



JOURNEYING TOWARD CANAAN.

## WHAT THE SPIDER TOLD.

"I was spinning a web on a rose vine," said the spider, "and the little girl was sewing patchwork on the doorstep. Her thread knotted, and her needle broke, and her eyes were full of tears. 'I can't do it!' she cried; 'I can't! I can't!'"

"Then her mother came and told her to look at me. Every time I spun a nice thread, and tried to fasten it to a branch, the wind blew and tore it away. This happened several times; but at last I made one that did not break, and fastened it, and spun other threads to join it. Then the mother smiled. 'What a patient spider!' she said.

"The little girl smiled, too, and took up her work; and when the sun went down there was a beautiful web in the rose vine, and a square of beautiful patchwork on the step."—*Babyland.*

## THE PURRING KETTLE.

There was once a poor little boy named Isaac Watt. He was a dreamy child, and the neighbours thought him absent-minded and stupid. One day he was gazing at the tea-kettle, and he noticed how it purred, and purred, and purred, like a cat. He followed, too, with his eye the cloudy vapour which spurted from the spout, and he said to himself: "Why does so much steam come forth from the kettle? I wonder if it will stay in the kettle if I place

something over the spout?" After he had blocked the spout with a piece of cloth, or a cork, there was a bang! and the lid fell off. Then Isaac saw how very strong was boiling water. He knew then that boiling water shut up in a kettle will find its way out, for the heat has swelled the water, and given it great strength. The hot steam turned into beautiful clouds when it came into the air, which was colder than that inside the kettle. When your warm breath reaches the cold air on a winter's day, it turns into vapour just as the vapour in the kettle does. When the poor little boy grew up, he made many steam-engines, and became a famous and rich man.

## THE CAT IN THE BAG.

Little Arabella Frost was almost asleep. Her curly head was nestled on the soft pillow of her brass cot, and the dark lashes rested on her pink cheeks. Almost asleep, but not quite; the little ears were still open, and she heard mother say to big brother Joe, "Then the cat is out of the bag."

"What cat, mother?" asked Arabella sleepily, without opening her eyes.

"Never mind, baby; go to sleep," said mother.

"What did they put the cat in the bag for?" Arabella asked herself. "It must be a wild cat." Just then she saw the bag; it was empty. She saw the cat; it

looked very wild. It seemed to be biting and scratching many people; and in a great fright Arabella screamed and—woke up!

You see, she had gone off to sleep, and dreamed about the cat getting out of the bag, and mother had to take her on her lap to get the little girl quiet again. Then mother told her that letting the cat out of the bag meant telling a thing that ought not to be told, and that a story was sometimes just like the cat she had dreamed about—it hurt people when it ran about.

"If you hear anything ugly about your little playmates, darling," said mother, "remember what the cat did when she got out, and tie your bag as tight as you can."

## A LITTLE CHILD'S HYMN.

Thou that once, on mother's knee,  
Wert a little one like me,  
When I wake or go to bed  
Lay thy hands about my head;  
Let me feel thee very near,  
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.

Be beside me in the light,  
Close by me through all the night;  
Make me gentle, kind, and true,  
Do what mother bids me do;  
Help and cheer me when I fret,  
And forgive when I forget.

Once wert thou in cradle laid,  
Baby bright in manger-shade,  
With the oxen and the cows,  
And the lambs outside the house:  
Now thou art above the sky;  
Canst thou hear a baby cry?

Thou art nearer when we pray,  
Since thou art so far away;  
Thou my little hymn wilt hear,  
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.  
Thou that once, on mother's knee,  
Wert a little one like me.

An English paper tells of a dog in Birmingham that is devoted to dolls. The owner of the dog had a little daughter who taught the dog to carry her doll. The dog became so fond of the doll that he would snatch it, and carry it to his kennel, and lie down beside it. The children of the neighbourhood thought that this was fun, and would ask the dog's owner: "Please, may your dog come and take my doll for a walk?" Alas! saw the dog snatches dolls from the little owners and runs off to his kennel. He never harms them, carrying them by their clothes. One day he brought four dolls home. He is no longer a favourite. His reputation as a friend of the children is gone. He does not wait to be asked to take the dolls for a walk. He runs off with them without the owners' consent.—*Selected.*