

THE MAIDEN AND THE BLUEBIRD.

"Pretty little bluebird,
Won't you tell me true
Why you wear a brown vest
With your suit of blue?"

"O little maiden, truly,
While flying very low,
I brushed against the brown earth
Long and long ago.

"And once, my little maiden,
While flying very high,
My back and wings went brushing
Against the summer sky."

Saucy little bluebird,
Singing, off he flew,
With his pretty brown vest
And his suit of blue.

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TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 6, 1902.

JESUS IN THE HOME.

"Mother, you'll have good times with us children now," little Tom cried out: "grandma's coming!" And sure enough when the dear, silver-haired old lady was fairly settled in the big easy-chair, with her knitting in her hands and her eyes not on it at all, but peeping with such a kindly look right over her spectacles at the dear children at play, anybody could see that Tom had known what he was talking about. Nobody could bear to be naughty, and make a grieved look come into those loving eyes. When grandma wanted a service done, it was who should do it for her? Yet there is a still dearer Guest comes to the children's homes. Jesus said to Zaccheus, the little man who climbed

the tree to watch him pass by, "To-day I must abide at thy house;" and he came down in haste, and received him joyfully. Another day (the day he rose from the dead) Jesus went in and sat at the evening meal with two disciples at Emmaus, because they asked him earnestly to come. He was glad and comforted to be at the supper that his friends at Bethany gave, because of the love in their hearts for him. Do you not want him in your home, and will he not come? With Jesus as Guest, can you be rude, or selfish, or unloving?

LEARNING BY HEART.

Fred said he knew his Sunday-school lesson all by heart.

"Why, Fred," said Cousin Mary, "you surprise me."

Now, Fred liked to have Cousin Mary think well of him, and he looked about an inch taller as he replied, with a show of humility, "It seems as if anybody might learn so short a lesson as that—only ten verses."

"Oh, it was not the length of the lesson, but the breadth of it, that I was thinking of, my boy. It is a great thing to learn a lesson like that by heart."

"What do you mean, Cousin Mary?"

"I was just thinking about this little verse, 'If ye forgive not, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.' That is a part of the lesson which you say you know by heart; but I heard you say a few minutes ago that you would never forgive Ralph Hastings as long as you lived!"

Fred was silent. He had never thought about this way of learning a lesson by heart. When he had it all in his tongue, he had supposed that he knew it by heart. Cousin Mary's way was better.

DOING AND NOT DOING.

"Sir," said a lad, coming down to one of the wharves in Boston, and addressing a well-known merchant, "have you any berth on your ship; I want to earn something."

"What can you do?" asked the gentleman.

"I can try my best to do whatever I am put to do," answered the boy.

"What have you done?"

"I have sawed and split all mother's wood for nigh on to two years."

"What have you not done?" answered the gentleman, who was a queer sort of a questioner.

"Well, sir," answered the boy, after a moment's pause, "I have not whispered in school once for a whole year."

"That's enough," said the gentleman: "you may ship aboard this vessel, and I hope to see you the master of it some day. A boy who can master a woodpile and bridle his tongue must be made of good stuff."



THE CHILD SENT OUT TO BEG.

Here is a poor Child out on the Street. He begs from those he meets, too, but it is not by his own Will. He is sent out to beg by those who should have no need to send him. But, you see, they want Drink, and their Child is no more to them than a slave to serve their will. If he does not bring coin to the Den he calls Home, as the Fruit of his day's toil in the Street, he will be met with kicks and cuffs. He is taught to tell lies to those he meets, so that they may give Alms, and it will be a rare chance if he does not turn out to be a Thief and a Rogue when he grows up. It is the curse of drink that has made those who should love and care for this poor Child worse than Brute Beasts, and so long as Drink is sold in Bars, this dire work of ruin will go on.—*Bengough's "Gin Mill Primer."*

MRS. WAGTAIL'S HOME.

There is a bird in England which has the funny name of "wagtail." One day two little wagtails went out to look for a good place to build their home. They found one that they liked, and there they built their nest. Where do you think it was? It was on one of the sleepers of a railway. It was near London, and more than a hundred trains passed each day. Though the wheels came within a few feet of the little nest, and though it shook every time a train passed, there Mother Wagtail laid her eggs, and raised a family of five little wagtails.

A little boy on his father's knee said: "Papa, is your soul insured?" "Why do you ask, my son?" "Because I heard Uncle George say that you had your house insured and your life insured, but he did not believe you had thought of your soul, and he was afraid you would lose it. Won't you get it insured right away?" It was all too true, and the father was led to seek the Divine guarantee of his soul's well-being.

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