



COAXING GRANDMA.

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THIS little girl is surely trying to coax her grandma. Either she does not want to learn her lesson, and does want to play with her doll; or she wants some special Christmas gift; or perhaps, better still, she wants grandma to keep the secret of the present she means to give her papa and mamma.

A BOY'S RELIGION.

IF a boy is a lover of Jesus, he can't be a church officer or a preacher, but he can be a godly boy, in a boy's way, and in a boy's place. He ought not to be too solemn or too quiet for a boy. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to play like a real boy. But in all he ought to show the spirit of Christ and be free from vulgarity and profanity. He ought to eschew tobacco and intoxicating drinks. He ought to be peaceable, gentle, merciful and generous. He ought to discourage fighting. He ought to refuse to be a party to mischief, to persecution, to deceit. He ought to show his colours. He need not always be interrupting a game to say he is a Christian, but he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do something because it is wrong and wicked, or because he fears God or is a Christian.

He ought to take no part in the ridicule of sacred things, but meet the ridicule of others with a cold statement that for the things of God he feels the deepest reverence.—*Royal Road.*

DO BIRDS BURY THEIR DEAD?

YOU are all familiar with the story of "The Babes in the Wood," and remember how the robins, finding the babes lying dead, covered them with leaves.

In a tree near an old-fashioned farm-house in Vermont, two robins built their nest. A lady watched them day by day as they brought straws, a bit of cotton or thread, and weaved them deftly in, to form their summer home. One morning she found three blue speckled eggs in the nest, and on another, three tiny little birds in their place. How busy the father and mother birds were, providing for their wants, and how tenderly they cared for them!

When they were large enough they gave them lessons in flying. While they were trying their wings one day, a cat caught one, and before the lady could rescue it, it was injured beyond recovery. She put the trembling little creature back in its nest and left it for the mother-bird to nurse back to life if possible.

It was of no use. The cat's cruel claws

had done their work, and the birdie died. A few days after, the lady went to the nest and found the father and mother birds had built a thatched roof over the poor little bird, and there he lay on his back, with his claws sticking up through the straw. They had buried their dead and deserted the nest.

THE DARK.

WHERE do the little chickens run
When they are made afraid?
Out of the light, out of the sun,
Into the dark—the shade.
Under the mother's downy wing
They fear no care for anything.

Where do the little violets creep
When comes the time of snow?
Into the dark to rest and sleep
And wait for spring; they go
Under the ground, where storms can't
reach,
And God takes tenderest care of each.

Are you afraid, dear girl or boy,
Afraid of the dark of death?
Jesus will raise you full of joy
To the world of light, he saith:
And where the little violets sleep,
Your body safe the Lord will keep.

—Selected

PLEASING GOD.

"AUNTIE," asked little Mabel, "why was God pleased with his Son, Jesus, when he had gone away from him to be just like a man? I should think he would rather have had Jesus stay with him in heaven, than to come down here and suffer so."

"That was just why he was pleased with him, dear, because he was brave enough and loving enough to do the thing which was not so pleasant as that which he might have done had he pleased. And he said those words, when John baptized Jesus, that he might know that he was pleased with us when we give up our own way for the sake of others, and give up our best things to make them happy."

Mabel caught the idea, and, slipping down from my lap, she stole away to the corner where she kept her doll things. She came back bringing her best last year's dollie.

"If I give this up to Sue, will God say he is well pleased with me?" she asked, with a curious look in her eyes.

"He will be pleased, dear, for that is the very kind of a sacrifice, in its way, which Jesus made for us—he gave up what was richest to him."

And away she went, lugging the doll.—*Our Children.*