



A STORK'S NEST IN NUREMBERG.

THE STORK FAMILY.

In many families the stork family is held in high honor. In many parts of the European continent they are encouraged to build their nests on the chimneys, steeples, and trees near dwellings. Indeed, as an inducement to them to pitch their quarters on the houses, boxes are sometimes erected on the roofs, and happy is the household which thus secures the patronage of a stork. In Morocco and in Eastern countries also storks are looked upon as sacred birds, and with good reason, for they render very useful service both as scavengers and as slayers of snakes and other reptiles. In most of the towns a stork's hospital will be found. It consists of an enclosure to which are sent all birds that have been injured. They are kept in this infirmary—which is generally supported by voluntary contributions—until they regain health and strength. To kill a stork is regarded as an offence.

HOW TO DO.

One of the happiest girls I ever knew was probably the poorest girl in her class. She might have made herself wretched over the shabby, awkward, "made-over" clothes that were undoubtedly conspicuous among the pretty dresses of her school-mates; but she never seemed to give the matter a thought. It was real things that she was seeking—friends and knowledge, and days to make happy memories

—and she found them all. When she left school she was rich in friendship, both with teachers and pupils; the books she had studied had become part of her life; and among all the girls none had more keenly enjoyed the clubs and papers and harmless happy nonsense of the school jokes and merry-makings than this girl. Yet she had neither money, beauty, nor fascination—she had only a brave, sunny common sense. She would not see any difference between herself and others, and so—there was no difference!

We are what our thoughts make us. The law is as fixed as gravitation. If your thoughts centre always upon yourself, worrying, tormenting, envying, grieving, year by year the strange, invisible walls of your "difference" will rise higher, shutting out more and more of the world God meant for you. But if you resolutely turn from yourself and think instead for the lives about you, then slowly, perhaps, but surely, strange and beautiful things will happen. For under the gay or careless, weary or hard masks that hide them, you will see souls, and to see the soul is to love it; and to love souls deeply, unselfishly, unflinchingly, is to break down all the morbid "differences" for ever.

CHURNING.

We have heard this remark from people who wished to express their dislike of some duty required of them: "I would rather churn before breakfast." Only those who have tried it know what a task that is. And young people who have gone through this ordeal by candle-light with sleepy heads and sharp appetites know best of all how disagreeable it is. But what it would be with such a churn as that woman in the picture is using we can faintly imagine. "Churn!" some of you are ready to exclaim, "Why I don't see any churn!" Well, really, some explanation seems to be necessary. Instead of vessels like those with which we are familiar, these strange folks use a goat-skin, or leather "bottle," as it is called in Scripture. When the cream is poured in, the skin is hung up and vigorously shaken from side to side until the butter comes. If, as some wise men insist, slow churning—occupying from forty to sixty minutes—makes the best butter, a goat-skin churn with a lazy boy for a dasher would beat all the patent machines in the market. It is not likely, however, that there will be any immediate demand for butter produced in this way, so our young friends in the country may rest easy. If this sketch

shall lead any to consider the great advantages of living in a Gospel land its purpose will be accomplished. A residence of a few months in those countries where Christianity is not known would be an effectual remedy for those who are disposed to complain of the obligations which Christianity imposes. There is a blessing connected with everything Jesus requires of us. Obedience will save us from a multitude of unknown evils.

DO YOU KNOW HIM?

BY HARRIETT PEARL SKINNER.

Behind two gates of flaming red,
And doors of gleaming white,
A little Busybody lives,
Who works with main and might.

He labors at his daily task
Of making words, my dears;
And holidays have been to him
Unknown for months and years.

From Busybody's little shop
Come words most excellent;
Too good and strong and sweet are they
To ever cause complaint.

But sometimes, in a naughty mood,
He'll make the words all wrong;
With edges sharp enough to cut,
And slivers rough and long.

Oh! is it not deplorable
That he should be unkind;
Allowing words to hurt his friends,
And seeming not to mind?

So watch him, that no one receives
A word that scorns, berates;
And when you see him angry grow,
Shut quickly doors and gates.



CHURNING IN PALESTINE.