

to God's prophet, Elijah, faint, weary, and discouraged, an angel came with a cruse of water and a cake which he had baked on the coals, and, having ministered to the tired prophet, sent him on his way; and how another angel shut the lions' mouths to save Daniel. And you will find, as Anna did, that the New Testament has very much to tell of the angels, from the first chapter of St. Matthew, through all the Gospels, the history book called the Acts of the Apostles, the letters of St. Paul, St. Peter and St. Jude, and the wonderful Revelation of St. John the Divine, in which he shows us so many inspired pictures of the angels serving God on earth, and in a great, glorious company, "ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands," worshipping in high Heaven the "Lamb that was slain."

You will more and more know how true and how near the angels are, and as one grows to be like those whom one thinks of and associates with, you ought to grow like those holy, happy angels who lovingly guard man, and always serve and worship God.

ALICE RANLETT.

### CURIOUS PETS.

**W**HAT a funny girl Becky is! She has such a lot of queer pets!" said Bertha Lowry to her mother, some days after they arrived at Luneville, where they were to spend a fortnight with relatives who owned a farm. "She isn't satisfied with kittens and pups, but she has a lot of rabbits and guinea-pigs, and chickens and ducks, and a squirrel and pigeons, and even that dreadful turkey," continued Bertha, who was looking out of the window, and could see the barn yard.

"The love of pets does not show 'queerness,'" answered her mother. "To love animals and to make them love you is one of the best kinds of amusements, provided one does not allow one's pets to annoy other people."

"Oh, but they *do*, Mother," said Bertha. "Becky's pets annoy me ever and ever so much. She won't play anything before they are all fed, and that turkey frightens me all the time. I never know where he is, until he comes at me with his wings spread, and says: *Tegobblo!*"

"You might help her to feed them, and learn some of their amusing ways, besides being polite to your hostess."

"My hostess! Little Becky! Why I thought Cousin Mary was hostess. Becky's four years younger than I, and she ought to play when I tell her nice things to play, the way the children in our block play. *They* are glad to have me lead them," said Bertha. "And besides, the creatures won't let me touch them. They are

just Becky's pets, and no good to any one else," she added.

Her mother went on brushing her hair, and appeared to be thinking of something else, so Bertha went out of the room and wandered about the house, trying to find something to amuse herself with. She went into the parlor, a place that is rarely used in farm-houses, and began to play upon the parlor organ. She made painful noises, for she had never played on anything but the piano, and was only in a first lesson-book upon that. So her mother soon called her away, and she went again in search of something amusing.

She leaned on the kitchen window sill and asked questions, and interrupted Cousin Mary before she could answer. She made little noises with her lips, and when she was not doing that, she was humming tunes through her nose, with her lips shut. She sat on a rocking-chair on the veranda, rocking violently, and stamping her feet heavily on the floor every time she rocked forward. Just before tea-time she came into the dining-room where her mother and cousin were sitting, and began rapping her front teeth with a paper-knife, at the same time kicking a table-leg every time she swung her foot from the arm of the chair where she was sitting.

Cousin Mary said, at last, "Does that amuse you, Bertha?"

"What?" asked Bertha.

"Rapping your teeth and kicking the table. You have been doing that for ten minutes by the clock."

"I don't know. I guess it must, or I wouldn't have done it. Why, is it wrong?" asked Bertha.

Here her mother joined the conversation. "Wrong? Well, that is a matter of each person's opinion. Cousin Mary does not understand how I can let you keep so many curious pets."

Bertha looked puzzled. "Pets! I don't have any pets but Beau Brummel, and he isn't curious. He is thoroughbred, worth two hundred dollars, Uncle Morris said!"

"Your curious pets are a number of habits that give no pleasure to any one but yourself, and often seriously annoy many persons," said her mother. "I have tried my best to make you give them up by constantly reminding you, but you prefer your queer pets. Cousin Mary's little girl keeps no such pets, as far as I have seen, and I congratulate Cousin Mary on having a daughter who loves to care for harmless and pretty animals."

"Thank you, Cousin Ellen," said Cousin Mary. "I sometimes wish that Becky cared more for reading or sewing, but she is such a wee girlie yet that I suppose there is plenty of time. At least, she takes trouble to make her