

CATULLUS MAGEE AND THE MUSICAL TREE.

THERE WAS a small boy named Catullus Magee, whose father lived under a musical tree that played, when Catullus was happy and good, most beautiful airs at the edge of the wood. Whenever Catullus was naughty and bad the airs of the tree were both doleful and sad. To learn his son's conduct, old Mr. Magee had only to list to the musical tree. If the tree gave a woe-begone, sorrowful howl, and they missed from the cupboard a patty of fowl, the father would play, with a movement most free, a birchen tattoo on Catullus Magee. If the tree made a moan at the noon of the day, it meant that Catullus from school was away, and, without further question, when homeward he came, he'd find his anatomy more than aflame.

One day, when Catullus was merry and good, the tree played sad airs at the edge of the wood. Awake in the odorous breezes of June, the musical branches were all out of tune. Said Mr. Magee: "Hence no musical tree shall make me believe what I can't plainly see. No more sign or symbol shall govern my acts; If I whip you again, it be but on facts. I have whipped you, though good, when the music was sad." "Yes, indeed, sir, you have," coincided the lad. For each thrashing apologized Mr. Magee, and the next day he chopped down the musical tree.

—Harper's Young People.

WE MUST LOVE EVERYBODY.

IT IS easy to be kind to those we love, and if we love everybody we shall be kind to everybody. But does God want us to love everybody? Yes; he says, "Love thy neighbour as thyself." We have so little love, that we must go to God to get more. He will give us love enough to love the world with if we want it.

NED'S TROUBLE.

BY RUTH ARGYLE.

MILLIE was ill with fever, and longed for fruit to cool her parched tongue and burning lips. She tried not to let her lame brother Ned know that she wanted anything, for they were very poor, and he was behind hand with the rent for their small room in the attic. But Ned found it out, and although he had no money, there was one thing he did have.

One day during the past week he had found a gold locket in the gutter among some rubbish. His mother when living had always told her children that to keep anything they found was stealing, unless it was quite impossible to find the owner. So he had been trying to find the owner of the pretty locket.

Still it did seem very hard that little Millie should want for something while this bit of jewelry lay rolled up in a piece of paper in his pocket.

Slowly his crutches thumped their way down the street. Ah! There was the confectioner's with a lot of fresh fruit in the window and on the counter; how Millie would enjoy a bunch of those beautiful white grapes; or one of the bright golden oranges, or a slice of that juicy pine-apple! A pretty young woman stood behind the counter; it was early in the morning and there were no customers as yet. Finally he entered the store and raising his hat politely, said, "I have a very sick sister, miss; she has fever and her mouth burns so, and the water is so warm, she cries when she thinks I don't see, because she wants some fruit."

"Haven't you any money? I am not allowed to give away the fruit."

Ned's face flushed, and he said, "No, ma'am, I have no money, but I found something the other day. I have no right to use it, because it is not mine, but if you are willing to keep it until I can find its owner, you will see that I mean to pay you, and I will come here every day and work for you until I have paid you for the fruit."

He held out the locket which he had tied about his neck, and to his surprise the woman cried joyfully:—

"Why, that is my locket. I lost it a week ago. Oh, I am so glad to get it again, it has the initials—E.M.—inside; yes, here they are, you see."

Ned gave her the locket, which she tied about her neck, then bidding him wait a moment, she stepped into the adjoining room. When she returned she carried a little basket which she filled with oranges,

grapes and a beautiful pine-apple; then making up a package of nuts she said smilingly, "The fruit is for your sick sister, the nuts for yourself, and Mr. Dubarry says he has been looking for an honest, worthy boy to help us here in the store, and if you would like to come you may; he will pay you more than you can earn doing odd jobs. Well, what do you say, my boy?"

"Oh, thank you! indeed I will be glad to come, and Millie will thank you very much."

When Ned had given the sick girl her fruit, and heard her joyful thanks, he went away by himself to thank God and to ask for strength to be faithful and upright in his new life.

ASHAMED TO TELL MOTHER.

"I SHOULD be ashamed to tell mother," was a little boy's reply to his comrades who were trying to tempt him to do wrong.

"But you need not tell her; no one will know anything about it."

"I should know all about it myself, and I'd feel very mean if I couldn't tell mother."

"It's a pity you were not a girl. The idea of a boy running and telling his mother every little thing."

"You may laugh if you want to," said the noble boy, but I've made up my mind never, as long as I live, to do anything I should be ashamed to tell my mother."

Noble resolve! and one which will make almost any life true and useful. Let it be the rule of every boy and girl to do nothing of which they would be ashamed to tell their mother.

"MOTHER-SICK."

DAISY and her mother were such good friends you scarcely ever saw the one without the other. Once, when Daisy had been away a few days on a visit, her hostess brought her back, saying:

"I am afraid that Daisy hasn't had a good time; she cried a little once or twice."

"Were you homesick, Daisy?" asked her mother.

"No, mamma, but I—I guess I was a little mother-sick. Were you really happy while I was away, mamma?"

"Not very happy, Daisy."

"Then I guess you must have been child-sick, weren't you mamma?"

I wonder if Daisy ever learned that beautiful verse in the Bible: "Thus saith the Lord, As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."