

BEDTIME.

WHE Golden Hair is "sleepy,
As tired as she can be,"
So she says, with a sigh,
As she climbs upon my knee.

She coaxes for a story,
In drowsy tones so sweet,
I hug her close up to my heart,
And oft-told tales repeat.

At last the joyous laughter
Is hushed in dreamless rest,
I clasp the little dimpled feet
That no rough paths have pressed.

I smooth the tangled tresses,
I kiss her cheek and brow,
And pray life's evening-time may come
As peacefully as now.

FERNIE.

FERNIE is Ned's kitten—a pretty kitty, all white except the tip of her tail, and a cunning little gray saddle on her back, and a spatter of gray on her head that Ned said looked just like a fern, the first time he saw her.

"So I'll keep that one," said he, promptly, looking at the four little mites in a basket with a great deal of pity in his blue eyes. "I wish I could keep all of 'em, they're so cunning, mamma"

But of course that wasn't to be thought of for a minute. Two cats in the house were as many as mamma could stand, anyway. So the next morning Fernie was alone in the basket.

She didn't seem to mind it, however. She grew, and grew, prettier and plumper every day, until she was three months old, and Bony Call came to pay Ned a visit.

Bony is Ned's cousin. He lives in the city, and this visit had been talked of for a long time. But somehow at first it didn't seem as if it was going to be a pleasant one at all.

"You must remember that he is company, dear," mamma said to Ned: "and give up your own pleasure for his, and try and make him enjoy himself. Remember, Ned, won't you?"

"Yes'm," said Ned, darting off to the barn to play. And he did remember, though he couldn't help thinking it was pretty hard to have to give up all the time; and once or twice he caught himself wishing Bony wasn't going to stay a week.

But after all, things went along pretty smoothly until Bony's sharp eyes espied Fernie washing her face on the porch. He made a dive at her and caught her by the tail—poor little Fernie, who wasn't used to such rough handling.

"Oh! I'll tell you what let's do," he cried; "let's make her dance. Tie paper on her feet, you know, and she'll dance and jump like anything. That's the way we do, and it's great fun. Hi, here! you cat, stop scratching!"

Ned's face grew very red, and tears came into his eyes.

"You shan't do it," said he. "That's my kitty, and I don't want her to dance."

"Well, she's going to, just the same," said Bony. "You'll see fun in a minute."

"You shan't!" cried Ned. "Oh dear me!" And away he flew to ask mamma if he must give up this time. He didn't believe she would say his kitty could be hurt.

But he couldn't find mamma; she had gone over to see Mrs. Dyer's sick baby. So back to the porch he hurried again, all out of breath, just in time to see Bony put Fernie down on the floor, each of her four pretty white feet tied up in coarse brown paper.

"Now you'll see fun!" cried Bony, laughing. "Scat, there! Dance now!" But Fernie didn't dance, nor run nor jump. She gave each foot a gentle shake. Then she lay down close by Ned's feet and began to bite the string that tied the papers on.

"Scat there!" cried Bony.

"Don't you!" said Ned. "You tied her up, and if she can get them off she's going to; so now!"

And she did—wise Fernie. Her sharp little teeth cut every string and pulled the papers off. Then, with a frisky jump, she climbed up to Ned's shoulder and laid her head against his cheek, and began to purr as loud as she could.

"Now isn't she real smart and cunning?" cried little Ned, triumphantly; "isn't she now?"

Bony nodded. "Yes, she is," said he; "she beats our cats all hollow. She knows about as much as folks. What'll you take for her?"

"Ten thousand pounds," said Ned proudly. "Let's be good friends now, and go and see if the cherries are ripe." And away they went as fast as they could scamper.

THE BIRDIE'S SUNBEAM.

BY HELEN SONERVILLE.

GERTY had been sick, and was getting well. The days were long, and she felt cross, and thought she had a hard time. "Oh, mamma! I wish Dick wouldn't sing; he makes my head ache," she cried, as the canary burst forth into a glad song.

"Poor Dick! You see that he sings, although he is a prisoner," said mamma.

Gerty still fretted, so mamma covered Dick's cage with a cloth. The bird did not like this, and for some minutes was silent. Mamma had not covered the cage very closely, and soon the bird, spying a ray of sunlight, again raised his glad song of thanksgiving.

"There, Gerty," said mamma, "is a lesson for you. Dick is thankful for one ray of sunlight. Don't you think you should be grateful for your blessings as birdie is for his?"

Gerty raised her face from the pillow, and said: "Yes, mamma; I am ashamed of my crossness. I will try to look for the sunbeams."

THE SNOW-FLAKES.

FLOATING, whirling, drifting,
Strange little specks come down —
Dainty, fairy crystals
From a distant wonder-town,
Out of the dim cloud-spaces
That seem so soft and gray.
Are they dust from diamond blossoms
That grow where storm-winds play?

I learned a pretty lesson
From the little flying flakes,
One, added to another,
At last a worldful makes,
They are like the little minutes—
Easy to waste indeed,
But thousands put together
They give us all we need.

A LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

"I'm going to be a gentleman when I'm big like papa," said little Joe, one day.

"But papa was a gentleman when he was little like you," said grandma, who was sewing near him.

"Did he dress up in grandpa's coat and hat, and walk with his cane as I do with papa's sometimes?" inquired Joe.

"No, he wore pinafores and a little straw bonnet," said grandma, stitching away.

Joe looked at her steadily, as though he could not understand.

"Are you trying to think how he looked, dear?" grandma asked. "I wasn't meaning that, but I mean that his little cousin Kittie came to play with him, and he went to his box, and brought out the very best toy that he had—a jumping frog—and said, 'This is for you, Kittie, 'cause you're a little girl.' And I think that did more to make him a gentleman than a coat, hat, and cane could have done.—*Christian Commonwealth.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

DECEMBER 9.

LESSON TOPIC.—Christ Teaching by Parables.—Luke 8. 4-15.

MEMORY VERSES, Luke 8. 11-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The seed is the word of God.—Luke 8. 11.

DECEMBER 16.

LESSON TOPIC.—The Twelve Sent Forth.—Matt. 10. 5-16.

MEMORY VERSES, Matt. 10. 7-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.—As ye go preach, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand.—Matt. 10. 7.

LITTLE children, do not be ashamed to let the world know you pray. Boldly honour your Lord. Be courageous in your religious life. "Be of good courage."

THE God of death brings every human being to his pure individuality.