



### THE STORK FAMILY.

In many families the stork family is held in high honour. In many parts of the European continent they are encouraged to build their nests on the chimneys, steeples, and trees, near dwellings. Indeed, as an inducement to them to pitch their quarters on the houses, boxes are sometimes erected on the roofs, and happy is the household which thus secures the patronage of a stork. In Morocco and in Eastern countries also storks are looked upon as sacred birds, and with good reasons, for they render very useful service both as scavengers and as slayers of snakes and other reptiles. In most of the towns a stork's hospital will be found. It consists of an enclosure to which are sent all birds that have been injured. They are kept in this infirmary—which is generally supported by voluntary contributions until they regain health and strength. To kill a stork is regarded as an offence.

### HOW TO DO.

One of the happiest girls I ever knew was probably the poorest girl in her class. She might have made herself wretched over the shabby, awkward, "made-over" clothes that were undoubtedly conspicuous among the pretty dresses of her school-mates; but she never seemed to give the matter a thought. It was real things that she was seeking—friends and knowledge, and days to make happy memories—and she found them all. When she left school she was rich in friendships, bound with teachers and pupils; the books she had studied had become part of her

life; and among all the girls, none had more keenly enjoyed the clubs and papers, and harmless happy nonsense of the school jokes and merry-makings than this girl. Yet she had neither money, beauty, nor fascination—she had only a brave, sunny common-sense. She would not see any difference between herself and others, and so—there was no difference!

We are what our thoughts make us. The law is as fixed as gravitation. If your thoughts centre always upon yourself, worrying, tormenting, envying, grieving, year by year the strange, invisible walls of your "difference" will rise higher, shutting out more and more of the world God meant for you. But if you resolutely turn from yourself and think instead for the lives about you, then slowly, perhaps, but surely, strange and beautiful things will happen. For under the gay or careless, weary or hard masks that hide them, you will see souls, and to see the soul is to love it; and to love souls deeply, unselfishly, unflinching, is to break down all the morbid "differences" for ever.

### HOW JOHN HELPED.

Billy was the youngest boy in school, and a dear little fellow, but the children loved to tease him. They were always hiding his cap, or his primer, or his handkerchief, or rolling him down hill, as if he were a little barrel, or tossing him over the fence as though he were a big apple.

One day they said he had been eating lunches from the children's baskets and must be punished; so they tied his hands and feet together and were going to put him in the coal-house.

John Stuart was the oldest boy in school and a sort of leader, "Billy didn't eat any lunches," he said, "he hasn't been in here." But he laughed at Billy's frightened little face, and told the boys where to find some cord to tie his small fat hands. Just as Billy was to be thrown into the coal-house, Miss Alice, the teacher, appeared. She stopped the whole affair and sent every boy to his seat.

"John," she said afterwards, "I am ashamed of you; I didn't think you could do such a thing. I thought you were to be trusted."

"Why, Miss Alice!" said John, "I didn't do anything to Billy! I told them I knew he didn't take things from the lunch baskets; I didn't tie him nor touch him."

"No," said Miss Alice, "but you stood by, laughing, and let others do it, when a word from you would have stopped it all. I am ashamed of you, John. Your name ought to be changed, and begin with P. There is a story about a man in the Bible of whom you remind me."

Now whom do think Miss Alice could have meant.

### THE BOY'S SERMON.

I came to-night to preach  
A sermon if I can;  
For little boys can preach to boys,  
As well as men to men

I never thought of such a thing  
Until the other day;  
I found a text so short and good;  
So hear to what I say.

"Mind" is my text; 'tis for you, boys,  
And something that you need,  
The girls may listen to it all,  
And, what they ought to, heed!

First mind your tongue! don't let it  
speak

An angry, an unkind,  
A cruel or a wicked word,  
Don't let it, boys; now mind!

Mind eyes and ears! don't even look  
At wicked books or boys;  
From wicked pictures turn away—  
All sinful acts despise.

And mind your lips! Tobacco stains!  
Strong drink, too, keep away;  
And let no bad word pass your lips—  
Mind everything you say.

Mind hands and feet! Don't let them do  
A single wicked thing.  
Don't steal or strike, don't kick or fight,  
Don't walk in paths of sin.

But more than all, oh, mind your heart!  
From Satan turn aside:  
Ask Jesus there to make his throne,  
And ever there abide.

### ROSE, BIRD, AND BROOK.

"I will not give away my perfume," said the rosebud, holding its pink petals tightly wrapped in their tiny green case. The other roses bloomed and people were made glad by their beauty; but the selfish bud withered away.

"No, no," said a little bird, "I do not want to sing." But when his brother soared aloft on joyful wings and sang with all his might, the little bird looked sorry and ashamed.

"If I give away all my wavelets, I shall not have enough myself," said the brook. And it kept all its waters in a hollow place, where it formed a filthy little pool. A boy who loved a fresh, wide-awake rose, a singing bird and a leaping brooklet thought on these things, and said: "If I would be loved I must share all that I have with others."

Walter (after seeing the cows milked on his first visit to the country)—I don't care for any milk to-night.

Aunt Jane—Why, I thought you liked milk? When I was down to New York you used to drink milk every meal.

Walter—Oh, yes, I like the kind that comes in cans, but I don't like cows' milk!