



### EASTER BIRDS

EASTER birds sing Alleluia,  
For the night has passed away,  
Shall not little Christian children  
Sing for joy as well as they?  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Christ the Lord is  
risen to-day.

Easter flowers breathe Alleluia.  
Offered on his altar holy;  
Children, be like spotless lilies,  
Roses sweet and violets lowly.  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Offer him your hearts  
to-day.

Bring your gifts, that Alleluias  
Through the ransomed world may ring;  
Pray that all may learn the story,  
Join the gladsome hymns we sing,  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Christ the Lord is  
risen to-day.

### LITTLE HELPS.

"DEAR MAMMA! How I should like to do that."

Kitty was sitting in an easy chair reading. Her book was in large print, with nice pictures. She had just been reading about a little girl whose baby brother was in danger of being badly burned. His clothes had caught on fire, and she had run to him with a blanket and put out the fire.

"Kitty," called her mother from the next room, "will you bring me my thread-bag?"

"Yes, mamma." But she did not stir from her chair.

"She saved her little brother's life. How everybody must have praised her! Once I heard of a girl that snatched someone off a railroad track when a train was coming. What a fine thing it must be to save one's life."

"Kitty," called mamma, "I wish you would come and stay with the baby."

"Yes, mamma." Still Kitty sat with her book.

"What a brave girl I'd be if there was

some brave thing to do! I wouldn't be a bit afraid. Why—what's that?"

There was a noise and a cry. Kitty ran into the next room to find that the baby had fallen out of his cradle, and struck his pretty head against the rocker.

"Oh, I wish I had come before," said Kitty in real sorrow, as mamma came running in fright. "Why, mamma, I was just thinking how glad I would be to do something to save his life!"

"It will be a great deal better, my little girl," said mamma, "to do at once the little things which you can do, than think of great things which are not likely to be needed."

### ONLY ONE PIECE

BY E. P. A.

"You can't have but one piece, Francina; just one."

"Oh, Dug, let me have three," said his little sister, peering into the bag. "I love peppermint; but there's wintergreen and caramel; just three, Dug."

"No," said Master Douglas; "I don't have to give you any; Mr. Tucker gave 'em all to me, and he didn't say I must. Make haste, Frank or I'll shut up the bag."

Thus threatened, the small girl chose a caramel. On the whole, that would last longest; but she sighed over the lost peppermint. I don't like to tell what became of the rest, but by bed-time the empty bag had been blown up with air, and had gone off like a gun on the kitchen-floor, scaring a tabby-cat out of a sweet dream of mice for supper.

About midnight, mother heard Douglas carrying on an animated conversation with himself in the dark, and she went to his little cot with a light. "What's the matter, little Boy Blue?"

Douglas rubbed his eyes and looked confused. Mother saw he was just talking in his sleep so she tucked him up and went back to bed; but she heard him tossing and talking several more times that night, and in the morning he was thiraty and feverish and couldn't eat any breakfast.

Of course, mother asked him what he had eaten the day before, and then came the story of the whole bag of candy; and then came that other story of the night's dream. Douglas thought he went to breakfast, and found only one roll on the table, only one sausage in the dish, only one drop of milk in his cup, on'y one lump of sugar in the silver bowl, and he was begging for more when mother waked him up.

"Aren't you glad I'm not as stingy to my little boy as that little boy is to his sister?" asked mother. And she took him to the window and told him to count how many leaves God had given the trees, how many flowers bloomed in the sun; to remember how many drops came down from the clouds, how many stars shone in the sky.

"The question for you and me, Dug," she said, "is not how much we can keep, but, like the heavenly Father, how much we can give."

### MANNERS FOR BOYS.

In the street.—Hat lifted when saying "Good-bye," or "How do you do?" Also when offering a lady a seat, or acknowledging a favour.

Keep step with anyone you walk with. Always precede a lady upstairs, but ask if you shall precede her in going through a crowd or public place.

At the street door.—Hat off the moment you step into a private hall or office.

Let a lady pass first always, unless she asks you to precede her.

In the parlour.—Stand till every lady in the room, also older people are seated.

Rise if a lady enters the room after you are seated, and stand till she takes a seat.

Look people straight in the face when they are speaking to you.

Let ladies pass through a door first, standing aside for them.

In the dining-room.—Take your seat after ladies and elders.

Never play with your knife, or spoon.

Do not take your napkin up in a bunch in your hand.

Eat as fast or as slow as others, and finish the course when they do.

Do not ask to be excused before the others, unless the reason is imperative.

Rise when the ladies leave the room, and stand till they are out.

If all go together, the gentlemen stand by the door till the ladies pass.

Special rules for the mouth.—Smacking the lips and all noises should be avoided.

If obliged to take anything from the mouth, cover it with your hand or table napkin.

### BROTHER DEAR.

CHARLIE was so full of fun as a merry boy of nine years could be. His laugh filled the house with music; he ran and raced and played just like other boys; but there was one thing about him that was different from some boys that I know—he was a little gentleman, and was very kind to his little sister.

He used to take her with him wherever he went, and never said, "Oh, girls are such a bother, always wanting to tag after."

Whenever he had a piece of money given him, he would run off for his little sister to ask what she would like him to buy, that she might share it with him.

When he played games he was careful that they were not too rough for his sister to join in them.

One day they were sitting on a high bank, playing horse, when little sister said to him, "Charlie, don't ever leave me; I couldn't live without my brother dear."

Charlie laughed, and declared that he would always stay with her. But he did not; for God took him to heaven one day, and left little sister alone.

Poor little girl! And yet rich little girl! She has a beautiful memory of a loving, gentle, tender brother on earth, and she knows that sometimes she will see again, in heaven, her "brother dear."