

Peevishness.

Each little trifle puts me out,
And without knowing why,
Instead of laughing at a joke,
I feel inclined to cry.

I feel so very, very cross
With everyone to-day;
I do not care to do my work,
I do not want to play.

And yet, because I feel so dull,
It surely can't be right
That I should hinder all the rest
From being glad and bright.

One day I heard our mother say,
"If you are feeling sad,
Then go and do some loving work
To make another glad."

I think I'll call the little ones
To have a game of play;
They wanted me an hour ago,
But then I turned away.

And though I don't feel much inclined,
My brothers will be glad;
And I may find in pleasing them
A cure for being sad.

—Child's World.

UNBEARABLE AGONY.—For three days I suffered severely from summer complaint, nothing gave me relief and I kept getting worse until the pain was almost unbearable, but after I had taken the first dose of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, I found great relief and it did not fail to cure me. Wm. T. GLYNN, Wilfrid, Ont.

About Bats.

Most bats have very strong ears, like mice. But there is one called the "long-eared bat," who is a funny looking fellow indeed. His big ears look like two parasols held over his head. They must be paramoons then, for he does not fly by day. He tucks his ears under his wings when he goes to sleep. Bats are fond of company and do not live alone. They live in flocks or parties. They are friendly and do not quarrel. When the day dawns, they go to their dark cave or roof, and hang themselves up by taking hold of the rock or wall with the claws of their hind heels. So they hang head downwards. That would kill you if you tried it very long; but the bats find it comfortable. Bats when born look like little mice. They are blind for ten days. Their bodies are about as bare as young birds at first. A mother bat is very good to her baby. She rubs and brushes it clean with her big lip. Then she tucks the baby bat into a fold of skin about her body. The baby bat at once clings fast to its mother with its little hooked claws.

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When the mother bat flies for food, she carries the baby along, wrapped up and clinging to her. She never lets it fall. When the young bat is able to fly the mother still keeps near it, and helps it for some time. A boy caught a little bat, and put it in his pocket to take to his teacher. The little bat cried. Its mother heard it. She flew to the boy, clung to his pocket, and would not let it go. So the boy took both mother and baby to his teacher. They were put in a cage. Small baby bats are nursed with milk by their mothers, as kittens are. When a bat is kept in a cage, it will eat bread and milk and bits of raw veal. You can tame bats easily, so that they will come when you call them, and eat flies or beetles from your hands. When people say "blind as a bat," they make a great mistake; the sight of bats is very sharp, but in sunny days, if they are out of doors, they blunder about because too much light dazzles them. The bat has in all its body and wings very delicate nerves, that help to guide it when it flies in the dark. Bats go to sleep in the winter and stay asleep until spring. Sometimes for their winter sleep they hang themselves up, but generally they crowd into clefts or holes, and lie heaped together to keep each other warm. Baby bats are mostly born in the early spring.—Julia M'Nair Wright, in Santa Claus.

The Looking Glass.

Matilda was a very passionate girl. Again and again her mother strongly impressed upon her how sinful, detestable, and dangerous is a violent temper, and exhorted her to gentleness.

She was sitting one day at her work-table, on which there stood a pretty vase full of flowers. Her little brother threw it down by accident, and broke it to pieces. Matilda was almost beside herself with passion; her eyes glared, her forehead was swollen, and her whole countenance distorted.

Her mother immediately held a looking-glass before her face, and Matilda was so shocked at her appearance, that her passion subsided, and she began to cry.

"Do you see now," said her mother, "what a hideous thing is passion? If you let it grow into a habit, these frightful marks will by degrees become fixed, and every grace will disappear from your countenance."

Matilda laid this to heart, and took much pains to conquer her passion. She became very gentle, and her gentleness adorned her countenance. But her mother often reminded her afterwards, "As it is with passion and gentleness, so it is with all vices and virtues."

"As if reflected, in the face Each character of soul we trace: Vice makes it hideous, rough and wild; But Virtue lovely, sweet, and mild."

Keep a Clean Mouth, Boys.

A distinguished author says, "I resolved, when I was a child, never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother." He kept his resolution, and became a pure-minded, noble, honoured gentleman. His rule and example are worthy of imitation.

Boys readily learn a class of low, vulgar expressions, which are never heard in respectable circles. The utmost care of the parents will scarcely prevent it. Of course, no one thinks of girls as being so much exposed to this peril. We cannot imagine a decent girl using words she would not utter before her father and mother.

Such vulgarity is thought by some boys to be "smart," "the next thing to swearing," and "not so wicked," but it is a habit which leads to profanity, and fills the mind with evil thoughts. It vulgarizes and degrades the soul, and prepares the way for many of the gross and fearful sins which now corrupt society.

Young reader, keep your mouth free from all impurity, and your "tongue from evil;" but in order to do this, ask Jesus to cleanse your heart and keep it clean; for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."