

CAT'S CRADLE.

Is it a hammock for pussy,
Hung in the cosiest corner,
Close to the fire-place,
Where she can swing and doze and purr,
With naught in the world to trouble her
Except to wash her face?

Or is it a willow basket
In which to tuck the kittens
While mother puss is away,
With rockers to sway it to and fro,
And which grandma puss with a furry toe
Can jog for half a day?

Ah, no! 'tis a cunning puzzle
Which the restless little children
Play with a bit of a string,
When winter twilights haste to fall,
And the dusk inside is warm, while all
Outside is shivering.

A half-yard loop is knotted,
Wrought over Gold-Lock's fingers,
Twisted from hers to Ted's,
Changing its shape with each new change,
And though it is neither new nor strange
To those two busy heads,

Yet they're like a pretty picture
At this quiet game—cat's cradle,
With its criss-cross, slip-a-noose, thus,
As first one takes, then another takes;
And the kind of a sing-song that it makes
Has a charm for all of us.

—*Youth's Companion.*

A HAPPY CHILD.

BISHOP RYLE, of England, says the happiest child he ever saw was a little girl eight years old, who was quite blind.

She had never seen the sun nor moon, nor stars nor grass, nor flowers nor trees, nor birds, nor any of these pleasant things which have gladdened your eyes all your life. More trying still, she had never seen her father nor mother, yet she was the happiest child of all the thousands the Bishop had seen.

She was journeying on the railway this day I speak of. No one she knew was with her; yet though totally blind she was quite happy and contented.

"Tell me," she said to some one near by, "how many people there are in this car. I am quite blind, and can see nothing." And she was told.

"Are you not afraid to travel alone?" asked a gentleman.

"No," she replied, "I am not frightened; I have travelled alone before, and I trust in God, and people are always very good to me."

"But tell me," said the Bishop, "why are you so happy?"

"I love Jesus, and he loves me, I sought Jesus, and I found him," was the reply.

The Bishop then began to talk to her about the Bible, and found she knew a great deal about it.

"And how did you learn so much of the Bible?" he asked.

"My teacher used to read it to me, and I remembered all I could," she said.

"And what part of the Bible do you like best?" asked the Bishop.

"I like the story of Christ's life in the Gospels," she said; "but what I like best of all are the last three chapters of Revelation."

Having a Bible with him, the Bishop read to her, as the train dashed along, Rev. xx., xxi., xxii.

TURNING ENEMIES TO FRIENDS.

It is recorded of a Chinese emperor that, on being apprised of his enemies having raised an insurrection in one of the distant provinces, he said to his officers: "Come, follow me, and we will quickly destroy them." He marched forward, and the rebels submitted on his approach. All now thought that he would take the most signal revenge, but were surprised to see the captives treated with mildness and humanity. "How!" cried the first minister, "is this the manner in which you fulfil your promise? Your royal word was given that your enemies should be destroyed, and behold you have pardoned them all, and even caressed some of them." "I promised," replied the emperor, with a generous air, "to destroy my enemies. I have fulfilled my word; for, see, they are enemies no longer. I have made friends of them."

I ONLY WANT YOU.

NEARLY four years ago I was going to spend the day in a large city. Before starting I said to my dear invalid sister, who is now in glory, satisfied with the fulness of her Father's house, "Can I buy anything for you, dear? I do want so much to bring you something from town." She interrupted my question, saying with a sweet, yearning look, "Nothing, dear. Don't bring me anything. I only want you. Come home as soon as you can." Her tender words rang in my ears all day—"I only want you"—and O, how often, since her bright entrance within the pearly gates, have her touching words and loving look returned to memory!

Well, dear reader, is not this too, what a dear Saviour says to you? Do you not

want sometimes to offer prayers, tears, almsgiving, deeds of kindness, sacrifices, earnest service and patient endeavour? But he too, turns from all, and says, "I only want you." "My son, my daughter give me thine heart." No amount of service can satisfy the love which claims only the heart. "Lovest thou me?" was the three-repeated question to his erring disciple. He that loveth me shall be loved by my Father. John xiv. 21. Devotion of life, earnestness of service, fervent prayers are only acceptable to him as fruits of love. They are valueless without the heart. He says to each of us, as my sainted sister said to me, "I only want you."

FORGIVE.

"MAMMA is God the only one who can forgive?"

This question was asked by a little girl about nine years of age, on her return from school one afternoon. "Why, yes, darling," replied her mother, "in one sense he is. Why do you ask such a question?"

"I did something to-day that vexed (naming her seatmate.) I asked her to forgive me, and she said she could not that no one but God could forgive."

"What did you say," asked the mother amused and interested.

"I repeated part of the Lord's Prayer 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us'."

What argument could have been more effective and unanswerable.

SHUN THE APPEARANCE OF EVIL.

AN old Chinese proverb says, "Do not stop in a cucumber field to tie the shoe." The meaning is very plain. Some will be likely to fancy that you are stealing fruit. Always remember the injunction, "Abstain from all appearance of evil." Do not stop under the saloon porch to rest yourself, however shady the tree may be, or however inviting the chair. Some one may fancy you are a common lounge there, and your good name is tarnished. Don't go to a liquor saloon to get a glass of lemonade, however refreshing it may seem to you. Rather buy your lemon and prepare the cooling beverage at home, where others may share it with you, probably at a greater expense than your single glass would cost you. Somebody seeing you drinking at the bar will be sure to tell the story, and will not be particular to state that you were drinking only lemonade. Then, too, if you are careless about the appearance of evil, you will soon grow equally careless about the evil itself.