

Mrs. Quail's Yard.

(Hilda Richmond, in 'Sunday School Times.')

One day Betty and Richard came flying in from the wheat field, all out of breath, to tell of a wonderful discovery they had made. Right out in the wheat was a lovely nest with twelve white eggs in it, and something had hurt the poor mother bird.

'She could hardly run through the wheat,' said Richard as soon as he could stop panting. 'I guess her wing was broken.'

'Yes, and she was making a pitiful little noise as if it hurt dreadful,' gasped Betty. 'Won't you come right out and help us find

'Yes, indeed,' said Betty. 'May we take it up very carefully and put it in the fence-corner, grandpa?'

'No, you could not do that,' said Mr. Gray. 'I will tell the men to leave a little strip of wheat around Mrs. Quail's home for a front yard. She is a good little friend of mine, and I can afford to waste a little wheat to protect her.'

So when the big machine went click-clicking around the field and Mrs. Quail was badly frightened as it came near her home, the



her, grandpa? Maybe we could bind up her poor wing.'

Then how grandpa had to laugh.

'Children, she was only joking you,' he said. 'You see, she did not want you to stay near her nest, so she played her wing was broken. When I was a little boy, I used to run after quails time and again, but I know better now. They lead you as far away as possible, and then dart back as swiftly as they can to look after their eggs.'

'Naughty bird!' said Betty; but Richard laughed and said, 'I think they are very smart birds.'

'When the men cut the wheat they will break her eggs, grandpa,' said Betty.

'Well,' said grandpa with a twinkle in his eye, 'if she is a naughty bird, you will not be sorry if the nest is broken up, will you?'

man on the seat saw the tall stick with the white rag Betty and Dick had put there to mark the place, and he left a nice little yard for the little family.

The wind and the rain beat down the ripe grain very soon, and one day the children sneaked down to the nest to see the eggs, but instead they saw Mrs. Quail picking up bugs and worms for a lot of hungry babies, instead of sitting on the white eggs. She picked up a lot of wheat for herself, but saved the tender bugs for the wide open mouths in the nest. Mr. Quail was working too, to save the grain in the yard, and none of the crop went to waste.

'I hope she will come back next year,' said Richard when at last the nest was empty. 'Grandpa said she could have the little home and yard always if she would only stay on the farm.'

Faith or Feeling—Which?

'If I could only feel it,' as a young officer said to me when I pressed on him that enough had been done on the cross to save his soul.

'But,' I said, 'you have not got to feel it but believe it. You may be saved without feeling. I believed in Christ for about a fortnight before I knew that I was saved. I might have known it at once only I was waiting to feel saved. At last I said, "Well, if I don't feel saved until I find myself in heaven, still I'll rest surely on the Word of God. God hath said in that Word, He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life. I know that now I do believe in Christ; I

used to trust in my prayers, or something that I could do myself; but I don't trust in anything now except Christ, and His work on the cross, for my salvation; therefore, I have everlasting life. God says I have." Then Satan whispered, "Do you feel you have everlasting life?" I could not say I felt it. "Then you cannot have it," whispered the arch-liar! I remembered, it is written, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." I know that I really believed in Christ: therefore I had everlasting life, whether I felt it or not. God said I had, and I surely must be right in believing him, despite every feeling. I think then the devil left me (for a time), but I found I was safe, not because I felt it, but because of God's

Word, which is unchangeable. I did not (as it so happened) feel joy or peace until long afterwards.'

'I declare, I believe you are right,' said the young man, who had been listening with the greatest attention; I have all along been thinking that I had to bring good feelings to God before I could be saved.'

The devil has been misleading souls for nearly six thousand years; so he is an experienced foe, and not to be overcome, except by the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. Take care that he is not misleading you—tempting you to 'trust in feeling instead of Christ,' or 'wait to feel,' when you should 'believe and be saved.' Feelings are changeable things at the best—like the quicksilver in the barometer, sometimes up, sometimes down. Mark how that officer was kept from salvation by waiting for 'feelings;' Satan tempting him to bring them to God, instead of simply relying on the blood of Jesus, in the condition in which he then was. —W. P. Fife.

Free Will.

(By John Elliot Bowman, in the 'S. S. Times.')

No force divine compels. For him who shares

Christ's way, for him alone
The Christ of Calvary a place prepares.
Iscaiot makes his own.

Wasting Will Power.

Many a man who prides himself on his will-power is failing to use it in the really critical issues of life. He will set a high standard for himself in some important detail of everyday living, such as rigid punctuality, or scrupulous care in his person or dress, or persistent physical exercise, and he will hold himself to that standard, no matter what it costs to do so, by an uncompromising effort of the will. This is good exercise; it takes character and it makes character. But when it comes to moral self-conquest, that same man is oftener the veriest weakling. He may know that a certain indulgence is wrong and harmful, yet the idea of summoning against it that iron will of his, on which he rightly prides himself in secular affairs, seems not to occur to him. Will power is one of God's richest gifts to man. What an awful waste of wealth when we do not use this power for spiritual victories!—North-Western Christian Advocate.

'What She Could.'

(Constance Coote.)

It needs not skill of brain or tongue
Thou grantest to a few,
Since simple words from loyal lips
May tell Thy grace is true.

And if I may not bind the sheaves
In whitening fields afar,
I yet can send the cup of cheer
Where Thy dear laborers are.

—Selected.

What to do With Your Wild Oats.

'A boy must sow his wild oats.' In all the wide range of English maxims there is perhaps not one, take it all in all, worse than this. Look at it on what side you will, it is a bad one. 'Whatsoever a man soweth, he shall also reap.' So says the Word of God. The one only thing to do with wild oats is to put them carefully into the hottest part of the fire, and get them burned to ashes, every seed of them. If you sow them, no matter in what ground, up they will surely come, with long, tough roots like couch-grass, and luxuriant stalks and leaves—a crop which it turns one's heart cold to think of. The devil, too, whose special crop they are, will see that they thrive. And you will have to reap them. No common reaping will get them out of the soil; it will have to be dug down deep, again and again; and well for you if, with all your care, you can make the ground sweet again before your dying day.—League Journal.