the kittens; and the story was told to is to be kind to little birds than crue them of the little runaway and of her to them! We should always rememwonderful success in finding her lost kittens, after such a hunt as, alas!many a poor child has engaged in with most heart-breaking results!

#### A Robin's Nest.

Once upon a time, and not long ago either, a pretty Robin Redbreast began to think it was high time he should be building a nest. And I do not wonder that he thought so, for summer was close at hand, the sun was shining brightly, and the airiafelt soft and warm, while bees and butterflies were fluttering about among the garden flowers. So away flew Robin Red to look for his wife, and try to find out what she thought on the subject of nest-building.

Mrs. Robin Red was a sweet little creature, with bright brown eyes, and a sober brown dress. She was scarcely so handsome as her mate; she did not wear a red neckerchief as he did. Still I am sure, if you had seen her, you would all say she was a pretty little thing. Well, Mrs. Robin Red was quite willing to help in building the nest. So, without any delay the work was begun, the place selected being a beautiful thick plant of ivy which grew against the wall of a lovely old garden. When finished, the nest really looked pretty, so soft and green and mossy, though you would have to look very closely to see it all, so thickly grew the ivy leaves all round Robin's little home. After a few days, four pretty eggs lay in the nest—white eggs, with tiny spots of pink all over them.

And now Mrs. Robin began to sit on the eggs, while her mate sat in a lilactree right opposite and sung some really pretty songs, which pleased Mrs. Robin Red very much, and helped to pass away the time.

But, alas! alas! a terrible misfortune was close at hand. The gardener, a kind old man, came to clip the ivy, and not knowing anything about the nest, his great sharp shears cut off a part of it, so that the four eggs fell on the ground. But strange to say, they were not broken by the fall, as they dropped upon soft dry leaves, and the gardener, hearing the cries of Mrs. Robin, picked them up, mended the hole which had been made in the nest, and restored the eggs to their place. A few days after this the eggs were hatched, the shells were gone, and four baby Robins lay in their place. How proud Mrs. Robin was when she saw them! how often she fed them! and how kind her dear mate was in helping to find flies, spiders, and worms, which are the proper food of little robins! But sad to say, another misfortune was at hand. The nest had not been properly mended by the gardener, a hole broke out once more, and down tumbled the baby Robins to the ground, where they felt very cold and miserable, as it was pouring with rain.

But the good gardener once more came to the rescue. He picked up the half dead little birds, dried them with a piece of flannel, and taking the forsaken nest of another bird, he stuck it in the lilac-tree, and placed the little robins in their new home. Mrs. Robin was quite pleased with this new nest. She flew into it, and spreading her soft wings over the shivering little birds, they were soon warm, and in a few weeks time were able to hop out of the nest, and pick up food for them-

Now was not this gardener a very good man? But how much better it

ber that God made them, and that He cares for His birds. Dear little children, when winter comes, be sure that you save up all your crumbs of bread and cake for the dear little birds.

#### Overcoming Evil.

If we wish to overcome evil we must overcome it by good. There are doubtless many ways of overcoming the evil in our own hearts, but the simplest, easiest, most universal is to overcome it by active occupation in some good word or work. The best antidote against evils of all kinds, against the evil thoughts which haunt the soul, against the needless perplexities which disturb the conscience, is to keep hold of the good we have. Impure thoughts will not stand against pure words and prayers and deeds. Little doubts will not avail against great certainties. Fix your affections on things above, and then you will be less and less troubled by the cares, the temptations, the troubles of things on earth.—Dean Stanley.

Sunday at Charles Kingsley's.

Let me tell you how we were taught to help those who helped us in our dear old home at Eversley Rectory.

Of course, in a busy house, where every one has his own work to do, the servants cannot be helped much on weekdays, except by thoughtfulness in little things.

But there is the seventh day, when the children have no lessons to do. This was what we were taught to look upon as the helpers' day of rest, as far as we could make it so.

In the morning, breakfast was earlier than usual. While we were breakfasting, the maids were emptying our baths, for they were too heavy for us children. As soon as breakfast was over, we trotted off to our rooms, made the beds, folded up, and put away all our clothes, dusted, and in fact, put things straight all around. Then we ran down to the dining room and laid ran down to the dining room and laid the table for dinner; and capital butlers we all became, I assure you. By these means the maids were all ready in their nice Sunday dresses to go to church with us all at eleven.

Dinner on Sunday—no matter who was with us—was at one o'clock instead of seven. This was the only hot meal in the day. No cooking was done after one o'clock, as our supper was cold. At both dinner and supper the servants were sent away, and we waited at table. I laugh now when I think of the faces of horror of learned men or gallant soldiers who had come down to spend Sunday in the dear old rectory, or ridden over from Sandhurst or Aldershot to the morning service. The agonies they went through at being waited on by the daughters of the house! The struggles they made to be allowed to change their own plates! And their resigned submission when quietly told by the host, "It is the way of the house!" That is how we were made to help the faithful and devoted servants, who spent their lives in helping us. It was not much. But it gave them an almost free Sunday.



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