

in Helen's prim, little vertical hand went speeding to college, for as the little maid said:

'I do s'pose Uncle Tom must be just anxious to hear all about those funny Purrington Cat Apartments.'

'What the Little Stocking Told the Baby.'

(Dora Hall, in 'Trained Motherhood'.)

Baby Bright was lying on the bed one morning and his dear mamma was not in the room, she was making some nice food for the baby in the next room and baby could hear the jingle of the teaspoon in the cup. He lay and listened for a long time and when the noise stopped he thought he would cry; but then he looked at his little feet which were kicking very fast and he smiled and tried to catch one. At last he did and the pretty little blue stocking came right off his little pink toes and he looked very much surprised, for he had never done this before and so he did not know that he could take off his own stocking just as well as mamma. He held the stocking in his little fat hand for a long time and when mamma looked in to see if Baby Bright was all right she found him laughing and talking as fast as he knew how in his baby language to the little blue stocking, and it seemed to her as if the little stocking was talking to him, so she did not disturb them for she had many things to attend to in the next room and she was very glad to have her dear baby so happy. Would you like to know what she thought the little stocking said? This was something like it: 'Baby Bright I love you very, very much and I am real glad that your mamma gave me to such a good little baby and I hope you will always be good so that I shall want to stay with you, will you dear?' Then baby would laugh and answer something that sounded like 'Yes, yes, I'll try to.' 'I suppose you would like to know where I came from, wouldn't you? Once long ago I was on the back of a little sheep.' 'Baa, baa,' said Baby Bright. 'Yes,' said the little stocking, 'that's what the sheep used to say when I knew her. Well I staid with that good white sheep for many, many days and then a man came with a big pair of shears

in his hand and he cut me away from the sheep.' 'Oh, oh,' said baby. 'You needn't say oh, for it didn't hurt me at all, and it didn't hurt Mrs. Sheep either. I was not in the shape of a stocking; then I was only soft and fluffy, something like your softest blanket.' 'Goo, goo,' said Baby Bright. Baby loved this blanket of his very much and would never go to sleep without it. 'Well,' continued the little stocking, 'I was not blue then, but was only a dirty white, I was put into a big basket and taken to a place where wool is made into yarns of all sorts of pretty colors. Then they took me to another big place where yarn is made into lovely stockings and socks for little babies like you.'

By thistime Baby Bright thought it was about time for his dear mamma to come for he felt quite hungry, so he puckered up his little red lips to cry, when he dropped the little blue stocking; this he did not like, so he made a little bit of a cry, just enough for mamma to hear him and she came in and gave him his little stocking again and also a loving kiss, saying, 'There, there, sweet, good baby mine, lie still a little while longer and talk to the pretty blue stocking.' So Baby Bright began the 'goo, goo,' 'coo, coo,' 'da, da' language again and the little stocking seemed to answer, as it said: 'I was telling you I was made from blue yarn into a pair of blue stockings, then I was put into a pretty box with ever so many other stockings and the box was shut up tight and we were all taken in the cars to a big city and put on a shelf in a nice clean place, called a store. There were real pleasant faced ladies in this store, and one day I heard a sweet voice saying, 'Have you any pale blue stocking for little babies?' 'Yes,' replied the lady who had put a number on me the day before, 'we have some new ones just in.' Then she took me out of the box and laid me on the counter for the sweet-voiced lady to see. 'I will take this pair,' said she, so I was then wrapped up in a piece of paper and put into a bag which this lady carried, and after a short ride in a street car I was taken out and put on the little pink foot of a dear

baby boy called Baby Bright, and I hope I can stay with him a long, long time, for I think he is a very good, kind little fellow.' 'Goo, goo, um, um,' said Baby Bright, and he put the little blue stocking into his mouth, for now he was really very hungry indeed, but dear mamma appeared just then, so baby knew he would not be hungry any longer, and he did not have a chance to cry before mamma cuddled him up in her loving arms and soon he gave a contented little smile and went fast asleep with the blue stocking still in his little fat hand.

The Bad Monkey.

Did you ever hear one boy say to another, 'I will pay you for this?' The boy is angry, and means to get even with the other boy. The feeling is called revenge. You would not think that boys and girls would feel that way, though some of them do.

Here is a story of a monkey who tried to pay back the boys that troubled him. The boys living next door had teased the monkey very often, and made him angry, but he was fastened by a chain so that he could not get at them to do any mischief. The monkey did not forget, but waited for his chance. One day he was left without his chain, and was free in the yard. He climbed upon the roof of his master's house, and then went in through the window into the house next door, where the boys who had teased him lived.

The monkey took a bottle of ink that he found on the writing desk, and poured it all around--on the carpet, the bedspread and the pillows. Then, when he had done all this mischief, he went out of the window and back to his own home.

Do you think the monkey was bad? Then what do you think of the boy or girl that tries to pay another back by trying to do harm? Is not that like a monkey? Or do you think it is even worse than a monkey? I do!--North Western 'Christian Advocate.'

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