



FIRST MIRACLE OF JESUS.—John 1. 11.

A CRADLE SONG.

BY ISAAC WATTS.

Hush, my dear; lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe, thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he descended
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle;
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay
When his birthplace was a stable
And his softest bed was hay.

See the kinder shepherds round him
Telling wonders from the sky!
There they sought him, there they found
him,
With his virgin mother by.

Mayst thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him all thy days,
Then go dwell forever near him,
See his face and sing his praise!

A MOUSE'S TALE.

"WELL, I never!" exclaimed Mr Pinkeyes, the white mouse who had escaped from his cage, and had found his way to the home of a brown mouse. "What a horrible, nasty, dark, dismal hole to live in; you should just see where I live. My home is a perfect palace. I have every luxury in the world that a mouse can want. It really seems terrible to live in a place like this, in fact I can't even stay and look at it any longer." And the white mouse went away.

The next day, Mr. Squeak, the brown mouse, thought he would go and see this beautiful palace. "How do you do, sir?" he said to the white mouse, who was looking out between the bars. "Let me see your palace, and then come out and have a romp."

"I can't open the door, it's fastened," said Mr. Pink-eyes.

"Well," thought the little brown mouse, give me freedom and a crust of bread, and you may keep your palaces, for they are not much better than prisons."

Then he went home; and after having told the little Squeaks the story, he remarked, "You have only got to be contented with your lot in life to be thoroughly happy."

GOING CALLING.

MAISIE liked to go calling with her mother. It was not often mamma took her, but when she did it was usually to the house of dear friends.

Once she took her to a lady's who was a stranger to Maisie. The lady had just come in from calling herself, so she had not taken off her bonnet.

After they left the house Maisie said to her mother, "I do not think that lady has any little girl of her own."

"Why do you think that?" asked mamma, smiling at her little girl's thoughtful face.

"'Cause there wasn't any little chair in the parlour; and she never gave me a picture book to look at, and she didn't speak to me at all. I'm sure she never had any little girl of her own to love."

Perhaps Maisie was right, but possibly she thought too much of herself and her own pleasure during the call.

Perhaps there might have been a cosy room other than the parlour where children could find things to make them happy even though the lady had no children of her own.

Suppose Maisie had thought a little less of what might be done just to please her, and had shown that her sweet, bright face proved a contented and patient heart while she waited. Would it not have been all right then?

PATSY'S WATER-WITCH.

"PLEASE, Nona, tell us a story," begged the children.

"Sure, and did I ever tell you about my brother Patsy's water-witch?"

"No, indeed, you didn't. Do tell us now."

"Well, it was when I was no bigger than Miss Jeannie, and Patsy was just about as big as Master Fred, and baby Mary was going on two. We never had water come into our houses through pipes, as you do in this country, but we had to bring it from a lake a long way off. So the men folks used to keep a big barrel full of water near the house.

"Patsy was the funny boy. He believed in fairies and bogies, and such. One day, when he and the baby and I were playing by the water barrel, Patsy climbed up and looked in. 'Oh,' says he, 'here is a water-witch. I——' and over he tumbled into the water; and all I could see was his two feet. I hollered so loud, that mother came running. She hollered too; but she pulled him out. As soon as he could speak, he said; 'The wicked water-witch pulled me in. I saw her two eyes a-glaring at me.'"

"Was it a witch?" asked Jeannie.

"No, Miss Jeannie. 'Twas his own face he saw in the water."

HOW ELSIE HELPED.

ALICE was knitting a pretty white shawl for a birthday present to mamma. Elsie stood by and watched her.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed. "I wish there was anything little girls could do for their mammas' birthdays. I wish I could make her a shawl. Please, Alice, let me try to knit a wee bit of it. I know I could; it looks as easy as anything."

Alice laughed. Your dear little mischief, you would only spoil the pretty shawl. It is not at all easy for such little fingers as yours. Promise not to touch it, and I will let you help in another way. You may hold the yarn while sister winds it into a big ball."

"Will that be helping?" asked Elsie, doubtfully.

"Yes, indeed, really and truly. Sister can't do it alone, and if you don't hold it someone else must."

Elsie held out her hands very patiently, until every bit of the wool was wound.

When Alice gave the shawl to mamma, Elsie spoke up eagerly: "I helped make it, mamma, I did truly."

"Why, what could such little hands do with knitting needles?" asked mamma.

"Didn't do with 'em. I held the yarn. Alice couldn't do it. I did help. She said so."

"So you did, sweetheart," said mamma kissing her.