



THE BIRDS' GOOD-BYE.

"Have you no thought of fear,
Pretty birds?
While winging across the sea,
Where shelterless you will be,
When night lowers fast,
And trumpets the blast,
Will you sigh for your home
In the tree,
Little birds,
Your soft, swinging home in
the tree?"

Sweetly they sang "Good-bye,
Little child!
Though other lands may be
bright,
'Tis home gives the best de-
light!
And why need we fear?
The Father is near;
As he guideth your footsteps
aright,
Little child,
He guardeth our gentle flight!"

OUR WINTER BIRDS.

When the robins and the canaries have flitted southward, when the last leaves are rattling dry and brown on the branches of the trees, and the snowflakes are falling, we still have a few feathered friends left with us. How much lonelier would be our woodlands and the broad stretches of white fields were it not for our winter birds.

IN MID-OCEAN.

Edna Morrell's father is captain of a vessel, which sails from California to islands far away in the Pacific Ocean.

Once Edna and her mother went with Captain Morrell to those islands. The long voyage would have been very tedious to the little girl had she not taken with her many picture-books and playthings.

Sometimes sea-birds flew about the ship, and, at times, flying-fish darted out of the water.

After they had been a number of weeks at sea, they came near an island where there was no harbour where the ship could stop; but a boat was lowered, and Edna was lifted over the side of the ship and placed in the boat with her father and mother and two sailors. Then the two sailors rowed toward land. The boat went much closer to the island than the ship could, but near shore the water was too shallow to float even the boat.

Out from the island waded dark, strange-looking men, who wore but little clothing, and who shouted something that Edna could not understand. They dragged the boat through the shallow water for a way; then, stopping, one man picked Edna up and started to carry her ashore,

The little girl was badly frightened and began to scream, but the father called to her not to be afraid. Another of the men carried Mrs. Morrell, and even the captain sat astride the shoulders of a big islander, and was thus carried to dry land.

The people of the island all were very friendly, and Edna enjoyed her stay there; but some of the dark-skinned children were afraid of her because she was white.—*The Morning Star.*

THE CAT'S EXPLANATION.

You ask the reason, little friends,
Why cats don't wash their faces
Before they eat, as children do,
In all good Christian places.

Well, years ago, a famous cat,
The pangs of hunger feeling,
Had chanced to catch a fine young mouse,
Who said, as he ceased squealing:

"All genteel folks their faces wash,
Before they think of eating!"
And wishing to be thought well-bred,
Puss heeded his entreating.

But when she raised her paws to wash,
Chance for escape affording,
The sly young mouse then said good-bye,
Without respect to wording.

A feline council met that day,
And passed in solemn meeting,
A law forbidding any cat
To wash till after eating.

WHAT GRETA COULD DO.

Greta was only six years old and very small for her age. When she came into the Sunday-school she wished very much to do something for Jesus. "Only I'm so little," she sighed, "and there isn't anything I can do."

"Tut!" said grandfather, who had overheard. "Who opens my paper and finds my spectacles and brings my book from the library table?"

"And who puts the ribbon in my cap and gives puss his saucer of milk and teaches him to play with a string?" added grandmother.

"Who is the little girl that carries my slippers and rolls my chair up near the fire?" asked her father, his eyes twinkling.

"I know somebody who can do errands as nicely as any one," said mother. Then sister Belle told what she knew, and Greta's eyes beamed with delight.

"Every little task that we do willingly makes the Lord Jesus glad in heaven," finished grandfather, patting Greta's brown curls. And Greta learned how she could do something for Jesus.