

Meantime the cars were hurrying on, till by and by Bunny and her mama must get off. Two big tears came into Lotta's eyes when Bunny kissed her good-bye, but she smiled bravely and held out Ann Mary. "Thank you," she said for letting me hold her. Mrs. Brown didn't believe in dollies much, but p'r'aps Aunt Johanna"—

"It doesn't make any difference whether she does or not, Ann Mary's lots of company and Ann Mary's going right along with you."

As she stood on the platform watching the train go on, Bunny could see a happy face against the window with Ann Mary's close beside it.—The Mayflower

BABY EYES

Do we ever realize how far into the heart of Jesus the little ones may have seen, whom He took in His arms, and upon whom, with eye uplifted to His Father in heaven, and theirs, He blessed?

In truth, the undimmed vision of these little souls is marvellously clear. Their very simplicity is their advantage. Their little feet go tripping "far ben" into the things of God, when the halting, doubting footsteps of older people get no further than the threshold.

A bereaved father writes of a dear child of two and a half years, snatched away by a terrible accident:

"Frederick had a wonderful knowledge for a child of his years. His mother gave her Sunday afternoons to instruct him from a picture roll, as she felt his little mind could grasp her teaching.

"The picture of the Good Shepherd had a peculiar fascination for him. His own interpretation was—'King Jesus had the little Abeck lamb in His arms,' for he always called himself Abeck (Frederick), 'and the father sheep and the mother sheep were looking up.'

"One day he startled me by telling me that 'King Jesus lived up in the sky,' and 'Abeck wants to go and see King Jesus.'

"Pardon my writing," the stricken father adds, "but I know the interest you take in children, and I want to say to our Sunday School teachers, especially of the Primary

classes, that little minds can grasp the meaning of salvation better than we think."

AN AUTUMN SONG

What are the birdies singing

As in long, long flocks they fly?

The birdies all are singing,

"Good-by, dear Summer, good-by.

We'll sing to-day

'Mong leaves so gay,

For dear old Summer

Is going away."

What are the small clouds saying

That float through the hazy sky?

The small clouds now are saying,

"Good-by, dear Summer, good-by.

For don't you know

We'll soon bring snow,

To snugly cover

All things below."

What are the breezes telling

That through the branches sigh?

The breezes now are telling

The dear old Summer good-by.

"We'll gently sigh

Through branches high,

Good-by, dear Summer,

Good-by, good-by."

—Child Garden

THE RAINDROP'S STORY

One rainy day, as a sprightly little field-mouse was sitting near the door of his house, greedily chewing a grain of corn, a raindrop fell on a leaf beside him.

"Where did you come from?" asked the mouse, looking anxiously at the rain-drop.

"From the sky," answered the raindrop, very readily; "but my real home is in the sea. One day, as I was playing with my brothers and sisters, the hot sun shone upon us, and drew many of us up into the sky. We came close together and formed a white, fleecy cloud. Pretty soon a chilly wind began to blow. We became so heavy we could not stay up in the clear air. We came tumbling down, and I have alighted here to—" but just then a sparrow gobbled the raindrop up so quickly that he did not finish his story.

Every little raindrop has its work to do just as every little child has. If this one