae a' the weans been gude?" he asks,
 As he pits off his shoon ;
 "The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
 An' long since cuddle doon."

An' just afore we bed oorsel's,
 We look at our wee lambs,
 Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,
 And Rab his airm round Tam's.
 I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
 An', as I straik each croon,
 I whisper, till my heart fills up,
 "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon !"

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
 Wi' mirth that's dear to me ;
 But soon the big warl's cark' an' care
 Will quaten doon their glee.
 Yet, come what will to ilka ane,
 May He who rules aboon
 Aye whisper, though their pows be bald,
 "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon !"

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

A Western Suggestion.

A clergyman, in Chicago, suggests an addition to the marriage service: "Wilt thou take out as large an assurance as possible in favor of this thy wife, and religiously continue it as long as it may be necessary?" The bridegroom is to answer clearly, "I will." Then all the people present are to say "Amen !"



One of the Little Lambs.

The Rev. Dr. Meredith, a well-known Brooklyn clergyman, tries to cultivate friendly relations with the younger members of his flock. It is related that, in a recent talk to his Sunday school, he urged the children to speak to him whenever they met.

The next day, a dirty-faced urchin, having a generally disreputable appearance, accosted him in the street with: "How do, Doc?"

The clergyman stopped, and cordially enquired: "And who are you, sir?"

"I'm one of your little lambs," replied the boy, affably. "Fine day?"

And, tilting his hat to the back of his head, he swaggered off, leaving the worthy divine speechless with amazement.



A Dying Man who Lived by Arranging His own Funeral.

"I don't know that life assurance is a cure for disease," said the retired life assurance solicitor; but I know of an instance which makes it look that way. In the town, where I first began business, was a bachelor of about fifty years, who was quite alone in the world, and had some years before taken out a \$5,000 policy on himself for the benefit of a maiden sister, who had died a year before the events of this story. He kept his policy going, however, because it was