

WHERE DO THE BIRDIES GO?

Where do all the birdies go?

I know, I know.

Far away from winter snow,

To the fair, warm South they go,

Where they stay till daisies blow—

That is where they go.

—Songs for the Little Ones.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JUNE 15, 1901.

LITTLE ALICE'S RESOLUTION.

Little Alice arose one bright May morning, just as the sun was peering through the white curtains of her little bedroom: and after offering a simple morning prayer from the depths of her happy heart, she said: "I will see if I cannot do good to some one this day. I know I am only a little girl, but I feel sure I can do something." And with this good resolution in her heart, she descended to the dining-room just as the bell rang for family worship.

When breakfast was ready, the baby cried, and would not sit on the carpet as usual, and amuse himself. Mother looked weary, and it was evident that she had a bad headache.

"Please let me take Willie, mother," said Alice. "I would rather wait, and I know he will be quiet with me."

"I should be very glad if you could divert him, Alice. Poor little fellow!"

Alice borrowed Frank's marbles, and sat down with baby on the carpet. The bright-hued balls pleased him, and he loved to roll them about with his little fat hands. His sister patiently gathered them up when they rolled beyond his reach; and thus the meal-time passed. She did not envy her brother his warm breakfast; the thought of helping her

dear, kind mother was a hundred times more satisfaction. The influence of a good example is often contagious; and, after breakfast, the usually careless, whistling Frank sat down and played with the baby while Alice was eating.

She did not think that now she had done enough for one day, but after baby had drunk off his cup of new milk, she coaxed him into his cradle, giving him one of her gayest toys, and then sang a sweet, lulling song, which presently soothed the restless little one into a quiet, refreshing slumber. It more than repaid all her trouble to hear her mother say: "Dear Alice, you have helped me very much this morning; and your little brother will feel very much better for a good sleep."

Just then her grandfather entered, leaning on his staff, and walked feebly, as he felt more than usually unwell that morning. Alice sprang to his side, and assisted him to cross the room, where his easy chair was placed by his favourite window.

"I will bring you in your toast and tea, grandfather, as soon as Margaret makes them," she said, cheerfully.

"Thank you, my child, but I do not care much for them; my appetite is very poor to-day."

"Just try a little," she said, as she passed out into the kitchen. She returned presently with a nicely-laid tray; and, placing it before him, she poured out a cup of fragrant tea, chatting pleasantly all the while. The old man's heart warmed as he listened to her sunny, cheering words. The breakfast was eaten with a relish he did not anticipate, and his wasted frame was refreshed and invigorated.

And thus she passed her day, going about the house with a sunny face, which delighted and did good to every one around her. Not even the old cat and the chickens were forgotten. When she went to rest that night her heart was full of sunshine; and, with a thankful spirit, she renewed her good resolution for the coming day. Who of my little readers will form the same, and then carry it out as faithfully as did little Alice?

LITTLE RUNAWAYS.

Polly, Dot, and Teddy skipped out one bright spring morning.

"Let's work in our gardens."

"O, let's!"

"Here's a pansy coming up in mine!" cried Polly.

"Here's a seed sprouted in mine," said Teddy.

"Here's most a bud on my rosebush," said Dot.

"Let's go and get a hoe and a rake."

They worked for a while, but did more patting with their little soft hands than anything else. Later they heard Aunt Jane's voice. She was taking care of

them while their mother was away for her health.

"Who left the tool-house door open?" she asked. "The cow has got in and eaten the seed potatoes."

Three careless little ones stared into each other's eyes. It had been done often before—so often that a punishment had been promised for the very next time. Aunt Jane was sorry, but she switched their hands with a tiny switch. It made them smart and burn.

"She needn't have done it," sobbed Polly, when Aunt Jane had gone.

"No," said Teddy; "we'd 'a' remembered without it."

"The birds in the trees do just what they want to."

"So do the squirrels and rabbits."

"They never get whipped."

"Let's run away."

"So's to make Aunt Jane feel awfully bad."

The naughty three took hands and walked away over the fields. For a while they found it pleasant, and thought they were having a very good time; then they grew tired.

"I'm hungry," said Teddy.

"Birds have nice berries to eat," said Dot.

"Squirrels have nuts," said Teddy.

"Well," said Polly, "I don't know where there are any berries or nuts. We'll sit on this fence to rest. That will be most like being birds and squirrels."

They sat on the fence, but did not feel as happy as birds or squirrels. Teddy's lips were drawn down, and there was a tear in Dot's eye.

"The birds go to their nests—" began Dot.

"And the squirrels go to their holes," whimpered Teddy.

Polly took their hands and again they started on a long walk; but this time it was toward home. As they came near, they heard Aunt Jane's voice.

They thought they had been gone a long, long time, but it was only a little over an hour, and Aunt Jane had not missed them. It was almost dinner-time, and they were glad they did not have to live on berries and nuts.

"I guess I'd rather stay at home," whispered Dot to Polly.

"So would I," said Teddy.

WANTED.—In one hundred thousand households in Canada, a willing, sunny daughter, who will not fret when asked to wipe the dishes, or sigh when requested to take care of the baby; a daughter whose chief delight is to smooth away mother's wrinkles, and who is quite as willing to lighten her father's cares as his pockets; a girl who thinks her own brother as nice as some other girl's brother. Constant love, high esteem, and a most honoured place in the home guaranteed.

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