



GROUP IN SICK WARD.

BOBBIE'S FLYING STARS.

BOBBIE MARTIN went to the country last summer, and the first night after he reached the farm he begged to sit up "just a little while to see the stars tum out." So grandma said he might.

He went out on the porch after tea, and watched the sun set. Slowly it grew dark and darker.

"By-and-by the stars will come out, then Bobbie must go to bed," said grandma.

"To-whit-to-who!" came a voice from a tree near by.

"What's that?" asked Bobbie.

"Only an owl. There he sits on that dead branch."

"What are those black birdies flying round for?"

"Those are bats, dearie, they are a kind of mice that can fly."

"Oh, my! Gwan'ma, see 'em stars, they're all come down out of 'e sky. See 'em! Dey're up in 'e twees, and down in 'e gwass. I never see 'em flying down before, gwan'ma," shouted Bobbie.

"Bless his little heart! those are not stars, Bobbie. They are little fire-flies.

See! the stars are up in the sky, and these little sparks are flying all around," answered grandma.

"Come, little man. We will go out in the grass and catch one."

Bobbie was so pleased with his little flying stars, as he liked to call them, that every evening he begged to come out and catch "just one," before he went to bed.

PUT SOME SALT IN IT.

"MOTHER, what makes you put salt in everything you cook? Everything you make, you put in a little salt."

So spoke observing little Annie, as she stood looking on.

"Well, Annie, I'll make you a little loaf of bread without any salt, and see if you can find it out."

"Oh, mother, it doesn't taste a bit nice," said she, after she had tasted the bread.

"Why not?" asked her mother.

"You didn't put any salt in it."

"Mother," said Annie, a day or two afterwards. "Jane Wells is the worst girl I ever saw, she slaps her little brother

Johnny, and pulls his hair, and acts hateful. When I told her it was na to do so, and if she would be kind to brother he would be kind to her, she spoke roughly to me and hit him. Why won't she take my advice?"

"Perhaps you didn't put any salt. Season your words with kindness to a child. Ask help of God in all you do, and your words spoken in the spirit of Christ will not fall to the ground. Don't forget to put salt in, or else it won't be good."

"WASTE NOT, WANT NOT."

"JAMIE, you must eat your crusts, mamma, as the little boy carefully laid the crusts of his bread around the edge of his plate.

"Don't like 'em, mamma!" snapped the boy.

"That makes no difference," said mamma.

Jamie pouted. "They're hard."

"You have good teeth, my boy."

Jamie wanted another good slice of bread and butter, but there were no more. He gave up. He knew mother would give him nothing more till those crusts were eaten. He sat still a few moments, then, as if a new thought had come to him, he broke out, half laughing, half crying. "Did you eat crusts, mamma, when you were as big as me?"

Mamma smiled at the "big as me," and very good-naturedly answered: "Yes, my boy, I had to. I remember that once I tucked all my crusts carefully under the edge of my plate, on the side opposite my mother, so that she could not see them. But when I came to the table the next time, there was all my crusts in a little pile on my clean plate. I made a sad face, and was just going to turn them over the plate, when my mother, who had been watching me, said quickly: 'No, my little lady; you can have no dinner till you finish your breakfast.' There was nothing for me to do but to munch up the crusts. After that I thought it the best way to eat them as I went along."

By this time Jamie's crusts had disappeared. He had learned the lesson his mother wished him to.

"The crust is the best part of the bread," my mother said; the very sweetest part. If we throw our crusts away, we waste a large portion of our bread. It is no good to waste. What we waste now we sorely want some time. If we save our bread fragments we shall have the means to help the poor."