



GOD'S BIRDS.

LITTLE PILGRIMS' SANDALS.

THE way to heaven is narrow,
And its blessed entrance straight;
But how safe the little pilgrims
Who get within the gate!

The sunbeams of the morning,
Make the narrow path so fair,
And these early little pilgrims
Find dewy blessings there.

They pass o'er rugged mountains,
But they climb them with a song;
For these early little pilgrims
Have sandals new and strong.

They do not greatly tremble
When the shadows night foretell;
For these early little pilgrims
Have tried the path so well.

They know it leads to heaven
With its bright and open gates,
Where for happy little pilgrims
A Saviour's welcome waits.

GOD'S BIRDS.

WHOSE birdies are these, mamma? said Freddie as he saw the swallows flying to their nests. They are God's birds, said his mamma. All the birds belong to God. He made them, and they are his. He makes the food they eat, and he teaches them how to build their nests and rear their young. When the winter comes many of the birds go far away to countries where there is no winter. In the spring time they come again, and stay with us through the summer. God teaches them which way to fly to go to the warm countries, and he shows them how to come back to us again.

A SABBATH-SCHOOL teacher once asked her class: "How did the Queen of Sheba travel when she went to see Solomon?" A little girl answered: "She went on the cars, for it says that she came with a very great train." Do you think that means a train of cars?

THE HEATHEN HAVE BEAT.

ONE day Robert's uncle gave him a penny.

"Now," said he, "I'll have some candy; I've been wanting some for a long while."

"Is that the best way you can use your penny?" asked his mother.

"O yes! I want the candy very much" And he hurried on his cap, and off he ran in great haste.

His mother was sitting at the window, and saw him running along, then he stopped. She thought he had lost his penny; but he started off again, and soon reached the door of the candy store; and then he stood there awhile with his hand on the latch, and his eye on the candy. His mother was wondering what he was waiting for; then she was more surprised to see him come off the step, and run back home without going in.

In a minute he rushed into the parlor with a bright glance in his eye, as he exclaimed—

"Mother, the heathen have beat! the heathen have beat!"

"What do you mean by the heathen have beat?" "Why, mother, as I went along I kept hearing the heathen say, 'Give us your penny, to help to send us good missionaries. We want Bibles and tracts. Help us little boy, won't you?' And I kept saying, 'Oh! I want the candy.' At last the heathen beat; and I am going to put my penny in the missionary box. It shall go to the heathen."

HAL'S HABIT.

HAL has been complained of by his teacher for being tardy at school. He owns up, but tells his papa that it is because he has no watch to tell the time for starting. How did people manage before watches were made? How does the farmer tell when dinner-time comes when working out in the field? How can the horse tell when it is time to be fed at night? Get hungry, do they? Well, don't you think a healthy boy ought to get hungry for his book about nine o'clock every morning? The trouble is, Hal has a habit of being late, and a watch will not cure a habit—he would as easily forget to look at the watch as forget to start when the first bell rings. Not much—a little thing? Well, it will be no little thing when from this same habit he misses trains, misses getting to the bank before it closes, misses important engagements. Don't miss salvation in the same way.—*Morning Guide.*

NEVER let a day pass without doing something for Jesus.