

Stories of Our Pets.

'Two Little Owls.'

Two beautiful owls built their nest in the stable loft, close to the gate of our house, in the north of England. They built a very clumsy nest, loosely put together, composed of sticks, dry twigs, and

There were two little fluffy owlets in the nest, and I felt as vexed as Charlie to think that they might be killed by a stone falling in upon them, so I said, 'Come, Charlie, and we will see if the gardener will help us to save your owls.'

Joe Smith, the gardener, came

we had all to run to the stable for shelter.

Joe then hung the cage, with the nest and owlets in it, at the open stable window, and when it grew darker the old owls flew silently down, coming nearer and nearer, as the little ones were beginning to cry impatiently for some food. The parents inspected the cage where their young ones were and then flew off, bringing back in a few minutes a tempting morsel, in the shape of a poor little field-mouse struggling in their strong grasp.

Charlie was never tired of watching the owls; but the day at last came when he had to part with them, for they grew too large for the cage and were evidently eager to try their wings. So one afternoon Joe opened the door of the cage, and the owls came in the evening to tempt the little ones out, but they were too timid at first. Next morning, however, before even Joe was out of bed, the little owls were gone.

Poor Charlie was greatly disappointed; but a great and unexpected joy was in store for him that evening, for Joe sent to tell Master Charlie to come out and see his friends again. Charlie fairly danced with delight when he beheld the two old owls, with their dearly-loved babies, walking on the grass and wisely nodding their heads, and blinking their round eyes as if to thank us for all the care we had given them, and for being rescued from a cruel death. Every evening they paid us a visit, much to Charlie's delight, and during the sunshine we could see them hiding beneath the leafy branches, nodding and blinking their eyes. —J. M. K.



'TWO LITTLE FLUFFY OWLETS.'

leaves. They cannot bear the bright light of day, so all their work is accomplished in the gloaming, and even in the dark, and it is then that they seek for their food. They are wonderfully clever in catching mice and other small animals, and was to the poor mother-hen who may have a large brood of chickens, for she is sure to lose several if the owls know of her whereabouts.

One afternoon Charlie came running in to tell us the village boys had found out his dear owls' nest, and were flinging up large stones to try and bring it down.

up at that moment, and he offered to get a ladder to bring the nest down, and put it, with the owlets, into a huge wire cage, which could be hung at the open stable window, where he was sure the old owls would come to feed their feathery children. So Charlie and I agreed to try this plan, and Joe was very soon up the ladder, and carefully brought down the queer-looking little birdies. However, we were not to get the nest so easily after all, for the old owls, who thought we were taking away their young ones altogether, swooped down upon Joe, trying to peck at his eyes, and

Jesus Loves Me.

'Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so.'

That is what Harry was singing to himself one day as he was getting ready for bed.

Does it not seem wonderful that Jesus loves us? Up in heaven are the holy angels, who serve Him day and night. They are never naughty, never selfish, and never sulky. They are glad to do what Jesus wishes. It seems quite right that Jesus should love them.

But we are often naughty; we say angry words, and sometimes we strike angry blows. We like to have our own way, and do not wish to do as we are told. But yet Jesus loves us. He died that we might become good, and go to serve Him in heaven with the angels. Shall we not try to please Him always? —'Our Little Dots.'