

die of hunger. "Put it from your mind, my dear Bessie," she went on to say, "and when your birthday comes, you and I will take a little holiday. We will go to see the Forth Bridge, which was opened only last week, and Norah will pack a luncheon basket for us, so that we may have a picnic out in the woods. Won't you like that, darling?"

And Bessie, seeing how kind her dear mother was, tried to smile and feel happy. Then Norah brought a tiny wooden box, lined it with flannel, and laid little dickie in it. A hole was dug in the back garden, and there the canary was buried. Then a paper was placed above the grave with these words written on it:

"Dear friends who pass this way,
I pray you drop a tear,
For Bessie's darling little bird
Lies sweetly sleeping here."

After this sad affair was all finished, Bessie was more composed in her mind, and began to look forward to her birthday, when she and her mother were to have such a pleasant picnic.

And now the birthday had come. The sun shone brightly, and the wagonette stood at the door.

"Are you ready, Bessie dear?" said mother, standing at the hall door. "Bring a shawl with you, darling, lest you should feel cold."

And Bessie, carrying the luncheon basket, and with a warm shawl over her arm, came running downstairs, her little face as bright as the summer morning. Norah stood at the nursery window with baby Cecil in her arms, and tried to make him kiss his hand; but baby sturdily refused, although he smiled and crowed as baby boys delight to do.

And now Mrs. Grant has taken her seat with Bessie beside her, and the luncheon basket, umbrellas, and shawls on the opposite seat, and away they went up hill and down dale, on their way to Queensferry, where the Forth Bridge has been built.

I suppose that every child who reads this story has heard of the Forth Bridge, and has seen pictures of this wonderful work, so I will not say anything of its wonders, except that it is very strong, and so high that when any one stands below and looks upward at a passing train, the engine and the carriages seem little larger than a toy train for boys to play with.

Oh, how delighted Bessie was with everything she saw! the rippling waters of the Forth, the bright summer sun, and the green woods of Dalmeny.

But now, dear children, I want to tell you what a strange thing happened to Bessie and her mother while they were at Queensferry, and I must also say that what I am going to tell you is perfectly true. After luncheon, which they took sitting on the green grass, which was thickly covered with daisies, Mrs. Grant proposed that they should take a walk down a beautiful shady lane, which had a grass bank and a hedge on each side of it, with parks beyond, and large, spreading trees.

Bessie was quite pleased to go, and trotted along by her mother's side, holding her hand, and chatting over all the events of the day. Quite suddenly, however, she ceased talking, as a little bird flew out of the hedge, and landed on the ground right in front of her. "Cheep, cheep!" said the little bird; and then fluttering its wings, it hopped forward and picked up a crumb of biscuit, which Bessie had let fall.

Dear little children, this bird was not a sparrow, neither was it a linnet or lark. It was a tiny yellow canary, which must have escaped from some cottage, and which had probably been without a home all the previous night, for it seemed to be nearly starved with hunger.

"Oh, mother!" cried Bessie, in great excitement, "what shall we do? How can we catch that little darling? or ought we to catch it, mother? It is not ours."

"No, my dear, it is not ours," said her mother; "still we ought to catch it if we can, for if left to itself it will perish of cold and hunger, or else the sparrows will peck it to death. An escaped canary has no chance of living unless it can be caught. Now, my dear, if you stand back a little I will try to catch it."

Bessie did so, when Mrs. Grant threw down another crumb, which the starving bird at once picked up. It was a very tame little thing, still it would not let itself be caught, but as soon as Mrs. Grant drew near it hopped away. At last, after many efforts, and many crumbs had been thrown, Mrs. Grant contrived to throw Bessie's shawl over the pretty little creature, and in another moment it was caught and safely shut up in the luncheon basket.

Can you think how pleased Bessie was once more to have a little canary of her own? But perhaps you will say it was not her own, and she should not have kept it. But I must tell you that Mrs. Grant made every effort to find out the owner of the canary, but no one claimed it, and thus it became the property of the finder, for it would have been cruel to leave it to die of cold and hunger in the woods. Norah was greatly surprised when Bessie brought home the little canary, and she ran to get the cage, and she made the nail in the wall much more secure than it had ever been before.

And now, dear children, you will be pleased to hear that this canary is alive still, and sings beautifully. A few months ago he and another canary built a pretty nest in the cage, and in that nest there are three little ones quite as pretty as their father and mother.

Our Best.

The poorest gifts, the smallest offerings, are acceptable if they really are our best. The spirit with which Christ receives the gifts and services of those who love Him is beautifully illustrated in the following, which shows how the gift may be worthless and the services may avail nothing, but the love that prompts them should cause them to be received with gladness.

A poor Arab, travelling in the desert, came to a spring of pure water and filled his leather bottle to carry it to the caliph. A long way he had to go before he could present it to his sovereign. The caliph received the gift with pleasure, and pouring some of the water into a cup, drank it, thanking the Arab and rewarding him. The courtiers around pressed forward, eager to taste of the wonderful water, but the caliph strangely forbade them to touch a single drop. When the poor Arab had departed with a joyful heart, the caliph told his courtiers why he had forbidden them to taste the water. In the long journey it had become impure and distasteful in the leathern bottle. But it was an offer-

Weak Nerves

Indicate as surely as any physical symptom shows anything, that the organs and tissues of the body are not satisfied with their nourishment.

They draw their sustenance from the blood, and if the blood is thin, impure or insufficient, they are in a state of revolt. Their complaints are made to the brain, the king of the body, through the nervous system, and the result of the general dissatisfaction is what we call Nervousness.

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ing of love, and as such the caliph had received it with pleasure. But he knew that if any other should taste it he would have shown his disgust, and thus the poor man's heart would have been wounded.

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