

bound that the little black kitten waked up with a start.

'Purr, purr, my darling child,' said Mrs. Tabby Gray, in great excitement; 'I have had a dreadful fright!' and before the black kitten could ask one question, she picked him up and started to the barn.

The sun was bright in the barnyard, and the hens were still chattering there; but the black kitten was glad to get back to the barn. His mother was glad, too; for as she nestled down in the hay with her three little kittens, she told them that a barn was the best place, after all, to raise children.

And she never afterwards changed her mind.—'The Westminster.'

Tom Hathway's Success.

Tom Hathway was the son of a poor widow, who lived in the small village of Salem. She was dependent upon her only son, as her husband had been killed by the Sioux Indians on his way to the gold fields of California, seeking a fortune. Tom was an industrious, honest, upright boy, always the leader among the village boys, and always ready to comfort his poor mother in times of distress.

Nearby the Hathway home lived Dick Alston, the son of a wealthy New York merchant, who made his home in Salem, and George Denton, the son of a lawyer of Salem. Both boys were jealous of Tom, as he was the favorite of the village. They tried to jeer him by calling him a 'little mamma boy.' But Tom didn't heed their jeerings, but kept bravely on, fighting the battles of life.

He obtained a position as clerk in the corner grocery of Salem, with wages sufficient to keep his mother and himself comfortably during the winter, at least. It was in the spring, however, that Tom met with his first great success. Dr. Rogers, living in the neighboring village, hung a sign in his window advertising for an honest boy. Tom saw the sign as he was delivering groceries in the village, and that same night on his return to his home, he told his mother of his intentions of applying for the situation at the doctor's.

The next morning Tom dressed in his best and started for the doctor's house five miles distant. Mrs. Hathway went to the gate to see

her son off, and told him not to cross the ice, although it was the shortest way, because it was not in a safe condition. He obeyed his mother's command, as he always did, and took the longer route around the lake.

He reached the doctor's office in a short time, and walking in, was surprised to see Dick Alston and George Denton, who were also applicants for the position. He quietly took a chair and engaged in conversation with the other boys, which was overheard by the doctor in the adjoining room. Some of the boys talked about Tom being poorly dressed, and doing just what his mother wanted him.

'I wouldn't walk around that ice for anybody, not even my mother,' said Dick, 'when it's the shortest way to cross over.'

'But my mother told me the ice was unsafe, and I always take her advice,' said Tom.

'Unsafe nothing!' said Dick. 'Women don't know anything about the ice.'

Tom felt indignant at these answers and the insults to his mother, but said nothing at the time. The boys didn't know that the doctor heard everything they had said, but the doctor knew it, and he made up his mind as to what boy he would select. He entered the waiting-room, where the boys were, and made his selection. The lucky boy was Tom Hathway, who obeyed and defended his mother. He became closely attached to the doctor, and learned the profession of medicine through his guidance, and to-day is a noted doctor with a large practice in the city of New York.—'Michigan Advocate.'

A Sunday Dog.

It used to be a common thing to see dogs at church with their owners in the country parts of England and Scotland; and, as they usually behaved well, they were not molested. But very much later than that a handsome setter in one of the Middle States not only went to church faithfully, but took it upon himself to keep all the family up to their duty.

His name was Joe, and his face was full of kindness and intelligence. The cocking up of his left ear and a general expression of being on the alert was peculiar to him on Sunday, and he seemed re-

solved that every man, woman and child on the premises should honor the day as he did.

He never made a mistake in the day of days which he began by leaving his kennel earlier than usual, to set about getting those children off to Sunday-school. There was a long country walk before them, and he knew they'd be late unless he kept at them. So he barked and scolded and capered about them, saying as plainly as dog language could, 'Do hurry, you thoughtless creatures! Don't you hear the first bell ringing?' When the laughing flock was ready to start Joe marched off with them and kept severe discipline in the way of wanderings by the roadside.

One Sunday morning this faithful guardian nearly fell into disgrace himself. He had rushed from his kennel to give chase to a rabbit, apparently forgetting what day it was, when the sound of the first bell suddenly reminded him. The knowing cock of his ear dropped as he wheeled about and went off at full speed to hurry up his careless charges.

Joe always marched into the Sunday-school with them, and paid strict attention to what was going on. He also went to church afterward, and established himself in the family pew without ever making a mistake.—'Herald and Presbyterian.'

Faithful in Little Things.

I cannot do great things for Him,
Who did so much for me;
But I should like to show my love,
Dear Jesus, unto Thee.
Faithful in very little things,
O Saviour, may I be!

There are small things in daily life
In which I may obey,
And thus may show my love to thee;

And always every day,
There are some little loving words
Which I for thee may say.

There are small crosses I may take,
Small burdens I may bear,
Small acts of faith and deeds of love,

Some sorrows I may share;
And little bits of work for thee
I may do everywhere.

So I ask thee to give me grace
My little place to fill,
That I may ever walk with thee,
And ever do thy will—
That in each duty, great or small,
I may be faithful still.