

didn't feel a bit like a bug—I hope I didn't hurt it."

"Why!" said grandma, "was it a little humming-bird, just hatched? Was it really?"

"Yes," said grandpa, "it was, but I couldn't believe it till I put my glasses on. I most wish I hadn't told you. I wonder if you'd have made out what it was. Let's go and see it."

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MAY 19, 1906.

"IN HONOR PREFERRING ONE ANOTHER."

A few weeks ago a gentleman was telling us of a little girl in his Sunday-school, who not only heard this sweet command, "Be kindly affectioned one to another, in honor preferring one another," but acted upon it. He had promised a prize to the child who should learn the greatest number of Bible verses, and as little Maggie had the best memory, he expected she would gain it. The appointed day came, and to his great astonishment Maggie only repeated nineteen verses, while her little sister Janet had learned twenty, and so gained the prize.

"Could you not have learned one text more, Maggie?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Then why did you not?"

Maggie hesitated, her color rose; at last her answer came shyly.

"Because, sir, you taught us last Sunday that if we wanted to please Jesus we were to 'be kindly affectioned one to another, in honor preferring one another.'"

Boys and girls, is Maggie's Lord your Lord? Then will you not each try to gladden his loving heart by denying yourselves for his sake!

A TABLE IN THE WILDERNESS. A TRUE STORY.

BY EMMA E. HORNIBROOK.

A missionary making his way from place to place among the natives in Africa found himself well received by a friendly tribe, who showed him much kindness. They listened like eager children—for all primitive people are but children, with no knowledge of the outer world and little self-control—to his message of mercy, the story of a Saviour's love. In return they gave him what he sorely needed, food and shelter. It was the close of day when he arrived, and they were about to partake of a general meal, men, women and children together. He found that the meat—the flesh of some wild animal caught by the hunters—was cooked and smelt good, and he was very hungry. They all squatted round the big pot, like gypsies,

your mind what a child may do to send the Gospel to those who are "sitting in darkness and the shadow of death." We know of some little girls who kept a missionary hen, and boys who exhibited hand-somely colored maps on rollers, giving the profits made by sales to some Board of Missions. Long afterwards these boys heard from a missionary in a foreign land that when he was at the end of his own resources, and had no money to carry on his work, their gift reached him, strengthening his faith in God and tiding him over his difficulties until further help came.

MARCHING ON.

"What makes us sing 'Marching On'?" said George to his teacher. "Little boys and girls are not soldiers." "Yes, I think



DR. AND MRS. IOUYE AND THE IR FAMILY, SHIZUOKA, JAPAN.

This is the happy family of one of the native missionaries of our Church in Japan. The children are bright and merry as any Canadian boys and girls. They have such queer clothes and sleep on such funny pillows. See cut on fourth page.

which was placed on a piece of matting in the open air. The chief lady, who was really their queen, scooped the broth up, and served it in curiously carved gourds, or wooden vessels, but the meat was picked out with her dark fingers. The poor missionary, however, was too weary and famished to be particular. He wanted meat and not manners. Suddenly the great woman snatched away his piece, thrusting towards him the fine bone which she had been picking, making signs to show that it was very good. Well, you know "beggars can't be choosers," and he dared not give offence, so he accepted the exchange with as much grace as he could muster.

But the heathen are not always kind. Too often they are vengeful and cruel. Do you not want them to learn a better way, to serve our God? Turn over in

they are," said the teacher. "Good soldiers fight; so do children who are trying to be good. They have to fight naughty words and thoughts and tempers. They have to fight Satan, the wicked one, who is always trying to draw them away from God. And when they are fighting, then they are marching on."

DOLLYTOWN.

Hushaby, dolly, in your white gown,
And mamma will take you by-by.
We'll go a-riding in Dollytown;
Hushaby, dolly, by-by.

Hushaby, dolly, hug mamma close;
Snuggle down into my lap, dear,
And when you wake up I'll pluck you
a rose;
Hushaby, dolly, by-by.