



THE SNOW-HOUSE.

MILLIE'S BABIES.

Six little timid kittens,
Out in the cold alone,
Their mother is always gadding about,
And brings them not even a bone;
She's off in the morning early,
She's off till late at night,
A mischievous, selfish old pussy,
That never does anything right.

The kittens are always hungry,
They're too timid to catch a mouse,—
And their mother is such an old gadder,
They won't keep her in the house.
She never petted nor played with them,
Nor washed them nice and clean,
Such six little dirty faces
I'm sure I've never seen.

Six little sad, sad kittens,
All sitting in a row,
Cold, and hungry, and dirty
From the tip of each nose to each toe.
Twelve little ears and six little tails
Hanging and drooping low,
So out on the steps I found them,
Sitting all in a row.

And Millie begged hard to keep them,
And fed them and washed them so clean,—
Such six bright, cunning kittens
I'm sure I have never seen.
The boys laughed at Millie's babies,
She cares not a whit, would you?
If she hadn't adopted those kittens,
What in the world would they do?

QUEER BIRDS.

ONE day last summer, while Ella and Tom were in the country, they went down to wade in the creek, and saw some queer-looking birds. Their legs were so long that Tom said they were practising on stilts. They had long, sharp bills, which they stuck into the mud "clear up to their

eyes," as Ella explained to her father when they returned to the house.

"And they couldn't sing a bit good," said Tom; "they just squeaked."

"Why didn't you catch some of them, Tom?" said his father.

"Couldn't, papa; I tried."

"You ought to have put some salt on their tails."

"Oh, but they didn't have any tails to put salt on," said Tom.

Do any of our little readers know the name of these birds?

WHY SHE WAS HAPPY.

I WAS sitting on the porch talking with a lady, when her little girl came running toward us and nestled by her mother's side. I wish you could have seen her happy face. It was covered with smiles, and her eyes were as bright as two black eyes could be.

"Why are you so happy, my dear?" I asked.

"Because mamma is here," she replied, looking up into my face, as if she thought I ought to have known the reason without asking.

If you have a good mother, you ought to be glad, and I would advise you to try and do nothing that would grieve her. See how much you can do to help her and make her happy. There is one thing you can do very easily—that is, keep good-natured. Wear a sunny face instead of a cross one.

THE LOST PRIZE.

"We have each of us got a prize, mamma—each of us! Isn't that perfectly lovely?"

This mother was asked so many times a day to find so many things "perfectly lovely" that she smiled as she answered, "That is nice, indeed; are they for the same thing?"

They brought the books and laid them open on her knee. Louise was her own little maid, and Nanette was Louise's dearest friend, who had her mother to show her triumphs to, and who often came to Louise's mother, finding always a kind word and smile.

"Miss Blair offered a prize for the best composition on India, mamma, and she said mine and Nanette's were just equal; so she gave us each one."

"What does this mean?" asked the mother, reading from Nanette's book: "From Nanette's affectionate teacher, who loves every truth-lover."

Nanette blushed a little. "Miss Blair said we must get it all out of books, ma'am, and while I was writing mine an old gentleman at our boarding-house came up and corrected some things I had written, without my asking him, of course, I had to tell Miss Blair."

"Ah, I see," said the lady; "and she means you to remember that she values your carefulness about telling the whole truth, more even than your composition."

She drew Nanette to her side and kissed her. "I would rather be called a truth-lover, little Nanette," she said, "than be called Her Majesty the Empress of India. Could Miss Blair say the same of you, Louise dear?" she asked, but Louise burst into tears.

Her mother was much concerned when she found that Louise had slipped Nanette's paper out of the desk and read it before writing her own. "I didn't see why I might not read a composition as well as a book," she sobbed.

"But you let Miss Blair think you had done what she told you, daughter; that was not truth-telling, much less truth-loving."

And Louise was obliged to carry her pretty book back and give it up. But when her golden hair began to turn grey, she used to tell her own little girls that this lost prize did more for her than any she ever gained and kept.

DOT AND DIMPLE.

THEY were not much bigger than a dot and a dimple as they sat on two chairs, all clean and freshly dressed to go on an afternoon visit with mamma.

Dimple was sweet and good, and sat very still, as mamma told them to do.

Dot was sweet, but not so very good, for she wanted to have her little feet bare, and so, though she knew it was wrong, she began to pull off her shoes and stockings.

"Dot, if it's you, I duss I wouldn't," said Dimple. "Mamma won't like it."

"Don't tare,"; I wants them off," said naughty Dot. And she tugged at her stocking.

"Den you won't be dood," insisted Dimple.

"Don't tare," repeated wilful Dot, still tugging away.

Pretty soon mamma came in with her bonnet on, bringing their hats. When she saw Dot's bare feet she looked annoyed, and said, "Oh, Dot, you naughty little thing! Now you will have to stay at home, for papa is keeping the carriage waiting for us, and there is no time to dress your feet again."

So Dot was left at home with Jane while the rest had a nice ride and a pleasant visit. I hope she will not be naughty next time.

WHEN I was a small boy I heard a minister say: "Children are like little tree-frogs. I wondered what he could mean by such words as these, for I could see no resemblance between children and tree-frogs. "It is said," remarked the minister, "that the tree-frog becomes the colour of the bark of whatever kind of a tree they are on." And he said: "Little boys and girls are like them in this way; they partake of the habits of the children with whom they keep company. If they play with bad children, they will be likely soon to form the same bad habits which they practise." Oh, how true were his words!