



THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

Tray, was such a tiresome dog
 And had such naughty fits!
 And so it chanced that one wet day,
 When his young mistress was away,
 He took her doll, and, sad to say,
 He tore it all to bits.

Arms and legs lay all about—
 A sight all hearts to pain;
 And soon Tray's mistress came to see,
 And cried and scolded angrily;
 But when Tray begged and whimpered,
 she
 Forgave him all again.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

If we were to visit Africa we should see along the river banks large, clumsy-looking animals like these in the picture.

The name hippopotamus is taken from two Greek words, meaning horse and river. This animal has a great frame, and when on land is very clumsy, although it is quite active in water. Its stomach is large enough to hold five or six bushels of vegetable matter. It is usually about fourteen feet long from the tip of its nose to the tip of its tail, although it has been known to be seventeen feet long. Its mouth is two feet wide and looks like a cave when its owner opens it at the command of its master. The ears seem to be almost out of proportion, as they are only three or four inches long. The young are born on land,

but at once flee to the water when frightened. While very young they cling to the necks of their mothers while in the water.

WE MUST LOVE EVERYBODY.

It is easy to be kind to those we love, and if we love everybody, we shall be kind to everybody. But does God want us to love everybody? Yes; he says, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." We have so little love that we must go to God to get more. He will give us love enough to love all the world with, if we want it.

A QUEER LITTLE BABY.

I know where there is just the sweetest wee bit of a baby that you ever did see. And would you believe it? It lies all alone by itself in a little brown cradle that hangs from the bough of a tall tree.

And oh, it is such a good baby. There it lies and sleeps and sleeps, and never wakes up fretting and crying, as most babies do.

To be sure, it never gets hungry; for there is a bottle of food in its cradle, and this baby knows how to feed itself, even when it is fast asleep!

So there it sleeps, rocked back and forth by the winds, day and night.

But no matter how hard the winds may blow, this baby cannot fall out. It is too snugly tucked in for that.

You just ought to see its little soft

blanket. It is as warm as wool, and as white as snow.

Then, too, its queer little cradle is all covered over with thin brown scales, that lap over one another, like the shingles on the roof of a house.

These tiny scales are glued fast, and a shiny pitch is spread all over them, so that not even a rain drop can get inside.

How sound the baby sleeps, while the soft rain patters down on the roof of its little house!

I know the pretty birds must like to sing to the dear little thing; for they hop all about its wee cradle, and chirp the whole day through.

I wonder if they sing "Rock-a-by baby, upon the tree-top?"

But now I must tell you. This baby is not a real live baby such as you and I have been.

It is a baby-bud; and some day it will open, and become a beautiful, bright blossom.

If you go into the woods, you will find some trees that are full of these little cradles.

And when you see them hanging on the boughs you will know that there is a baby-bud inside.

HOW A BIRD HELPED IN BATTLE.

During the summer of 1690 there was a war in England, and the soldiers suffered very much. One evening after a long march they were so tired that they lay down for a short sleep, when it would have been wiser and better had they remained on the watch for the enemy.

Among the soldiers was a little drummer-boy, whose eyes, like those of his elders, were fast shut. Just before he fell asleep, he had been eating his rations, and some crumbs of bread had dropped on the head of his drum.

A little wren perched overhead in one of the trees saw these crumbs and flew down to eat them. As she hopped about on the drum the tapping of her beak awakened the little drummer. He opened his eyes, and was startled to see the enemy advancing. Quickly he beat the signal of alarm, which roused the soldiers and put them on their defence.

The skill of the king, William the Third, won that day, July 12, 1690, the Battle of the Boyne; but if it had not been for the little wren the fortune of the day might have been very different.

"I'll do better to-morrow," said a little boy one day to his mother; but this was very foolish. Why not do better to-day? There is not one word in the Bible which calls upon you to be better to-morrow. It is always to-day.