

shall poor benighted priest-ridden Ireland be loosed from the iron yoke! What a fearful responsibility the government incurs in supporting a priesthood to keep the people not only bad subjects, but ignorant of the Gospel of God!

We learn that the Deputation to Limerick experienced similar treatment, and, upon the advice and request of the Magistrates and Ministers, fled from that city.—Eds. W.]

### The Sparrow.

It was in the depth of winter, at the time when want and distress among the poor were very great in all parts of the country. Near a certain forest there stood a little cottage, where Joseph and Anna and their eight children lived; and love and industry, and gentle, pious minds, were to be found there also. The children, however, did not look merry and happy as formerly, but sorrowful and pale. Their parents had been many days without work or wages, and all their industry could not procure food for their children.

On Sunday morning, Anna called her little ones together, and said, "Come and divide the last morsel of bread we have left. I know not where we shall find any more, or how we can obtain any help."

The children eagerly took the bread and divided it, but begged that their father and mother would each take a share. "We shall feel less hungry," they said, "if you will eat some too."

Many tears were shed while the last morsels of bread were eaten; only one little boy still smiled, and was too young to know anything of their distress, or to fear for the future. But should we not all strive to trust the future, like little children, to our Father's care?

The morning was bright and clear; and Elizabeth as she ate her portion, opened the door, and went out. It was bitter cold, but she thought it pleasant, as she looked at the pure, blue sky, and the trees in the forest, all white, and glittering in their dress of snow. As she stood, she heard a faint chirping sound; and, looking about, she saw a little bird upon the ground. It seemed almost dead, as if with hunger, and could not move its wearied wings. It

was trying in vain to free itself from the cold, deep snow.

"Poor little bird!" said the little girl, "are you cold and hungry too?" She took it up, and pressed it to her face tenderly, trying to warm it. "See, mother," said she, "this poor little bird must not die of hunger and cold. I found it shivering in the snow."

Then a bright thought of hope, like a gleam of light, came into her mother's heart; and with a glad and trusting look, she said, "not a sparrow falls to the ground without our Father. I believe the words of the Saviour. All the hairs of our head are numbered. Shall I be so sad and anxious, since he cares for the birds? Children, let us pray to Him."

She knelt down with her children, who all repeated her words, as she prayed that their heavenly Father would give them day by day their daily bread.

Then she rose up, and said, "Let us take comfort, and wait for help. Our Father knoweth the things we need before we ask him."

She had scarcely said these words when her husband came in; and directly following him, came a rich gentleman, who lived not far distant. He was rich in lands and possessions, and rich, too, in charity.

"God comfort you!" he said, as he came in, "the help of man is not sufficient. Why, Joseph, did not you tell me of such need as I see is among you? I am alone, and have abundance, which God has intrusted to me. I was coming from church, and still thinking of words I had heard there, how we ought to love and help each other; as I was passing near this cottage, I saw your little child, half clothed and pale with hunger, how she cared for a little bird, and gave it her last crumb of bread; and I took it as a sign to myself what I ought to do. I hastened home, and made still greater haste to return, and overtook her father at the door, and could see how heavy his heart was with care. And now, little one, come here; come and I will repay you for what you did for the bird." And he took from the folds of his cloak a basket filled with bread, cheese and fruit of different kinds; and giving it to Elizabeth, he said, "Now, divide these."

How her bright eyes sparkled with delight! How the children rejoiced! and all began to partake of the food