

LITTLE FOLKS

A Strange Foster-Mother.

The picture given on this page from a 'Christian Herald' artist, is engraved from a photograph by a friend who has been spending a few days in Kent. Outside a cottage door he saw this strange foster-mother, and took a snapshot of the scene. It appears that the cat one day appeared with a family of kit-

tens before. So this cat lay down, and the little chicks nestle into her soft furry side, perch on her back, and roam all over the garden with her, and take the place in her affections of her dead kittens. Mr. Louis Martin, of Yarmouth, has a Persian cat which daily takes turns with a cropper pigeon in sitting upon the latter's eggs. He had noticed pussy

day. I take drawing lessons, and music lessons and elocution lessons, and I go to school every year, from September till June.'

Just then Maggy brought in a plate of frosted sponge cake and a pitcher of lemonade, and there was a lull in the conversation. Emmie's eyes rested longingly on the cups and saucers as she ate her cake and drank her lemonade. 'Look, mother,' she said in a low voice, 'see the little girl's cups and saucers; she's getting up a collection; ain't they pretty?'

Emmie's mother looked at them and her tired face brightened. 'Very pretty, Emmie,' she said.

Mamma caught Emmie's longing look, so did Amy, and a bright and happy thought popped into her busy little head. She went over to mamma, handing her a glass of lemonade. 'Mamma,' she said in a low tone, 'it's Emmie's birthday, and she didn't get anything. May I give her a cup and saucer, please? I feel so sorry for her.'

Mamma gave a quick nod and Amy retreated, well pleased. She walked over to where Emmie sat, with a resolute air.

'I want to give you a cup and saucer for a birthday present, Emmie,' she said; 'come over and see them, you may have any one you like best.'

Emmie's black eyes grew large with joy. 'A cup and saucer to me?' she repeated wonderingly.

'Yes, to you,' said Amy, smilingly.

Emmie's mother looked pleased, but a little doubtful as she looked at mamma, but mamma soon set her fears at rest. 'It's all right,' she said with a sweet look.

The two little girls walked over side by side to the little white covered table.

'Now, choose,' said Amy, reassuringly.

Emmie looked them all over again; they were all so pretty, but to her none were half so pleasing as Aunt May's little cup with its shining letters of 'Think of me' upon it, still, she did not want to be selfish, and Amy had said it was her favorite, too. She hesitated a little, then she looked at Amy. The black eyes met the brown ones and seemed to say, 'I like this one best, but I don't like to say so,' then the brown eyes seemed to telegraph



THE KENTISH CAT AND HER FAMILY OF CHICKS.

tens, but as the people did not wish to keep them, they were drowned at once, in the hope that she would not miss them. But the poor cat made up her mind to find something else to pet and fondle, and after a day or two was seen mewling and talking, in her feline way, to some little chicks in the back garden. The mother of the chickens had been killed accidentally a few

enter the pigeon-cote several times, and kept watch. She has for nine days gone each morning between eight and nine through the entrance used by the pigeon into the locker, and remained upon the nest until one or two p.m. Twice, when the pigeon was slow to leave, the cat pushed it off with her paw, and then stretched herself upon the nest.

Emmie's Birthday Cup.

(By Susan Hubbard Martin, in 'Presbyterian Banner'.)

(Continued.)

Emily told Amy that she lived twelve miles in the country, and that she went to school five months in the year; that their house had four rooms in it, and that she hadn't any brothers or sisters. That she wasn't so very lonesome, but

was a little some times, for the nearest neighbor lived two miles away and hadn't any little girls either.

Amy's brown eyes grew large and wondering. 'I should think you'd get awful lonesome,' she said emphatically. 'I haven't any brothers or sisters either, but I've got lots of cousins and friends too, and they come to see me nearly every