

turning to pace with measured tread to the other end of his walk, when two gentlemen walked up to him, and he stood and presented arms, for it was the colonel and His Royal Highness himself.

'Now, Fyfe,' said his commanding officer, 'you owe me an explanation. Why did you refuse to obey my command?'

'I will tell you, sir,' he said in a low voice. 'I lost two good places through drink; drink brought me here, and I promised my mother when I listed that I never would touch or taste or handle drink again. I dare not do it, sir!'

The two gentlemen looked at each other with a smile.

'I told you,' said the prince, 'He did a braver thing in disobeying you than in rescuing your little treasure! My good fellow, you shall be promoted — you deserve it. Keep to your principles. Shake hands. The country needs just such men as you, to say "no" to temptation. Give this to your mother from me. She is a good mother who has trained up so brave a son. Good-night!' — 'Adviser.'

Called Home.

I want to tell you about one dear little girl who has just lately been taken away from us, and, I am quite sure, has gone to be with Christ.

She was one of my most regular and attentive scholars, and learnt so quickly, knowing much more than many of the older children. She had such a funny, sober little face, but often have I seen it light up with smiles and gladness when I was telling them some of the beautiful Bible-stories about Jesus. After her death I went to see her mother. Dear little Wajuma's little body was lying on a bedstead covered over with a cloth, and her face looked so peaceful, just as if she were asleep and having pleasant dreams. There were numbers of people in the little hut, relations and friends of the mother, but they were all so nice and quiet. In the Mohammedan homes, you know, when any one dies they make a terrible noise, sobbing and wailing and making a great show of grief, which it is very sad to hear; but these people were quite quiet. The poor mother was sitting on the ground, crying to herself. I talked to them a little about the Home to which little Wajuma had gone, and how we, too, might

go there if we loved and trusted the Lord Jesus Christ as she did.

A few days after I went again to see the poor woman, and she told me about the little girl. She said that every day Wajuma went home and told her what she had been learning in school. She was specially fond of singing the hymns, and knew a great many by heart. One of the last I had taught them was a special favorite of hers. I think it is one we all love,

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night.

Very often, said her mother, when it grew dusk she would sit on the floor and sing that hymn, beating time with her little hand, just as she saw me do in school. And she would always say a grace before she took her food, and never lay down to sleep without kneeling upon the bed and saying 'Our Father.' Dear little girl, she had taken in what I had taught her, though she was so young—only about five or six years old, perhaps not so much.

Little Wajuma never had the privilege of being a member of the Church of Christ on earth, for she was never baptized; but we may be quite sure that she is one of those children who stand 'around the Throne of God in Heaven.' Let us thank God for her, and pray that others, too, may learn to know and love Jesus Christ.—Mrs. Pigott of East Africa in 'The Children's World.'

Mother's Birthday.

Mother's birthday! Weeks before
Secrets fill the air,
Father and the little girls
Whispering on the stair.

In the garret's dim recess,
Farthest from the light,
There they hid the treasures small
Out of mother's sight.

Even baby has a gift,
Just a little flower;
Hardly can the children wait
Till the breakfast hour.

One by one they offer them;
Mother's eyes o'erflow
As she sees what each has brought,
'Cause we love you so.'

All the day the children smile,
Not a cross word say;
Mother says that this is why,
'Tis a happy day.
—'Our Darlings.'

Little Sleepy Heads.

Out on the pond no water lilies lay white on its surface. But look close! There on their stems are the dandelions, folded in green wrappers. The morning glories are twisted into tight little rolls. The water lilies have shut up their white cups, and have drawn down under the water. Why is this? Are the plants tired?

My dears, when you go to sleep at night, not only do the birds and the little and big animals do the same, but the flowers fall asleep, too. The birds put their little heads under their wings, and the flowers fold themselves up close and go to sleep. If you go out of doors at sunset and look for dandelions, you will not find any. And if you search for the bright, lovely morning glories, they will be gone, too.

And what about the leaves, do they sleep, too? Yes. Some leaves fold themselves together flat; others drop back against their stem when they go to sleep. The clover plants and their leaves sleep by falling back, like a closed umbrella; the small-leaved sorrel sleeps by closing its leaves together in a bunch.

Are the flowers and leaves tired, do you ask? Not in the same way that you are tired, but when they are closed up in this way they do not grow so fast, and so can last longer, and ripen more slowly. The plants need rest in their way, just as you need rest in your way, so God has made them very sensitive to changes in light. And when the day begins to decline they close up and fall asleep.

Some plants, such as the evening primrose, sleep all day and wake up at night.

But the plants and the leaves that sleep at night have each their own time for 'waking up.' The morning glories wake very early, the dandelions and lilies a little later, while some plants wake at noon. But others sleep until midday, and even later.—Julia McNair Wright, in 'Sunbeam.'

The world is a looking-glass,
Wherein ourselves are shown,
Kindness for kindness, cheer for cheer,
Coldness for gloom, repulse for fear,
To every soul its own.
We cannot change the world a whit,
Only ourselves which look into it.
—Susan Coolidge.