

of her hat, in front of a forest of rose bushes, and the poor child gave a cry of terror.

'No, May, you shan't be so cruel as to kill either of them,' said her mother. 'If you choose to keep them for pets and be kind to them, that's another thing.'

'Well,' said May, feeling a little ashamed, 'I will keep it in the old parrot cage, and perhaps it will learn to sing or talk. Don't you want the other, Dick?'

'Yes, if you don't care for both. I will get a collar for him, and teach him to do tricks.'

So Dick carried Jimmie away in his pocket.

'I don't think you ought even to keep them for pets,' said a young giantess named Flora, who belonged to a P.C.A. society. 'You ought to let them go. Perhaps their mother is looking for them now.'

'How tiresome you are, Flora! I don't believe it. She probably has others, and it isn't likely she knows how to count.'

So Beatrice was placed in the bird cage by the window, and everybody brought her something to eat, to find out what she fed on. The youngest child wanted to bring worms, but his mother wouldn't let him. They found that she liked cake and strawberries, and while she was eating them they looked on, exclaiming how pretty she was.

(To be Continued.)

Pray While the Sun Shines.

Nettie Converse was a bright, happy-hearted little girl, usually very brave, but she suffered greatly during a thunder-storm, and her terror seemed to increase rather than diminish as she grew older. The moment the dark clouds began to gather in the west, she would leave her play and wander aimlessly about the house, and when the lightning began to flash in the sky and the thunder to roll over her head, she would crouch down in some dark corner and cover her eyes and stop her ears until the storm passed by.

'If you would pray when you see a storm approaching, I think it would help you to get rid of this burden of fear,' said her mother one day, after witnessing the agony the child endured during a fierce thunder-storm. 'Don't you remember how Christ stilled the tempest that night, so long ago, when his disciples cried to him in their fear?'

'Yes,' answered Nettie, 'and I will try if telling him about my fear won't help me, too.'

She did, but when the next storm burst forth in all its fury, she came to her mother in great distress, saying, 'Oh, mamma, I did pray, and pray when I heard the roar of the thunder, but I am just as much frightened as ever. What shall I do?'

'Try praying while the sun shines, too,' counselled her mother. 'Christ wants us to serve him when we are happy as well as when we are sad, and I am sure he will not forget you in the storm, if you remember him in the sunshine.'

A week or two later, after one of the most severe storms of the season, Nettie, looking very happy, whispered in her mother's ear, 'Praying while the sun shines is the right way. I tried it, and I kept on praying when the clouds began to gather and while the storm was raging, too, and I did not feel the least bit afraid.'

'I am glad you have found such a comforter in Christ,' said her mother tenderly. 'You are right; he wants us to tell him about our joys and sorrows, while the sun shines as well as when it storms.'

'And between times, too,' added Nettie, 'I am so glad that I have found out that he cares about such small things as a little girl's hopes and fears, and I mean to tell him everything now.'—'Christian Intelligencer.'

The Heathen Boy.

Not many years ago, as a lady was sitting in the verandah of her house in Burmah, a jungle boy came through the opening in the hedge which served as a gateway, and approaching her, inquired, with eagerness—

'Does Jesus Christ live here?'

He was a boy about twelve years of age, his hair was matted with filth and bristling in every direction, like the quills of a porcupine, and a dirty cloth of cotton was wrapped in a most slovenly manner about his person.

'Does Jesus Christ live here?' he asked, as he hastened up the steps of the verandah.

'What do you want with Jesus Christ?' asked the lady.

'I want to see him and confess to him.'

'Why what have you been doing that you want to confess?'

'Does he live here?' he continued with great emphasis; 'I want to know that. Doing? Why, I tell lies, I steal, I do everything bad. I am afraid of going to hell, and I want to see Jesus Christ, for I heard one of the Loogyees (missionaries) say that he can save us from hell. Does he live here? Tell me where I can find him?'

'But he does not save people from hell if they continue to do wickedly.'

'I want to stop doing wickedly,' said the boy, 'but I can't; I don't know how to stop. The evil thoughts are in me, and the bad deeds come of evil thoughts. What can I do?'

'Nothing but come to Christ, poor boy, like all the rest of us,' the lady softly replied; but she spoke this last in English, so the boy only raised his head with a vacant look.

'You cannot see Jesus Christ now,' she added, and was answered by a sharp, quick cry of disappointment. 'But I am his friend and follower,' said the lady, at which the face of the little listener brightened, and she continued: 'He has told me in his word, to teach all those who wish to escape from hell how to do so.'

The joyful eagerness depicted in the boy's countenance was beyond description. 'Tell me, O, tell me! Only ask your Master to save me, and I will be your servant for life. Do not be angry. I want to be saved. Save me from hell!'

The next day the little boy was introduced to the little bamboo schoolhouse in the character of 'the wild Karen boy;' and such a greedy seeker after truth and holiness had been seldom seen. Every day he came to the white teachers to learn something more concerning the Lord Jesus and the way of salvation; and every day his eagerness increased, and his face gradually lost its indescribable look of stupidity. He was at length baptized, and commemorated the love of that Saviour he had sought so earnestly. He lived awhile to testify his sincerity, and then died in joyful hope. He had 'confessed,' and had found a deliverer from those sins from which he could not free himself. The lady has also since died, and she and the wild Karen boy have met in the presence of their common Redeemer. — 'Episcopal Recorder.'