

no value, never knowing its worth till they find themselves robbed of it, and only bitter memories, like ugly lead coins, left them instead. Be wise in time and do not part with golden moments and days for that which does not profit.

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN.

Rachie went off to school, wondering if Aunt Amy could be right.

"I will keep my eyes open," she said to herself.

She stopped a moment to watch old Mrs. Bert, who sat inside her door binding shoes. She was trying to thread her needle, but it was hard work for her dim eyes.

"Why, if here isn't work for me!" exclaimed Rachie. "I never should have thought of it if it hadn't been for Aunt Amy. Stop, Mrs. Bert, let me do that for you."

"Thank you, my little lass. My poor old eyes are worn out, you see. I can get along with the coarse work yet, but sometimes it takes me five minutes to thread my needle. And the day will come when I can't work, and then what will become of a poor old woman?"

"Mamma would say the Lord would take care of you," said Rachie very softly, for she felt that she was too little to be saying such things.

"And you can say it, too, dearie. Go on to school now. You've given me your bit of help, and your comfort too."

But Rachie had got hold of the needle-book, and was bending over it with busy fingers.

"See," she presently said, "I've threaded six needles for you to go on with. And when I come back I'll thread some more."

"May the sunlight be bright to your eyes, little one," said the old woman as Rachie skipped away.

"Come and play, Rachie," cried many voices as she drew near the playground.

"Which side will you be on?"

But there was a little girl with a very downcast face, sitting in the porch.

"What is the matter, Jennie," said Rachie, going to her.

"I can't make these add up," said Jennie in a discouraged tone, pointing to a few smeary figures on her slate.

"Let me see—I did that example at home last night. Oh, you forgot to carry ten—see!"

"So I did." The example was finished, and Jennie was soon at play with the others.

Rachie kept her eyes open all day, and was surprised to find how many ways there were of doing kindness, which went far towards making the day happier. Try it, girls and boys, and you will see for yourselves.

A MERCIFUL PROVIDENCE.

The Indians believe that if the stillness over the waters of a lake be broken by any careless word the spirits of the place will be offended. In the

days of the early settlers, we are told, a white woman had occasion to cross Lake Saratoga, and the Indians, who were to row her across, warned her of the danger that one rash word might bring; but of course, being a white woman, she was superior to all such superstitious notions. It was a calm, cloudless day, and the canoe sped like an arrow across the smooth waters. Suddenly, when in the middle of the lake, the strong-minded woman determined to prove to these simple folk the folly of their belief. So she lifted up her voice in a wild cry that woke every echo of the hills. The Indians were filled with consternation. They uttered no word, but straining every nerve, rowed on in frowning silence. They reached the shore in safety, and the woman triumphed; but the Mohawk chief looked upon her in scorn. "The Great Spirit is merciful," he said. "He knows that the white woman cannot hold her peace."—*Youth's Companion*.

LITTLE BIRDS THAT SEW.

In a far-off country called India, there live some yellow birds about as large as papa's thumb. They are called tailor-birds, because they can sew.

Monkeys and snakes also live in this far-away land, where they like to eat these little birds.

But tailor-birds are very wise; they build their nests where they cannot be seen by the hungry monkeys. They pick up a dead leaf and fly with it up into a high tree, and with a fibre for a thread and their bills for needles, sew the leaf on to a green one hanging from the tree. They sew up the sides, and leave the top open. After laying some of their soft feathers and down in it, their home is finished. And the frisky monkeys never know the nest is swinging there in the breeze, with two little white eggs in it, and mamma bird safe in the nest, too, while papa bird sings near by. One day out of the little white eggs will come two yellow baby birds which will fly away with papa and mamma bird, and the leaf will blow down; and no one will know about the nest and the birds but you and me.

THE LAMB.

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is called by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild,
He became a little child;
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name,
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

Wm. Blake.