

demand his money; the third was a mere looker-on.

The grave and devout man looked each and all of them in the face, and with great gravity and seriousness said, "Friends, did you pray to God before you left home? Did you ask God to bless you in your undertakings to-day?"

The question startled them for a moment. Recovering themselves, one said, "We have no time to answer such questions: we want your money."

"I am a poor Preacher of the Gospel," was the reply; "but what little money I have shall be given to you."

A few shillings was all he had to give.

"Have you not a watch?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, give it to us."

In taking the watch from his pocket, his saddle-bags were displayed.

"What have you here?" was the question again.

"I cannot say I have nothing in them but religious books, because I have a pair of shoes and a change of linen also."

"We must have them."

The Preacher dismounted. The saddle-bags were taken possession of, and no further demand made. Instantly the Preacher began to unbutton his great-coat, and to throw it off his shoul-

ders, at the same time asking, "Will you have my great-coat?"

"No," was the reply: "you are a generous man, and we will not take it."

He then addressed them as follows:—"I have given you everything you asked for, and would have given you more than you asked for. I have one favour to ask of you."

"What is that?"

"That you kneel down, and allow me to pray to Almighty God in your behalf; to ask Him to turn your hearts, and put you in the right way."

"I'll have nothing to do with the man's things," said the ringleader of them.

"Nor I either," said another of them. "Here, take your watch, take your money, take your saddle-bags."

So each article was returned. That, however, did not satisfy the sainted man. He urged prayer upon them. He knelt down; one of the robbers knelt with him; one prayed, the other wept, confessed his sin, and said it was the first time in his life that he had done such a thing, and it should be the last. How far he kept his word is known only to Him to whom the darkness and light are equally alike; to Him whose eyelids try the children of men.—*C. T.*

#### LITTLE MARY AND THE BIRD.

—  
 "Little bird, little bird,  
 Tell me true;  
 What have you done  
 With your eggs so blue?"  
 "I kept them warm  
 With my brooding wings,  
 Till these birdies came—  
 The wee, wee things."  
 "Little bird, little bird,  
 Can they fly,  
 Up with you  
 To the clear blue sky?"  
 "Not yet, little Mary,  
 The tiny wings  
 Are too weak to fly,  
 The wee, wee things."  
 "Little bird, little bird,  
 How can you fly,  
 With so much ease,  
 To the clear blue sky?"

"The same good God  
 Who gave me wings,  
 Taught me, and will teach  
 These wee, wee things."

"Little bird, little bird,  
 Tell me true:  
 Does the good God love  
 Little birds like you?"  
 "Oh yes, little Mary,  
 He loveth all;  
 And watches even  
 The sparrow's fall."

"Little bird, little bird,  
 Can it be,  
 The good God loves  
 Little girls like me?"  
 And the birdies sang,  
 As she spread her wings,  
 "Yes he dearly loves  
 All the wee, wee things."

