

When looking on the clear blue sky;
 The clouds that float, the birds that fly;
 Trees, flowers, and every pretty thing?
 'Tis God from whom those blessings spring;
 And in return what shouldst thou do?

“Be good, and love Him too.”

SECOND NURSERY LESSON (ADMONITORY).

FAT Tommy on the carpet lay,
 And held with sprightly kit his play.
 To her the twisted cord he flung,
 At which with teeth and claws she sprung;
 His worsted ball then past her roll'd,
 Which soon within her clutching hold
 She whirled, and checked, and tugged, and tore,
 Then sent it rolling as before.

Tommy — his blue eyes glancing bright,
 View'd all these antics with delight;
 Then fondly stroked her tabby fur,
 And smiled to see her wink and purr;

And then her ears began to touch,
Which she endured, but liked not much ;
Then did her hinder parts assail,
And pinch'd and pull'd her by the tail.
On this her sudden anger rose,
She turn'd and growl'd, and scratched his nose.
Then Tommy roared like any bull
And said — his eyes with tears brim full —
“ Mamma, beat kit.” — “ And why ? ” quoth she.
“ Beat naughty kit for scratching me,
And teach her not to scratch again.”
“ No child, such teaching were in vain.
She can feel pain, but lacks the wit
To learn a lesson ; but we'll hit
Upon a plan more plain and easy.
Tommy has sense to learn, so, please ye,
Let him be taught this simple lore,
To pull his play-mate's tail no more.”

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