



A TIT-BIT FOR WISE OXEN.

WHY MINNIE COULD NOT SLEEP.

SHE sat up in bed. The curtain was drawn up and she saw the moon, and it looked as if it was laughing at her.

"You needn't look at me, moon," she said, "you don't know about it; you can't see in the daytime; besides, I am going to sleep."

She lay down and tried to go to sleep. Her clock on the mantel went "tick-tock, tick-tock." She generally liked to hear it, but to-night it sounded just as if it said, "I know, I know, I know" "You don't know, either," said Minnie, opening her eyes wide. "You weren't there, you old thing! You were up stairs."

Her loud voice awoke the parrot. He took his head from under his wing, and cried out "Polly did!"

"That's a wicked story, you naughty bird!" said Minnie. "You were in grandma's room, so now!" Then Minnie tried to go to sleep again. She lay down and counted white sheep, just as grandma said she did when she couldn't sleep. But there was a big lump in her throat. "Oh, I wish I hadn't!"

Pretty soon there came a very soft pattering of four little feet, and her pussie jumped upon the bed, kissed Minnie's cheek, then began to pur-r-r. It was very queer but that, too, sounded as if pussy said, "I know, I know, I know." "Yes you do know, kitty," said Minnie; and then she threw her arms around kitty's neck and cried bitterly, "And—I—guess—I—want—to—see—my—mamma!"

Mamma opened her arms when she saw the little weeping girl coming, and then Minnie told her miserable story.

"I was awful naughty, mamma, but I

did want the custard pie so bad, and so I ate it up, 'most a whole pie, and then, I—oh! I don't want to tell, but s'pect I must, I shut kitty in the pantry to make you think she did it. But I'm truly sorry, mamma." Then mamma told Minnie she had known all about it, but she had hoped that her little daughter would be brave enough to tell her all about it, herself.

"But, mamma," she asked, "how did you know it wasn't kitty?"

"Because kitty would never have left a spoon in the pie," replied mamma, smiling.

PERSEVERANCE.

A LITTLE girl, being given a task in needlework by her mother, took a chair out under a shady tree in the yard and prepared to finish it. The surroundings out there were very pleasant. The birds sang merrily as they flew from limb to limb; the air was mild and balmy; and everything looked cheerful and bright; yet she was unhappy and discontented. She did not want to work; and while the task was not hard, she imagined it was, and thought she was tired before she began it. So, instead of beginning at once and getting it done soon, she let her work lie idly in her lap.

Then her gaze fell on a little busy ant which was trying to drag along a crumb of bread very much larger than itself, but it came to a twig which it found hard to crawl over with its burden. The ant tried to pull it over the twig, and after getting it up a little tumbled off. Next it tried to push the crumb over, and the burden tumbled over on it. The insect could have easily gone around the twig, but it did not seem to think of this, and went on

dragging and tumbling in the same way. Finally, it got over, and proceeded on its way.

This set the little girl to thinking, and she wondered what made the ant do as she had done. Something said it was perseverance, and the birds seemed to say over and over again, "Perseverance," and she picked up the sewing, and was surprised to find how soon it was finished. Often afterwards, when tempted to neglect or put off some duty, the little girl thought of the ant, and whispering to herself "Perseverance," soon put the tempter to flight.

ONE PENNY.

"ONE!" and the penny dropped into the bank,

The very first penny of all.

"I shall soon be rich," little Johnnie said.

"And my bank will be much too small for all the pennies that I shall save.

Indeed it will be too small!

"A penny is not very much to save.

How it rattles around alone!

It seems to say, 'Please take me out

In a deep and hollow tone.

When I think of all the things I want, I wish that I could, I own.

"I really believe, if the bank was tipped I could shake that penny out.

Why, sure enough! Well if I made bank

I should know what I was about;

And, whenever a boy put a penny in, it would stay without a doubt.

"Well, I might as well go and buy that

Or the marbles, or let me see!

I just love taffy. Oh, dear, oh, dear!

I wish this penny was three!

But it isn't and may as well go back

And wait for two more, you see."

"AS BIG AS WE ARE."

ONE day the teacher of the infant class asked them this question: "How must you be to give your heart to Jesus? Must you be as big as I am? All that think so will raise the hand."

Quite a number thought they must be as big as their teacher.

"Well, all who do not think so will raise the hand."

A good many hands were raised in response to the invitation.

"Well, Lizzie, how big do you think you must be to give our hearts to Jesus?"

"Just as big as we are!" answered the little girl.