

began to find interest in the new occupation, his mother's "Johnnie, don't," sent him off to something else.

If he had been sent out during the morning on a series of errands, protected by overcoat, waterproof and rubbers, it would have done him no harm, but a deal of good. If he had been set to splitting kindling, or making something with saw and hammer and nails, that would have used up some spare force. Cutting out pictures might have occupied him, or helping his mother in making cake, or modelling in clay, or stringing buttons, or sewing patchwork. Johnnie felt nagged. If his mother would have said, "Johnnie, do this or that"; but she only said, "Johnnie, don't."—*Presbyterian*.

HOW GOD TEACHES THE BIRDS.

On the Island of Java grows a tree, the leaves of which are said to be a deadly poison to all venomous reptiles. The odour of the leaf is so offensive to the whole snake family that if they come near the plant in their travels, they immediately turn about and take an opposite direction.

A traveller on the Island noticed, one day, a peculiar fluttering and cry of distress from a bird high above his head. Looking up, he saw a mother bird hovering round a nest of little ones in such a frightened and perplexed manner as to cause him to stop and examine into the trouble. Going around to the other side of the tree he found a large snake climbing slowly up the tree in the direction of the little nest.

It was beyond his reach; and, since he could not help the little feathered songsters by dealing a death-blow, he sat down to see the result of the attack. Soon the piteous cry of the bird ceased and he thought, "Can it be possible she has left her young to their fate, and has flown away to seek her own safety?"

No; for again he heard a fluttering of wings, and, looking up

he saw her fly into the tree with a large leaf from this tree of poison and carefully spread it over her little ones. Then, alighting on a branch high above her nest, she quietly watched the approach of her enemy. His ugly, writhing body crept slowly along, nearer and still nearer, until within a foot of the nest; then, just as he opened his mouth to take in his dainty little breakfast, down he went to the ground as suddenly as though a bullet had gone through his head, and hurried off into the jungle beyond.

The little birds were unharmed; and as the mother bird flew down and spread her wings over them, the poison leaf (poison only to the snake) fell at the feet of the traveller; and he felt, as never before, the force of the words, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? yet not one of them shall fall to the ground without your Father"; for who but he who made the dear little birds could have told this one the power there was in this little leaf?—*Good Words*.

THE FRIEND OF THE KING.

The other day, there appeared in the papers an article headed, "Romance in Real Life," and it gave a most wonderful account of a deep attachment on the part of the king of Wurtemberg for a young American, by the name of Jackson, who was a native of the State of Ohio, and engaged at the time in studying music in Germany, while holding a consular clerkship there.

The king had noticed him at various times and sought his acquaintance, which had ripened into the tenderest feeling and desire for his company. At last he sent for him and invited him to become a member of the Royal Court of Wurtemberg. The proposition involved the following important particulars.

He was to renounce his nationality to America and swear allegiance to Germany, and thus give up his citizenship and become a subject of the king. He was to give up his present occu-

pation and pursuits and share those of his royal friend. He was to give up old companionship and association for the companionship of the king. He was to drop his old name and take a new name given him by the king. He was to change his civilian dress, and wear the royal uniform. Instead of being a common man, going about on foot and alone, he was to ride out with the king, surrounded with the royal retinue, or if he desired to go abroad, the kingly equipage and royal servants would attend him.

After careful consideration, he decided to accept the marvellous proposition. So one pleasant morning one of the royal coaches from the king's stables, with coachmen and footmen resplendent in royal livery, was seen standing before Mr. Jackson's modest boarding house.

A large crowd soon gathered to see what it was waiting for. Would it be the king or some royal member of his family? Soon Mr. Jackson came out, took his seat in the coach, the footman closed the door, the driver cracked his long whip over the backs of the handsome blooded horses and the young American—now, American no longer—was borne to his new home in the royal palace.

Elegant suites of apartments awaited him. Footmen, valets, servants, gorgeous in scarlet liveries, were ready to wait upon him and run at his beck and nod.

He was appointed as "reader to his majesty," a position created expressly for him.

Soon the friends of the king began to show their recognitions and favours to him. The king of Holland presented him with the "Knight's Cross of the Golden Lion of Nassau." The king of Saxony bestowed on him the "Knight's Cross of the Albert's Order." The emperor of Austria invested him with the very ancient "Order of the Iron Crown of Austria," one of the highest and most honourable gifts that could be bestowed on a subject. And then the queen gave him the "Knight's Cross of the Crown of