

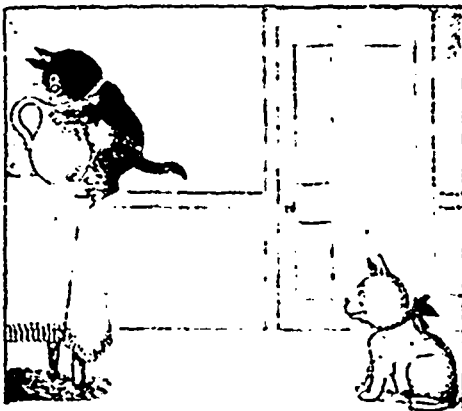
1. THERE is the pitcher full of sweet milk, and there they are on the floor longing for a taste of that milk. How are they to get it? Blackie and Whitie sit and think.

A SMART BIRD.

WHEN the lapwing wants to procure food, what do you think he does? He seeks a worm-hole, and stamps the ground by the side of it with his feet, just as big boys do when they want to get worms for fishing. After doing this for a little while, the bird waits for the worm to come out of its hole. It is sure to come when the ground trembles, to get out of the way; but the bird is all ready to seize him, and that is the last of the worm.

These birds also go to mole-hills. They know the moles are always looking for worms to eat, and sometimes frighten them. Then they come up above the ground, and are quickly seized by the lapwing. A boy or girl could not be smarter than that.

A SUPERINTENDENT, in addressing his Sabbath-school, said: "Were I to inquire of you the way to the next town, you would no doubt be able to tell me; but should I ask of you the way to heaven, what answer would you give me?" He paused, and a very little girl replied: "Jesus Christ, sir, is the way."



2. Blackie is a good-natured kitten and agrees to do as Whitie suggests, and there he is with the jug between his paws at last. Naughty little Whitie sits smiling on the floor, for he sees what will happen. Do you?

SWINGING IN DREAMLAND.

SWING, baby, swing to dreamland.
There, sweet, in slumbering,
My song will blend in dream-land
With songs the angels sing;
Thy hammock will be golden
And like the crescent moon,
And in its hollows folden
Thou wilt be sailing soon.

Go swinging, swinging, swinging.
High up among the stars;
At mother's wish upspringing
Shall sleep let down the bars;
Altho' thy hammock golden
Is like the crescent moon,
Thou wilt, in my arms holden,
Wake bright and laughing soon.

PIERRE'S EGGS.

PIERRE, Jacques, and Louisa were little Swiss children. One evening Pierre brought home six eggs that he found under a bush. "I am afraid that they are not good," said his mother, "but I will put them under the black Spanish hen and we will see. Now, Pierre, while we wait for papa, say that long text of yours that I may see whether you know it."

Pierre put his hands behind him and stood up in front of his mother to recite. "A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good, and an evil man out of the evil treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is evil, for out of the abundance of his mouth his heart speaketh."

"What does it mean?" asked Louisa.

"It means that if your heart is right you will do right things; if your heart is naughty you will do wrong things. You will speak out whatever your heart is full of. But it means, too, my darlings, that if your hearts are full of love, your mouths will speak sweet, kind words such as I heard in the barn to-day.

"You are like Pierre's eggs, children. See how fair and clean they are outside; one looks as good as another, but we cannot tell whether black or white chicks will come out. So I can't see what thoughts are growing in your hearts; when they come out of your mouths they may be something black and sinful, or good and sweet."

The eggs were put under the black Spanish hen, and every day the children looked into the lumber room where she sat in her basket to see if the chicks had come.

One morning they heard some soft little sounds, like "peep, peep, peep," and there were the egg-shells on the floor and four little chickens in the basket.

"See one is almost white like a good thought," cried Louisa, and she caught it up and kissed it. The boys laughed, but they looked sober when they saw how much black there was about the others. That they might always remember the lesson they had learned from the eggs, their mother suggested that they should name the white one "Love," and the others "Passion," "Greedy" and "Dunce."



3. Poor Blackie has fallen into the set for him and is caught by the angel Bridget.

A BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

A LADY sat before a window one evening watching the moon as it rose high and higher, making a path of silver through the trees.

Little Willie climbed into the lady's lap and looked out soberly. Pretty soon he said, "Where are the angels, auntie? I don't see them carrying the people down. Perhaps Willie had been told that angels bring us when we come to live on earth. No wonder he thought the path was just fit for angels' feet!"

How good our Father is to give us a beautiful world! Look up at the sky; then look at the green fields and trees. There is a stream of bright water falling over rocks. Everything is beautiful. God made it all for us to enjoy.

Do we ever thank him for the beautiful world he has given us?

But there is a fairer world than this. We shall see it some day if we love and obey God in this life.

We have heard of a mission band called "Fragment gatherers." They went among their relatives and church friends and gathered all the old rags, paper, iron. It was wonderful how fast the "fragments" were made into pennies; how the pennies grew into dollars for missionaries.



And Whitie gets just what he has been licking his lips for ever since they first.