



OUR BABY.

Patter, patter, patter
Of the sweetest feet,
Shining of two blue eyes
Raised for mine to greet.

Dearest little darling,
Brightest little flower,
Sent direct from heaven
My glad heart to dower.

Oh! that head so radiant,
With its sunny hair;
Oh! those eyes so star-like,
Glancing here and there.

Hands so full of dimples,
Limbs so round and white,
Lips that smile upon us
With a rosy light.

Dearest little laddie,
Darling little boy,
God himself looks on thee
As a wondrous joy.

And in heaven the angels
Sweeter sing for thee,
And the gentle Jesus
Loves thee tenderly.

And on earth the flowers
Put on colours gay
For the little laddie
Who may pass their way.

All things bright are brighter
Since you came to earth:

All things dark must
vanish
By your baby
mirth.

Loved beyond de-
scription,
Loved beyond com-
pare;
No one else can
rival
Baby anywhere.

A SHEPHERD- BOY'S PRAYER.

A little lad was
keeping his sheep
one Sunday morn-
ing. The bells were
ringing for church,
and the people were
going over the
fields when the lit-
tle fellow began to
think that he too
would like to pray
to God. But what
could he say? for
he had never learn-
ed any prayer. So
he knelt down and
commenced the al-
phabet—A, B, C, D,
and so on to Z. A

gentleman happened to pass on the other
side of the hedge, heard the lad's voice,
and looking through the bushes saw the
little fellow kneeling, with folded hands
and closed eyes, saying, "A, B, C."

"What are you doing, my little man?"
The lad looked up. "Please, sir, I
was praying."

"But what were you saying your letters
for?"

"Why, I didn't know any prayer, only
I felt that I wanted God to take care of
me and help me take care of the sheep.
So I thought if I said all I knew he would
put it together and spell all I wanted."

"Bless your heart, my little man! he
will, he will, he will. When the heart
speaks right, the lips can't say wrong."

A BIG BIRD.

The apple trees were in full bloom, and
the robin redbreasts were very busy
indeed building their nests in the old
apple orchard.

Over by the high fence a pair of birds
had selected the very place for their nest.
They had looked it over carefully and de-
cided that an open view of the country
was better than to be shut in by other
trees.

"Here, my love," said Mr. Robin, "is
just the spot. In this crotch is a nice hol-
low to hold the mud, and here are three
or four twigs growing around it on which
we can fasten strings and grass. The
wind and rain cannot harm you here.
Then, too, we can see right over into the

garden. There will be plenty of worms
and bugs and caterpillars, so that I need
never leave you long to search for food."

"Very well, my love, just as you say,
Robin dear," answered the little wife.

"I saw a beautiful bunch of string over
behind that house, let us go and get it be-
fore any of our neighbours discover it."

"Yes, let us hurry," said Mrs. Robin;
so away they flew. But while they were
gone a strange thing happened. The
bunch of string was fastened to a pole,
and they worked and pulled and tugged a
long time before they could get a bit off.

At last both Mr. and Mrs. Robin se-
cured a big piece, and away they flew to
the apple tree near the fence.

Suddenly Mr. Robin stopped, alarmed.

"My dear, our tree is taken. The very
largest bird I ever saw is standing
directly underneath the branch we chose."

"That isn't a bird, dear. It's a crea-
ture they call a girl. She will not hurt us.
Let us wait a few minutes and she will go
away. If it were a boy—then indeed we
might be afraid."

Just then a voice called, "Amy! Amy!"
The little girl slid down the tree, and an-
swered, "Yes, mother, I'm coming."

"There! I told you so. Now we can
begin our nest," said Mrs. Robin.

SOMEBODY'S BAIRN.

"I remember hearing," says Thomas
Guthrie, "the story of a little incident
that occurred in Edinburgh some years
ago.

"A coach was going rapidly down one
of the narrow streets of the town. A
poor little child of some two years of age
crept into the middle of the road, and
there it was in utter helplessness, stand-
ing by itself, while the galloping horses
were drawing nearer and nearer every
moment.

"Just as the horses approached the
spot where the poor little helpless infant
was standing, a woman who had happened
to come to the door of her house darted
forth like a flash of lightning, grasped
the child in her arms, and, at the peril of
her own life, saved it from imminent
destruction.

"A passer-by remarked to the poor,
terrified woman when she reached the
other side: 'Well, woman, is that your
child?'

"'Na, na,' she said; 'it's nae my
bairn.'

"'Well, woman,' he said, 'what for
did you risk your life for a child when
it was na yours?'

"With a beaming smile and a flushed
face, the noble woman replied: 'Aye, but
it's somebody's bairn.'"—*Sunday-school
Messenger.*

"At the day's beginning
Do you kneel and pray,
'Keep me, Lord, from sinning,
Give me help this day?'"