



THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

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This strange animal is one of the largest of which we have any knowledge, being sometimes fifteen feet long. It swims and dives with ease. The legs of the hippopotamus are very short. It often walks upon the bottom of the rivers which it frequents, being thus entirely under water. It can stay under water fifteen minutes or more.

Although so large, the hippopotamus is lively and playful in its native waters. It may sometimes be seen swimming with its young upon its back. It avoids man, and when pursued conceals itself in the reeds along the river's brink. Its home is in the lakes and rivers of Central Africa.

## THE SCHOOL PICNIC.

There was great excitement in School Number Nine. The head-master had announced that there would be a picnic on Saturday in the woods on Lake Mirror, and that the three other schools in the village would join them at the town hall, and all march in a grand procession together to the picnic grounds.

All recess there was nothing else talked about. There was time enough to arrange all the plans, for this was only Monday.

Little knots of boys and girls were seen talking eagerly together. But one little fellow stood away off by himself, with a very unhappy look upon his face.

"What's the matter with your brother, Mabel?" asked one of the girls.

"I don't know, I'm sure I'll go and see," answered Mabel.

"What is it, Robbie!" asked Mabel, kindly.

"Nothing," answered Robbie, looking down surlily.

"Yes, there is, dear. Tell sister all about it. Have any of the boys or girls been teasing you?"

"No, it's that picnic. I can't go."

"Why not, Robbie?" asked Mabel.

"'Cause everybody'll be dressed up, and you know my last new suit? Well, I fell into the ditch, and mamma said she couldn't buy me another till winter. I can't go with these patched things; and those are just a sight. So 'taint a bit of use. I can't go. I'll just have to stay home and miss all the fun."

"Perhaps something may happen," said Mabel slowly and vaguely.

The bell rang just then, and prevented further talk.

It was hard for all the scholars to fix their minds upon their lessons; they were too full of the picnic. But Mabel's mind was at home in her room, inside a little bank where a five-dollar gold piece was lying.

"Yes, it would just get him a pretty sailor suit," she said to herself. But five-dollar gold pieces were not common at Mabel's home, and this had been given her by her far-away auntie. She had not spent it yet because nothing was quite precious enough to make her willing to spend the shining gold piece to secure it.

All that day and all the next she thought

it over. At last she made up her mind, and took mamma into her confidence.

Saturday arrived bright and beautiful. The children met at the school-house for their banners before joining the others at the town hall.

"Oh, Mabel, how sweet your brother looks in that pretty sailor suit. It's so becoming," said her best friend, as she saw Mabel tying Robbie's ribbon.

"She gave it to me," said Robbie, with a beaming face. "I tell you what, I wish more girls were like our Mabel. She's just splendid."

## HELPING.

The basket of blocks was on the ground, and three rather cross little faces looked down at it.

"It's too heavy for me," said Jimmy.

"Well, you are big as I am, 'cause we are twins," said Nollie.

"I won't carry it," said the little cousin, with a pout.

Mamma looked from her open window and saw the trouble.

"One day I saw a picture of three little birds," she said. "They wanted a long stick carried somewhere; but it was too large for any one of them to carry. What do you think they did?"

"We don't know," said the twins.

"They all took hold of it together," said mamma, "and then they could fly away with it."

The children laughed and looked at each other. Then they all took hold of the basket and found it very easy to carry.

"The way to do all the hard things in this world," said mamma, "is for every one to help a little. No one can do them all; but everyone can help."

## THE DEAD DONKEY.

Did you ever see a dead donkey? I never did. But Mr. Wilson had a beautiful donkey for his children to ride, and it is about that poor animal's death that I wish to tell you.

One morning when Mr. Wilson went to saddle it for his children's use it was nowhere to be seen, but on going down to the field he found it lying dead, its mouth and nose being quite green. What had it been doing? The gate at the entrance to the field had been painted green the day before, and on examining it, Mr. Wilson found that the donkey had licked off nearly all the paint on the inside, and here was the fatal consequence. Children! always beware of poisons. Many a one has been poisoned by bad books, or by the evil example of bad companions. Remember that it is always better to eat green grass than green paint. The safest rule to observe towards every evil thing is—Touch not: taste not: handle not."