



THE ARGUS PHEASANT.

EVERY LITTLE STEP I TAKE.

Every little step I take
Forward in my heavenly way,
Every little effort make
To grow Christ-like day by day.

Little sighs and little prayers,
Even little tears which fall,
Little hopes, and tears, and cares—
Saviour, thou dost know them all.

Thus my greatest joy is this,
That my Saviour, loving, mild,
Knows the children's weaknesses,
And himself was once a child.

THE ARGUS PHEASANT.

BY EMILY L. BLACKALL.

Ned threw his schoolbag on the hall table, tossed his hat toward the ceiling, not waiting to see where it landed, rushed into his mother's room, and taking her cheeks

between his chubby palms, gave her several hearty kisses.

"I say, mother dear," he began, "Professor Grant hasn't a bit of mercy on a fellow. What do you think of his telling me to write a composition about a bird called the Argus? Just as if I knew anything worth writing down about any bird! But he'll never let any one off; so I've got to try it. But you'll help me—won't you please? That's a good mother."

"Well, sit down, dear, and take breath, and we will think over the matter. Professor Grant knows pretty well what to expect from his boys, and isn't likely to tell them to do what is impossible."

"But, you see, it seems easy to him, because he knows nearly everything," Ned replied, the glow on his cheeks beginning to cool a little.

"I think, Ned," said his mother, "that I can help you to help yourself; and that is always the best kind of help. In the library you will find books that will tell you what you need to know, in order to write

your composition. You have just had a good play, and there are yet two good hours before tea time. Take your memorandum book and make notes of what you find about the Argus, in the volumes to which I refer, and at tea we will talk further about it. But before you go, tell me please, under what heading you will look for knowledge about birds?"

"Oh, I know that, of course, that's our new study—Ornithology—though we haven't studied it in books. Professor Grant just talks to us about it. He says learning rightly about such things makes us believe more in the goodness and wisdom of God."

The sound of the tea bell found Ned still in earnest search for facts, and his note-book that he placed beside his plate fortified him for the promised talk.

"I haven't so many eyes as the Argus of mythology, but I can see a chance to 'look on,'" said mother, with a significant glance at Ned, as she took her seat.

"We can trust him not to use his notes without permission," replied father. "But where do you find your bird? Tell us about him, Ned."

"It is the Argus Pheasant," bravely began Ned, "and is found in Sumatra, Siam, and other East Indian islands. There are no feathers on the sides of its neck and head; but the male bird has elegant plumage, and his tail feathers are very long; the two middle ones measuring about four feet. The wing feathers are adorned with a great many spots that look like eyes. His voice is plaintive and not harsh. The Peacock belongs to the same family of birds; the spots on their wings making a strong resemblance between the Argus and the Peacock. The Argus takes its name from a mythological person of that name. He was the son of—can't you look at my notes a minute?"

"Yes," said mother and father, in one voice.

"Thank you," said Ned, as he proceeded to read—"Argus, the son of Zeus and Niobe, is said to have had a hundred eyes, some of which were always awake. He was enormously strong, and Juno appointed him to watch over Io, transformed into a cow. Mercury slew Argus, and Juno used the eyes of Argus to decorate the tail of the Peacock, which, as I said before, belongs to the family of which the Argus pheasant is a type."

"I hope you will soon have another composition to write, Ned," said his mother, rising, "for you have taught us a lesson by your research."

Arthur Jones is a bright boy seven years old. He goes to Sunday-school, and he loves his books. He studies the lessons and he answers his teacher's questions nicely. I think Arthur will become a good and useful man.