

THE BOY WHO WOULDN'T GO TO BED.

Once there was a little boy who wouldn't go to bed,
When they hinted at the subject he would only shake his head;
When they asked him his intentions he informed them pretty straight
That he shouldn't go to bed at all, and nurse needn't wait.

As their arguments grew stronger and their attitude more strict,
I grieve to say that naughty boy just yelled and screamed and kicked;
And he made up awful faces, and he told them up and down
That he wouldn't go to bed for all the nurses in the town.

Then his nurse lost her patience, and, although it wasn't right,
Retorted that for all she cared he might sit up all night!
He approved of this arrangement, and he danced a jig for joy,
And turned a somersault with glee—he was a naughty boy.

And so they all went off to bed and left him sitting there,
Right in the corner by the fire in grandpa's big armchair.
He read his books and played his games—he even sang a song—
And thought how lovely it would be to sit up all night long.

But soon his games grew stupid and his puzzles wouldn't work;
He drew himself up stiffly with a funny little jerk,
And he said—"I am not sleepy, and I love to play alone,
And—I think"—the rest was mumbled in a drowsy monotone.

He leaned back on the cushions like that night he had the cramp;
His head began to wobble, and his eyes began to droop—
He closed them for a minute, just to see how it would seem,
And straightway he was sound asleep and dreamed this awful dream:

He thought he saw a garden filled with flowers and roses gay,
And a great big gardener, with a hoe, came walking down his way;
"Ah, ha!" exclaimed the gardener, as he clutched him by the head,
"Here's a splendid specimen I've found; I'll plant him in this bed."

He held the boy in one big hand, unheeding how he cried,
And with the other dug a hole enormous deep and wide.
He jammed the little fellow in, and said in gruffest tone—
"This is the bed for naughty boys who won't go to their own."

And then the dirt was shovelled in—it covered up his toes,
His ankles, knees, and waist and arms, and higher yet it rose;
For still the gardener shovelled on, not noticing his cries;
It came up to his chin and mouth—it almost reached his eyes.

Just then he gathered all his strength and gave an awful scream,

And woke himself and put an end to that terrific dream;
And he said, as nurse tucked him up and bade him snugly rest—
"When I am planted in a bed I like my own the best."

IN THE NEW YEAR.

We may be quite sure that our will is likely to be crossed during the day; so let us prepare for it.

2. Every person in the house has an evil nature as well as ourselves, and therefore we are not to expect too much.

3. Look upon each member of the family as one for whom Christ died.

4. When inclined to give an angry answer, let us lift up the heart in prayer.

5. If from sickness, pain and infirmity we feel irritable, let us keep a very strict watch over ourselves.

6. Observe when others are suffering and drop a word of kindness.

7. Watch for little opportunities of pleasing everybody, and put little annoyances out of the way.

8. Take a cheerful view of everything and encourage hope.

9. Speak kindly to dependents and servants about the house and praise them when you can.

10. In all little pleasures which may occur put self last.

11. Try for that soft answer that turneth away wrath.

FIFTEEN TO-DAY.

For the last time, dear dolly, I dress you,
And carefully put you away;
You can't tell how much I shall miss you,
But then, I am fifteen to-day.

And you, not so very much younger,
Have you nothing at parting to say?
Are you sorry our fun is all over,
And that I am fifteen to-day?

What walks we have had through the clover,
What rides on the top of the hay;
What feasting in grandmother's garret,
And now, I must put you away.

Cousin Ethel just buried her dolly,
With its eyes opened wide, and as blue
As yours, my sweet dolly, this minute;
I couldn't do that, dear, to you.

Oh, stop, dolly, what am I thinking?
Why cannot I give you away?
There's a poor little girl I love dearly,
And she's only ten years to-day.

How happy your bright eyes would make her,
She never had playthings like you,
With all your fine dresses and trinkets,
Yes, dolly, that's just what I'll do.

I do believe, dolly, I'm crying,
"What nonsense, child," grannte would say,
Good-bye; one last kiss; I'm half sorry
That I am fifteen, dear, to-day.