



MOVING AN AFRICAN HUT.

## EVENING SONG.

Shut your eyes, my darling!  
When the shadows creep,  
When the flowers are closing  
Little ones must sleep.

Don't be frightened, Dolly!  
In my arms you lie;  
Nestle down and slumber  
To my lullaby.

Hush thee now, my dearest,  
To my slumber song;  
Children lose their roses  
Sitting up too long.

## PLAY FAIR.

Play is a good thing in its place. We love to see children play and enjoy themselves (and grown people, too) by way of change and recreation from more serious duties. The way people play also shows character. If any one is fair, truthful, honest, and good-tempered in play, he is likely to be the same in other things, and so the reverse. Good, earnest play has its temptations and dangers as well as other things, and our young friends have need to be cautioned against yielding to them. To be cheating, mean, and full of ill-temper when beaten, or ugly when things do not go as desired, is very improper.

Disputes and quarrels may easily arise, and of these every one should beware. Play, but always play fair; keep in good temper, avoid wrangling and disputes, and play will be a good and healthful thing.

## MOVING AN AFRICAN HUT.

Our picture represents the natives of Eastern Africa moving a hut from one village to another. These huts are made of bamboo canes and covered with grass. The roof which we see the natives carrying on their heads, will shed water quite well, and protect the inmates from the scorching rays of the sun quite as well or better than a roof of wood or iron. The material does not last long in that hot climate, but it is abundant, and the natives have plenty of time to make houses. So if a house decays in a year it is easy to make another. The walls of the house are made of bamboo canes woven together to make a strong support for the roof and a protection from rain and sun. Thus, in a land where the natives are not intelligent enough to build houses of wood or brick, the Lord has provided abundance of material from which they can construct in a simple manner houses that will protect them from the heavy rains and scorching sun. The Lord is raising up missionaries to go to Africa to teach the natives about Jesus, and to show them how to build

better houses and to do other things that pertain to Christian civilization. We hope our readers will help all they can.

## HOW JOSEY WAS CAUGHT.

Josey liked to keep office for his "Uncle Doctor," as he called him. But the doctor did not always like to trust him there when he was called away; for Josey had a habit of looking into things that made the doctor fear he might get injured, as Josey was a meddlesome boy. One day, however, he found himself alone, and began to look at everything on the table. The electric battery pleased him most. "O, I know how to fix this!" he cried. "If any man came in that wanted electric treatment, I could do it as well as Uncle Doctor. There! Now it's all right! Now you take hold of these handles." The taking hold was easy enough, but the letting go was quite another matter. Any little boy or girl who has ever tried it will know how Josey's arm tingled and ached, but he had to hold on; he could not let go. "You got caught this time, Josey," said his uncle when he had set him free. "Now, remember that bad habits hold fast to a boy worse than an electric battery does, and are harder to get rid of, and meddling is a very bad habit." "I won't have anything more to do with either of them," said Josey.—*Sunbeam.*

## KIT'S ADOPTED BABIES.

The two little babies Kit had had died. Kit was Uncle Frank's imported spaniel, and she had most beautiful brown eyes.

"I don't know what sh' ll do, poor thing!" exclaimed Uncle Frank at breakfast.

But Kit, if she didn't know then, did something very queer before her master came in from the store at noon.

"Have you seen Kit's basket?" asked Dorothy, eagerly, as they were sitting down to dinner. "Then you can't guess what funny babies she's adopted—never!"

Uncle Frank guessed almost everything that a dog might drag into her nest, but Dorothy shook her head to everything that he suggested.

"I guess I'll have to wait and see," laughed Uncle Frank, curiously.

Before he went down town he took a peep at Kit, and there she was licking ever so fondly his two leather slippers. "Well, well, well!" he exclaimed; "I guess this means that I've got to go without slippers till the adopted babies are weaned."

But he didn't, for Aunt Lucy knew where he had another pair of worsted ones; and Uncle Frank wore them a whole month until one evening, when he found his leather pair at the head of his bed, brought back by Kit and left where she had found them just four weeks before.—*Sunbeam.*