



ROCK-A-BYE, BABY.

Rock-a-bye, baby,
 On the tree-top,
 When the wind blows
 The cradle will rock,
 When the bough breaks
 The cradle will fall,
 Then down will come baby,
 Cradle and all.

PAUL'S LIGHTHOUSE.

"Did you know that I had a big gray lighthouse out in my yard?" exclaimed Paul.

Fred looked contemptuous. "Lighthouses are generally built on rocks out in the ocean," he said.

"Sometimes they are," answered Paul, laughing, "but mine isn't."

"Then it isn't a lighthouse!" declared Fred.

Paul clapped his hands with delight. "Oh, yes it is," he exclaimed, enthusiastically. "Come and see it."

"You're making fun of me," said Fred, crossly, "and I'm not coming one step."

"I'm not making fun of you, honest," he said. "It's a really and truly lighthouse, even if it hasn't any light in it. And something is going to live there, 'cause I saw them fly right into the door this morning!"

Fred's face brightened. "Is your lighthouse away up high on a tall pole?"

Paul shook his head yes.

"I know what it is, now!" shouted Fred, "a bird-house," going straight to the elm-tree.

A little boy once walked thirty-two miles to get a Bible; he wanted one he could call his own. Would you take as much trouble as that?