

SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE
COULD.

A poor crippled woman, living in a tiny room on the ground floor of a dingy house, could only move on her hands and knees, and had not stood upright for fifteen years. A lady, visiting the sufferer, was pitying her for her utter inability to do anything in the world. While she spoke two merry little children clattered into the room and seated themselves by the scrap of fire.

"Do these little children belong to you?" asked the lady.

"No, ma'am" was the reply, "they are my neighbour's children; she's just a poor washer woman, and I look after her little ones to set her free to get a job of work. I can do just that, you see; thank the Lord!"

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HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Once there was a king who had a little boy whom he loved. He gave him beautiful rooms to live in, and pictures and toys and books. He gave him a pony to ride, and a row boat on a lake, and servants. He provided teachers who were to give him knowledge that would make him good and great. But for all this, the young prince was not happy. He wore a frown wherever he went and was all ways wishing for something he did not have. At length, one day a magician came to court. He saw the boy, and said to the king: "I can make your boy happy. But you must pay me my own price for telling the secret."

"Well," said the king, "what you ask I will give." So the magician took the boy into a private room. He wrote something with a white substance on a piece of paper. Next he gave the boy a candle, and told him to light it, and hold it under the paper and then see what he could read. Then he went away and asked no price at all.

The boy did as he was told, and the white letters on the paper turned into a beautiful blue. They formed these words: "Do a kindness to some one every day."

The prince made use of the secret and became the happiest boy in the kingdom.

THE CUCKOO.

On a lovely May morning, George and Michael went into a wood, where they heard for the first time the call of the cuckoo.

"That is a lucky bird," said George, who was superstitious; "his call promises me luck—at the least a pocketful of money."

"Why particularly to you?" said Michael, who was just as superstitious as the other. "I do not see why you should stand higher in the cuckoo's favor than I. I am still better than you; and I maintain, it promises luck to me."

Instead of enjoying the beautiful morning, they now began to quarrel;

from quarrelling they came to blows; and at last they separated, sadly handled, in great anger with one another.

When the wounded boys met again, it was at the surgeon's; and while he was dressing their wounds they told him how the quarrel commenced, and asked him to which of them the cuckoo would really prove the lucky bird.

The surgeon laughed and said, "Oh, you simpletons! to neither of you two, but to me. For the cuckoo has sent you both home with bloody noses; but it has put some money into my pocket. 'E'en though no third should profit, yet the two."

Who quarrel with their strife severely rue."

BIRDS THAT SEW.

Birds that sew—how funny! But it is true. I know of three little birds that can sew, and sew nicely, too.

For thread, two of the birds use along tough grass that will bend without breaking. The other—the tailor bird—makes its own thread. In place of a needle they all use feet and bill.

One of the sewing birds is found in our own country, and is called the orchard starling. It hangs its nest from the twigs of an apple tree, and this is the way the bird makes the nest: the outside wall of the nest is built of long tough grass which they sew through and through, with threads of grass, in and out, in all directions, just as if done with a needle. This the bird does by means of its bill and feet. A lady once carefully drew out one of these long grass threads from a nest, and then measured it. She found it to be fourteen inches long; and the bird had sewed it in and out of its nest thirty-five times.

In the West Indies lives another kind of starling. This bird cuts leaves into a shape like a quarter of an orange rind, and then sews them neatly to the underside of a banana leaf—the leaf forming one side of the nest. It waves with the wind and no one dreams that a nest is there.

But the smartest little bird is the one that makes its own thread. It is called the tailor-bird because it sews so nicely. It builds its nest in a plant with large leaves. Then it gathers cotton, and by means of its long, fine bill and little slender feet, spins its cotton into a thread; it uses its bill as a needle to carry the thread, and sews the larger leaves together so as to completely hide its nest from sight. The spot looks to be all green leaves. There is no nest in sight anywhere. But the mother bird sits safely inside on her eggs.

KIND WORDS ALWAYS BEST.

Fannie lived in a large city, and while she had been taught to be kind to poor, unfortunate people, she was unlike some little girls, for she remembered what she had been taught. One day she saw on the street a poorly dressed Irish girl, with a homely face, looking anxiously at the houses. Every person to whom she spoke either shook their heads, or did not trouble themselves to do that. When she reached Fannie, she asked politely, "Can you tell me where number 874 is, miss?"

"Let me see," said Fannie brightly. "This is number ten. It is a long way to 874, and you have to turn twice; but I am going nearly there, and will show you."

Fannie thinks she never will forget the happy look which made the face of her companion almost pretty, when she said, "Indeed, I do thank ye, miss, an' I wish that every folks carried as pleasant a tongue in their heads."

OPPORTUNITY.

There is an old story of a beggar to whom one day there appeared by the wayside a beautiful being, with her hands outstretched, laden with treasures. As he gazed at her in stupid surprise, she glided passed him; but she returned with her treasures still held out to him; and once more, with beseeching eyes, as if she would compel him to take what she offered, she passed slowly by and disappeared. The had no sooner gone than, as if waking from a dream, he hurried eagerly in the direction she had taken. He met a traveller, and said, "Have you seen a beautiful stranger, with her hands full of the things I want, going along this road?" "Yes," replied the traveller; "her name is Opportunity. But once offered, and once refused, she never returns."

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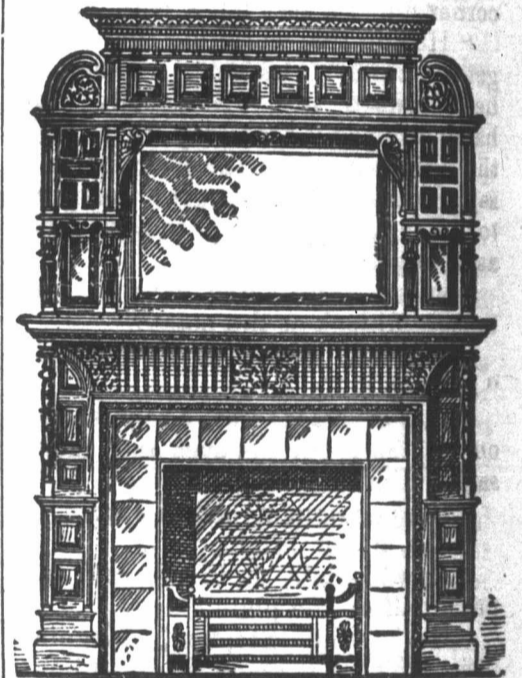
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