

away was the dead snake. This made it clear that the cat had carried the bird away from the snake. The young adventurer was soon restored to his anxious parents.

THE HARVEST.

A few little seeds by the wayside
Were sown with loving care;
A few little seeds by the wayside
Drooped with a silent prayer.

Though I may not see the springing
Where in other hearts 'tis sown,
Yet, O what a golden harvest
I've gathered within my own.

So a little work for the Master,
Though love's reward be dim,
Yet the world is purer and better
For a single thought of him.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 3, 1906.

FOR MOTHER.

He was only a mite of a boy, dirty and ragged, and he had stopped for a little while in one of the city's free playgrounds to watch a game of ball between boys of his own and a rival neighborhood. Tatters and grime were painfully in evidence on every side, but this little fellow attracted the attention of a group of visitors, and one of them, reaching over the child's shoulder, as he sat on the ground, gave him a luscious golden pear. The boy's eyes sparkled, but the eyes were his only thanks as he looked back to see from whence the gift had come, and then turned his face away again, too shy or too much astonished to speak. But from that time

on his attention was divided between the game and his new treasure. He patted the pear, he looked at it, and at last, as if to assure himself that it was as delicious as it appeared, he lifted it to his lips and cautiously bit out a tiny piece near the stem. Then, with a long sigh of satisfaction and assurance, he tucked the prize safely inside his dirty blouse.

"Why don't ye eat it, Tony?" demanded a watchful acquaintance.

"Eat it? All meself? Ain't I savin' it for me mother?"

The tone made further speech unnecessary. Whatever else Tony lacked—and it seemed to be nearly everything—he had learned a most beautiful lesson, he held another dearer than himself, and knew the joy of sacrifice.

MILDRED'S PICNIC.

It was a very happy and excited little face uplifted to mamma for a good-bye kiss.

Such a beautiful day it promised to be! The sun shining so brightly, with not a speck of a cloud in sight over all the blue sky! Oh wasn't it lovely?

Mildred had counted the days for two weeks—ever since Miss Gertrude had said to all the class that in "two weeks from Wednesday, if it is a nice day, we will have our picnic at Snyder's Woods." All should meet at the chapel at half-past eight, and take the trolley to the woods.

Mamma gave her a dainty lunch in a pretty basket, and, with it on her arm, Mildred hurried along.

As she neared the chapel she could hear the merry voices of the children; but suddenly she thought she heard some one near crying, and, looking to one side of the road she saw Molly Peters sitting beside a clump of bushes, crying as if her heart would break.

"Why, Molly! What is the matter?"

"O, that bad Bob Stone grabbed my basket and ran off with it!"

"Well, why don't you go home and get some more dinner?"

"I can't! I pulled weeds for Mrs. Brown and earned ten cents; five I spent for little cakes, and the other five was for car fare, and it was all in the basket. Oh, oh! and I never was to a picnic before!"

"Oh, I am so sorry!" said Mildred; "but I must"—and half started to go; but as she looked at poor, sad Molly, she remembered her mother's last words to her: "Try to do something to-day, dear, that will please Jesus." "Come, Molly, I have two nickels, and enough dinner for both. Let us hurry or they will start."

All day Mildred tried to give Molly the best time possible, and she was so glad she had, as she saw Molly's delight and enjoyment of everything. "I never had such a lovely day before," she said to Mildred; "and it was all because of you."

When mamma heard all about it in the evening, she took the little rosy cheeks in both hands, and, kissing her, said: "I do not know which is happier, Mildred or mamma."

A CAPTIVE BIRD.

One day, when Carl was out in the orchard, he heard a bird peeping as if in distress. It was in May, and the birds were busy building their nests. Most of them were singing merrily as they flitted to and fro with strings, bits of cotton, and hair to weave into their little homes.

But house-building seemed to be going wrong with this little bird, and Carl set about finding out the cause of its uneasiness. After hunting around for some time he finally saw the bird that seemed to be making the outcry, halfway up in an apple tree. The bird was facing him, and by the button on its breast he saw that it was a little song sparrow. It seemed to be tugging at something.

Carl quickly climbed the tree and saw that the bird was held fast by a string, so that when it tried to fly away as Carl approached, it could do nothing but spread its wings and flutter about.

The string was fastened tightly around the bird's leg, and the other end was tied to the limb of the tree upon which was its unfinished nest. In a final struggle to escape as Carl reached out his hand to free it, the bird swung off from the limb and hung in the air. Its cries were pitiful to hear.

Carl at last succeeded in releasing the frightened bird by untying the string from its leg. This took quite a while to do, for every time the sparrow tried to untangle itself it only gave the string another and a firmer twist.

"You probably saved the bird's life," Carl's father said, when he told him what he had done. "The wind must have blown one of the strings that the sparrow was weaving into its nest around the limb of the tree and fastened it there, at the same time the eager little worker had given the other end a twist around its leg, thus holding it a prisoner. Whenever you hear an outcry among the birds in nesting time it is always well to look around for the cause, as you did. Accidents happen to nest-builders as well as to house-builders; and to save a bird's life is to save a very useful member of God's kingdom."

It is never worth while to be cross. Do you know why? For one thing, it makes you a coward. If you have a trouble and are cross, it shows you are not bold enough to meet it. If you are cross with those who love you, it proves that you do not appreciate their kindness. So it goes on; it is never worth while to be cross, no matter what happens.

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