



FAST ASLEEP.

BY AUNT MAY.

LITTLE Eva was out among the roses and currant-bushes looking for little birdies' nests. In one of the shady places, sheltered by the long stems and thick green leaves, she found the cunning little nest! It was woven with wonderful skill of bits of grass and long hairs from the tails and manes of horses, and ingeniously fastened to the branches of the bushes. The nest were four small eggs, so pretty that the eyes of the little lady fairly danced with delight when she saw them. And such exclamations of pleasure and wonder! It was all beautiful and strange. Our heavenly Father taught the little sparrow to weave her wonderful nest, when her babies are born will provide food for her carry to them. But now little Eva has come in from her ramble in the garden, and has set down in the big chair to rest. In the stillness of the house sleep softly stolen upon her lids, and her dolly is dropped from her hands to the



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of taking a cloth to wipe off the furniture, she whisked a feather duster over the tops of the tables and chairs, filling the room with dust that soon settled down over the room again. Then she ran out to the garden with her book. Very soon her mother came in. Seeing how things looked, she called Mary.

"Do you think this is a good honest piece of work?" she asked.

Mary knew it was not, and hung her head in shame.

"You must do it all over," said her mother. "You should be as careful to clean the places which do not show so plainly, as those which do. If you do not learn to be careful in small things, you can never be trusted with greater."

Dear children, when the Lord comes to make his reckoning, we shall be rewarded or punished according to our works. He has placed us all in this world to do something for him, and he expects us to do the best we can. He wants good honest workers, who will be faithful in all things, great and small.

HONEST WORKERS.

Let us hope that her dreams shall be sweet, and that she will not in her fancy imagine that she sees cruel boys carrying away the precious little treasures of the nests from the currant-bushes.

The greatest blessings in God's book are presently found to be the property of the best persons on God's earth.

MARY had been left to sweep and dust the room. She could do it very nicely, but the day was very warm and she wanted to get out under the cool trees to finish her book. Instead of sweeping the floor carefully all around, she brushed the dirt from the middle of the room, leaving dust in the corners and under the chairs. Instead

DEAR SAVIOUR, as I lay me down to rest,
I would lean upon thy breast;
I pray thee keep me safe this night,
That I may wake to see the light.
If I no more from sleep should rise,
May I wake in yonder skies,
To see thee in thy glory shine
And call thee mine, forever mine.