

## A NURSERY CYCLONE

A CYCLONE struck the nursery—  
It early blew and late,  
And all agreed that no'er before  
Were things in such a state.

The rocking-horse lost mane and tail,  
The elephant an eye;  
The paper boats, all loved to float,  
Were stranded high and dry.

And Marjorie Jane, the favourite doll,  
Her health is ruined quite,  
I hope that no'er again shall I  
See such a piteous sight.

A fractured limb, her skull crushed in,  
No hair left on her head;  
"How she escaped from death at all  
Is strange," dear grandma said.

An invalid while life shall last;  
She's lame, and bald, and blind—  
A more afflicted doll 'twould be  
Extremely hard to find.

The only one that came out whole  
Was poor old Jumping Jack;  
"He was so homely," all did say,  
"The cyclone changed its track."  
—Our Little Ones.

"WHO WAS IT THAT SQUASHED  
THE RABBIT?"

MANY years ago there lived in Westminster an interesting little girl, to whom was given, by one of her friends, a little baby rabbit. And, much as she loved a doll, she loved the beautiful little rabbit still more; because it had life, and could run about, and amuse her in many ways. She made such a pet of it, that she would fain have taken it to bed with her; but to that her father and mother could not of course consent. As she lay awake one night, thinking of the little pet downstairs, she thought there could not be much harm in fetching it, and placing it for a short time at least in her own bed; intending no doubt to return it again to its own place so early in the morning that her parents would not know what she had done. At once, therefore, as soon as the house was still, and she had reason to believe that the family were all asleep, she crept quietly downstairs; and, having found her little treasure, she hugged it to her bosom, carried it to her room, and folded it in her arms in bed; and for a time she was so delighted with its company that she could not sleep. At length, however, she was overcome, and fell into a sound sleep, and did not wake until morning. As once she remembered her little companion, and began to feel about for it; but, to her horror, it was not to be found, and in a state of great excitement, she called out several times: "Where is my rabbit?" Another sister, who had been quietly sleeping by her side, and was unconscious of what had taken place, said: "What do you mean? you must be dreaming; your rabbit is not here; but downstairs, where you left it." — further

search, however, the rabbit was found stretched on the floor, cold and dead, and almost as flat as a pancake; the fact being that the little mistress had lain upon it, and crushed it to death; and there it lay before her eyes; and no doubt filling her with intense sorrow for its loss, and it is to be hoped, with equal sorrow for having, in order to gratify herself, disobeyed her parents. And for many years afterwards it was a standing joke against her by the rest of the family: "Who squashed the rabbit?"

(This little incident should teach all young people that, while they may innocently love and pet some of the pretty creatures which God has given them; yet they are not, under any circumstances, to make their love and their self-will into a pretext for disobeying their parents and teachers. If they do so, their sin, sooner or later, is sure to find them out.)

## CHILDHOOD'S TRUST.

WHILE spending some time at a friend's house, a few years ago, a pale, delicate little girl of nearly eight years came to the house where we were stopping, bringing with her a beautiful bird—a canary. Its name was "Beauty," and its song was so melodious as to charm the whole company there assembled. As it hung in front of the house each day, the inmates would watch for its remarkable notes, which it could do with the greatest ease, beginning with the lowest and ascending to the very highest note of the scale, as correctly as the most accomplished vocalist could have done, and finally winding off with a singular sound, which was very unusual in the song of a bird of this kind. But one day its little voice was silent. The poor bird had met with a terrible accident, which rendered it probable that it would never sing again, or even live. The cage had been placed upon the sill of the window, in order that the bird might take its bath. Unfortunately, there being a high wind that morning, the door of the room had been left open, and being in a strong current, over went the cage, bird, bath-tub, and all. The tub had fallen upon the little bird's leg, and broken it badly.

Poor Beauty now lay upon the bottom of the cage, apparently in great pain, and could not stir, and its little owner sat by, sobbing as if her heart would break. What was to be done? The bird that she loved so long, and that had been so much company to her—for she had no little brother or sister to play with—would surely die. While in this despondent mood, she suddenly remembered reading in her little Bible that if two or three prayed together for the same thing, in faith, God would hear and answer too. And at Sunday-school that very week her teacher had told her that God did not forget one of the creatures he had made; that his loving care was around them all constantly, and that not even "a sparrow could fall to the ground without his notice;" and surely he must know, then, all about Beauty's fall. She went all at once to her mother,

and with tears rolling down her cheeks, but with that faith and trust which seems only given to a child, she said: "Won't you pray to God that Beauty may get well? and I'll pray to him too, and I know he will hear us."

## TOM AND NED.

TOM and Ned walked down the street together on their way to Sunday school. Tom's face was bright as the day itself, but Ned's wore a scowl.

"Father's never satisfied if I don't go to Sunday-school and church," he grumbled. "I think it's pretty hard on a fellow to keep him tied up so!"

"Why, don't you want to go?" asked Tom.

"Sometimes I don't, when it's a nice day like this, and I want to have a walk and a little fun with the boys. There's Will Lawson never goes to Sunday-school unless he's a mind to, and I don't see why my father is so particular."

"It's a pity that Will's father isn't more particular," said Tom, soberly. "You know what trouble Will got into a few Sundays ago."

"O! that was only a little sport!"

"But it's the kind of sport nobody likes to remember about a boy. And for my part I am glad that my father cares enough about me to want me to be in a safe place on Sunday."

And so the boys passed beyond hearing, dropped down into the HAPPY DAYS for our boys and girls to read and think about.

Sometimes father's and mother's desire to have you in the right place seems a little oppressive, doesn't it? Try and remember this: they know the dangers that wait for you far better than you possibly can, and it is because they care for you and love you very dearly that they try to shield you. It is not pleasant for a parent to deny a child what looks like a great pleasure to the child, and you may be sure when it is done it always gives pain to the parent's heart. Do not make the pain greater by your unwillingness to yield to your father's or mother's will in the matter! Remember, it is only love that watches over and tries to protect!

## SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

FEBRUARY 18.

LESSON TOPIC—God's Judgment on Sodom.—Gen. 18 22-33

MEMORY VERSES, Gen. 18. 23 26.

GOLDEN TEXT—Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right.—Gen. 18. 25.

FEBRUARY 25.

LESSON TOPIC.—Trial of Abraham's Faith.—Gen. 22. 1-13.

MEMORY VERSES, Gen. 22. 11-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.—By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac—Heb. 11. 17.