



THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.—Luke 6. 20-31.

BY THE SEA

ON the sands we run and play,
And pick up roses all the day—
Not the rose whose leaves are green,
But roses in your face, I mean.

We build sandhouses, and we try
To make a sand and sea-weed pie,
With stones and shells put in for meat—
It's very, very good to eat.

Then in the sea one swims and floats,
And on the sand one rides on goats,
You've no idea how hungry we
Get, long before it's time for tea.
When we are playing by the sea.

SUSIE.

"I DON'T want to go to the picnic, Aunt Mary."

"Why not, Susie?"

"Because I never have a good time at any such place. You know I'm not like the other girls."

Susie was very shy and self-conscious, but she wasn't a bit selfish. She lacked "cheek" of which so many girls have an abundant supply.

"If you'll go with me," said Aunt Mary, "I promise you shall enjoy it."

So Susie put on her simple white dress, with a blue sash and her shade hat, and went with Aunt Mary. It was very warm on the cars and a lady near them seemed suffering from the heat. Aunt Mary took her drinking cup from her basket, and giving it to Susie, said, "Go and fill that at the ice cooler, and offer it to the lady, and then bring me some and have some yourself."

A grateful "thank you" from the lady made Susie very happy.

When they reached the grove, the other girls grouped themselves variously, but Susie stayed by Aunt Mary. The latter spied a little girl by herself, and said to Susie, "Go and ask that little girl if she

wouldn't like to swing, and give her a chance to enjoy herself."

Susie went obediently, and soon was talking with the strange girl, who turned out to be the daughter of the owner of the grove in which the picnic was held. This little girl, grateful for Susie's attention, offered to take her to some pretty nooks near by, not accessible to the other children; and the two girls had a fine time rambling together till lunch was ready, and then everybody was called by a bell to

the tables. After lunch, Aunt Mary said: "One of the little girls was made sick by riding on the cars, and she lies yonder under that maple tree. Take your friend and go and see if you can't do something for her; she's too sick to play."

So the two went and cheered the patient, carrying lemonade and talking pleasantly to her, till she really began to forget her sickness and take an interest in things about her.

When Susie got home from the picnic, she told her mother she never enjoyed herself so much in her life. Aunt Mary, hearing this, said, as they were talking matters over confidentially: "Now, whenever you feel shy, and begin to think about yourself and how awkward and solitary you feel, go right about making somebody else happy, and you'll forget all about your bashfulness, and be surprised to find how you'll begin to really enjoy yourself and be genuinely happy."

GO FOR IT, TOWSER.

HAROLD went down to the pond to sail the little boat he had just made, and old Towser followed him. By-and-bye Harold was tired of sailing his boat, and looked around for some new amusement. There was old Towser, he would make him go into the water for sticks. So he called the dog, made him smell the stick, and then threw it into the water.

"Go for it, Towser. Go, sir!" he shouted. But Towser was old and lazy, and he did not want to go, so he put his tail between his legs, and ran home.

This made Harold very angry, and he threw his stick after him, calling out, "You bad dog, if I catch you I'll give you a good beating."

Mother had seen the whole thing. "Harold, if poor old Towser deserves a beating, what does the boy deserve who ran down here and pretended not to hear when asked to go to the store?"

"I'll go this minute," answered Harold.



THE SONG OF BIRDS.

THE rustle of the leaves, the murmur of the waving grain, the music of the rain's drip, drip, from the trees above their nests and the laughing gurgling of the brook is voiced in the beautiful song of birds. They tell us in sweetest music of nature's perfect harmony and the glory of the daybreak. The inspiration of resting on sunny clouds with their little bodies filled with purest, most intoxicating air is expressed in their wonderful trill. What happiness and trustfulness and peace seem to belong to the bird:

The heart that trusts forever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings;
A well of peace within it springs:
Come good or ill,
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
It is His will.

THE DOGGIES' TEA PARTY.

THE children had been playing have tea out in the orchard. They had set two dolls' tables with the little dishes, and Ella had brought out tiny sandwiches and cookies and milk, and Janie had gathered some wild strawberries, and they had been as happy as could be, when Towser and Dash, the two dogs, had come rushing out to find them, and almost upset the tables in their eagerness to get to the children, for these dogs were very fond of them.

"Bad dogs! Go home!" said Janie, stamping her foot. But instead of obeying, Dash, who smelled the meat in the sandwiches, stood on his hind legs right beside the smaller table, and begged as prettily as he was able.

The children burst out laughing.

"Let's give doggies a party," said Ella.

"Yes, do. We can give them the rest of the sandwiches and the milk," said Fred. Dash swallowed the bits of sandwiches so fast that Janie declared he could not taste them at all. But he evidently knew they were good. Little Towser had all the milk and Dash all the sandwiches, and they seemed to enjoy them heartily, in dog fashion, though I fear they did not say "thank you" very clearly.

The four children liked their own tea party all the more for sharing it with their dog friends. Children do not know how much they can make helpless animals suffer by cruel conduct, or how happy they can make them by kind treatment.