

The Sunbeam.

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AFRICAN BIRDS AT CHURCH.

THERE are some queer birds in Southern Africa. One species is called "hadedas" by the natives. These birds are as large as crows, with long legs and bills, and wings that are dark-green in one light and golden in another. The birds look like gentlemen in dress-suits, with their hands folded under their coat-tails. The hadedas live in marshy places, but they are easily tamed to live in houses, and soon go in as if they were a part of the family; and, indeed, you might almost think they were part of it, for when they cry they say, "Pa! pa! pa!" quickly, like an impatient child. Two of these birds were very fond of the father of the family, and would follow him about all day. On Sundays they would even walk after him into church unless he locked them up at home. Once they actually did walk into church, marching gravely up the aisle and taking their stand near their master (who was the minister), behind the reading-desk. It was very funny to see those three solemn figures standing there; and it was lucky the birds did not think to call out, "Pa! pa! pa!" just then; for the congregation laughed quite enough as it was. The birds would not go away, although the minister told them to in a severe tone; so he had to walk out, and they followed him into the open air. When he came in again he shut the door close behind him, and so kept them out.

If you *love* Jesus you should *show* it. "But I am so little," you say; "I cannot teach or preach, or work for Him." True, little one; but you can be kind, and helpful, and for-giving, and patient; and that is all that Jesus expects—to do what you *can*.

A little child about four years old, said, "Mother, does God love me when I do wrong?"

The mother replied that God could not love anything sinful or wrong.

"Oh," said he, "I know how it is. God loves me, but he does not love the wrong things that I do." Ah, my dear children, if God did not love you, you would not be alive before Him; for how much you do that is wrong.

STANDING ALONE.

THE baby is standing all 'loney!"
The children shout in their glee—
And father and mother and auntie
Must hurry and come to see.
So baby—the cute little darling!—
Is put through the wonderful feat,
And fondled and kissed and commended
For being so smart and so sweet.

With the cunningest air of triumph
She stands in the midst of us all—
While the outstretched arm of her mother
Is ready to save a fall.
And whenever the little one totters,
Around her is hastily thrown.
'Tis very fine fun—thinks the baby—
This frolic of standing alone!

Ah, many a time in the future
She'll long for the aid of that arm,
When the love and the care of a mother
No longer can shield her from harm!
For oft when our need is the sorest,
There's no one to whom we can turn—
And standing alone is a lesson
'Tis hard for a woman to learn.

And often and over, my baby,
Before life's long journey is gone,
You will learn in your hours of weakness
For something to lean upon.
When the props upon which you depended
Are taken away or o'erthrown,
You will find it wearisome, baby—
So wearisome! standing alone.