



## CHILDRENS PAGE

### Great Men and Their Cats.

Not a few great men have been partial to cats. Petrarch had his cat embalmed; Rousseau shed genuine tears over the loss of his; Dr. Johnson, sometimes called the "Great Bear," nursed his cat day and night during its illness, and went himself for oysters to tempt its appetite. Southey raised one of his cats to the peerage, with the high sounding title of "Earl of Tomlemagne, Baron Raticide, Waowther and Skaratchi." To



Napoleon, however, cats were a mortal terror. Just after the battle of Wagram an aide-de-camp, upon entering the Emperor's room, saw him half undressed, with protruding eyes and perspiring forehead, making frequent lunges with a sword at the tapestry around the room. In explanation he said there was a cat behind the tapestry, and that he had hated cats from his very infancy. He had crossed the bridge at Lodi with sublime courage, yet quivered with excitement and terror over the presence of a cat.

### Using the Pieces.

Some years ago there lived and worked in Italy a great artist in mosaics. His skill was wonderful. With bits of glass and stone he could produce the most striking work of art—works that were valued at thousands of pounds.

In his workshop was a poor little boy, whose business it was to clean up the floor and tidy up the room after the day's work was done. He was a quiet little fellow, and always did his work well. That was all the artist knew about him.

One day he came to his master and asked timidly "Please, master, may I have for my own the bits of glass you throw upon the floor?"

"Why, yes, boy," said the artist. "The bits are good for nothing. Do as you please with them."

Day after day when the child might have been seen studying the broken pieces found on the floor, laying some on one side, and throwing others away. He was a faithful little servant, and so year after year went by and found him still in the workshop.

One day his master entered a storeroom little used, and in looking around came upon a piece of work carefully hid behind the rubbish. He brought it to the light, and to his surprise found a noble work of art nearly finished.

"What great artist could have hidden his work in my studio?"

At that moment the young servant entered the door. He stopped short on seeing his master, and when he saw the work in his hands a deep flush died his face.

"What is this?" cried the artist. "Tell me what great artist has hidden his masterpiece here?"

"Oh! master," faltered the astonished boy, "it is only my poor work. You know you said I might have the broken bits you threw away."

The child with an artist soul had gathered up the frag-

ments, and patiently, lovingly wrought them into a wonderful work of art. Do you catch the hint, little people? Gather up the bits of time and opportunity lying about and patiently work out your life mosaic—a masterpiece by the grace of God.

### Her Grace

An English woman of rank, a duchess, while kind-hearted in the main was careless about many matters which affected the happiness of others, particularly the tradespeople whom she patronized. She was apt to forget to pay her bills until annoyance and sometimes distress resulted.

A milliner, whose large bill had been repeatedly ignored by the duchess, at last determined to send her little girl, a pretty child of ten years, to beg for the money which was so much needed. "Be sure to say 'your grace' to the duchess," said the anxious mother; and the child gravely promised to remember.

When after long waiting, she was ushered into the duchess's presence, the little girl dropped a low courtesy and then, folding her hands and closing her eyes, she said softly, "For what I am about to receive, may the Lord make me truly thankful." As she opened her eyes and turned her wistful gaze on the duchess, that light-hearted person flushed very red, and without delay made out the check for the amount due to the milliner.

The little girl, happy in the belief that she had done the errand exactly as she had been told, departed joyfully; but the quick-witted duchess knew that the lesson she had received had never been intended, and felt its reproof all the more.

### Looking on the Bright Side.

A man met a little fellow on the road carrying a basket of blackberries, and said to him: "Sammy where did you get such nice berries?"

"Over there, sir, in the briars."



"Won't your mother be glad to see you come home with a basket of such nice ripe fruit?"

"Yes, sir," said Sammy; "she always seems glad when I hold up the berries, and I don't tell her anything about the briars in my feet."

The man rode on. Sammy's remark had given him a lesson, and he resolved henceforth he would try to hold up the berries and say nothing about the briars.