

"PERPLEX FRACTIONS."

LITTLE Arthur goes to school
Studies very well,
Always keeps his temper cool,
Likes to write and spell,
Likes to read of queens and kings,
Read of noble actions,
Likes so very many things—
Despises Common Fractions'

"Complex fractions," once he said,
As his muddled brain
Tried to keep them in his head,
Failed, and failed again,
"Complex fractions—who's to blame
If I blunder through?
Perplex fractions is their name—
Don't you think so too?"

"I forget what 'tis they say—
'Converting the divisor!'
Wish to learn the rule to-day
For teacher, to surprise her!"
Little Arthur looked so sad,
And rubbed his fractioned slate,
No heart to laugh at him I had;
I only whispered, "Wait."

"Wait, my boy, and you will find,
At your books or work,
If you do the things behind,
Never slight, nor shirk,
Nor go on until you see
This day's page is right,
Things that now 'perplex' may be
'Converted' to delight."

TRIP, JACK, AND PET.

I THINK the little friends who read our paper would like to hear about these three nice dogs, who have passed the summer together in a beautiful home in the West; and perhaps they can learn from them.

Trip is about fifteen years old, and has passed many of these years at this beautiful home, where he has been treated always with great kindness and respect; and although the "only dog" for so long, yet he has not become selfish, like many an "only child," as you will see.

Two years ago Trip's master came home with a large, handsome shepherd dog. His beautiful coat was in the height of style, being the two shades of brown, like the ladies' dresses. Jack (for that was the name they gave him) had large, expressive eyes, and his gentle, affectionate ways won the hearts of all. Trip looked at the new comer, and listened to all these expressions of admiration: "How beautiful he is!" "What bright eyes he has!" "What a handsome form!"

Now Trip might have been made very jealous by all this, for he is a small, homely black dog, with weak eyes; but he wagged at Jack, and rubbed around him as if he wished to do his part to give him a welcome.

A lady from London took her little Skye terrier, that she calls "Pet," and went to the West to pass the summer at the home of Trip and Jack. The

thing Pet did, when he entered, was to rush through the house, chasing the nice cat out into the yard. Now pussy couldn't understand this, for Trip and Jack never molest her, and she lives in peace. Pet at once made friends with the dogs, for they gave him a kind welcome, and when he saw how kind they both were to Kitty, he followed their example, and never troubled her again. It was really a pretty sight to see the four cat together, and appear so friendly and happy.

Poor Trip has become blind in one eye, and a few weeks ago he met with a sad accident. While running to make acquaintance with a stranger dog, a carriage ran over him and broke his leg. Trip's cry brought his faithful friends to his side. A kind lady took him in her arms and carried him to a comfortable lounge, while Jack and Pet followed, watching every movement.

Poor Trip suffered intensely, and soon fainted away, but as water was thrown in his face he revived, and his young master came in with a kind doctor, who examined his leg, and putting the bones in place, he put the leg in splints, and soon a long white bandage was bound around it, and securely fastened. Trip moaned and cried while the doctor performed this painful operation, but he submitted to it, as he knew it was all for his good, and behaved like a wise man; but Jack and Pet thought the doctor was very unkind to make poor old Trip suffer; so they resolved to prevent it, and rushed up to him, barking furiously, when the mistress was obliged to drive them from the room, lest they should hurt the kind doctor. Trip's young master carried him three or four times each day from his bed to the yard, where he could inhale the fresh air, and there he ate his tender little pieces of beef, while Jack and Pet would watch him. Then they followed close by his side, as he hobbled about the yard, as if they would like to lend him one of their well legs, if possible.

Trip is now nearly well. The splints are taken off, and his leg has become nearly as strong as ever. Pet has returned to his city home, more patient and quiet than ever before, having learned a lesson from Trip and Jack which he will never forget. I hope the little readers will always be very kind to the dumb animals and try to make them comfortable and happy.

KITTY'S ADVISERS.

THERE was once a little girl, whose name was Kitty, and she had two Advisers, who were always telling her what she had better do. One generally spoke the quickest, and that we shall call the First Adviser; the other, who was modest, though very faithful, shall be called the Second. Some times she minded one, and sometimes the other, and according as she heeded the one or the other, so she behaved.

Kitty slept in a little room near her mother's, and her mother usually waked her in the morning with, "Jump up, Kitty."

Early one cold autumn morning, "Jump up, Kitty," waked the child, and she lifted her head, and it felt quite wintry.

"I would not get up," said the First Adviser, who was always sure to be at hand, "be quiet in your snug little bed, it is very cold and early, stay where you are."

"Kitty, it is time to be stirring," whispered the other, for they were always cross-counselling each other. "It is time to be stirring, Kitty, your morning duties are waiting for you; up, up!" Kitty thought a moment, and then jumped up. She quickly dressed herself; then she shut the door and knelt down to pray, thanking God for his kind care through the night, and asking for help through the day. Then she skipped out, crying joyfully, "Mamma, can I help you? can I help you, dear mamma?" But her mamma had gone down-stairs; so she sat by the fire in her mother's chamber, and began to study her spelling lesson; and study Kitty did with all her might. After breakfast, she dusted the parlour, and fetched papa's boots, and hushed the baby, and did all she had to do with a sweet and willing spirit; and her mother thought, as her little one went to school, "What a comfort Kitty is to me."

We do not know how it was during the forenoon at school, but as Kitty was walking down the sunshiny side of the street, on her way to school in the afternoon, "It is too pleasant to be cooped up in a school-room," whispered the First Adviser; "It is nice to walk, it is nice to play, or do something else." Kitty listened, and as she listened she lagged and lagged more and more, until, in quite a discontented mood, she reached the school-room. School had begun, and she was tardy; the teacher saw it, and it grieved her.

Now, which Adviser was the wisest and best—the First or the Second? The first was called Liking, and the second Love. Liking seeks only to gratify for the moment; Love endeavours to do what is right. Which Adviser is safest and best, and which do the little girls follow who read this? We hope it is the latter, as that one will be sure to lead them into happy and useful lives.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

JANUARY 21.

LESSON TOPIC.—Cain and Abel.—Gen. 4. 3-13.

MEMORY VERSES, Gen. 4. 3-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.—By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain.—Heb. 11. 4.

JANUARY 28.

LESSON TOPIC.—God's Covenant with Noah.—Gen. 9. 8-17.

MEMORY VERSES, Gen. 9. 11-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.—I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth.—Gen. 9. 13.