



FAST ASLEEP.

FAST ASLEEP.  
 LITTLE May,  
 Tired of play,  
 Has fallen fast asleep;  
 Bless her heart,  
 Save from smart,  
 God protect and keep

## A THANKFUL HEART.

IN one of the side streets of a large city can be seen a little house standing back from the street, in which there lives a child with her mother. The little girl lies on the bed a cripple in every sense of the word. Suffering is no stranger to her, for she has known its pangs from babyhood. And yet it is an inspiration to go into that plain home. A lady one day said to the little girl, for whom she felt the deepest sympathy:

"My darling, I shall be glad when God releases you from this terrible suffering."

"Oh!" and the little face brightened, "I am so thankful for this life; it is so beautiful, and God is so good to me to let me see some of this beautiful world."

The poor child had seen only glimpses of it from her window, but she had a thankful heart.

A sweet little girl was invited to take

lunch with a friend; she had always been used to hearing a blessing asked before commencing to eat, but as she waited quietly the gay talking did not cease, and the waitress commenced to pass the cold chicken; she watched each one help themselves, and saw no head bowed in thankfulness. Finally it came to her, and she looked at the dish and saw a wing, the part to which she was partial. She looked at her hostess, then, before taking any, bowed her little head, and said in a low voice: "Thank you, Jesus, for my wing, anyway." She had a thankful heart.

## A BIRD STORY.

LAST spring, one of the old birds in Dr Prime's collection—a gray sparrow—became blind. Straightway a little dark brown-and-white bird, known as a Japanese nun, and named Dick, became the sparrow's friend. The sparrow's home had a round hole as a door-way. Little Dick would sit down on a perch opposite the hole and chirp. The blind bird would come out, and guided by Dick's chirps would leap to the perch, and so on to the seed-cup and water-bottle. But the most curious part of the performance was when the blind sparrow would try to get back into the house. Dick

would place the sparrow exactly opposite the hole by shoving him along the perch. When opposite, Dick would chirp, and the blind bird would leap in, never failing. Exchange.

## A MORNING BATH.

WATER clean, water pure,  
 No excuse for dirt, I'm sure;  
 Water clear, water bright,  
 Washing well is a delight;  
 Water fresh, water sweet,  
 Let my hands and face be neat;  
 Water plenty from the well,  
 Water sparkling in the dell.  
 I am glad God gave to me  
 Water plenty, pure, and free.

## WELL SAID.

A MINISTER had preached a simple sermon upon the text, "And they brought him to Jesus." As he was going home, his little daughter walking beside him said, "I liked that sermon so much."

"Well," inquired her father, "whom are you going to bring to Jesus?"

A thoughtful expression came over her face as she replied, "I think, papa, that I will just bring myself to him."

Her father said he thought that would do admirably for a beginning.

## THE LITTLE GLEANER.

THAT is what mamma called her. The men had been cutting the wheat, and Mamma had been with papa to watch them as they stacked swathe after swathe of the golden grain into standing sheaves. As she grew older the wheat field will teach her many beautiful and serious lessons, but now she is too small to think of lessons, unless it be a lesson of love.

"I'll take some home to mamma," she said, and childlike she gathered quite many flowers—weeds the mowers call them—as she did heads of golden grain. She threw them over her shoulder and stood and waited for papa, and made such a sweet picture that the hearts of the roughest men were stirred within them, and they wished that they might be as pure as this innocent child. Her sweet face seemed framed by her golden hair, that fairly glistened in the sunlight, and her chubby arms and hands as they clasped their treasures made altogether a beautiful picture; and so when she reached home mamma called her the little gleaner, and in her heart she prayed that her darling might bring many sheaves of good deeds and loving words to the Lord of the harvest.—M. K. H.