



FUNNY FACES.

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It will be a source of amusement, as well as a means of education, to study the picture on this page and see how many faces can be recognized. A profitable pastime would be for each one in the home circle to write down on a slip of paper the name of each beast which can be identified by its face on the picture and see who can make the longest list. It will require considerable knowledge of natural history to make out a complete list of all the beasts represented in the picture.

The exercise may be varied and made yet more profitable and interesting by requiring each one, when the lists are complete, to write a short description of each beast in the list and giving its habits of life, native country, utility for man, etc. How many of these beasts are made to serve us, and in what way are they made useful?

If the older members of the family will take an interest in the exercise with the children, much valuable information may

be imparted to the little ones and refreshed in the minds of the older ones concerning the "beasts of the field" by a careful study of the picture.

LITTLE SHADI'S PRAYER.

A missionary lady had a little Hindu orphan named Shadi living with her. She had taught him about Jesus, and one night when he was six years old she said to him, "Now pray a little prayer of your own."

And what do you think Shadi's prayer was? It was a good prayer for any little child to make, for it was this:

"Dear Jesus, make me like what you were when you were six years old!"

I would sooner walk in the dark, and hold hard to a promise of my God, than trust in the light of the brightest day that ever dawned.—C. H. Spurgeon.

THE WRONG BOX.

"Ned," said grandmother, "do you think that you can run across to the corner and put this letter in the letter-box for me?"

"Course I can," replied Ned. "Mother told me to help you all I could all the time I was here."

"Well," said grandmother, "that will be a very great help indeed, because you see my rheumatism is so bad that it would take me a long time to get over there—and you can get it over in time for the postman."

Ned felt very important as he started off. If it wasn't for him, the letter would be too late.

When he reached the corner he was puzzled. Grandmother had not said anything about two boxes, but here were two, both red and both about the same size. Which was the right one?

"I'll put it in the shiniest one," he thought, climbing up on a wooden box which happened to be by the curbing. He shut the little door carefully after he had put the letter in, and started off. Soon a fire-engine came dashing up the street, with a crowd of men and boys following behind.

"I wonder where the fire is!" thought Ned, looking round him, very importantly, with his hands in his pockets: and so every one seemed to wonder: Grandmother was on the back porch when he reached home, anxiously looking up and down the street. The firemen were investigating, and the men and boys were running about, looking everywhere for smoke.

"Some one has been playing a trick," the chief engineer said at last sternly. "Do any of you youngsters know anything about it?"

Ned thought the great man looked very fierce indeed.

"What would they do with any boy that did that?" he asked.

"Put him in gaol quick enough!" answered some one.

Just then the postman came up and handed grandmother the letter which Ned had mailed so carefully a few minutes before.

"I found it in the fire-box," he said. "I knew it was yours, for it says to return to this number in five days. I guess this is the cause of all the trouble," looking at the fire-engine and the group of men and boys.

"Yes, I think my little boy is responsible for it," said grandmother. "He was trying to help me and put the letter into the fire-box by mistake for the letter-box."

"Oh, grandma," said Ned, "will they—will they—" he broke down in sobs.

"No, they'll not do a thing!" said the chief. "When it's a mistake, and you've done your best to do the right thing, you needn't feel bad over it. Look up, young man." Ned looked up and smiled through his tears.

"But I'll look out for the fire-box the next time," he said; and he did.