

GUESS.

GUESS what he had in his pocket
Marbles and tops and sundry toys
Such as always belong to boys,
A bitter apple, a leathern ball?
Not at all.

What did he have in his pocket?
A bubble pipe and a rusty screw,
A brass watch-key broken in two,
A fishhook in a tangle of string?
No such thing.

What did he have in his pocket?
Gingerbread crumbs, a whistle he
made,
Buttons, a knife with a broken blade,
A nail or two, with a rubber gun?
Neither one.

What did he have in his pocket?
Before he knew it slyly crept
Under the treasures carefully kept,
And away they all of them quickly
stole—
'Twas a hole!

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JUNE 2, 1894.

NED'S SERMON

NED is a canary, but even birds can preach. Ned will not commence singing until he calls to me and gets an answer, thus making sure that I am listening. Then, after singing awhile, he pauses, as if to ask, 'How do you like that?' and when I answer, 'Pretty Ned! sweet song!' he starts up again louder than ever. You see he dislikes to throw his sweet music away, and wants appreciative listeners.

This, then, is his sermon. "Your Sunday-school teacher can explain the lesson more easily and pleasantly if every eye is looking into hers, and no one is whispering or laughing or turning around, your superintendent or pastor can talk or

preach much more freely and interestingly if every one, big and little, is wide awake and paying close attention."

I hope you will remember Ned's sermon a long time. The text is, 'A good listener makes a good speaker.'

TESTIMONY OF A CONVERT IN TURKEY.

AN Armentan at Adana, in Turkey, received Jesus and became a happy Christian. One day he stood up in the midst of a large congregation of people and said:

'I am a poor man. I earn four or five piastres a day by cutting up bushes by the roots and bring them into the city on my back for sale as firewood. I am also an ignorant man—I cannot read. I went out to the plain to-day to bring in bushes; it was raining, the mud was ankle deep, the wind blew cold from the mountains, I was muddy to the knees; my thin clothes were wet through, and yet I went along with my heart so full of joy that I had to sing praises to God all the way.

"What is it that gave me such joy to-day and fills me with joy to-night?"

"What gives me joy is this—that Christ is with me. He is with me in the rain and the mud and the cold wind; he is with me in my labour and poverty; he is here in my heart; he comforts me, he cheers me, he loves me and I love him. That is the reason I went along the road to-day singing praises to God, and that is the reason I, a poor ignorant man, can dare to stand up in this assembly and urge you all to accept of Christ."

HOW TO MAKE A PLANTATION.

THE description is so vivid and interesting that I think I will give you the whole of it. The writer, Julia B. Schaulfler, says:

"As a child the joy of my heart for three long summers was a 'plantation' of my own making, and doubtless any of my young readers who enter upon this pursuit will find it a delightful employment as I did.

"Let me tell how it is done. The first requisite is a wooden box about one yard square and about twelve inches deep, filled with good, rich earth. This should be placed on a piazza, where it is protected from the rain and yet has the advantage of sun and air. It should be raised on another box or on two stools until it is just the right height for the little 'planters' to reach all part of their estate without difficulty. Next, a house must be found. The house which I had was made of card-board, which was covered with mucilage and then sanded, thus producing the effect of rough stone. But now-a-days it is easy to find one of the pretty 'Queen Anne' cottages in which writing-paper is sold for this purpose. 'Longfellow's House,' which has been in the shops all winter, would be a grand mansion for a plantation.

"So far, the little planters must have the help of some older persons, but the house once placed in position, either directly in the centre, or, better still, at the back of the 'grounds,' then any child can do the rest. Paths leading to the house must be carefully laid out with tiny white stones or sand, a lawn planted, a pond arranged, and a flagstaff raised. The pond can be either of looking-glass, with the edges carefully concealed by moss, or a little china dish (like a bird's bath-bat) filled each morning with fresh water and affording a good swimming-place for some tiny toy ducks. The lawn can be sown with oats, which soon make a vivid green, and if the crop is nicely trimmed down, the lawn can be kept in good condition for a long time.

"This is the simple outline of the plan, but the variations are endless. You will soon discover under the maples miniature trees which will well bear transplanting to the 'grove;' mosses from the woods will make soft terraces, while little ferns and plants will be brought in triumph to add to the beauty of the 'garden.'

"So far as I can see, there are only two objections to this amusement. One is that little hands which have been 'planting' all the morning will require a good scrubbing before they are presentable at the lunch-table; and the second is that a too energetic watering of the plantation is apt to produce a shower of mud on the clean floor of the piazza; but a little care will prevent this and save trouble. In your search to find something suitable for transplanting, you learn to notice all flowers and plants in your rambles, and you will find the 'plantation' an unfailing amusement for a wet day. You will have many new ideas to improve your estate as you work on it.

"As I write, the memory of my dear old box and all its treasures comes back to me so vividly that I long to be again a child and start once more a 'plantation.'"

CURIOUS NESTS.

BY MRS. G. HALL.

IN the island of Java, far away from us, there lives a kind of swallow. It is a very pretty bird, with a kind of ruff around its neck, long wings, and tail covered with green and blue feathers.

They make their nests in the caves, not of sticks or clay, as other birds do, but of a kind of seaweed, a plant they get on the seashore. This they chew up before they use it, and it makes a kind of gelatine like that your mother buys to make you jelly. And the people eat them.

"What, eat a bird's nest!" you say. It does seem funny, but they are great delicacies, and often cost from fifteen to thirty dollars apiece.

They are said to make beautiful soup too. It is very hard to get these nests, and the men who go into the caves for them have to wear masks, or the birds would peck their eyes out.