



BIRD FLIGHTS.

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When the flowers die, the song-birds fly
To the groves of the South, where the
summers stay;
When the warm winds blow, and new
blossoms show,
The birds fly back again tuneful and
gay.

SLOW POISON.

"I DON'T believe smoking hurts anyone,"
said Chauncey "look at Uncle Frank, he
has smoked for thirty-five years."

"Yes, but you must acknowledge that
he is not so strong as he used to be."

"Of course not, he is old enough to be-
gin to show his age."

"Not seriously" Some men are still in
their prime at his age. He is only fifty. Of
course he cannot live forever, but he ought
to be able to do good work still. His physi-
cian has told him repeatedly that the heart
trouble to which he is subject is caused
entirely by smoking. Have you never
noticed how his hand trembles when he
holds a cup of coffee? He acknowledges
himself that his nervousness is due to the
use of tobacco."

The men supposed to know best about
such things are our doctors, and one of our
best physicians says, after years of obser-
vation, "I am convinced that, other things
being equal, a man addicted to the use of
tobacco is as old at fifty as he would other-
wise be at sixty."

Has a man a right to shorten or impair
his life any more than he has to commit
suicide? One is a longer process than the
other, but both are contrary to God's
commands.

ROGER'S PET.

ROGER was a queer little boy, so other
children said. He was afraid of children.
Boys were so rough and rude, and girls so
teased and laughed at him that he was not
happy with them.

The trouble was this. Roger had been
very ill from the time that he was a tiny
baby until he was six years old, and he had
never seen anyone but his mother and father
and nurse, except when he was wheeled out
in his chair to take the air. So when at
last he got well, he was afraid of the great,
rough boys, who ran and jumped and
shouted, and made so much noise, who

knocked each
other down and
beat each other in
fun. It seemed
very dreadful to
him. Then a
naughty, mis-
chievous girlous-
in came to stay
with him for a
week, and he
thought that week
would never end.

One day, a gray
dorking hen crept

under the pales in the fence into his yard,
and ran up to him for the crumbs of bread
that were falling from a piece he was eating.
Roger put out his hand and stroked the
hen. She did not seem to mind, and soon
settled down on the soft mat close to him.

Roger almost held his breath, for fear
the hen would be frightened and go away.

Suddenly, a little girl called to him
across the fence:

"Boy, what are you doing with my hen?
Are you the little boy who has been sick
all your life? Do you like the hen? Then
you may have it. I raised it from a chicken,
that's why it's so tame."

Roger had not answered, but the little
girl did not wait for answers. And now
she ran back into the house where she lived.

So Roger had a pet; and soon he learned
that all girls are not teases and disagree-
able creatures, and as he grew stronger he
lost his fear of both boys and girls, and is
now no longer called queer.

A LITTLE HEROINE.

"NANNIE dear, I want you to hem those
napkins this afternoon, without fail. Can
I trust you to do it? I must go out for the
whole afternoon and cannot remind you of
them," said Mrs. Barton to her little girl.

"Yes, mother dear, I will. You can trust
me," answered Nannie.

Now Nannie did not like to hem napkins
any better than you do, but she went at
once to her work-basket, took out her
needle and thread and thimble, and went
to work.

Pretty soon she heard the sound of
music. It came nearer and nearer, and at
last it sounded in front of the house.

She dropped her sewing to run to the
window, and then she stopped. "No, I
promised mother, and she trusted me," she
said to herself. And she sat down again
and went to sewing.

Soon the door burst open, and in rushed
several little girls. "Nannie, Nannie,
where are you? There's a monkey out
here, and a trained dog, and they're play-
ing lovely tricks. Come on!"

"I can't. I promised mother, and she
trusted me," she answered.

They coaxed and scolded, but all to no
purpose. So they left her.

Just as she finished the last napkin, her
mother came in.

"My little heroine! I know all," she
said, as she kissed Nannie

"Why, mother! I didn't save anybody's
life, nor do anything brave; I only kept
my promise," answered Nannie, wonder-
ingly.

"It is sometimes harder to keep a
promise and do one's duty than to save a
life. You did a brave, noble thing, and I
thank God for you, my dear," said Mrs.
Burton.

FOR THE BOYS.

THE great men came out of cabins, as a
rule. Columbus was a weaver, Haley was
a soapmaker, Homer was a beggar, and
Franklin, whose name will live while
lightning blazes on a cloud, came from the
printer's desk.

A few years ago I rode on horseback
through Hardin and La Rue counties,
Kentucky. We call that the land of ticks
and lizards. The soil is very poor, so poor
that it will not raise black-eye peas, unless
you take them without the eyes. Riding
along that day, I came upon a spot of
rank weeds where the soil had been made
rich by the decay of an old cabin that once
stood there.

Out of that cabin years ago came a lean,
lank, white-headed boy. If ever a boy
came from abject poverty, that one did.
When only seven years of age he would
walk to Hodgenville with a basket of eggs
to sell. The boys laughed at him. They
said his clothes were like Joseph's, because
of so many colours. But he was indus-
trious, honest, and sober.

After a while he was old enough to leave
home, so he went down the Ohio and
Mississippi rivers on a flatboat. Then he
returned, and, crossing over into Indiana,
he there split rails a while; then on to
Illinois, where he practised law; then on
to the presidential chair; and in his death
he bore the shackles of four million slaves
and linked his name with that of liberty.
I thank God that we live in a land where
a boy can go from a towpath, a tanyard,
or a rail-cut to the presidency of a
Republic.

PLAY.

PLAY is a good thing in its place. We
love to see children play and enjoy them-
selves—and grown-up people, too—by way
of change and recreation from more serious
duties.

The way people play also shows char-
acter. If anyone is fair, truthful, honest,
and good-tempered in play, he is likely to
be the same in other things, and so the
reverse.

Good, earnest play has its temptations
and dangers, as well as other things, and
our young friends have need to be cau-
tioned against yielding to them. To be
cheating, mean, and full of ill-temper when
beaten, or ugly when things do not go as
desired, is very improper. Disputes and
quarrels may easily arise, and of these
everyone should beware. Play, but
always play fair; keep in good temper,
avoid wrangling and disputes, and play
will be a good and healthful thing.