



THE BIRDIES AND THEIR NESTS.

HERE are two pretty birdies and their nest. They made the nest of bits of grass and lined it with soft hair and wool. There are five bright eggs in the nest. After the birdies sit on the eggs long enough there will be five little baby birdies. The mother bird will be very proud of them, and will be very busy feeding them. I hope no bad boys will find her nest and take her eggs away.

THE YOUNG MUSICIAN.

ONE day Mrs. James heard the piano playing in her parlor. She thought it did not sound like Lillie's playing. Then she listened again, and pretty soon she heard the same strange sounds. Then she called Lillie, and Lillie came tripping in from her flower garden. Mrs. James asked Lillie if she had been in the parlor. Lillie said, "No, mamma, I was out in the garden." Then Mrs. James went to the parlor to see who had played, and what do you think she found. There was little Kitty, and Kitty was the little musician. She had stolen slyly into the parlor, and was amusing herself by walking softly across the row of white piano keys.

FINGERS AND FORKS.

"USE your fork, Johnnie! Have you forgotten so soon what I told you about using your fingers?"

"Well, mamma; fingers were made before forks!"

"Yes; I know very well they were; but not your fingers."

HELPING HIS FATHER.

SOME years ago, a boy whose name was Webster, living in Bridgeport, Ct., then nearly four years old, was taken from his own home to that of his grandpa, where he remained several weeks. His grandpa was a Christian man, and always asked God's blessing upon the food before eating, and read a chapter and prayed in the morning when the breakfast was finished.

When little Webster was taken home,

the first time he sat at his father's table in his high chair, he said before he began to eat, "Papa, why don't 'ou talk to God before 'ou eat as grandpa does?" And the father said, "Oh, grandpa is a good man." "But, papa," said Webster, "'aunt 'ou a good man? Why don't 'ou talk to God as grandpa does?"

And the good mother, sitting on the other side of the table, said, "Father, that is God's voice to you." And it was; and then, for the first time, the father, as the head of his own house, and mother and child, bowed their heads, while a blessing was brokenly asked on the food. That was the beginning. After the breakfast, the father read and prayed, and continued the practice as long as he lived.—*Congregationalist.*

I DON'T WANT TO GO TO THE DANCING SCHOOL.

A SWEET young miss of ten summers whose mother had foolishly sent her to a dancing school was led one happy day to give her heart to Christ. After that she went round the house singing about Jesus all the time. Her mother, who did not love the blessed Saviour, brought home a pattern for a new dress, and said,

"May, dear, isn't this a pretty pattern? How should you like it for a ball dress?"

"It is lovely, mamma," replied May, "but I don't want it, I don't want to go to dancing school any more."

Sweet young May! She had more wisdom than her mother, because she had taken Jesus for her teacher. He was teaching her that she could not enjoy a ball dress

and still keep the robe of righteousness with which he had clothed her new born soul. She felt that the pride and vanity and envy of the ball room would soil that robe, and as she preferred his pure white robe to the gay ball dress she wanted to give up the dancing school and all that belonged to it. I am sure Jesus loved the charming child very dearly for making that choice.

THE LAND OF NOWHERE.

Do you know where the summer blooms all the year round,

Where there never is rain on a picnic day,

Where the thornless rose in its beauty grows
And little boys never are called from play?

Oh! hey! it is far away,

In the wonderful land of Nowhere.

Would you like to live where nobody scolds,
Where you never are told "It is time for bed."

Where you learn without trying, and laugh without crying,

Where snarls never pull when they comb your head?

Then oh! hey! you must hie away

To the wonderful land of Nowhere.

If you long to dwell where you never need wait,

Where no one is punished or made to cry,
Where supper of cakes is not followed by aches,

And little folks thrive on a diet of pie;

Then ho! hey! you must go, I say,

To the wonderful land of Nowhere.

You must drift from the river of Idle Dreams,
Close to the border of No-man's land;

For a year and a day you must sail away,
And then you will come to an unknown strand.

And ho! hey! if you get there—stay

In the wonderful land of Nowhere.

—Ella Wheeler.

"I AM NOT MY OWN."

LIKE the child with the stalk of grapes, who picked one grape after another from the cluster and held it out to her father, till, as affection waxed warm and self-faded, she gayly flung the whole into her father's bosom and smiled in his face with triumphant delight, so let us do until, loosening from every comfort, and independent of the help of broken cisterns, we can say, "I am not my own." "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee."