



WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

Who is on the Lord's side?
 Who will serve the King?
 Who will be his helpers?
 Other lives to bring?
 Who will leave the world's side?
 Who will face the foe?
 Who is on the Lord's side?
 Who for him will go?
 Not for weight of glory,
 Not for crown and palm,
 Enter we the army,
 Raise the warrior psalm;
 But for love that claimeth
 Lives for which he died:
 He whom Jesus nameth
 Must be on his side.

ONE OF AUNT ANNIE'S STORIES.

"Aunt Arnie, please tell us a story—a brand-new one," begged Ollie; and Ned said: "Yes, do, auntie, please."
 Auntie said, "You dear little beggars; let me see if I can think of one I haven't told you." And then, looking down at the book in her lap, she said:
 "Why, I'll tell you one of these.

"They were written a long, long time ago by a great poet. His name was Chaucer. He loved flowers and birds and things. You could hardly read what he wrote, because his words and spelling are so old-fashioned; but I know you'd like some of his stories. This is one:

"There was once a poor widow who lived all alone with her two daughters in a little house. They were very poor, but very happy, because they were so contented with that they had. There were three big pigs, three cows, and a sheep, and a rooster with seven hens, which belonged to the widow's family!

"One night the rooster (Chaucer calls him a cock) had a bad dream, and he waked up his hen wives and sisters to tell them that he had dreamed that a great beast was about to eat him. They laughed at him, and said he must have been eating too much to have such bad dreams. He felt ashamed that he had been so frightened, and tried to forget it.

"Later in the day, as he was very proudly stalking about the yard, he saw behind some bushes an ugly face with bright, sharp eyes watching him. He was terribly frightened, but the beast said in a soft voice:

"'I've only come to hear you sing, Sir Cock.' And then he begged the cock to raise himself on his toes and saunt his eyes, and then sing just as loud as he could with his beautiful voice.

"The silly cock was fooled by the fox's flattery, and of course just as soon as he closed his eyes the bad beast seized him and carried him off to eat him.

"All the hens began to screech, and the widow and her two daughters, and even the cows and the pigs and the one sheep ran after the fox. The cock told the fox to laugh at them because they could not catch him, but of course when he laughed he let go of the cock, who flew away into a high tree and wouldn't come down, no matter what polite words the fox said to him, and so the fox had to go home without his dinner."

"That's a great story," said Ned. "I guess that fox wasn't so stuck on himself after that."

"Nor the cock, either," said Ollie.

"No," said Aunt Annie, "I should think after that the cock wouldn't be so ready to do anything that a strange animal might ask him to do, and I guess Mr. Fox learned that it was best to hold on to a dinner when he had one."

A WISE CONCLUSION.

One summer evening, after Harry and his sister Helen had been put to bed, a severe thunderstorm came up. Their cribs stood side by side; and their mother, in the next room, heard them as they sat up in bed and talked in low voices about the thunder and lightning. They told each other their fears. They were afraid the lightning would strike them. They wondered whether they would be killed right off, and whether the house would be burned up. They trembled afresh at each peal. But tired nature could not hold out as long as the storm. Harry became very sleepy, and at last, with renewed cheerfulness in his voice, he said, as he laid his head on the pillow, "Well, I'm going to trust in God." Little Helen sat a minute longer thinking it over, and then laid her own little head down, "Well, I think I will, too."

And they both went to sleep without more words.

In Eastern Australia 100,000,000 sheep and great herds of cattle and horses now feed upon pastures covering flat ground which thirty years ago was a desert of soft sand, so "rotten" that the feet sank at every step. This once worthless ground has been beaten into compact soil by the feet of the sheep and cattle, and it is believed that other great desert expanses in Australia may be turned into productive pasture and in a similar manner.