

THE BOY THAT LAUGHS.

I know a funny little boy—
The happiest ever born ;
His face is like a beam of joy,
Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan—
But how he laughed ! Do you suppose
He struck his funny bone ?

'There's sunshine in each word he speaks,
His laugh is something grand ;
Its ripples overrun his cheeks
Like waves on snowy sand.

He smiles the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done ;
The schoolroom for a joke he takes—
His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry ;
He's worth a dozen boys I know,
Who pout, and mope, and sigh.

AFFECTION AND JEALOUSY OF LIZARDS.

Pierre and Pedro were two lizards that lived on the best of terms with one another. They slept side by side, often interlocked. Pedro was fond of following Pierre in his wanderings and escapades.

One day Pierre was lost. He had got out of my desk, had gone down several steps of stairway and had slipped in under the carpet, where he was casually found about three weeks afterward.

During the whole time of his disappearance, Pedro refused all food, and had no relish for insects and earthworms, till Pierre was restored to him.

Seeing him so melancholy I made an appeal to all my friends in the South of France to get me a new companion for him. An engineer of Prades sent me a lizard, three months after Pierre had been found.

From that time on, Pedro conceived a great antipathy for Pierre. Between the pursuits and bittings he suffered from Pedro, Pierre led a martyr's life, till I was obliged to make a separate cage for him, and when Pierre was let out for an airing Pedro had to be shut up.

Both, however, became very familiar with

me, but Pedro more than Pierre. They would run to me, when I called them, from one end of the room to the other ; but I had to hold out a small worm for bait to bring Pierre, while Pedro would come while my hands were empty. This was not because he was stupid, for when he saw that I had no worm, and I drew back he would follow me like a dog and would climb upon me when I stretched out my leg.—From "Affections and Jealousies of Lizards" in *Popular Science Monthly*.

THE STEERING STAR.

One time a party were crossing the Caspian Sea in a boat. One of the men kept looking up into the sky, and did not take his eyes from a certain star. One of the passengers in the boat asked him why he kept looking at the stars, and he said, "Do you see that star ? If we lose sight of that one star we are lost, because that is the only way we know in which direction to steer our boat."

So if our eyes are not on Jesus, if we do not love Him, and if we love the wicked things in this world more than we love Him, then we are lost.—*Sci.*

FAITHFUL MOTHER HEN.

In the western part of Massachusetts a man had a fine stock farm. But recently a fire broke out in the barn and burned not only the building and the hay, but most of the animals also.

After the fire the owner walked over the ruins. It was a sad sight to see the charred bodies of his fine Jersey cows and his high spirited horses.

But at the end of the barn he saw a sight which touched him more than the rest. There sat an old black hen. He wondered that she did not move her head to look at him as he came near, but he thought she must be asleep. He poked her with his cane, and, to his surprise, the wing he touched fell into ashes. Then he knew she had been burned to death.

But out from under her wing came a faint peep, and, pushing her aside with his cane, the man found—what do you think ? *ten little live yellow chickens*. The poor hen had sacrificed her own life to save them. That sight touched the man more than anything else.—*Sci.*