

a reminder of his text, and, carried away by the presence of so many children, he laughed aloud in his joy. As he rose to present his text, he also rose to the occasion; and, waving his small hand, enthusiastically cried, "*Consider—consider—the—little—children, how—they—gwo!*"

The effect was electrical. Both pastor and people also rose to the occasion. The pastor preached on the little children of heathen lands, and the audience responded with a generous offering for missions.

TWO LITTLE EYES TO LOOK TO GOD

These two little eyes that God has given,
Must always look to Him,
And He will show us the way to heaven,
And teach us to walk therein;
These two little feet must be willing and
hasten
To walk in the narrow road;
These two little ears must only listen
To words that are pure and good.

These two little hands must be ready to
labor,
For Jesus all my days;
This one little heart must seek his favor,
These lips must speak his praise,
That when he calls us home to heaven,
The beautiful city of light;
To each little head will then be given
A crown of glory bright.

—Virginia J. Kent

WHICH WOULD YOU BE?

It was bird-bed-time, and "Maple Tree Inn" was full of flurry and flutter. Little brown heads, and round, black eyes, and flitting feet, and swiftly moving wings bobbed up and down, here and there, and everywhere.

At last all was still. Not a bird to be seen. Hark! two little voices piping to each other.

"Chee-chee-chee!"

"Peep-peep-peep-peep!"

"Chirp-chirp-chirp!"

"Chip-chip-cheep-chee!"

Bird language is almost as hard as Chinese to learn well, but, as nearly as it can be spoken, this is the substance of what they said:

"Good night to you, Miss Brown-top."

"Good night, and pleasant dreams to you, Mr. Whitethroat."

"I have had a fine day!"

"So have I."

"I have been almost up to the sun."

"And I, too."

"It was cool and nice in that big, blue sky."

"So it was—very much so."

"Chee-chee-cheep!"

"What else did you do, Mr. Whitethroat?"

"A great many things. I took Mrs. Whitethroat out for a fly. And while we were resting on a telegraph wire, Tufty joined us; and he sat so close and was so snippy that I pecked his head and eyes and drove him away."

"Oh!"

"And when we flew down to take a bath and a taste of the clear pool of water, three or four yellow birds were there, and I chattered and snapped at them, and frightened them away, and got the whole pool for ourselves."

"Oh! dear me."

"And when we hurried back into the plum tree to get a taste of food before we took our long flight, I drove away a flock of robbers, and we had all the fruit to ourselves."

"What a great man of war you are! Peep! peep!"

"And what did you do with yourself all day?"

"No such brave deeds as yours. I showed poor Mrs. Singwell where to find some wisps and threads to mend her nest, and helped her to carry some."

"Hah!"

"And I found Mrs. Tufty left all alone, and took her to the grain field to get a nice little lunch with me."

"Ho!"

"And I went to the big house where the naughty boys keep Miss Robin Redbreast in a gilt cage, and told her all the bird news that I could think of, so she would not feel so lonely."

"Huh!"