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THE RESCUE.

Hawks and eagles are very fierce and daring birds. Their hooked beak and talons enable them to seize and carry off their prey as the one in our picture has done, but here the companions of the stolen bird come to his rescue, and seem likely to deprive the marauder of his stolen meal.

"WHOSOEVER."

BY PANSY.

It had been a rainy afternoon and Marian, who had a cold, had spent it in the house with her mother. She had played with her dolls and sewed on her bureau, and painted a flag with her water-colours, and at last she brought her Bible to read a story to her mother. It was about a serpent made of brass, that Moses had set up high so that the people who had been bitten with real serpents might look at it, and every one who looked was cured.

"Mother," said Marian, "how could looking at a brass serpent possibly cure anybody?"

"It was God who cured them," said her mother; "but he gave them something to do about it. Their part was to obey. He had the brass serpent set up and told them to look at it. If they wanted to be cured badly enough to obey, they were cured. But if there were any who said: 'Looking



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at that brass serpent can't do any good: I'm not going to do it,' you may be sure they didn't get the cure. The only way to be helped was in God's way."

"Mother," said Marian, "why do you suppose God chose that way to cure them?"

"Can't you think of a reason?" asked her mother.

"No, I can't, not a single reason."

"Bring me your Bible, and I will show you what Jesus said about it."

She found the place, and Marian read: "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have eternal life."

"Do you see, little girl, that it was to help them to learn that Jesus was coming to die on the cross for them and save them from the bite of sin?"

Marian was still for a few minutes, then she said: "Mother, I 'most wish it was so now. I mean I wish that sin was like a bite, and that when we had it we could just look at something and be cured. Or, I'll tell you, mother, what I do truly wish: I wish that my name was in the Bible. If it said, 'Marian Stuart is going to heaven,' why I would be sure of it."

"How could you, dear?" I have known three 'Marian Stuarts' in our own family, and I suppose through the years there have been dozens, perhaps hundreds of them; how could you be sure the name meant you?"

"That is so!" said Marian, sorrowfully.