

pas are angry and the mammas are ashamed when a girl baby is born.

NELLIE.—Don't they like girls as well as boys?

KITTY.—No; they say girls are of no use, and they cost too much money to raise,

DORA.—They never go to school, and learn nothing except how to cook and take care of the house.

KITTY.—They get married when they are only eight and nine years old, and go to live with their husband's mother, who teaches them how to prepare his food in the way he likes. When it is cooked they stand behind his chair and wait upon him; and when he has had enough they eat what is left.

DORA.—And if the husband should die the wife has to give up all her ornaments and pretty dresses. She can't go anywhere or have any pleasure. But must stay at home, lonely and despised, because she is a widow.

NELLIE.—How dreadful! What makes these people so cruel to their girls?

KITTY.—Because they do not know and love Jesus.

NELLIE.—I'm glad I live in a Christian land where our papas and mammas love Jesus and love all the little children. He sends them. I will never wish that I was a heathen again.

DORA.—And we ought to do all we can to send the Bible to the heathen, that they may learn about Jesus and become good men and women.—*Missionary World.*

ONE KEPT ALIVE.

The monkish chronicles of the early ages of Christianity wrapped the truths, which they wished to teach, in quaint allegories to attract their heathen readers. One of these fables may interest American boys and girls. It is as true in significance as it was in the days of the Cæsars.

A flock of birds mysteriously appeared one day in a city out of a clear sky, and sought refuge in all manner of strange hiding-places.

One flew into a bare stone cell, where he died of starvation; another into the

gaping throat of a wild boar, and was stifled by fat; a third was placed by a princess in a beautiful cage. At first she counted the bird as her chief treasure, and fed and cherished it. Then she began to decorate the cage with gold and jewels, and forgot its inmate, until one day she found it starved and dead.

But another took refuge in the breast of a woman so poor that she had only rags to keep her warm and crusts to eat. The bird was her only happiness.

When the winter night came, a call sounded from the sky for the birds to return. There was but one of them yet living. It flew from the breast of a poor woman who lay frozen to death by the roadside, and heaven opened to take it in.

The allegory needs no interpretation.

As we walk along the street to-day and look into the faces of the passers-by, we can read the story of the bird from heaven which was given to each one of them at birth. In that man's breast it died of cold; in this it was stifled by swinish appetites; that woman's body is a beautiful cage, which she so loves to adorn that she altogether forgets its holy tenant.

But there are men and women who meet us every day whose every word and action are fragments of harmony, from the divine dweller in their hearts.

DO YOUR BEST.

Do your best, your very best,
And do it every day,
Little boys and little girls
That is the wisest way.

Whatever work comes to your hand,
At home or at your school,
Do your best with right good will:
It is the golden rule.

For he who always does his best.
His best will better grow:
But he who shirks or slights his task,
Lets all the better go.

What if your lessons should be hard?
You need not yield to sorrow,
For he who bravely works to-day,
His tasks grow light to-morrow.