



THE HUMBLE HOME.

WHAT a beautiful little girl! and what a rough house! But her sleep is as sweet as though she lived in a palace. She may become wealthy some day, but she will never forget the pleasant time in the old home. Her pure face is a fine illustration of the effects of contentment. Yet she wishes to go to a better house—"a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." She has given her heart to Jesus, and is his child whether she wakes or sleeps. In that "better country" none are ever sick.

THE BIRD'S FRIENDS.

JAMIE and Susie are very fond of birds, and are always throwing crumbs to them. Summer and winter many of them come about the door for their daily meals.

Poor puss used to have many a whipping ere she learned that she must let the dainty feathered creatures be. It must be very aggravating to her to have them come close to her and know that she must not touch them, when her mouth fairly waters.

I strongly suspect, however, that the birds farther away from the house are not so safe in her presence, for cats will be cats, you know, and it is her nature to catch birds as well as mice.

Jamie's and Susie's birds have learned to have no fear of puss, and will hop close to her, and even eat off of her dish.

In the winter the snow-birds and the sparrows come regularly for their crumbs, and will even eat them off their little friends' hands.

One can tame any creature by kindness,

SUPPLY THE WANTS OF OTHERS.

I KNEW a little boy a number of years ago, who had a very loving and tender heart. He believed his mother to be the noblest woman on earth. His little heart was pained when she was in want of anything. His father was poor. He had met with heavy losses, and had been sick, so the family were poor. The mother was a careful, saving woman, and taught her children to be so. She never allowed them to have money to spend foolishly.

One day the little boy did an errand for a neighbour, and received five cents for pay. He said, "Now I will buy some salt for mamma, for I heard her say she needed some." He ran to the store and bought five cents' worth of salt and took it home to his mother. She was much pleased

with this act of her son, and told him he had been very kind and unselfish to think of her wants first. Do you not think this little boy was very much happier than he would have been had he spent his money for candy? Do you always think first of the wants of others before you please yourself? Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. Try this, and see if you are not happier.

HAPPY EVA.

MY little friend, Eva Wilson, was one of the happiest girls I ever knew. She went singing about the house or yard all day long. From the time she ran into her mamma's room for her good-morning kiss until she had been tucked in her little bed at night, she seemed to be always thinking of what she could do to make somebody happy; and without thinking about it, she was happiest of all herself. If she could find a nice red rose, or a sweet ripe berry for mamma, she did not mind if her own were not so pretty or so sweet.

One day I asked her why she was so happy? She looked at me with her pretty blue eyes, and said: "What else could I be? I love mamma and papa, and they love me, and I can't help being happy."

If every little boy and girl were kind and loving to papa and mamma, and could feel that way toward God, they could not help being happy all the time. And when they grew up to be men and women, God would always go with them, and they would be honoured and respected.

A LITTLE QUESTIONER.

WHAT do the birdies dream about?
Who paints the roses red?
Why do the pretty stars peep out?
When do they go to bed?
The moon looks like a silver ball;
Who tossed it up in the sky?
Why don't the clouds upon us fall?
When it rains do they cry?

Why do the brooks run fast away?
Do fishes ever talk?
Can little frogs their lessons say?
Why don't grasshoppers walk?
Do baby crickets sit up late?
Who teaches them to sing?
Why do the flowers for summer wait?
Where does snow hide in spring?

What do the cows say when they "moo"?
Where do the wee lambs sleep?
What will the bees in winter do?
Why is the sea so deep?
Some parrots are—talk so, I mean;
Mamma says it's absurd;
That little children should be seen
And very seldom heard.

A BOUNTIFUL TREE.

ORANGE trees are said to be very fruitful, a tree twenty feet high sometimes yielding from 3,000 to 4,000 oranges a year. The orange is one of the most delicious of fruits, besides being very useful as a medicine; in fact every part of the tree is made use of, the wood, leaves, blossoms, fruit, and even rind. The tree has been known to live for one hundred and fifty years.

There are many species of orange found in numerous parts of the globe. My readers have probably all eaten our delicious Florida oranges and the sweet Havanas, and some of them have eaten the curious little Mandarin or Clove oranges from China and the Maltese or blood orange. Then there are the juicy Messina oranges and other varieties.

Our lives are compared to trees; either we are continually growing in grace, filling the days and hours with the fruit of good deeds to bless those about us, or else we are slowly dying and bringing forth knotty or wormy fruit—evil deeds and unkind actions—that only do harm. When the Master comes to look for the good fruit, not finding it, he will say, "Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?" Don't let this be said of you, my reader.

Do not be late at Sunday-school if you can help it. It is not right to sleep later on Sunday than at other times. We should try to spend all of God's day in his service.