



HELPING HANG THE CLOTHES OUT.

BLUE AND RED.

BY MRS. ANNA TANNER.

TEMPERANCE children in a row,
Each with a badge of blue;
Toss the ball to and fro,
That matches the badge in hue.

Brightly blue as the summer sky,
Blue as spring violets;
Throw the ball, but not too high,
Dainty temperance pets.

Now we'll take another ball,
Red as the blooming rose;
Toss it lightly; don't let it fall,
Up and down it goes.

Look not on the red, red wine,
Temperance children true,
With rosy cheeks and eyes that shine,
Toss both the red and blue.

GOOD INSIDE OF ME.

A LITTLE girl once said to her mother.
"Papa calls me good, aunty calls me
good, and every body calls me good, but I
am not good."

"I am very sorry," said her mother.

"And so am I," said the child, "but I
have got a very naughty think."

"A naughty what?"

"My think is naughty inside of me."

And on her mother inquiring what she
meant, she said:

"Why, when I could not ride yesterday,
I did not cry nor anything, but when you
was gone I wished the carriage would
turn over and the horses would run away
and everything bad. Nobody knew it,
but God knew it, and he cannot call me
good. Tell me, mamma, how can I be
good inside of me?"

SEWING-ACHES.

JESSIE sat down by her mother to sew.
She was making a pillow-case for her own
little pillow.

"All this?" she asked in a discontented
tone, holding the seam out.

"That is not too much for a little girl
who has a work-basket of her own," said
her mother.

"Yes," thought Jessie, "mother has
given me a work basket, and I ought to
be willing to sew," and with that she took
a few stitches quite diligently.

"I have a dreadful pain in my side,"
said Jessie, in a few moments. "My
thumb is very sore," she said in a few
moments after. "Oh, my hand is so tired,"
that was next. And with that she laid
down her work. Next there was some-
thing the matter with her foot, and then
her eye.

At length the sewing was done. Jessie
brought it to her mother.

"Should I not first send for the doc-
tor?" said her mother.

"The doctor for me, mother?" cried the
little girl, as surprised as she could be.

"Certainly," said her mother; "a little
girl so full of pains and aches must be
sick, and the sooner we have the doctor the
better."

"O, mother!" said Jessie, laughing,
"they were sewing aches. I am well
enough now."

These aches and pains do show sick-
ness. They are symptoms of a bad dis-
ease, a disease that eats some people
up. This disease is called "selfishness."
It makes children cross, and fretful, and
disobliging, and troublesome and unhappy,
and I am sure it makes those unhappy
who have the charge of them.

THE CROW.

EVERYBODY, I dare say, knows that a
crow is a big black bird with a keen eye and
a strong, sharp beak. The farmer doesn't
like the crow, because he pulls up his corn.
But then I suppose he does even the far-
mer more good than harm; for he eats a
great many bugs and worms that spoil his
crops. The crow is really useful in the
swamps and meadows where he walks
about picking up the young snakes that
make a home of such places.

We mustn't blame the crow too much
for the mischief he sometimes does; he is
only acting out the nature God gave to
him. If he robs the hen's nest of its eggs,
that is only what we do ourselves, and he
feels the same right to a stolen dinner that
we feel and do not call it stealing.

The crow in this country is shy and shy;
he likes to do things when nobody sees.
But in Japan he is very bold. He lives in
the cities of that land and makes himself
at home in the streets and around the
houses. If a child goes out with a cake
in his hand, perhaps a crow will pounce
down and snatch the cake away. If a hotel
waiter should carry a tray of dinner to a
guest in another house, a crow might light
on the tray and help himself by the way.

The crow is a very knowing sort of a
bird, and he is very much afraid of things
that he does not understand. A line of
string passed round a cornfield will keep
him away, because he does not know what
the cord means. In Japan a man scattered
some corn in a line in his yard. It didn't
have the right look to the crows that saw
what he was doing; they were afraid and
took themselves away from the place.

Tame crows do very funny things. They
are too apt to go where they are not
wanted. A woman who was making cake
beat a large number of eggs into a foam
and left them in two bowls on her table
while she went out for a moment. When
she came back she found her crow had
come in by the window and was standing
in one of the bowls. She told him to go
away, and then he went over into the
other bowl.

A farmer boy who kept a pet crow used
to go a few miles from home, here and
there, wherever he found a day's work.
He never went so far but that the crow,
when set at liberty, would find him. He
flapped round the field all day and at
night followed his master home.

It is God who gives each bird its own
character and instinct. "O Lord, how
manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast
thou made them all!"