



ELIJAH'S OFFERING.

Read the account of this. 1 KINGS 18. 17-40.

"MOTHER HUBBARD."

I KNOW a little maiden—
Perhaps you know her, too—
Her eyes are bright as morning,
All sparkling with the dew,
But let me whisper something
I hardly like to tell—
This merry little maiden
Doesn't mind her mamma well!

Her suit's a Mother Hubbard,
Her bonnet is a poke;
She wears the cutest slippers,
And a funny little cloak.
She has half a dozen dollies,
And playthings by the score;
And yet this naughty maiden
Will often weep for more!

Her cheeks are just the colour
Of the apple-blossoms in May;
"Pretty is that pretty does," I hear
Her grandma often say.
Her hair around her forehead
Hangs in many a wavy curl,
Now don't you know the picture
Of your mamma's little girl?

AN AWFUL STORY.

THERE once was an awful little girl who had an "awful" to every thing. She lived in an awful house, in an awful street, in an awful village, which was an awful distance from every other awful place. She went to an awful school, where she had an awful teacher, who gave her awful lessons out of awful books. Every day she was so awful hungry that she ate an awful amount of

food, so that she looked awful healthy. Her hat was awful small and her feet were awful large. When she took an awful walk she climbed awful hills, and when she got awful tired she sat down under an awful tree to rest herself. In the summer she found herself awful warm and in winter awful cold. When it didn't rain there was an awful drought, and when the awful drought was over there was an awful rain. So that this awful girl will come to an awful state, and if she does not get rid of this vulgar way of saying "awful" about every thing, I am afraid she will, by-and-by, come to an awful end.

GOD'S HOUSE.

IN a small Pennsylvania town stood a pretty little chapel with windows of delicately tinted glass. It had been built by a wealthy man in memory of his wife, whose grave was near the chapel. From the steps could be seen the valley dotted with houses of the rich and poor, the blue waters of the lake, and the thick pine woods.

Little Marjorie Catlin had been two weeks in this pretty town, but all the time she had been ill. Now she was up and able to walk about. One of the first walks she took was to the chapel.

As they came up the road Marjorie spied an ant, and stamping her baby foot on it, exclaimed,

"Now he's gone to heaven!" She did not know any better.

Then she pointed her tiny finger at the chapel and asked,

"What's t'at, mamma?"

"That is God's house, dearie."
"I want to go into Dad's house."
"You can't, pet," mamma said, trying the door, "for it is shut."
"Dod cold? He shut his doo'!" asked little Marjorie.

"No," answered mamma, "but the sexton keeps the door locked to keep all safe. Indeed, God would never shut his door against such a little one as you! He loves children and never shuts his door against them. They must be good and love him in return."

In after years, when she was an orphan and poor, she remembered that little talk. Almost every one closed their doors upon the lonely child, and it was a comfort to her to know that God had not.

THE BIRDS CONCERT.

BY T. A. B.

Do you know, my little readers, that I go to a concert every day during the summer time? I see that some of you doubt my word; well, perhaps I ought to say that the concert comes to me, and that would be nearer the truth.

My home is in the country and the house is surrounded by trees, beside which there is a wood upon the east and west sides and beyond the orchard at the north. You have guessed by this time that the singers are the birds, and such singers? I would rather listen to them than to all the singers I ever heard in the Metropolitan Opera House or the Academy of Music.

I suppose you would like to know how these sweet singers are dressed; that is harder to tell than to describe the evening dress of a prima donna. Their costume is of every colour of the rainbow, and all made of the most exquisite, glossy feathers; blackbirds, bluebirds and yellowbirds, golden and bronzed and speckled; robins and thrushes and orioles, catbirds, scarlet tanagers and swallows, with many others to join in the chorus.

Such robins and thrushes, I wish you could see them. They are the principal singers; and at what time do you suppose they give their concerts? Not in the evening, the time when most concerts take place, but at four o'clock in the morning. How often, if you were in the country, my little reader, do you suppose that you would hear them? To tell the truth, I confess that were I not obliged to be up so early, I should often miss them myself.

Those who lie in bed until late when in the country do not know what wonderful and beautiful things they miss. I hope that you arise early.