

A BED-TIME SONG.

SWAY to and fro in the twilight gray,
This is the ferry for Shadowtown;
It always sails at the end of the day,
Just as the darkness is closing down.

Rest, little head, on my shoulder, so;
A sleepy kiss is the only fare;
Drifting away from the world we go,
Baby and I in the rocking-chair.

See, where the fire-logs glow and spark,
Glitter the lights of the Shadowland;
The winter rain on the window—hark!
Are ripples lapping upon its strand.

There, where the mirror is glancing dim,
A lake lies shimmering, cool and still;
Blossoms are waving above its brim—
Those over there on the window-sill.

Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky light;
Silently lower the anchor down.

Dear little passenger say, "Good-night,"
We've reached the harbour of Shadowtown.
—St. Nicholas.

HOW FANNIE HELPED HER BROTHER.

"O DEAR! I've got to write an essay on 'Flying Squirrels'—where they live, and what they eat and drink," said George. "Now, how does the teacher think a fellow in the city can know anything about 'flying' or any other kind of squirrels? If it was 'Flying Kites,' I could write a lovely essay. Now, how do I know where they live. They are not down in the directory, and none of them ever invited me to their house. If they came to school and brought their lunch I could tell what they eat and drink; but they don't, so how am I to find out? Besides, how can a squirrel fly, anyway? I don't believe that squirrels have wings; they might as well talk about fish flying." "So they do," quickly said little sister Fannie.

"Do what?" asked George. "Why, there are fish that fly." "Yes, through the water."

"No," said Fannie, "through the air. I was reading about them in my new book. They are a sort of herring, and when chased by other fish can fly out of the water. Of course they cannot fly very far."

"I wonder," said George, "if there is anything in your book about flying squirrels."

"We can soon see." So the book was brought, and George gladly left his desk to come and look over it with Fannie, and the hunt for a flying squirrel began. "Here it is," said Fannie. "It is a small squirrel with beautiful dark grey fur; they sleep in

the day time, and come out at night. They have beautiful black eyes, are very gentle and easily tamed; live in hollow trees, and eat nuts and grain. They do not fly, but can sail from the top of a tall tree to the ground, or to another tree if lower; they do not have wings, but their hind and fore legs are connected by a fur-covered membrane, and they spread themselves, and can sail quite a distance."

"Oh that's splendid," said George. "Fannie, you are a smart girl. Why, you know almost as much as a boy."

"Don't tell the teacher that Fannie told you all about it," said Willie, "else he'd think you didn't know as much as a girl. What do they drink, Fannie?"

"Well," said Fannie, "the book does not say; but water, of course."

"Why, yes, of course. Anybody ought to know that."

"I don't know about that," said George, with a twinkle in his eye. "The book says that they are out at night, and spread themselves; that looks as if they drank something else besides water."

"Yes, but it also says that they are gentle and have bright black eyes, and if they drink whiskey they would not be gentle or have bright eyes."

"I know a man who drinks," said George, "and he has a black eye half the time."

"I know they drink water," stoutly asserted Willie.

"How do you know?"

"'Cos they haven't any money, and you can't get beer without it."

"That's so," said George; "you know lots, Willie."

"Yes," said Fannie, "water is free, and God gives it to birds and animals, and men; and man is the only discontented one, and tries to make something better."

"Yes, and a pretty mess he makes of it. He don't seem to be as wise as some animals. He had better let well enough alone." —*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

A NEW WAY OF MAKING TIME.

ONCE, when Carol's mamma was very ill, the little one hushed her sweet voice, lest she should "sturb mamma."

A weary time it was for the wee little girlie. She missed mamma, and, tired of watchful Mary, she liked to slip away into papa's study, and play quietly beside him while he wrote his sermons. His presence made the study a pleasant place.

Mr. May often made calls in the afternoon, and one day noticing the shadow on his little girl's face, he said, "I shall be home by four, Carol."

Carol watched and waited, and still papa did not come. A thought occurred to her. With a great effort she climbed to the study clock, and, opening the door, tried to move the hands along, when, alas! snap went one of the hands."

"Where is my little girl?" asked Mr. May, as he entered the house an hour later. But no little girl appeared. When he entered the study, she pointed mutely to the clock.

"But why did my darling touch the clock?" asked her papa.

And Carol sobbed out: "I wanted to make it time for papa to come home." And papa could not find it in his heart to chide her.

DAISY NURSERY-MAIDS.

The daisies white are nursery-maids,
With frills upon their caps;
The daisy buds are little babes
They tend upon their laps.
Sing "Heigho ho!" while the winds sweep
low,
Both nurses and babies are nodding—just so.

The daisy babies never cry,
The nurses never scold;
They never crush the dainty frills
About their cheeks of gold.
But, prim and white, in gay sunlight,
They're mid-uid nodding—O pretty sight!

The daisies love the golden sun
Up in the clear blue sky;
He gazes kindly down at them,
And winks his jolly eye,
While, soft and slow, all in a row,
Both nurses and babies are nodding—just so.
—*Treasure Trove.*

TOO GOOD TO KEEP.

A NEW ZEALAND girl was brought over to England to be educated. She became a true Christian. When she was about to return, some of her playmates endeavored to dissuade her. They said: "Why do you go back to New Zealand? You are accustomed to England now. You love its shady lanes and clover fields. It suits your health. Besides, you may be shipwrecked on the ocean. You may be killed and eaten by your own people. Everybody will have forgotten you."

"What?" she said, "do you think I could keep the good news to myself? Do you think that I could be content with having got pardon, and peace, and eternal life for myself, and not go and tell my dear father and mother how they can get it too? I would go if I had to swim there. Do not try to hinder me, for I must go and tell my people the good news."