

silky hair. When his mistress had left the room Jack evidently thought they needed care, and considered it his duty to play nurse during her absence, so he stretched himself in front of the fire and gathered the wee, fluffy balls together under his warm fur, and now and again a tiny yellow head was thrust forth for a minute, to be withdrawn and tucked out of sight. Mary concluded that the basket was not needed just then, and put it aside.

An Easter Opening.

These sketches were all done from life by M. René Valette, the well-known Parisian painter. They

shaking their downy plumage, and at the slightest alarm scurrying for protection to the sheltering wings of the maternal hen. The next four sketches show little ducks at the same interesting period of existence. No. 10 is a young heron, who as yet scarcely knows what to do with his long neck, legs and beak. The owl (Nos. 11, 12, 13 and 14), with his goggle eyes and abundant plumage, looks wise and dignified even from earliest infancy. In 15, 16, 17 and 18 we have the scraggy fledgling crow, whose greedy, ever-open beak offers a fine opening for worms. No. 19 is a baby chaffinch, while 20, 21 and 22 portray the too common sparrow,



EASTER OPENINGS.

represent the grotesque appearance and attitudes of some of our familiar feathered friends as they make their debuts upon the stage of life—that is to say, just as they step out of the egg. Nos. 1 and 5 inclusive are devoted to the common chicks, those fussy little creatures that go picking and cheeping about,

Then we have the woodpecker (23) and the fauvet (24), a pair of starlings (25), and, finally, a very distressful looking little creature (26) which the artist assures us is a tomtit.

Easter—How to Tell It.
—Thirty days hath September,
Every person can remember;

But to know when Easters come,
Puzzles even scholars some.

When March the twenty-first is
past,

Just watch the silvery moon,
And when you see it full and round,
Know Easter'll be here soon.

After the moon has reached its full,
Then Easter will be here
The very Sunday after,
In each and every year.

And if it hap on Sunday
The moon should reach its height,
The Sunday following this event
Should be the Easter bright.
—'Boston Transcript.'

'Who Will Take Care of Me?'

'Who will take care of me?' darling,
you say,
Lovingly, tenderly watched as
you are;
Listen! I give you the answer
to-day:
One who is never forgetful or far.

He will take care of you! All
through the day
Jesus is with you, to keep you
from ill;
Working or resting, at lessons or
play,
Jesus is near you, and watching
you still.

He will take care of you! All
through the night
Jesus the Shepherd His little one
keeps;
Darkness to Him is the same as the
light:
He never slumbers, and He never
sleeps.

He will take care of you! All
through the year.
Crowning each day with His
mercy and love;
Sending you blessings, and shield-
ing from fear,
Leading you on to His bright
home above.

He will take care of you! Yes, to
the end;
Nothing can alter His love to His
own.
Darling, be glad that you have such
a Friend;
He will not leave you one mo-
ment alone.
—Frances Ridley Havergal.