



JAPANESE LADY.

WHAT a remarkable dress this is, with its many folds and clumsy-looking skirts and queer shoes. The paper sunshade is quite common here, but the rest of the dress would make a great sensation in Toronto or Montreal. Many of the Japanese have been converted to the religion of Jesus, and they live and die very happy, just as true Christians do everywhere.

NEDDIE AND HIS PETS.

NEDDIE Burnhouse lives in the country with his aunt and cousins. He is very fond of pets of any kind. The chickens gather round him whenever he comes to their yard, and he often shares his lunch with them. The old barn cat runs to meet him as soon as it hears his step, and if Neddie has a piece of biscuit left, puss is very sure to get a bit of it.

One day he and his two cousins set a trap

for birds. They propped a wire sieve up on a stick, to which a string had been tied, and scattered corn under the sieve. Then they watched back of a tree, and when the birds came to eat it, they pulled the string, and one of the birds found himself caught in the trap. But Neddie was very kind to it. He never hurt it, and after awhile he let it go again.

He used often to watch the pretty squirrels as they flitted about in the trees in the woods, and one day he set a trap and caught one of them. It was a pretty little creature, with bright eyes and soft fur, and a long bushy tail. It became very tame, so that it would sit on Neddie's shoulder and eat from his hand.

GOD ALWAYS NEAR.

GOD is always near me,
Hearing what I say,
Knowing all my thoughts and deeds,
All my work and play.

God is always near me;
In the darkest night
He can see me just the same
As by mid-day light.

God is always near me,
Though so young and small;
Not a look or word or thought,
But God knows it all.

BELL'S STAR.

CLARISSA POTTER.

IN the middle of one night, five-year-old Bell suddenly awoke as wide-awake as though it had been morning.

She slept with Aunt Sue in a chamber that was made dark with drawn curtains.

On the ceiling, right over Bell's head, was a bright round spot of light.

The door that opened from Aunt Sue's chamber into the front hall was ajar, and the moonlight shining into a hand mirror that lay in a chair in the hall, flashed a disc of reflected light on the wall over Aunt Sue's and Bell's bed.

It shone down on them like a bright star.

When Belle saw it, at first, she was afraid and pulled the blankets over her eyes; then she thought: "It's only God's bright eye keeping watch over me. Mamma told me I need never be afraid, for God would always keep loving watch of me, and that is his bright eye shining down, watching his little girl through this long night. How good God is to love me so much as that!" and nestling her head on her pillow little Bell soon fell asleep, glad and happy in her trust in her heavenly Father's care and love.

Dear little boys and girls, God's eye is upon us all the time. He sees all that we do and think. Are you one of his dear little children trusting his love, so, like Bell, you need not be afraid if some dark night you thought you saw his bright watchful eye shining down on you?

A NOISY HOSPITAL.

THERE is a sect in India called the Jain who could teach us a useful lesson. They are very fond of animals, and believe that it is man's duty not only to do no harm to living creatures, but also to do his very utmost to protect and help them.

Good thoughts are of little use unless they become good deeds, so the Jains have built a hospital for animals at Bombay. It is the largest building of that kind in India, and certainly it must be about the noisiest hospital that ever was built.

All sick and deformed creatures are received there; and they are carefully treated until they are cured, or they are kept till they die.

There are of course several different wards, if we may use the word. The first is a large court surrounded by sheds, inhabited by sick oxen. Some are lame, some are blind, some are suffering from disease, but all are well rubbed down daily and carefully fed. There must, certainly, be a spice of fun in seeing a cow walk about with a bandage over one eye, and yet, poor thing, she probably feels pain quite as acutely as we do.

The next ward contains cats and dogs, all suffering from some ailment, and a little farther on is an enclosure kept entirely for birds. Here may be seen aged crows, bald vultures, and half-naked hawks, who are spending their last days in peace and plenty, while some gaunt bird strutting about on a wooden leg reminds one that the establishment is a hospital, as well as a home for incurables.

It is not, however, the nobler animals alone who are admitted to this happy place. Rats, mice, jackals, sparrows, all find a refuge within its walls, provided that they have something the matter with them.

Perhaps, if the inmates of the Jain institution could take a peep at some of the poor brothers in the zoological gardens, or in our private houses, they would say, "I'm quite sure you are not well; come over to our hospital as soon as ever you can."

WHEN you are tempted to do wrong, and look all around and find that nobody is near, just look up toward heaven and remember that "Thou, God, seest me."