

hollow of a tree or bough, in which some poor little flying squirrel has taken refuge; woe to him if he dares to peep out! And it is a common thing in the western and southern woods to see a whippoorwill chased from spot to spot, blindly trying to escape from a swarm of these blue-jays. They are always aggressive and on the look-out for mischief.

As you see him in the picture, he is finding food for himself, after a fashion that the owner of the corn-field will hardly relish. On the whole, we can't recommend the blue-jay as an example to imitate. Some noisy, quarrelsome, selfish children that I have seen would do well to study his character, as a warning against the indulgence of such dispositions.

AN ALLEGORY.

A great king, desiring to teach his son a practical lesson, ordered a long table to be prepared in one of the galleries of his palace, set out with all manner of toys, fruits and other things which he thought would please the little boy. Taking him to a door at one end of the room, he said to him:

"My son, pass down this hall, and whatever you are pleased with you may take for your own, upon one condition—you are not to turn back. When you have gone the whole length of the table, and have made your decision, go out at the other door and bring me what you have chosen.

Joyfully the little boy started, enchanted with the prospect. He ate and drank, and gathered his hands and arms full of treasures, and presently tiring of what he had, he threw them away to make way for some glittering toy which attracted him farther on, but which, when secured, somehow did not please nor satisfy him as much as he had expected; and he was constantly looking back regretfully to that which he had left behind, or he saw something still further on, which he thought more desirable. Now, instead of being happy in having his choice of all these good things, the little boy grew irritable and dissatisfied. At length he appeared before the king with a sorrowful countenance, and in his hands were a few broken toys.

"Is this all, my son, that you have brought me out of the infinite variety from which you have had to choose?"

"Yes, father," sobbed the weeping boy, "that which pleased me at first seemed so poor and inferior, when I had them, to that which I saw farther on, that I could not be content; and always hoping to see something to please me better, I could not make my choice, and now these are all I have. Oh, if I might go back once more!"

"Not so, my son," said the king;

"that cannot be. But let this lesson sink deeply in your heart. As you go through life, enjoy each day all there is in it of pleasure and happiness; do not look back with vain regrets, nor live in anticipation of future joys, oblivious of those which are within your reach. Let each day bring you its measure of comfort and cheer. The present is all you are ever sure of; by wisely improving it your memories of the past will be pleasant, and your future happiness will be assured."

—Ex.

HIS HAND HELD UP.

A story is told of a street boy in London who had both his legs broken by a dray passing over them. He was laid away in one of the beds of the hospital to die, and another little creature of the same class was laid near by,

"Bobby, they told me at the Mission School as how Jesus passes by. Teacher says as he goes around. How do you know but what he might come around to this hospital this very night? You know him if you was to see him."

"But I can't keep my eyes open. My legs feel so awfully bad. Doctor says I'll die."

"Bobby, hold up your hand and he'll know what yer want when he passes by."

They got the hand up. It dropped. Tried again. It slowly fell back. Three times he got up the little hand, only to let it fall. Bursting into tears he said:

"I give it up."

"Bobby, lend me your hand; put yer elbow on my pillar; I can do without it."

So one hand was propped up. And when they came in the

night and swear the same oaths you have uttered, when you are alone with God."

"Agreed," said the man; "an easy way to make ten dollars."

"Well, come to-morrow and say you have done it, and you shall have your money."

Midnight came. It was a night of great darkness. As he entered the cemetery not a sound was heard; all was still as death. Then came the gentleman's words to his mind. "Alone with God!" rang in his ears.

He did not dare to utter an oath, but fled from the place, crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"—*Freeman.*

THE LOST BABY.

Fanny, our baby,

Our little wee sister,

Ran off one day

When nobody missed her.

Where could she be?

Mamma really was frightened,

And you would have been;

For it thundered and lightn'ed.

Down on the windows

The rain-drops were gliding:

Where could our sweet little

Baby be hiding?

We looked in the parlor,

We looked in the kitchen.

"Now, what funny corner

Is that little witch in?

Has she climbed up the stairs

So steep, to the garret?

I'm sure I don't know

How I shall ever bear it!"

'Twas her mamma said this

As she looked in the closet;

(It was not very strange

She should worry, now, was it?)

Up stairs flew her brothers,

To bring her down, may be;

But in the great garret,

Was no blue-eyed baby;

So down they ran, seeking

Their mamma, to tell her,

When they heard her cry, "Oh!

Here's the rogue in the cellar."

And, when the boys saw her,

I thought they would never

Stop laughing for ever,

And ever and ever.

She was black as the coal

In the coal bin could make her:

For a real chimney-sweeper

You surely would take her.

"Oh, look at her apron!

I wish I could shake her,"

Said mamma; and then

She forgot, and just kissed her:

A queer way to punish

This wild little sister!

—NORA.



THE CARNATION.

Our grandmothers called the carnation a pink—
It was not so beautiful then, though, I think.
Few things sweeter or daintier under the sky,
Than a great clump of May-pinks have e'er met the eye.
But carnations are white and carnations are red—
Some are spotted, some striped, and some speckled; 'tis said;
There are no brighter flowers than they to be found,
And with spicier fragrance no blossom is crowned.

picked up sick with famine fever. The latter was allowed to lie down by the side of the little crushed boy. She crept up to him and said:

"Bobby, did you ever hear about Jesus?"

"No, I never heard of him."

"Bobby, I went to a Mission School once, and they told us that Jesus would take you to heaven when you died, and you'd never have hunger any more, and no more pain, if you axed him."

"I couldn't ask such a great big gentleman as he is to do anything for me. He wouldn't stop to speak to a boy like me."

"But he'll do all that you ax him."

"How can I ax him if I don't know where he lives, and how could I get there when both my legs is broke?"

morning the boy lay dead, his hand still held up for Jesus.—*U. Christian Weekly.*

AFRAID TO SWEAR ALONE.

The wicked practice of swearing, which is so common as to offend the ear in every hotel and on almost every street, is often mere bravado. Boys think it sounds manly to be profane, and men think it gives force and character to their sayings.

Unlike most vices, it is done openly, and is intended by the swearer for other people's ears.

It is a public sin against God, and a public insult to all good men. The boldest blasphemers are often the greatest cowards.

"I will give you ten dollars," said a man to a profane swearer, "if you will go into the village graveyard at twelve o'clock to-

She was black as the coal
In the coal bin could make her:
For a real chimney-sweeper
You surely would take her.
"Oh, look at her apron!
I wish I could shake her,"
Said mamma; and then
She forgot, and just kissed her:
A queer way to punish
This wild little sister!

THERE IS a satisfaction in the thought of having done what we know to be right; and there is a discomfort amounting often to bitter and remorseful agony in the thought of having done what conscience tells us to be wrong.

If You let trouble sit upon your soul like a hen upon her nest, you may expect the hatching of a large brood.