

pouches underneath their beaks, in which they store the fish they catch; and the different kinds of seagulls, with their black and white feathers like the white foam and dark water of the sea, their webbed feet with which they swim and paddle about, and their strong wings which carry them over the water in calm and stormy weather.

When you see the birds that come from hot countries, the blue and yellow macaws, the parrots, and many others, you will, perhaps, be surprised at their bright colors, not at all like the birds we see flying about; but you must remember that they live in countries where the trees have most beautiful flow-

the corridors one day, she heard them chattering over some matter which evidently interested them deeply. Nothing is more charming than the unsophisticated talk of little children, and Dr. Keller paused beside the door, where she could not be seen, and listened—a sympathetic eavesdropper.

They were talking, it seems, about good things to eat; their food, while abundant, was ordinarily plain after the fashion—a mistaken one, we think, for why should there not be a homelike variety?—of institutions of this kind. These little ones, some of them, at least, had tasted cake a few times in their brief poverty-stricken lives, and

and then 'Give us this day our daily CAKE' went up, with an emphasis on the word 'cake,' to which capitals alone can give adequate expression in print.

Dr. Keller waited until the final 'amen,' and then passed on, with the resolve in her heart that their prayer should be speedily answered. She doubtless felt as did another good woman under similar circumstances—'for what was I sent that way but as an humble instrument in his hands,' the bearer of his answer?

That very night at supper the eyes of the little creatures were gladdened by the sight of cakes, in many pretty shapes, spread bountifully before them. 'Didn't I tell you God would send us cake if we asked him?' said Johnnie, looking triumphantly around. — 'Wide Awake.'

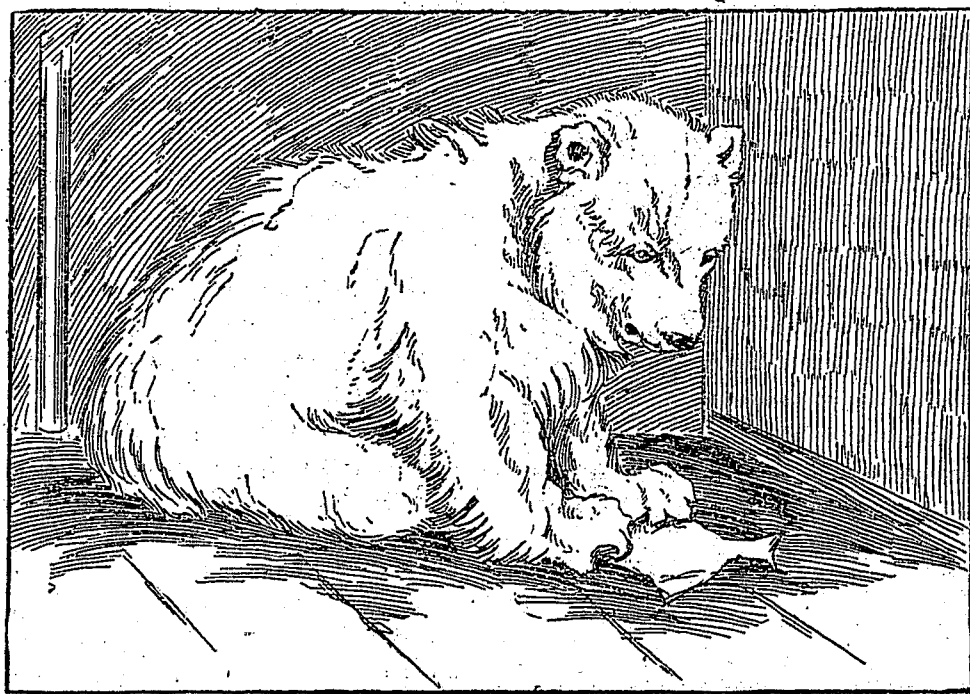
How God's Little Ones Help.

(By Chas. N. Sinnett.)

'I guess it will break with its load of snow,
And grandpa planted it long ago.'
And dear old granny peered at the limb,
Of the garden tree till her eyes grew dim,
With the tears that gathered thick and fast,
As she thought of the tree, and the happy past.

Little Lulu wanted so much to shake,
The creaking bough for granny's sake;
But as she couldn't go out in the storm,
She put her hand so hopeful and warm,
Right into granny's, and whispered clear,
'One of God's trees, and he knows it's dear.'

Just then a brown bird fluttering went,
And shook the limb so cruelly bent,
And plump, pat, pat, went the lumps of snow,
While granny said, with her face aglow,
'God's little ones can help and cheer,
In the stormiest days of all the year.'
—'Mayflower.'



A POLAR BEAR.

ers, blue, and red, and yellow, so that the bright birds are not so easily seen as they would be here.

Before you leave, you should pay a visit to the reptile house, and see the pythons and boas, the largest of all snakes; and the terrible crocodiles and alligators. In another house are the insects: beautiful butterflies and moths, some English, and others far larger and brighter than any we ever see here. I think that by the time the end of your day is reached, you will find that you have seen a great many strange and beautiful creatures, and have learned a great deal about them for so short a visit.—Alice N. Tancock.

Daily Cake.

Dr. Keller, a well-known Boston physician, was at one time connected as trustee with an institution wherein friendless children were cared for.

As she was passing along one of

they were all saying how they wished they could have it often.

One little boy—we will call him Johnnie—at last made a proposition. 'We'll ask God to send us some cake,' he said. Perhaps he had heard the story of manna in the wilderness and of Elijah's ravens; at any rate, he proposed that they should all kneel and repeat the Lord's Prayer, substituting 'cake' for 'daily bread.' With that unquestioning faith which seems the peculiar heritage of childhood, they all assembled and knelt. 'Now, be sure,' says Johnnie, 'to say cake.'

The listener bowed her head reverently while the childish voices repeated the sacred words that fell first from those holy lips nearly 2,000 years ago: 'Our Father who art in heaven,' prayed these fatherless and motherless little ones, and so on until they reached the petition, 'Give us this day our daily bread;' then an instant's pause,