

WILLIE'S CARRIER-PIGEON.

Willie's father was a sea-captain, and sailed all over the world. When he came home from a long voyage one fall, among other things he brought Willie a carrier-pigeon. This is a bird that looks like the dove about our streets, only it has been taught to carry letters from place to place.

Willie was very fond of his pigeon, and loved it more than his dog or kitten. Often when he went to see his aunt, who lived a few miles away, he took the pigeon with him. Then he would send it back home with a letter for his mother.

Willie would tell his aunt what to write. Then he would tie the letter around the bird's neck, and away it would fly toward home.

One day the pigeon got lost in a storm.

Willie had sent his bird home with a letter, not seeing the great black clouds that were filling the sky. When his aunt came in from a neighbor's, she said, "Have you let the pigeon go, Willie!"

Willie told her it had just gone.

"I am afraid you have done wrong," said his aunt. "It sprinkles, and there will be a gale."

"Willie looked out and saw how dark it was. "I wish I could call him back," he said. "Oh, I'm so sorry!" But the bird was far away.

It flew over a large wood where there was a big boy hunting. The boy fired at the pigeon, but it flew on unhurt.

Then the wind and rain struck the bird, and drove it from its course. The poor little thing tried to keep on, but it was no use. It had to seek shelter among the limbs of a large tree.

The next day it cleared away, and Willie went home. The first words he said to his mother were, "Did my pigeon get home all safe?"

Then he saw by his mother's look that it had not come.

"Oh, dear, dear!" he said, "what made me send it? Perhaps it has been blown out to sea." For the sea was not far away.

All that day Willie would not be comforted. His eyes were red with crying for his pet.

Before night, as he was standing in the door, looking up into the sky, he saw a bird flying toward him.

Was it his?
"Yes, it's mine, it's mine!" he cried. "O mother, my birdie's coming back!"

Nearer and nearer it came, till at last, weary from its journey, it nestled, panting, in Willie's arms.

Back from the wind and rain!
Birdie, lost, is found again!

And Willie never let his pigeon go out into another storm.—*Our Little Ones.*

THE BLOODTHIRSTY hate the upright: but the just seek his soul.—*Prov. xxix, 10.*



INSTANT IN SEASON.

At one of the Friday night boys' meetings in the Tabernacle a lad of about sixteen years, an orphan boy, was the first to lead in prayer. His testimony, shortly afterwards, was noticed by all for its earnestness and words of encouragement to those just starting in Christian life, and seemed to come from one who was advanced in the way although it was but a year since he began. At the "after-meeting" he was observed to be busily engaged in leading the young inquirers to the Saviour, and in the last one to whom he spoke he showed an unusual interest. After the rest were gone we hastened to speak to one who seemed likely to make an excellent worker in the meetings, and with a heart full of interest he made plans for the next week's work. Sunday evening two boys came to one of the workers, and the elder said:

"Here's a boy that's found Jesus."

"I am glad to hear that; and where was it that you found him?"

"Right here, sir, in the room," said the little fellow, earnestly; and then, in a hushed voice, he added, "and the boy that talked and prayed with me, and led me to Jesus, was killed Saturday morning."

Inquiries were made, and it was learned that the lad was coming to his work Saturday morning as usual, and becoming confused in some way, stepped in front of an approaching railway train and was instantly crushed to death.

Monday morning, as we stood by the side of that coffin, and looked upon the bruised and mangled form of that young disciple, we gathered therefrom a lesson of instant service. By the side of the dead, with bowed



head, we prayed God that we might be faithful ever to the living, and withal came the thought, "It is well! His last night's work was for Christ, and it was well done. 'Go thou and do likewise.'"—*Little Christian.*

A PRAYER.

THE COMMAND.

"Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks."—1 Thess. v. 17, 18.

THE PROMISE.

"If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it."—*John xiv, 14.*

THE THREATENING.

"Pour out thy fury upon the families that call not on thy name."—*Jer. x, 25.*

Lord, teach me to pray. Send thy Holy Spirit to take away my heart of stone, and to give me a new heart; that I may feel myself a sinner, and my need of Christ to be my Saviour. Wash away my sins in his precious blood; clothe me in the spotless robe of his righteousness; and, O Lord, sanctify me, by thy blessed Spirit, that I may be enabled to serve thee spiritually on earth, and be fitted for thy presence in glory. O make all sin hateful to me. Deliver me from the temptations of Satan, and an ensnaring world, and teach me to watch and pray against them. As my blessed Saviour left me an example, that I should follow his steps, may I oftentimes ask myself during the day, if thinking, how he would have thought;—if speaking, what he would have said;—or when acting, what he would have done. O teach me to love prayer, and to love to read and obey thy holy word. Bless all my friends with every needful blessing, especially with the saving knowledge of Jesus Christ. I thank thee for the blessings of health, and food, and clothing; but, above all, I desire to bless thee for the gift of a Saviour, whose precious blood cleanseth from all sin, and who ever liveth to make intercession for us. I ask every blessing in the name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who has taught us to pray,—Our Father which art in heaven, &c. &c.—*The Religious Tract Society.*

PRAY, AND HANG ON.

A venturesome six-year-old boy ran into the forest after the team, and rode home in triumph on the load.

When his exploit was related, his mother asked if he was not frightened when the team was coming down a very steep hill.

"Yes, a little," said he, "but I asked the Lord to help me, and hung on like a beaver!"

The boy's philosophy was good. Some pray but do not hang on; some hang on but do not pray. The safe way and right way is to join prayer and labor, faith and works, zeal and patience, and so give all diligence to make our calling and election sure.

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