

us give missionary money, so we can show that we love our neighbors. And think of this, gran'pa! she says every one of us has twins in the heathen countries. I've got a twin in Africa and a twin in India, and I s'pose, twins in the islands of the sea.'

'That is good, very good,' said her grandfather, with a smile. 'And if you can love your twin neighbors across the sea can't you manage to love a little girl that lives next door?'

Maidie looked up half reproachfully. Gran'pa Willets was always getting her in a place where she had to own herself at fault. But while she was self-willed and quick-tempered, Maidie was honest, and she nodded again, while she sent a little glance toward Clementina Lull.

'Just so; why, of course, and perhaps she's a twin neighbor, too. Stand close, now;' and Dr. Willets put his hands upon the two heads, one with dark, wavy locks, the other with a golden crown.

'Sure enough! Almost exactly the same height. When is your birthday, my dear?'

'The 16th of June,' Clementina responded.

'And yours, Maidie, is—'

'June 17th.'

'Well, if you are not twin neighbors I never saw a pair. How you ought to love each other and work together for those neighbors across the sea!'

'I guess she'd love me more if I was her twin in Africa,' said Clementina.

'No, I wouldn't either. You know better, Clementina Lull.'

Then Maidie reached her hand back, and there was Clementina's ready to grasp it! Both little girls laughed and looked rather foolish as they turned toward each other, but Dr. Willets said cheerily:

'So it's all right, now, is it? And you won't forget the love-your-neighbor text again, will you?'

'No; no;' they promised to remember it always, and Maidie whispered her promise again close to her grandfather's ear as she kissed him.

After this treaty of peace the children went away together hand in hand. Dr. Willets picked up his paper, and as he searched for the place where he had been reading he said, 'What a world this would be if all the children would make the love-your-neighbor text their motto for life!'

### Couldn't Quarrel—A Fable.

In the depths of a forest lived two foxes who never had a cross word with each other. One of them said one day in the politest fox language: 'Let's quarrel.'

'Very well,' said the other, 'as you please, dear friend; but how shall we set about it?'

'O, it cannot be difficult,' said fox number one. 'Two-legged people fall out; why should not we?'

So they tried all sorts of ways, but it could not be done, because each would give way.

At last number one brought two stones: 'There,' said he, 'you say they're yours, and I'll say they're mine,

and we will quarrel and fight and scratch. Now, I'll begin. These stones are mine.'

'Very well,' answered the other gently; 'you are welcome to them.'

'But we shall never quarrel at this rate!' cried the other, jumping and licking his face.

'You old simpleton, don't you know that it takes two to make a quarrel any day?'—'Christian Advocate.'

### Robin Redbreast.

(By Clara Throp, in 'Michigan Christian Advocate'.)

Robin, have you come to stay?

The winter's been so long;

We have missed your happy way,  
And your merry song.

Have you found a pretty place

To make your summer home?

Here's our maple you would grace;  
Do not longer roam.

Bring your family; O come!

A welcome we will give.

In this sunshine you'll keep warm,  
And your birdlings live.

Yes, we hear your glad, sweet song,

Gathering stick and stem;

Working, building, all day long,  
To make a home for them.

Robin Redbreast, we are glad

Our neighbor you will be.

To our joy your song you'll add,  
From our maple-tree.

### A True Story About Quails.

One evening the children—Rovene and her little guest, Walter—were playing croquet, when all at once Rovene called out, 'O-o-h, l-o-o-k here!'

Walter ran, and then there were more 'O's,' and he said, 'Let's show mamma.'

Rovene tenderly lifted the object, and ran, screaming: 'Mamma, mamma, auntie, look! here's the tiniest little chickie you ever saw!'

'Why, it is a young quail! Where did you get it?'

Rovene told her on the croquet ground, and the ball almost ran over it, and talked so fast that Walter could not get in a word, so he just jumped up and down while she was telling it; but at last he managed to gasp, 'It's about as big as a number sixty spool of thread.'

Auntie coddled it to her face, saying: 'Poor little thing. Where can its mother be? It must be lost. What shall we do with it?'

'Keep it; keep it!'

So they got a little box, and made a cozy nest, and tried to feed it; but it only cried all the time. The children were so distressed at its piteous peeping, and did all they could to comfort it, but in vain. So auntie and mamma said: 'Let us take it out to the orchard, where the grass is tall, and maybe we can find the mother bird and the rest of the brood.'

So they went through the new orchard, climbed the high rail fence, then looked all about and listened. They could hear many young quails peeping

in all directions, and as they walked a few steps farther there came another tiny quail running right to Rovene. She took it up, amid screams and shouts, and petted and loved it. While they could hear others, they could not find them, although they hunted a long time, and auntie said: 'Something has happened to the mother. Poor little things, they will starve.' And they went back to the house very sorrowful. After a while, Rovene said: 'O, let's take them over to show Eva. She's got a pet lamb; but we will have pet quails.'

Mamma and auntie said they might go; so they ran, talking and laughing gleefully. They had much to tell Eva, who was quite astonished.

After they had looked at the quails and told it over and over how they got them, Eva said: 'Let's take them out to Chum, and see what she will do.'

Chum was a bantam hen with a brood of six young chickens, snugly housed for the night. They set the little quails before her. She stretched her neck, and looked a moment, then deliberately reached out her bill and tucked each one under her, all the time clucking in a motherly way. How the children did scream with laughter!

The little birds at once ceased their crying, and seemed perfectly contented. So the children concluded to leave them with Chum; but they were to be Rovene's and Walter's when they were 'raised.'

Next morning Chum was as attentive to the little strangers as though they were her own, and after a while proudly conducted her family out to the fields; but when she came home that evening the little quails were missing.—'Pets and Animals.'

### Mamma.

(By Mary Dowe Buzzell, in the 'Homestead'.)

Mamma ain't a bit like me—

She don't git cross an' ery an' scold  
When ev'rything's a-goin' wrong;  
She says it's jus' because she's old.

She says 'at w'en I'm grown up b-i-g,

Why, I'll be nice and smiley, too,  
An' never ery w'en things goes wrong—  
I don't jus' b'lieve it, though, do you?

I jes' don't b'lieve it's cos she's old;

It's cos she's jes' so good all through.  
If I was twice as old as her

I couldn't be so good, could you?

### Be Sunbeams.

A dear little girl, only three years old, brought out her very nicest playthings to amuse a homesick cousin. Among the rest was a little trunk with bands of silk paper for straps, but careless little Freddie tipped the lid too far back and broke it off.

He burst out with a cry of fright, but little Mamie, with her own eyes full of tears, said: 'Never mind, Freddie; just see what a nice little cradle the top will make!'

Keep a happy, cheerful heart, children, and you will be like sunbeams wherever you go.—'Jewels.'