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VII.

**WHAT MR. MOCKINGBIRD SAW.**

"KEEP your eye on him and see what you will see." These words of Professor Owl's occurred to Mr. Mockingbird again and again. They were very puzzling, and having his share of curiosity—perhaps a little more—Mr. Mockingbird determined to find out what they meant.

For a few weeks he made it a point to visit the milkweed patch every day and see how Greenie was getting along. The no-account little worm was evidently taking his advice and not troubling himself about doing great things. In fact he seemed not to care for a solitary thing but eating; and if satisfying a very hearty appetite meant enjoyment, he was certainly enjoying himself. He ate green leaves for breakfast, green leaves for dinner, and green leaves for supper, and very often took a piece between meals. When he wasn't eating he just rested and slept.

Most people like to have their advice followed, and Mr. Mockingbird ought to have been satisfied; but he wasn't. He felt a little disappointed in his new friend. Those high aims and noble ambitions which had made Greenie willing to give up his little life for the sake of doing one good deed seemed to be entirely lost. Sometimes Mr. Mockingbird tried to arouse his better spirit. He pointed out to him the beauty of the flowers, the blue sky, the sunset and the stars. But Greenie only asked stupidly: "Are they good to eat?"

"Good morning, Greenie. How do you find yourself to-day?" Mr. Mockingbird asked one morning when they met.

"Hungry, awfully hungry," Greenie answered, and continued to eat as if he were half starved.

The bird sat on a spray and watched him silently for a while. That hungry creature didn't seem to know when he'd had enough, for he actually ate till he split his coat all the way down the middle. Mr. Mockingbird was shocked, but was much surprised to see a nice new suit under the old one. Greenie had grown, and was really handsome now. His pale green coat trimmed with black and orange was certainly becoming. But his manners were not very gentlemanly, and when he turned around and ate his old cast-off garment, Mr. Mockingbird was too disgusted to say another word.

One day when he went to visit his little friend, Greenie was too busy eating even to notice him. Mr. Mockingbird sat down and watched, wondering what would be the end of it all. When at last he could not swallow another bite, Greenie hurried away and climbed up a hazel bush. Then he spun a silken rope and fastened himself to a twig. Mr. Mockingbird left him there swinging in his little cradle, sound asleep. "Greenie is a queer creature. I can't make him out at all," he said as he flew away.

When Mr. Mockingbird came again, Greenie was nowhere to be seen. But in the silken rope hung a strange thing that somehow reminded Mr. Mockingbird of his old friend. It was a hard, queer-shaped little case, pale green with silver bars. As he looked wonderingly at it, Mr. Mockingbird saw it move slightly. It was alive, then. But it had neither eyes, mouth, feet nor wings. How strange! Mr. Mockingbird spoke to it, but it did not seem to hear. Then close beside

it he noticed an old faded coat belonging to his little friend. He felt certain now that inside of that queer little case was Greenie himself. But it was very, very strange, and the more he thought about it the more puzzled he grew.

Weeks passed away, the summer blossoms faded, and still no word of Greenie. The queer thing swinging in its silken rope, however, turned from green to yellow and from yellow to brown. There was never the slightest sign of life in it now, and Mr. Mockingbird began to look upon it as a tomb. How sad that the poor little creature with such longings for better things should come to such an end!

One day Mr. Mockingbird sat upon the hazel spray filled with wonder and sadness over the fate of his friend, when suddenly he noticed the little brown tomb tremble. In a few minutes it split right open, and slowly, slowly, out crawled a queer creature with damp, crumpled wings. Mr. Mockingbird watched with wondering eyes while they unfolded, and before he could realize what had happened, there stood before him a most beautiful butterfly. With a pair of wonderful wings, orange and golden and black, and all glistening in the sunshine, it gently fanned the air.

A moment this lovely new-born creature rested there and looked around at the wide, wonderful world. Then it flew lightly and gracefully away in a sunbeam, and resting a moment on a spray of goldenrod sipped the sweet nectar from the flowers.

For a little while Mr. Mockingbird could scarcely speak for surprise. Then he went up to the butterfly and said: "Are you my little friend, Greenie?"

"No, I never heard of him," the butterfly answered. "My name is Heart's-Delight."

All memory of that old life had passed away in that long, long sleep, and little Heart's-Delight was henceforth to be a creature of sunshine, of flowers, of sweetness and of joy.

Mr. Mockingbird never ceased to wonder at the change, but many earnest thoughts guided him to the reason of it. "I think it was his noble spirit," he said to Professor Owl one day, "growing and growing in him all the time, that has changed Greenie, the no account little worm, to Heart's-Delight, the beautiful butterfly."

"You are perfectly right," said Professor Owl. "It is only the bad and the ugly that ever really die. Beauty and goodness somehow, sometime, somewhere, live forever."

Mr. Mockingbird went away with a sweet thought in his heart that grew into the most beautiful song he had ever sung.

**THE CHURCH IN WESTERN CANADA.**

(Continued from page 553.)

and purposeful grapple with the entrenched foes of righteousness.

**FINANCES.**

The chief problem hitherto has been the rural communities, but the wave of prosperity which is coming to farmers through the high prices of grain is strengthening Church work by pushing on the missions, which have so long been in need of help, into a condition in which they are not only able to approximate to self-support, but also to increase considerably the stipends paid to the clergy in such parishes.

These conditions will last long enough to get our work established on a sound basis before more ordinary conditions return. This is a natural law of growth, but with it will come the need for help in new settlements, so that relief on the one side will only be compensated by great and crying needs in another direction.—Greater Britain Messenger.



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"WE ARE DEBTORS."

(Continued from page 552.)

at home, it is the acts and ways in the daily occupation, it is the things in which the character comes out, as touched from above with the Lord's finders of loving-kindness and self-forgotten goodness, that make ninety-nine hundredths of the path of opportunity to be holy.

Holiness is right character and right doing because of the Holy One who loved us, and has given Himself for us. It is virtue glorified by the obedient believer's recollection of purchase of the blood of the Cross; of the love which spared not itself for thee; of all that it means to thee to have found, and to be found by, the Lord Jesus Christ. When day and night, Sunday and week, year by year, the life is gently and mightily ruled by the sense of the obligation of the love of Christ—that is holiness.

**ETERNITY'S GREAT THEME.**

Let us remember, as we close, one bright fact about this great debt. I have said—and you know it—that it can never be paid. Shall we ever in eternity come to the end of obligation? Will there ever be a day in heaven when the redeemed will feel that they have now lived out their debt with thanksgiving? Will the song of their happy life, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain," even be exchanged for another theme? No, everything that is possessed and enjoyed in that land of light will always be the result of the Sacrifice of the Cross, and will only deepen the sense of the unpayable debt. Yes, but then it will always be being paid, and the blessed One who laid us under the obligation will always be getting the joy of the willing paying by the loving soul of itself to Him. And we have the means to do it. How? Because He hath given us of His Spirit, aye, and hath given to us Himself. We are rich in Christ our Lord. Having Him we have "the unsearchable riches"; we have the fulness of the resources of God for the life which I have feebly tried to describe, in which virtue is gently glorified by grace, by Christ, by the man's manifest recognition that he is not his own, that he has been saved to love and to serve.



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