



THE USELESS KETTLE.

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Some one has thrown away this rusty old kettle, probably because it has a hole in its side and is no more use for holding water. There it lies in the long grass almost hidden from sight, and it will certainly never hold boiling water again, or be of any more use in the kitchen. But, as the time passes by and the spring comes round, and the birds begin to look out for cosy and sheltered spots to build their nests in, one little bird with sharper eyes than the rest spies out this old kettle lying half out of sight in the grass and weeds; and it thinks to itself, "Ah! What a nice warm place the inside of that kettle would be for my little ones when they come out of the eggs and have no feathers on their little bodies to protect them against the cold winds; I will call my mate and we will build a nest inside as quick as ever we can."

So the nest was built, and in the picture we can see the soft feathers inside and the mother-bird looking on and thinking to herself, with pleasure, how cosy and safe her little ones will be in so quiet and sheltered a spot.

## EXAMPLES—WHAT ARE THEY?

"Do tell me, grandmother," said little Davie Johns, "What is an example?"

Grandmother took off her spectacles and laid them down on the table beside her.

"I don't mean," said Davie, "the 'rhythmic ones; I mean the Sunday-school and Bible kind."

"Well," said grandmother slowly, not quite sure how to explain to the little boy, "there are good examples and bad examples."

"I know that," said Davie. "Miss Katie said about that. But I want to know what they are, any way."

"Let me see. Suppose I tell you two little stories, and then perhaps you will understand for yourself. Once there was a boy named Peter, and he had a little sister named Prue. They were having a beautiful time one Saturday morning, playing menagerie, when nurse came in and told them to get ready for a walk. Prue stopped being a panther right away, and jumped up to get ready, but Peter's face grew as black and frowning as a thunder-cloud. He began to whine and fret, and then to shout and stamp his feet, and say he wouldn't go. And all the time Prue was watching him. Pretty soon her face puckered up too, and she cried and made almost as much fuss as Peter did. So that poor nurse had a great deal of trouble with them both. She would not have had any trouble with Prue if it had not been for Peter's example. That is one kind, you see."

Grandmother stopped, but Davie was looking out of the window and had nothing to say.

So she went on:

"Then, on another Saturday morning, this same Peter and Prue were talking about a long walk they were going to take.

"Let's start now," said Prue as soon as breakfast was over. "It's Saturday," said Peter, "I guess we ought to learn our Golden Text and study over our lesson again first." "O, no," said Prue, "let's not. We can do that afterwards." "But we might forget," Peter said, "or something else might happen. I'm going to learn mine now." And by the time he had found his lesson paper, Prue had decided to get hers, too. And that is the other kind of example, Davie, dear. Do you think that you know any better now what the word means?"

## GRANDPA'S BIBLE.

Little Mary wanted to learn her Sunday-school lesson. It was Saturday afternoon, and the time was passing; but she had been busy with her doll's dress, and the lesson was yet unlearned. At length her older sister took a Bible from the bureau, and said,

"Come, Mary, I will help you to learn your lesson, and you can go back to your play." Mary came to her sister's side ready to begin her lesson, when she suddenly began:

"Sister, let us study it out of grandpa's Bible."

"But what difference can it make?"

"Why, grandpa's Bible is much more interesting than yours."

"Oh, no, Mary, they are just the same exactly."

"Well, replied the observing child, "I really think grandpa's must be more interesting than yours; he reads it so much more."—*The Little Christian*.

## THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY.

Will some wise man who has journeyed  
Over land and over sea,  
To the countries where the rainbow  
And the glorious sunsets be,  
Kindly tell a little stranger,  
Who has oddly lost her way,  
Where's the road that she must travel  
To return to Yesterday?

For, you see, she unfamiliar  
With To-Day, and cannot read  
What its strange, mysterious sign-posts  
Tell of ways and where they lead;  
And her heart upbraids her sorely,  
Though she did not mean to stay  
When she fell asleep last evening  
And abandoned Yesterday.

For she left a gear neglected  
That she really should have done;  
And she fears she lost some favours  
That she fairly might have won.  
So she'd like to turn her backward  
To retrieve them if she may—  
Will not some one kindly tell her  
Where's the road to Yesterday?