



IS IT "BABIES FOR SALE"?

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One might suppose that this Chinaman was out selling babies. Is the lady peering into the baskets a purchaser, do you think? Oh, no, the dear little fellows seem to be enjoying their funny baby carriage so much, and seem so very happy and contented we must conclude that they are just being taken out for an airing by their own father. We hope the mission ships will bear their good news to these sweet little innocents. You know

"The mission ships are sailing  
Across the waters blue  
To tell the sweet old story—  
The story ever new;  
To carry to the heathen,  
So far across the sea,  
The news of that dear Saviour  
Who died for you and me.

"Kings shall fall down before him,  
And gold and incense bring;  
All nations shall adore him,  
His praise all people sing;  
For he shall have dominion  
Over river, sea, and shore—  
Far as the eagle's pinion  
Or dove's light wing can soar."

## A NAUGHTY BOOK.

Christine was so busy writing with her new pencil in a big book that she did not hear Aunt Alice come into the room.

"What are you writing, Chris?" said auntie, looking at the big white pages with queer uneven scribbles all over them, for the little fingers had been hard at work.

"I'm yitin' how bad Tommy is," said Christine very solemnly. "He dropped my dollie, and she tan't shut her eyes any

more. Don't you fink Tommy is a naughty boy, Aunt Alice?"

"Perhaps he is sometimes," said auntie; "but I think Tommy is very good to his little sister, too. Didn't I see him give you a ride on his sled yesterday? Did you write that down?"

Christine shook her head.

"And wasn't it Tommy that brought you a big red apple?" said Aunt Alice. "Have you put that down in your book?"

"There's only room for naughty fings in my book," said Christine, looking very wise.

"Don't you think it's a naughty book, then? I think you'd better get a new one; or suppose you turn to the next page, and you'll find plenty of room to write how good Tommy is to you."

So Christine turned over the leaf. "I dross I fordot 'bout yidin' on Tommy's sled," she said; "but I 'member now." And she found so many good things to write about Tommy that she has not found the room to write about another naughty one yet on the new page.

## YOUR EYE ON THE MARK.

A light snow had fallen and the boys of L— desired to make the most of it; and as it was too dry for snowballing and not deep enough for coasting, they thought it would do very well to make tracks in. Near by there was a large meadow, and it was proposed that they should go to a tree which was near the centre of the meadow, and that each one should start from the tree to the boundaries of the meadow. The proposition was assented to, and they were soon at the tree. They ranged themselves around the tree with their backs toward it and started, each one retracing his steps to the tree. After they had returned, they each looked back to see how straight the tracks were:

"Whose is the straightest?" said James Alison to Thomas Sanders, who was first at the tree.

"Harry Armstrong's is the only one that is straight at all," said Thomas.

"Why," said Jacob Small, "how could we all contrive to go so crooked when the meadow is so smooth, and nothing to turn us out of the way?"

"How happened you to go so straight, Henry?" said Thomas.

"I fixed my eyes on that tall pine-tree on the hill yonder, and never looked away from it till I reached the fence," answered Henry.

"I went as straight as I could without looking at anything but the ground," said James.

"So did I," said another.

"So did I," replied several voices at once.

It appears that no one but Henry had aimed at any particular object.

They attempted to go straight without any definite aim, but they failed. Men cannot succeed in anything good without a definite aim. General purposes, general resolutions will not avail. You must do as Henry did—fix upon something distinct and definite as an object, and go steadily toward it.

## AT MAMMA'S GRAVE.

Maida and Merta's mother has gone to heaven, and now they live with their aunt. On Sunday they go to Sunday-school in the morning; in the afternoon they go and kneel close together at their mother's grave, and pray. Maida is the older one, and this was one of her prayers: "Dear Heavenly Father, you took our mother away from us, but I know you love us and will take care of us, if we live every day as she told us to do. I love to read in her Bible, and I am going to try to do good to everybody, just as she did. Help me to take care of my little sister, Merta. Tell me what to say to her when she cries about our mamma, and says she doesn't want to live any longer, and that she can't be good down here all by herself. Please help her to be good, and when she dies let her go to heaven and live with mamma again." This was little Merta's prayer: "Father in heaven, please hear my little prayer. I miss my mamma—O! so much! I think little girls like me ought to have a mamma all the time. I can't say my prayers good with Maida. She can't tuck the cover round me nicely, like my mamma did. I want to give my good-night kiss to my mamma. I want to feel her arms around my neck. Dear God, I can't get on without her—I just can't! If you can't send her back, let me go and live with her in heaven. Good-bye, dear God. Give my best love to my sweet mamma."

## DO YOU KNOW?

Little birdies, do you know  
Jesus Christ, who loved us so,  
Had not any home, like you,  
Where to rest with dear ones true?  
Little birdies, do you know,  
How the Saviour used to go,  
Tired and sad, from place to place,  
With the love-light in his face,  
Speaking gentle words of peace,  
That all harm and sin should cease?  
Little birdies, do you know,  
How the cruel people so  
Drove him from their streets away,  
Would not let the dear Lord stay?  
Oh, sweet birdies, in your nest,  
Sing your very, very best,  
All in praise of this dear One,  
Son of Man, and God's own Son.