

She has a fine old "mother cat," whose hereditary stock of kittening, is a never failing source of delight to her. There was one, pure white, with the softest, silkiest fur, with faint feet and ears and as she declared the "sweetest piece that ever Kitty had."

One day she sat in her little rocking-chair, lovingly caressing it. Her grandmother had been telling her, a few days before of the birth of Jesus and of the wonder and delight that filled the heart of Mary, that she should be the "mother of our Lord." Suddenly she ceased her caresses and looking up at into her grandmother's face, who sat beside her, with her own face as beatific, as if in the presence of angel said solemnly, -

"Oh Grandma, I feel as if I was Heard and this Kitty was Jesus!"

She has also a black Spanish hen, which has been a family pet for a number of years. The large comb and otherwise masculine appearance of this favorite, has been a great source of trouble to her henship, as all the lords of the poultry yard, seem to think that she sails under false colors, and fearful ^{and} jealous of their rights, wage continual battle with her. She is usually kept separated from these short-sighted masculines, but one day, she managed to escape from her confinement and wandered ~~and~~ into the forbidden grounds, - and how soon discovered, staggering around with bleeding head and closed eyes, by our little pet. - She rushed into the house sobbing as if her heart was broken. -

"Oh Grandma," she cried, "the old rooster has nearly killed the black Spanish, and I am afraid she will be blind," but, she added as a sudden happy thought seemed to strike her, while her face lighted up, like the earth when the sun, unexpectedly bursts from under a cloud, - "She has got a daughter, Grandma, who can lead her about!"