



OUR BABY.

Patter, patter, patter
Of the sweetest feet.
Shining of two blue eyes
Raised for mine to greet.

Dearest little darling,
Brightest little flower,
Sent direct from heaven
My glad heart to dower.

Oh! that head so radiant,
With its sunny hair;
Oh! those eyes so star like,
Glancing here and there.

Hands so full of dimples,
Limbs so round and white,
Lips that smile upon us
With a rosy light.

Dearest little laddie,
Darling little boy,
God himself looks on thee
As a wondrous joy.

And in heaven the angels
Sweeter sing for thee,
And the gentle Jesus
Loves thee tenderly.

And on earth the flowers
Put on colors gay
For the little laddie
Who may pass their way.

All things bright are brighter
Since you came to earth;

All things dark must
vanish
By your baby
mirth.

Loved beyond de-
scription,
Loved beyond com-
pare;
No one else can
rival
Baby anywhere.

A SHEPHERD-
BOY'S PRAYER.

A little lad was
keeping his sheep
one Sunday morn-
ing. The bells were
ringing for church,
and the people were
going over the fields
when the little fel-
low began to think
that he too would
like to pray to God.
But what could he
say! for he had
never learned any
prayer. So he knelt
down and commene-
d the alphabet—A,
B, C, D, and so on
to Z. A gentleman

happened to pass on the other side of the hedge, heard the lad's voice, and looking through the bushes, saw the little fellow kneel, with folded hands and closed eyes, saying, "A, B, C."

"What are you doing, my little man?"
The lad looked up. "Please, sir, I was praying."

"But what were you saying your letters for?"

"Why, I didn't know any prayer, only I felt that I wanted God to take care of me and help me take care of the sheep. So I thought if I said all I knew he would put it together and spell all I wanted."

"Bless your heart, my little man! he will, he will, he will. When the heart speaks right, the lips can't say wrong."

THE WONDERFUL FLY.

BY KATHIE MOORE.

One rainy day when Tommy was looking out of the window, he saw a fly buzzing against the pane.

"I'll catch that fly," said he; and his fat little fingers went pattering over the glass, until at last he chased the fly down into a corner and caught it.

"Let me go!" said the fly.

"I shan't!" said Tommy.

"Do let me go! You are hurting me; you pinch my legs and break my wings."

"I don't care if I do. You're only a fly; a fly's not worth anything."

"Yes, I am worth something, and I

can do wonderful things. I can do something you can't do."

"I don't believe it," said Tommy. "What is it?"

"I can walk up the wall."

"Let me see you do it;" and Tommy's fingers opened so that the fly could escape.

The fly flew across the room, and walked up the wall and then down again.

"My!" said Tommy. "What else can you do?"

"I can walk across the ceiling," said the fly, and he did so.

"My!" said Tommy again. "How do you do that?"

"I have little suckers on my feet that help me to hold on. I can walk anywhere, and fly, too. I am smarter than a boy," said the fly.

"Well, you're not good for anything, and boys are," answered Tommy, stoutly.

"Indeed, I am good for something. I helped to save you from getting sick when the days were hot. Flies eat up the poison in the air; and if we had not been around in the summer to keep the air pure, you and the baby and your mother would all have been very sick."

"Is that true?" asked Tommy in great surprise.

"Yes, it is true; and now I will tell you something else. You are a bad, bad boy."

"I am not!" cried Tommy, growing very red in the face. "I don't steal, or say bad words, or tell what is not true."

"Well, you are a bad boy, anyhow. It is bad to hurt flies and to pull off their legs and wings. It is bad to hurt anything that lives. Flies can feel. Yesterday you pulled off my brother's wings."

"I never thought of that," said Tommy, soberly. "I'll never catch flies again, and be sure that I'll never hurt you."

"You won't get a chance," answered the fly, as he walked across the ceiling.

Did you ever try to keep a cork from coming to the top of a glass of water? Every time it is put at the bottom, it refuses to stay there. Its place is on the top; it belongs there. So whatever circumstances may be in the way, the noble, the truthful, the pure, the helpful, the industrious boy and girl belongs at the top, and cannot be kept down.

SUNSHINE MAKING.

Put a bit of sunshine in the day;
Others need its cheer and so do you—
Need it most when outer sky's dull gray
Leaves the sunshine-making yours to do.

Give the day a streak of rosy dawn;
Give it, too, a touch of highest noon.
Make the one about you wonder why
Sunset crimson should appear so soon.