

CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be thou near me;
Watch my sleep till morning light.

All this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care:
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me.
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

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TORONTO, MAY 27, 1905.

AN ODD EARTHQUAKE.

BY MARION E. PICKERING.

After Hiram sowed the field of rye he left the big wooden roller standing in the lane. It was a big roller, almost five feet high.

One sunny forenoon and Roy Dorothy raced up the lane with little black Trip and white Snowball at their heels. Dorothy was a gay, prancing horse; and Roy was a coachman, armed with a long whip. They paused for breath beside the old roller. Roy clambered up to the high seat, and flourished his whip. Dorothy drummed on the hollow sounding sides with her chubby fingers. Suddenly a loose board rattled to the ground. Dorothy thrust her curly head inside the roller. "Oh, what a nice playhouse!" she cried.

Roy got down and peeped in. "So it is," he said. "We can live there when it rains, for there's a really roof and a truly floor."

"We'll call it Clover Cottage," said

Dorothy; "for see how thick the clover is all round it."

In about an hour Clover Cottage was in perfect order. Pictures and cards were tacked up, and the dolls and the furniture and the dishes all in place. Snowball was purring on a little bed of pine-needles, and Trip lay beside her fast asleep. Tired by her work, Dorothy too cuddled down a minute. Roy put back the loose board to shut out the blazing sun; then he cuddled down beside his sister, and it was all dark and quiet.

At twelve o'clock Nora came to the kitchen door and blew the great tin dinner-horn.

Hiram promptly unhitched Old Dolly from the hay-rake, and started for the house. "I may as well haul the roller along and put it under cover," he said to himself as he passed the lane. He backed patient Dolly into the thills, and mounted the high seat. Clover Cottage gave a sudden lurch forward. Dorothy awoke with a scream; Trip was thrown violently into her lap, yelping loudly; Snowball clawed madly at the slowly turning roof; Roy tried to shield his sister with his short arms as dolls, dishes, and themselves rolled together in confusion. Old Dolly pricked up her ears and stopped short. Hiram sprang down, and tried to peer through the cracks of the roller. With Roy's help inside, the loose board was soon pushed away, and the unhappy little inmates of Clover Cottage crawled out one by one; frightened Trip shot down the lane; Snowball scrambled up the nearest tree-trunk. "Well," said Hiram, "I call this quite an earthquake."

BRUCE'S BOARDERS.

Mrs. Foster was busy dusting her dining-room. She had a white cap over her hair, and wore a long blue apron. Knock, knock, knock, went somebody's fingers on the door, and before she could whisk off her cap, or say "Come in!" the door opened slowly and cautiously.

"Who can be coming to see me so early?" thought Mrs. Foster. "Oh," as a fair, curly head presented itself, "it's Bruce Pettigrew! Well, Bruce, what can I do for you to-day?"

"Mrs. Foster," said the child, bringing in a small tin plate, "won't you please, ma'am, save me your crumbs and apple cores for my boarders?"

"Your boarders?" cried Mrs. Foster. "Yes, ma'am; the birds, you know. So many of 'em comes now, since the snow, that I don't have enough to give them; so I thought I'd bring over my plate and get you to help me. I'll come back for it after dinner."

And the little boy was gone without waiting for any promise.

So day after day the little boy and the little tin plate travelled backward and

forward, and the birds flocked more and more to the snow-covered ledge of that third-story window.

But Bruce's plan did more than feed the birds; more than he knew of, as is the case with most plans for good.

"That baby has the right idea of helping," thought busy Mrs. Foster. "He gives all he can himself, and then he takes the trouble to get other people to help. Now there's Mrs. Irwin: she has enough cast-offs to set the poor O'Connors up in comfort. I'll just step over and ask for them."

"An old dress?" said Mrs. Irwin in a friendly tone. "Why, to be sure, if you think that red dress that Marv has just laid aside would do any good."

And before the visit was over, Mrs. Foster had more than she could carry home; enough to make the whole O'Connor family happy.

It gave the Irwins a new interest in the O'Connors, too, and in all those poor people in that alley.

Little Bruce kept on feeding his birds and collecting his crumbs, knowing no more than the birds of all this; but the Heavenly Father, whose care is over all his creatures, smiled down upon the little boy.

CHOOSE THE BEAUTIFUL IN LIFE.

Two friends were out for a walk together in the country, we are told. One of them carried a camera with him. As they were passing a wretched old house one said to the other, "Let's take a snapshot of that old house."

"No," was the reply, "I never take a picture of the ugly, there's enough of the beautiful."

That was a good way to speak and think. The world is full of beautiful things, and we shall all be much happier as we go through life, if we choose the beautiful rather than the ugly.

We can carry this thought out in many different ways. For example, how much better it would be to look for the beautiful in the lives of those around us, instead of looking for the bad things in them.

Let us look for the beautiful everywhere we go. That means that we shall see the pretty wild flowers rather than the weeds when we go walking in the fields. It means that we shall see the rainbow rather than the clouds in the sky above us, and that we shall see the good in people rather than the bad.

Let us love the beautiful, and let us do all that we can to make this world in which we live a brighter and a better place. The most beautiful life is a Christian life. So let us ask the Lord Jesus Christ to take our lives and make them so beautiful that we shall be fit for his kingdom above.

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