



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.

TEDDY AND THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Now then! There is room for one
more!" cried Uncle George. "Pack him
in, and we're off."

Room in the great, big, crowded sleigh
for only one more, and—alas!—there
were two eager little boys left standing on
the curbstone, longing with all their little
hearts to take a ride.

"Which of you shall it be?" said Uncle
George.

There was a moment's pause; then
Teddy stepped back. "Let it be Harry,"
he said; "I can stay behind."

So Harry was swung up into the open
place. The whip cracked, the bells
jingled, and away they went, leaving
Teddy alone, winking with all his might
to keep the tears out of his eyes. Pretty
soon he ran upstairs to visit grandma.
Grandma was sitting by the window.
She laid down her sewing and gathered
Teddy up in her arms. "My dear little
boy," she said, "has been trying to follow
the Golden Rule, hasn't he?"

Teddy nodded. Presently he said:
"Grandma, does God up in heaven notice
when a little boy tries to mind his rules?"

"Yes, indeed, he does, and it makes
him feel very glad."

Teddy's round face grew solemn. "Can
just a little boy like me make God feel
glad?"

"Yes, dear."

"Isn't it queer," said Teddy, "and—
and splendid?"

"And isn't it queer," said his grandma,
gently, "that when little boys like you
and old ladies like me can make God
glad, we sometimes forget and make him
sorry?"

A LITTLE ARTIST.

"Be ye therefore followers of God, as
dear children." (Eph. 5. 1.) The word
"followers" in this text means "imi-

preach like him;" and there are very
many others who have grown up good
men and good women, because they had
Christian parents, and they began by try-
ing to copy them.

There was once a poor little Italian
slave boy, whose master, Murillo, was a
very great painter. The little slave, Se-
bastian, was always about the studio, and
loved to watch his master at work. One
day the painter found an unfinished
sketch of a woman's head in his room,
and, as it showed great talent, he won-
dered who could have done it. Of course
he inquired, but all that Sebastian would
say was that he had let no strangers into
the studio in his master's absence. The
painter would not believe him, and one
day, when he had been out, he returned
unexpectedly to the house, and crept softly
up to the studio. The door stood open,
and, to his great astonishment, he saw his
little slave sitting, palette in hand, before
an easel, on which hung, almost finished,
the very sketch he had found lying about.
The painter stood still, amazed, for it
was a beautiful picture, and the little boy
was putting in some exquisite touches;
but at the next moment Sebastian
noticed his master at the door,
and jumped up, very frightened
to think that he was caught. But
the painter was not angry; he
only asked who had so taught
him to paint.

"You, sir," said Sebastian,
eagerly. "I have watched you
day after day, and watching how
you did it has taught me!"

Do we want our lives to be
good and beautiful in God's
sight? Then let us be looking to
Jesus, moment by moment, and
let us copy his example and fol-
low carefully in his steps.

GIVING SOMETHING OF
OUR VERY OWN.

It is easy to give away what
somebody else has given us, but
the best gifts are those for which
we ourselves have paid the cost.
This was the thought which a
little girl at a children's home
had, one Sunday, when she said
to her teacher, "I think we ought

to have some extra work to do every day,
so that we could earn pennies to give in
church and Sunday-school. I don't want
to give the Lord Jesus just the pennies
that folks give me; I want to give him
something of my very own."

So let us all try to give the Lord some-
thing of our very own, something for
which we have paid, and which will show
our Love for the Saviour who gave his
life for us.

TELL THE TRUTH.

Don't be afraid, little Johnnie, my boy:

Open the door and go in;

The longer you shrink from confessing a
fault,

The harder it is to begin.

No wonder you wait, with a pitiful face,
And dread the confession to make;

For you know when you're naughty, the
worst of it all

Is making your mother's heart ache.

But courage, my boy! Never mind if the
shoes

Are muddy, and wet, and all that;

Never mind if your clothes have been ter-
ribly torn,

And you've ruined your pretty new hat.

Go in like a man and tell mother the truth,

Like a brave little lad; and you'll see

How happy a boy who confesses a fault,
And is truthful and honest, can be.

Be honest, my boy, be honest, I say;

Be honest at work, be honest at play;

The same in the dark as when in the
light;

Your deeds need not then be kept out of
sight.



"GO IN LIKE A MAN."