



OUR CAT.

DONALD AND HIS SISTER.

POOR Donald McDonald had given his parents much trouble. He was a fine, bright lad, but he lacked decision of character. Bad companions had drawn him into much mischief; but, at last, he had to face a great calamity. He was charged with theft. Many things seemed to prove his guilt; yet, bad as he had been, he knew he was not a thief. He sat on his bed in great sorrow, after failing to convince his father of his innocence. He knew not what to do, or whither to go. He had never prayed before for months, but he prayed that night most fervently for help and deliverance. To his great joy, his sister rushed into his room in much excitement, and exclaimed, "Oh, Donald! it is all right; old Mr. Ferguson has just called with the missing purse, he found it under the rug in father's office." Donald had already made a good resolve, and he has kept it.

JESSIE'S SEWING ACHES.

JESSIE sat down by her mother to sew. She was making a pillow-case for her own little pillow.

"I have a dreadful pain at my side," said Jessie, in a few minutes. "Oh, my hand is so tired!" was the next. Next there was something the matter with her foot, and then with her eyes, and so she was full of trouble.

"Will I send for a doctor?" said her mother.

"The doctor for me, mother?" cried the little girl, as surprised as she could be.

"Certainly a little girl so full of pains and aches must be sick, and the sooner we get the doctor the better."

I have heard of other little girls besides Jessie, who had sewing aches and pains whenever their parents had any work for them to do. This is a disease call "selfishness," and I hope none of my little readers are afflicted with it.

SOW, SEW AND SO.

Sow, sow, sow,
So the farmers sow;
Busy, busy, all the day,
While the children are at play,
Stowing, stowing close away
Baby wheat and rye in bed,
So the children may be fed,
So, so, so.

Sew, sew, sew,
So the mothers sew!
Busy, busy, all the day,
While the children are at play,
Sewing, sewing fast away,
So the children may have frocks,
Trowsers, coats, and pretty socks,
So, so, so.

Sow, sew, so,
So they sow and sew;
S, and O, and W,
This is what the farmers do,
Put an E, in place of O,
This is how the mothers sew,—
So they sow and sew for you,
So without the W,
So, so, so.

—*Vesper Bells.*

THE ECLIPSE.

DID you ever see an eclipse? May-be you don't know what "eclipse" means: for that is a pretty hard word for little people. To tell you about it, you must first know that the sun is a great body of light, from which the moon and the stars and the earth all receive their light. The earth revolves or turns around the sun, and the moon turns around the earth—just as if there was a lamp on a centre-table, and you walked slowly around the table, while sister walked around you. If you will try that, you will see that sister's head is sometimes in the way, so that you cannot see the light. When this happens with the heavenly bodies, that is, when the moon passes between the earth and sun, so that we on the earth cannot see all or a part of the sun, we call it an eclipse of the sun. The best way to see an eclipse is through a glass that has been held over a candle or torch, until smoke has collected on it, and made it quite dark.

Ask papa, or mamma, to tell you when there will be an eclipse, and look at it through a smoked glass, then see how much you can remember of what I have told you.

SICKNESS should teach us what a vain thing the world is,—what a vile thing sin is,—what a poor thing man is,—and what a precious thing an interest in Christ is.