



KANGAROOS.

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THESE strange animals live in Australia. They have such long legs that they can take great leaps of thirty feet, so that a swift horse can hardly overtake them.

### HOW SNOWBALL SAVED THE BABY.

KITTY was a very dear little thing. Her fur was as white as snow, and so she was called Snowball. She had a pink ribbon tied around her neck.

One day Snowball was lying on the rug, and the baby was sleeping in the crib near by. Suddenly there was a bright blaze, and a thick smoke filled the room. Snowball jumped up, and cried as loud as she could, "Me-ow! Me-ow!" Mamma was busy in the next room. She heard Snowball cry again, "Me-ow! me-ow!" and she went quickly to see what was the matter. When she opened the door she saw a basket of shavings on fire. It stood so near the crib, that soon the baby must have been burnt.

You may be sure that mamma hugged the dear baby nearer to her bosom. And she hugged Snowball, too, and promised her the nicest dinner she ever had.

### A CHRIST-LIKE ERRAND.

THE day after the battle of Fredericksburgh, Kershaw's brigade (C. S. A.) occupied Maryes Hill, and Sykes' division (U. S. A.) lay one hundred and fifty yards ahead, with a stone wall between the two forces. The intervening space between Sykes' men and the stone wall was strewed with the dead, dying, and wounded Federal soldiers, victims of many desperate and gallant assaults of the day before. The air was rent with their groans and agonizing cries of "Water! Water!"

"General," said the boy sergeant in gray, "I can't stand this."

"What is the matter, sergeant?" asked the general.

"I can't stand hearing these wounded Yankees crying for water. May I go and give them some?"

"Kirkland," said the general, "the moment you step over the wall you'll get a bullet through your head. The skirmishing has been murderous all day."

"If you'll let me I'll try it, general."

"My boy, I ought not to let you run such a risk, but I can not refuse. God protect you. You may go."

"Thank you, sir;" and with a smile on his bright, handsome face, the boy sergeant sprung away, over the wall down among the sufferers, pouring the blessed water down their parched throats. After the first few bullets, his Christ-like errand became understood, and shouts instead of bullets rent the air.

He went back at nightfall to his bivouac untouched. But from another battle-field, later in the war, his soul went up to hear his Master say, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these, ye did it unto me."

### HOME SUNSHINE.

EIGHT sorrowful little faces pressed against the windows looking out at the falling rain. Raindrops and clouds outside and teardrops and frowns inside—it was hard to tell which was the gloomier of the two.

"Why, what is the matter?" cried Aunt Sue, coming in fresh and rosy from her walk in the rain, and looking in surprise at the sad faces.

"Why, we all wanted to play croquet," said Mabel, sadly. "Our new set came last night, and we wanted to use it the first thing this morning; and now it's raining, and we can't go out or do anything but have a horrid time."

"Well, it is too bad if you must have a stormy day in doors as well as out," Aunt Sue answered. "Now, I should think that eight little cousins could make all the sunshine they wanted even if it did rain and spoil their croquet-party. Why wouldn't a game of blindman's buff be just as pleasant? You can have the large dining-room to play in, and move the table into the corner. There! I see some sunshiny smiles already. Now, don't let me see any more clouds on these dear little faces."

In a few moments the raindrops pattered against the windows unheeded, for the children were enjoying their game. Even

Frisk joined in the fun, and barked as noisily as if he were trying to swell the merry laughter.

Now, was it not far wiser to make sunshine at home than to mourn over the disappointment the rain brought.

### THE NAUGHTY FAIRIES.

THERE are two or three naughty fairies

Who lurk in our pretty house,

They are sly as the wily foxes;

And one is as still as a mouse,

And one can growl and mutter,

And one has a chain on her feet,

These naughty and mischievous fairies,

Whom you may have happened to meet.

The still-as-a-mouse one whispers

When a bit of work must be done:

"Oh, just let it go till to-morrow,

And take to-day for fun!"

And the mutter-and-growl one pricks you

Till you pucker your face in a scowl,

Or whimper or fret in a corner,

Or stand on the floor and howl.

But the worst of the three bad fairies

Is the one with the chain on her feet,

And the strangest thing is her fancy

For a child who is gay and sweet.

She makes her forget an errand,

And loiter when she should haste,

And many a precious moment

She causes the child to waste.

Should you happen to see these fairies,

Please pass them quickly by

With lips set close and firmly,

And a flash in your steadfast eye;

For three very naughty people

These three little fairies be,

Who mean, wherever they're hiding,

No good to you and me.

### WHAT KIND OF FRUIT THEY BEAR.

WE have a class of bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked boys. We love them dearly, and cannot endure the idea that one of them shall ever fall into the power of the rum-fiend. One day, pointing to a tree in full bloom, we said, "What fruit will that tree bear this year?" "Apples!" cried every voice. "And next year?" "Apples!" "And the next, and the next?" "Apples! Apples!" "Right every time! But what makes you think it will always bear apples? Why not peaches or pears? They grow on trees, and have blossoms quite like these?" "Oh, but this is an apple-tree, and they always bear apples." "That is true. And those rum-shops; they bear idleness, drunkenness, shame, ruin, and death; and they never bear anything else!"