

should ever think of letting his Sweetheart go away from him, and said, "Then you could get along without me?" But I was sorry I said it, for such a look came into his eyes,—and, well, I did not wait for anything more, but I just jumped into his arms and hugged him and kissed him till he laughed and laughed, for my dear papa has such a merry laugh it makes everybody else laugh to hear it. After that we never talked about it any more, and when, after a few weeks, the great musician returned, we sent with him ten of my best songsters. I kissed them all good-by, for I had taught them how to put their little bills up to my lips for a kiss, and said, "Now, little birds, sing your best, and then the king and the court will hear in your song my voice."

Two months later in this journal is the item: 'Have just heard from the king. My little birds have sung their way into his heart and that of all the court, so he wants me to send him as many as I can, and he will give me 100 francs for each bird. Oh, my! that will be so much money and it is just what I want to build my children a beautiful schoolhouse. Has my voice been lost to the world? Can I not serve God with it in this rocky island if he wants me to?'

Beneath this, in another handwriting, is the record: 'The journal of Jeanette Bethencourt. I have this day found in the archives of the Canary islands. For more than 100 years it has been hidden away, and as I have read it, I see how wonderful are the ways of the Almighty. The voice that was lost to the court when she left France, and to the world as they thought, has been used by him to make the savage and ignorant inhabitants of these islands civilized and Christian, so that to-day she is regarded by them all as the children's saint,—Saint Jeanette. It has also been found in the songs of the birds of these islands, not only produced here but taken to Europe. They have been domesticated there, and from all these centres yearly they go forth by the thousands to fill the homes of those lands with songs. Ask any little girl or boy who has a pet canary what he would part with it for, and the answer will tell you what a great place these birds fill in the happiness and the hope of mankind the world over. Thus Jeanette's question is answered: 'Can I not serve God with my voice in the rocky island, if he wants me to go there?'

The House that Jack Built.

'I don't see how we can live another year in this little house,' sighed Mrs. Haven. 'We need the house raised, and a basement laundry and back stairs, a better bathroom, a guest-room, and a larger kitchen, to say nothing of an attic and a good, wide verandah!'

'There is but one way it can be done this year, and that is to borrow two thousand dollars and mortgage the place,' replied Mr. Haven.

'No,' answered the wife. 'When your brother died, Margie had to give up her home because it had been made over on borrowed money.'

'A little house really ours seems better for us than a large, modern one, half belonging to some one else; but I am willing to try the experiment if it will make my family happier,' said Mr. Haven.

'We might try some extension skyward,' grandma said.

The dear old lady was always thinking of heaven, because most of her loved ones were there, and a little earthly home seemed an insignificant matter when she expected a glorious one before many years. But the rest of

the family felt the need of modern conveniences in this very present life.

'I've been reading a story,' spoke up Jack, the eleven-year-old boy who was helped all through life by a pair of crutches. 'A young girl lived in a very tiny house, but she discovered some doors leading out into very large and beautiful rooms. One was filled with people who lived in the past—all kinds of interesting people and beautiful things we read about. One room was full of pictures and statuary and music, and that was the art world. Another room was very large and entertaining. What was that?'

'Books,' said grandma.

'Yes, and there was one door that led out into another big place; please guess.'

'Science,' said papa.

'A playhouse,' cried little Nan.

'No, it was work for others, and she was always happy in this extension to her house,' said Jack. 'Couldn't each of us put on a room that would make us forget our cramped quarters?'

They were all used to some odd conceit from Jack, who had plenty of time to think things over.

'Good for you, my son,' said the father. "Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul." I'll take more intellectual life for my new wing, for if we give up building I need not work at night. There is a scientific subject I long to look up, and some books I have been waiting for from the public library, and I'll get a couple of the best magazines, since we are not saving for lumber, and, mamma, I will take you to the finest lecture course in the city.'

'How nice, John!' cried his wife. 'I will not mention big house again. I don't want all your evening and mental enjoyments put in brick and plaster. I'll add a room next to yours called contentment. After all, there is less work in a little house, and it is so easy to keep warm.'

'Especially in July, Sally Ann, but we have our share of outdoors. You can read with me, and if we don't build we can take an occasional ride together and be young again.'—Myra Goodwin Plantz, in 'Northwestern Christian Advocate.'

Where to Find Heaven.

A minister one day preached on heaven. Next morning he was going down town, and he met one of his old wealthy members. The brother stopped the preacher and said:

'Pastor, you preached a good sermon about heaven. You told me all about heaven, but you never told me where heaven is.'

'Ah!' said the pastor. 'I am glad of an opportunity this morning. I have just come from the hill-top yonder. In that cottage there is a member of your church. She is sick in bed with a fever, her two little children are sick in the other bed; and she has not got a bit of coal nor a stick of wood nor flour nor sugar nor any bread. If you will go down town and buy five dollars' worth of things—nice provisions—and send them up to her, and then go up there and say, "My sister, I have brought you these nice provisions in the name of our Lord and Saviour," then ask for a Bible and read the twenty-third Psalm, and then get down on your knees and pray—if you don't see heaven before you get all through, I'll pay the bill.'

The next morning he said:

'Pastor, I saw heaven, and I spent fifteen minutes in heaven as certainly as you are listening.'

An Intruder in Birdville.

'I'm here for—the season—see me?' sang the oriole in the maple-tree.

'So am I!' came in harsh tones from a pine tree, near by.

Mrs. Oriole peeped over the maple-leaf, and viewed her neighbor curiously; and then she whistled to her mate, and an excited debate followed.

Madam Blackbird listened haughtily, occasionally arching her handsome neck, and polishing her shining yellow bill.

'If it was only a "red-wing," I should be better pleased; crow-birds are so uncultivated!' Mrs. Oriole spread her brilliant wings and fluttered about rather uneasily.

If Madam Blackbird chose to leave her woodland retreat, and build a nest in a robin settlement, who would have the courage to oppose her?

Several sparrows and robins, a brown catbird, and a tiny yellow-bird, signified their willingness to help.

'Keep off! keep off!' screamed Madam Blackbird, spreading her fan-like wings, and puffing her purple-black collar angrily. 'None of you would build a nest in this pine-tree if I had not taken possession of it. Why don't you go to the thorn-tree, yonder, and drive away the sparrows that have stolen the snug little hole Mr. Woodpecker has been making there, and have gone to housekeeping without so much as asking leave? Nobody wants this pine-tree. Keep off! keep off!'

Down in the lilac bush dainty little Miss Yellow-Bird was flitting about. Building material was in great demand in Birdville, and the industrious ones got their first choice. But Madam Blackbird's harsh voice was so disturbing that the little nest-builders were in a flutter of excitement.

Suddenly Miss Yellow-Bird's bright eyes spied a string, and with several trills of delight she spread her wings and alighted at one end of it just as Madame Blackbird, who was also in quest of building material, began to tug at the other end.

'It's mine!' Madam Blackbird announced, loudly.

'I—s—a—w—i—t—f—i—r—s—t!' The little yellow throat was all a quiver with sweet sounds. But what was the strength of a tiny yellow warbler compared with that of this black giant?

Tug—pull—tug—pull! Madame Blackbird braced herself firmly, and soon had the string and poor little Miss Yellow-Bird well in her grasp. There was nothing to do but to let go, or else serve as building material for this black intruder into Birdville.

Mrs. Oriole, from her perch in the maple tree, again sent forth her piercing call: 'I'm here for—the season—see me!'

Madam Blackbird did not deign an answer, as she hurried to her unfinished nest in the pine tree.

At last the birds decided that it was best to attend to their own affairs, and to allow their neighbor to do the same.

'There's more than one piece of string in the world,' sang kind-hearted little Miss Yellow-Bird, as she flew by next morning with a piece of pink twine in her bill, which, from her cozy nook in the lilac bush, she had seen a little boy throw out of a window.

That same morning, a group of chattering sparrows made the pleasing announcement that straw in abundance had been discovered in a barnyard across the way; and from that time on, nest-building progressed rapidly.

Before long, strange peeping sounds began to be heard all over Birdville. From the maple tree there were sweet, persistent calls. Mr. and Mrs. Oriole flew busily to and fro, never returning without a nice bug or worm, for the four gaping mouths awaiting their coming.