



A SAD TALE.

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"Who's afraid of a cat?" said he:  
 "I'm not afraid of a cat."  
 He was a bird who sat on a rail,  
 With five other birds, and this was his tale:  
 "I'm not afraid of a cat."

"I might be afraid if I were a mouse,  
 Or even if I were a rat;  
 But as I'm a bird  
 I'll give you my word  
 I'm not afraid of a cat."

A cat and her kittens came down on the scene,

Five birds flew over the rail;  
 Our hero was caught,  
 As quick as a thought,  
 And didn't he alter his tale?

"You've made a mistake, Mister Cat," said he;

"You must please let me go, Mister Cat.  
 I'm not at all nice,  
 I don't taste like mice;  
 You'd much better have a young rat."  
 Said the cat, "It's no use;  
 You may be a goose—  
 I'll not let you go for all that."

## WHO IS THIS LITTLE GIRL?

I know a bright little girl who can say  
 Each one of her letters from Z to A,  
 And is always willing to leave her play  
 When mamma wants an errand done;  
 Who knows how to knit, and mend, and sew,  
 And is neat as wax from top to toe.  
 She brings her father's slippers and gown,  
 When he returns from the busy town—  
 Where he works from morn till the sun goes  
 down.

We never knew her a falsehood to tell,  
 What'er she does she loves to do well,  
 What is her name, do you know?

## FRED'S HARD LESSON.

FRED was tired and wanted something new to play with. Things had gone wrong all the morning, so when he was left alone for half an hour his little heart was quite broken.

"Build a nice house with your blocks, Fred," mamma had said as she went down stairs. But Fred did not like to see those troublesome A, B, C's staring him in the face and saying, "You ought to learn to read, for you are five years old."

So the busy little brain and the sharp eyes looked about the room for something else to do. The cage with the white mice stood near, and Fred began to wonder if mice could swim. He went close to them, and the more he wondered the more anxious he felt to try them. But he had been told over and over again never to touch his brother Howard's mice, and the text he had learned last Sunday came into his thoughts just then. "Obey your parents" was what the teacher had said, and Fred knew that mamma was his parent, and that obey meant to do just as she told him.

"I don't think she would care, and Howard is at school; besides, it is hot today, and I think mouseie would like to go in the nice cool water." So he thought, and his conscience became quieter and quieter, until it stopped talking altogether, and the "obey your parents" was almost forgotten. It was the work of a moment to open the cage-door and catch one of the pretty tame mice.

Then Fred's little feet trotted off to the bath-room. Mamma, who was entertaining company down stairs, heard him and thought how happy and good her little boy was to play so nicely by himself.

Poor little mouseie! When he felt himself plunged into the cold water he made a faint struggle and then stopped breathing. Fred wondered why "Whitie" did not

swim. A sudden fear came over him, and soon the drowned mouse was carried back and put in the cage. "He can't be dead. I only put him in the water, and that couldn't hurt him. But, oh dear! I wish he would move just a little, and I wish his eyes were shut; he stares at me so."

Mamma's step was heard, and Fred walked away from the cage feeling very naughty and unhappy.

"Did you build the house, dear?"

"No, mamma."

There was a queer feeling in the boy's throat, and mamma thought that she heard something like a sob.

"What have you been doing? No mischief, I hope."

Then with sobs Fred told the whole story. With a great burst of tears at the close he said, "Mamma, breathe on it; I know you can make it alive again."

There was one lesson learned that day that Fred never forgot—that mamma knew more than he did. Often when he was tempted to do wrong the words "Obey your parents" came to his mind, and stopped the mischievous little boy from doing what he had been told not to do.

## BUILDING.

NED and Warren are playing with their blocks. Sometimes Ned builds high towers, and churches, and bridges, and all sorts of things. Sometimes when a tower or bridge is almost finished, down it will fall, because some block near the bottom was not put in quite square and right. One day, when this happened, mamma said: "Do you know, boys, you are both of you building your lives? You build in a block each day. You must make each day right—build it in square—so that when you are older your building will stand firm." Ask mamma or papa what Warren's mamma meant.

## A MISTAKE.

A MAN overcome by his emotions and bad whiskey lay down beside a fence. A hog strolling that way in search of food began rooting about the prostrate figure as if he thought his discovery was a vegetable product. The drunken man stupidly opened one eye, and, observing the grunting beast, remarked:

"Shu here, piggy! I know that jesh now I'm not your equal in point of dignity; nevertheless, I dechire to shay for various reasons that I'm not a puttater, an' to take me for one ish a shlander ou the vegetab'e. If you devour me in my present condition you'll find me er-very indigeatible."

The hog m...ed ou