



A WISE HARE

HARES are timid little animals, and you would hardly think that one could show so much shrewdness as the one in the picture. These two dogs have been on the chase after it, and the hare ran under a gate, and when the dogs jumped to the side where it was, it just turned back under the gate and made good its escape.

BABY'S THOUGHT.

"MAMMA," said baby May, creeping close to her mamma one Christmas morning, "this is Tismus, isn't it?"

"Yes, my darling," said mamma.

"I like Tismus, mamma," said the baby. "Will you tell me what Tismus is?"

Then mamma told her little girl that this is the day we call the birthday of Jesus.

"Then Tismus is Jesus' burfday?"

"Yes, dear."

The little one was silent for a while, thinking perhaps of the other birthdays and the gifts that they brought. At last she said, softly:

"This is Jesus' burfday, mamma. What tan I div him?"

Baby may never forget that mamma told her that morning that there is no gift so pleasing to Jesus as the gift of a little heart!

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

A HUMMING-BIRD flew into the sitting-room of a lady who loves birds and flowers very much. She talked to it in a gentle, pleasant tone, but after a short call it flew away. But soon after it came for another fashionable call. The third time it came it brought its mate; and they were so well pleased with their kind reception that they continued their visits all through the summer. How do you think the lady fed them? With sweetened water from a petunia-blossom, which she held in her hand. They would sip from it again and again, and seemed to relish it greatly.

During the winter of course their visits

ceased, but in the spring the birds again appeared at the window. The lady raised it, and in they flew, showing as much delight as it was possible for such little things to show. A few days since there were no less than five humming-birds in the room at one time. So it seems the birds that came first told their friends where they would be welcomed and entertained with "refreshments at all hours."

Ellen says she would give them as much sweetened water as they could drink if they would only make her a call, and I dare say many little girls would be glad to do the same.

GOD KNOWS ME, ANYHOW.

FRANK had beautiful long hair hanging over his shoulders, and his parents were very proud of his appearance. One day he got his mother's scissors went to the looking-glass, and cut off all his fair locks. His father and mother were much displeased with him for so doing, and resolved to punish him in this way.

When they were all seated at the dinner-table, his father, pointing to him, said to his mother, "What little boy is that?"

"I'm your little Franky, papa," he at once said, not giving his mother time to reply.

"Nonsense!" was the father's answer;

"my little Frankie has beautiful long hair; I would not give my Franky for a dozen boys such as you."

Franky now turned to his mother and said, "Ain't I your little Franky?" but mamma only shook her head.

Matters were now looking serious, and Franky, becoming alarmed, could not make any progress with his dinner. He now appealed to his brother, and asked if he was not little Franky; but his brother only shook his head. He was becoming very unhappy at the thought that father, mother, and brother no longer recognized him, and he burst into tears, saying, "Well, it don't matter much, for God knows me, anyhow."

Tears were now in other eyes as well as Franky's.—*Selected.*

NOT QUITE UNSELFISH.

"I THINK," said Christina to Florence (Floy was seven and Chrissie just five), "That, really and truly, I'm one of The best little sisters alive."

"And why do you think so?" asked Florence.

"Because," said the curly-haired elf,

"I give you, and give you contin'ly, All the things that I don't want myself."

THREE DOCTORS.

ROLLIE has been ill for nearly a month. You may think that he was very ill when I tell you that he had three doctors! Yes, and they came every day to see him, too!

The biggest one was old Dr. Gray, who used to give pills and powders to Rollie's papa when he was a little boy. He wears whiskers, and has a gruff voice, and Rollie feels just a little afraid of him, though he knows Dr. Gray is a very kind, good man. But his powders do taste so bitter! And once he left some beautiful pink medicine in a bottle which he said was very nice and it wasn't nice at all.

The other doctors are partners, and always make their visits together. Dr. Ethel and Dr. Nannie are they. They make short, sweet, breezy visits. They bring sweet smiles, and kind words, and sometimes a caramel, or a white grape, or a fragrant flower.

To-day Ethel says. "Now your pulse is getting well, and I 'most know you can go out to-morrow and see my new kittens." That makes Rollie laugh, and mamma says laughter is the best medicine. So perhaps these small doctors are helping along almost as much as good Dr. Gray does—who knows?

Sunshine, and hope, and happiness are wonderful medicines!