

BIRDIE GOING TO BED.

WHEN the sun has left the skies,
Birdie knows 'tis time for sleep;
Gaily to his nest he flies,
No late hours will ever keep.

Never does the birdie say,
When it comes his time for rest,
"I don't want to leave my play!"
And go pouting to his nest.

Birdie sings his evening lay;
God he praises in his song;
He is happy all the day,
Never doing what is wrong.

Birdie hides his little head,
Softly pillowed on his breast;
Rests he without care or dread,
By our Heavenly Father blest.

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The Sunbeam.

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DO YOUR DUTY.

ALL you have to do is simply your *duty*. I stood in a factory a short time ago and learned a deep lesson. As I entered all seemed confusion—the buzz of machinery, the whirl of everything dazed me. But I soon saw that all was right, and that each one was doing the task assigned to her. I stood and looked at a young girl whose work was to untie knots in the threads as they were passing over the wheel. All day long she simply untied knots. Now, if she had said, "This is such a little thing to do, and I get so tired of it, I think I will try to do what the girl next to me is doing," she would have damaged the whole work. The simple thing of untying the knots had to do with the beauty and finish of this whole design.—Anon.

HOW TO PRAY.

A LITTLE boy in Jamaica called on the missionary, and stated that he had been very ill, and often wished the minister had been present to pray with him.

"But, Thomas," said the missionary, "I hope you prayed yourself."

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Well, but how did you pray?"

"Why, sir, I begged."

A child of six years in a Sunday-school said, "When we kneel down in the school-room to pray, it seems as if my heart talked to God."

A little girl about four years of age being asked, "Why do you pray to God?" replied, "Because I know he hears me, and I love to pray to him."

"But how do you know he hears you?"

Putting her hand to her heart, she said, "I know he does, because there is something here that tells me so."

EYES OPEN.

RACHIE went off to school, wondering if Aunt Amy could be right.

"I will keep my eyes open," she said to herself.

She stopped a moment to watch old Mrs. Bert, who sat inside her door binding shoes. She was trying to thread her needle, but it was hard work for her dim eyes.

"Why, if here isn't work for me!" exclaimed Rachie. "I never should have thought of it if it hadn't been for Aunt Amy. Stop, Mrs. Bert, let me do that for you."

"Thank you, my little lassie. My poor old eyes are worn out, you see. I can get along with the coarse work yet, but sometimes it takes me five minutes to thread my needle. And the day will come when I can't work, and then what will become of a poor old woman?"

"Mamma would say the Lord would take care of you," said Rachie, very softly, for she felt that she was too little to be saying such things.

"And you can say it, too, dearie. Go on to school now. You've given me your bit of help, and your comfort, too."

But Rachie had got hold of the needle-book, and was bending over it with busy fingers.

"See," she presently said, "I have thread six needles for you to go on with. And when I come back I'll thread some more."

"May the sunlight be bright to your eyes, little one," said the old woman as Rachie skipped away.

"Come and play, Rachie," cried many voices, as she drew near the playground.

"Which side will you be on?"

But there was a little girl with a very downcast face, sitting in the porch.

"What is the matter, Jennie?" said Rachie, going to her.

"I can't make these add up," said Jennie, in a discouraged tone, pointing to a few smoky figures on her slate.

"Let me see—I did that example at home last night. Oh, you forgot to carry ten—see!"

"So I did." The example was finished, and Jennie was soon at play with the others.

Rachie kept her eyes open all day, and was surprised to find how many ways there were of doing kindness, which went far toward making the day happier. Try it, girls and boys, and you will see for yourselves.

MISSIONARY POTATO-BUGS.

MISSIONARY potato-bugs! Do you mean to say that potato-bugs are becoming interested in missionary work? I hear some little folks ask. Well no, not exactly, and yet they had quite an important part in earning missionary money a short time ago. Listen while I tell you. Children's Day was drawing near, and though the children of a certain Evangelical family were interested in learning to speak their pieces and to sing their songs nicely, yet this was not the thought uppermost in their minds. The question, "How shall we earn some missionary money?" presented itself repeatedly. They had only a short time before read of the little girl who had earned money by catching mice and rats.

They hastened to papa and mamma, asking for some work by which they might earn something for the same good cause. Now the work which was offered them was not so agreeable, and yet when told that for every one hundred potato-bugs removed from the plants they should receive five cents, they cheerfully went to work. By the time Children's Day arrived, each of the children had twenty-five cents to throw into the collection basket. So you see that even such a loathsome creature as a potato-bug can be made to contribute to the missionary cause. The old adage, "Where there is a will there is a way," certainly applies to earning missionary money, though at times it may require a patient wearing of the thinking cap. Children, it pays to make the effort. The most unpleasant work you may be called upon to do, when done for the dear Saviour, becomes pleasant, and will be honoured and blessed by him.—Mrs. Kezlie Baumgartner.