



WIDE AWAKE.

### THE MOTHER'S CRADLE SONG.

[The following beautiful song is a translation from the "Home Songs" of Sweden. It is crooned by the mother as she is putting her little one to sleep.]

Oh, little child, lie still and sleep;  
 Jesus is near, thou need'st not fear,  
 No one need fear whom God doth keep  
 By day or night.  
 Then lay thee down in slumber deep,  
 Till morning light.

Oh, little child, be still and rest;  
 He sweetly sleeps whom Jesus keeps;  
 And in the morning wake so blest  
 His child to be.  
 Love everyone, but love him best—  
 He first loved thee.

Oh, little child, when thou must die,  
 Fear nothing, then, but say, "Amen"  
 To God's demand, and quiet lie  
 In his kind hand,  
 Until he say, "Dear child, come, fly  
 To heaven's bright land."

Then when thy work on earth is done,  
 Thou shalt ascend to meet thy friend;  
 Jesus the little child will own,  
 Safe at his side;  
 And thou shalt dwell before the throne,  
 For he hath died.

### KEEPING STEP.

MARCH-away little one. Keep in step and in line. Always do right whether in play or in earnest, and you will win in the battle of life. The march may be long, but if you keep in line you will always be ready for duty.

### A NEW LIGHT ON THINGS.

"HALLOA, young fellow!" said the cock to the shepherd's dog, eyeing him very fiercely as he ran by, "I've a word to say to you."

"Let us have it," said Shag; "I am in a hurry."

"I wish to remark," said the cock, "that there has been a great mistake made in the stack-yard; and you can tell your master that he and the other man, instead of turning the corn-end of the sheaves into the stack, and leaving the stubbles outside, should have done it in the other way. How are my hens and I, do you think, to get at the grain under the circumstances?"

"Anything else?" asked Shag.

The cock was offended, and shook his wattles, but answered, "Yes—I have also to remark——"

"Never mind, never mind," said Shag, interrupting him; "you're under a general mistake, I see, and one answer will do for your objections. You fancy that farm-yards were made for fowls; but the truth is, fowls were made for the farm-yards. Get that into your head, and you won't meddle with arrangements which you can't understand, and in which you and your affairs are not taken into account."

My child, remember that God did not make the world for you; that your interests and pleasures are not the only things to be consulted. Beware of self. Beware either of pleasing self or pitying self. He that does either will not be either useful or happy; and he will be very unlike him who "pleased not himself."

"CEASE, my son, to hear the instruction that causeth thee to err from the words of knowledge."

### JOHNNY PIG.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

LITTLE Johnny Eataway's playmate called him "Johnny Pig;" and I don't wonder that they did, for he was one of the greediest boys that ever lived.

Almost every day when dinner was over and he had eaten so much he couldn't eat any more, he would beg his mamma, with a dreadful whine, not to give what was left of the pudding or pie—which wasn't much. I can assure you—to any one else, but to put it away in the closet so that he might "eat it by and by."

And often he would stand for an hour at a time before the windows of a bakery or candy-store, with the tears running down his cheeks, in the deepest grief because he could not eat everything he saw there.

And he would follow men who were selling fruit from street to street, just as other boys follow the soldiers, or a monkey on a hand organ, in hopes that at last, to get rid of him, they would give him an apple, or an orange, or a banana.

Well, late one very cloudy afternoon, Johnny Pig was coming from the druggist's with a small bottle of paregoric for the baby, who had a pain, (paregoric was the only thing that could be swallowed that he could be trusted with), when he saw a man in front of him carrying a basket half full of pretty pink packages. Johnny got as near as he could to this man, and sniffed at the basket.

It smelled delicious! Just like his mamma's kitchen on cake-baking days.

The man ran up every stoop, and rang every door-bell, and gave one of the packages to whoever came to the door.

At last, Johnny Pig, who was by this time a mile from home, and it was fast getting dark, asked the man what they were.

"Cakes," said the man.

"Gimme one?" begged Johnny.

"No," said the man, "I don't give them to little boys."

But Johnny kept following and teasing and teasing, until the man—it was quite dark now—said, "Well, as I have only a few left and I want to go to my supper, you may have one."

Johnny snatched it without even a thank-you (greedy boys are never polite), sat down on the nearest door-step, laid the bottle of paregoric by his side, tore off the pretty pink paper, and took a bite—a big bite.

And then he jumped up, knocking over the bottle and breaking it into flinders, and stamped, and choked, and sputtered, and wiped his mouth again and again on the sleeve of his new jacket.

It was a cake of soap!