



NAUGHTY FINGERS.

"I do not think he would be cross if you were not cross to him," said mamma, coming out. "He does just as he sees you do. Just try him and see. Put your hat on one side of your head."

Robbie did so, and presently the baby pushed his straw hat over on one side of his head.

"Whistle," said mamma. Robbie did, and the baby began to try to whistle too.

"Stop mocking me," said Robbie, giving the baby a push. Baby screamed and pushed Robbie back.

"There, you see," said the mother, "the baby does just as you do. Kiss him now, and you will see how quickly he will follow your example."

Robbie did not feel exactly like doing this, but he did, and the baby kissed and hugged him back very warmly.

"Now, you see," said his mother, "you can make a cross baby or a good baby of your little brother, just which you choose. But you must teach him yourself." Remember this lesson, young reader.—*Selected.*

THE NAUGHTY FINGERS.

MAMMA," said Bessie, as she was undressing for bed, "this finger and this thumb have been naughty to-day."

"Why, what did they do?" asked mamma.

"They took some raisins from the closet this morning," replied Bessie, hanging down her head.

"Did anybody tell them to do it?" asked mamma.

Bessie turned away, as she softly answered: "I did not hear any one tell them."

"Did they eat the raisins?" asked mamma.

"No, they put them in my mouth," said Bessie.

"But you were to blame for taking them. Your fingers had no right to them, you know," said mamma.

"Now what shall I do to punish this little hand?" asked mamma.

"It was only one finger and my thumb, mamma," Bessie said, beginning to cry.

"They are two little thieves, then. They cannot be trusted, so we must shut them up," said mamma.

Bessie looked very sorry, while her mamma found some black cloth, and wound it around the finger, then the thumb. Her hand felt very clumsy, but she went to bed and got up in the morning with them still tied up.

"Shall I take this ugly black cloth off now?" she asked, on going to be washed.

"Oh, no!" said mamma. "We have no proof that they are sorry yet, so it would not be safe to trust them. They might go right away into the closet again."

"I think they are sorry," said Bessie.

"But they have not said so," replied mamma.

So Bessie went down to breakfast with the ugly black rags on. She could not eat very much, because every time she used her spoon papa looked so queer. Soon after breakfast she ran to mamma with tears running down her cheeks.

"Mamma," she sobbed, "I made my fingers naughty; I'm so sorry! please forgive me."

And now the black cloth was taken off, and the fingers kissed, and Bessie ran away very happy.—*Examiner.*

A LITTLE BLACK LAMB.

ONCE upon a time there was an old ewe, and she had a little lamb that was very black. When he grew large enough to notice, he saw that all the other lambs in the meadow were white and pretty, and he was very sad because of his ugly color.

Then, too, the other lambs were very full of mischief, and sometimes they would make fun of him, singing, "Bah! bah! black sheep!" so he was very discontented and unhappy, and wished that he, too, could have had a white fleece.

One day his mother found him lying down in a pile of old leaves weeping. "Heyday!" said she; "what in the world is the matter now?"

"A great matter, indeed," answered the lamb. "Here am I of such a color that no one could tell me from these ugly leaves in which I am lying, while any other lamb would only look