



MABEL'S LESSON.

THE KITTY'S PINS.

Down the walk went Margery sweet,
With Kitty hugged under her arm;
She was going her papa to meet,
When there came a fearful alarm.

For Master Doggie, who lives next door,
Saw Margery and Kitty start,
And out he bounced with an awful roar,
That terrified Kitty's heart.

Home to mamma flew Margery then,
As fast as a racer who wins,
Sobbing, "O mamma, my Kitty swelled
up,
And sticked me all full of pins."

MABEL'S LESSON.

Mabel is going to recite a piece of poetry at the school-closing, and so she has seated herself in one of mamma's high-backed chairs in the drawing-room to study her piece quietly. Mamma is going to give

her a large doll if she says her piece nicely, because this is the first time Mabel has ever recited in public. She looks rather cross in the picture, but she is a very sweet-tempered little girl, and is only thinking deeply, and has a very pure little heart inside. So, children, do not judge a book by its cover.

LOOKING AT THE STARS.

"Let us look at the stars, mamma, before I go to bed," said Harry. "I know the Dipper, and you can find the North Star from the Dipper; and I know Scorpio too, from that bright red star in his tail."

"The study of the stars is a beautiful one, my boy, and should lead you to think of God, who 'calleth them all by name,'" said Harry's mamma. "I hope you will be as constant in all things as are those beautiful orbs. Each one is always in its place."

BERTIE'S BALL.

BY JULIA DARROW FOWLES.

"Up, up it goes, and down, down it comes," sang Bertie Brown, as he tossed his ball up against the house and caught it again. "Up, up," he began once more; and sure enough it did go up this time, away up on top of the porch. Bertie waited to see if he could say "Down, down," but he couldn't, for the ball didn't: it stayed up there. Bertie stood around and waited awhile, but finally concluded to go and play horse with Sam Clark, who lived next door, and ask papa to get the ball when he came home.

But when papa came he told Bertie that there was no way to get the ball then. He would have to wait till the storm-windows upstairs were taken off, for he had no ladder long enough to reach up to the roof.

Bertie missed his ball, for he was very fond of it; and the worst of it was that he could see it from his mamma's window upstairs.

One day while mamma was dressing he stood looking out of the window and wishing, O so hard! that he could get his ball, when a little snow-bird came fluttering down to the roof, peeped in at the window, and then hopped right upon the ball. It gave a little roll, which must have frightened the bird; for with a swift motion it sped away, and the ball rolled softly over the edge of the porch and dropped to the ground. You can scarcely imagine how surprised Bertie was. He ran down to the yard in a twinkling, and there was his ball in a little nest of dry leaves. He has always felt very sure that the snow-bird knew how much he was wishing for the ball, for this is a true story; and how else can you account for what the little bird did?

A LITTLE BOY'S LOGIC.

"Ray," I said, "set the door ajar for mamma."

"Yes, ma'am," and the eager little feet rushed across the floor and opened the door wide.

"Why, my dear child," I said, "don't you know what 'ajar' means? It means that you should open the door just a little bit."

The boy stopped in the middle of the floor, and gave me an astonished look out of his blue eyes as he said: "Why, mamma, don't you know the verse, 'There's a gate that stands ajar?' and do you think that Jesus would open the heaven door just a little bit? I tell you 'ajar' means very, very wide open."—*Golden Rule.*