

LITTLE FOLKS

The Sparrow.

I am only a little sparrow—
A bird of low degree ;
My life is of little value,
But the dear Lord cares for me.

He gave me a coat of feathers—
It is very plain, I know,
With never a speck of crimson,
For it was not made to show ;
But it keeps me warm in winter,
And it shields me from the rain :
Were it bordered with gold or purple,
Perhaps it would make me vain.

Though small, we are not forgotten ;
Though weak, we are never
afraid ;
For we know that the dear Lord
keepeth
The life of the creatures He made.

And I fold my wings at twilight
Wherever I happen to be ;
For the Father is always watching,
And no harm will come to me.

I y through the thickest forest,
I light on many a spray ;
I have no chart or compass,
But I never lose my way.

Aunt Kathie felt very sorry for her little nephew, and so she tried to amuse him. But Bobby didn't want to play, and he didn't want to look at books, and he wouldn't cut out his paper soldiers. He wanted to go out and gather acorns, and he didn't want to do anything else ! No, not one single thing !

Two shining tears were rolling down Bobby's fat cheeks, and then Aunt Kathie took him up into her lap and told him a story.

'Once upon a time,' she said, 'a tiny acorn came tumbling out of its pretty brown cup and fell down, down, down on to the grassy ground below.'

'An' I was going to get some this very day!' interrupted Bobby

'And by and by,' continued auntie, 'a little boy came running along right under the big, old oak tree, and stopped to fill his pockets full of acorns.'

'An' that boy is Jakey!' said Bobby with a sob.

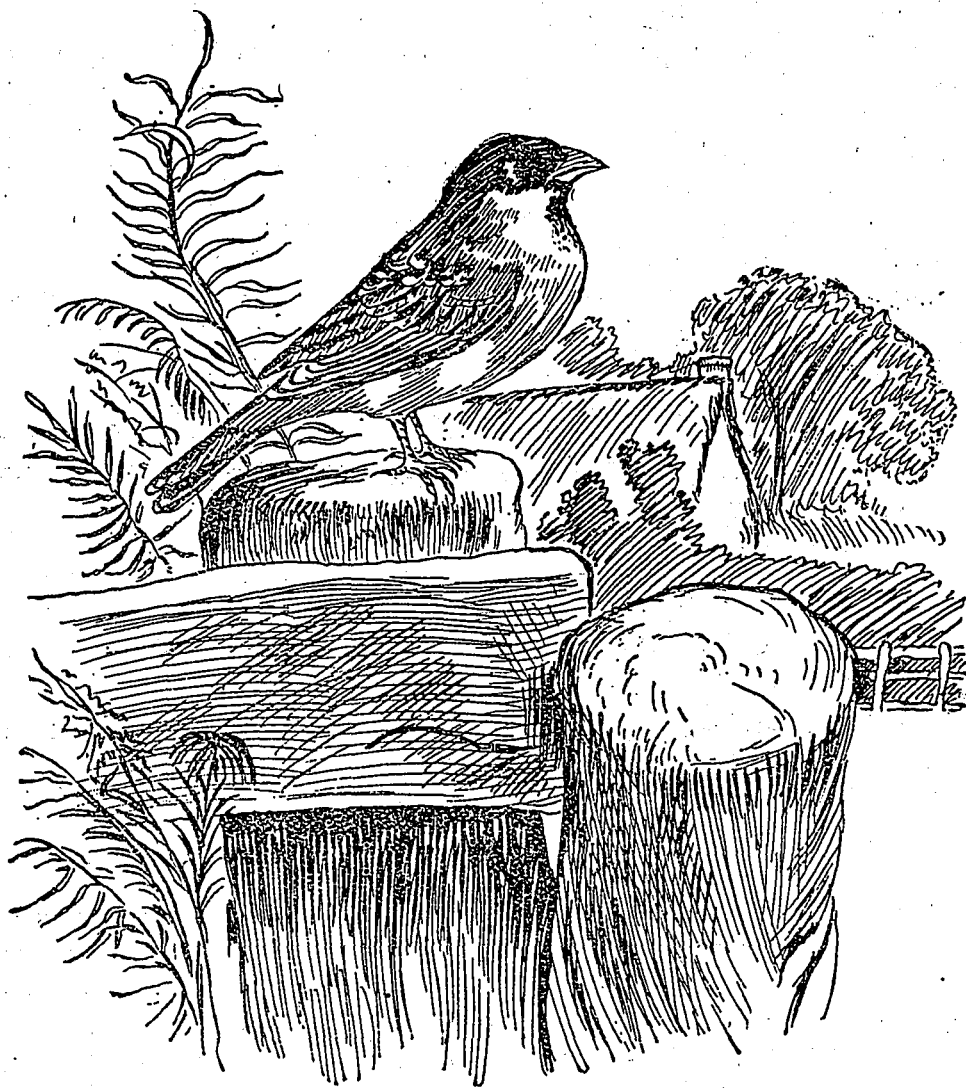
'But this tiny acorn,' said auntie, 'had fallen beside the stone wall, and so the little boy didn't see it. "Oh, dear, dear, dear!" it sighed sadly. "How I wish I could take a ride in that nice boy's pocket! How I wish that I could travel and see the world! Oh, dear, dear, dear! I don't like to live in this wood! I'm tired of looking at this green grass. I don't want to stay here another minute!"'

'This acorn was a very small acorn indeed. It was much too small to grumble and growl. But it did, all through the long winter, until one bright spring day something happened!

'Out of this tiny acorn's blackened shell came a little light-green sprout. Then two green leaves uncurled. The little acorn felt so proud of all these things that he burst his dark-green jacket right down the middle and he never grumbled about it at all.

"Never be discontented," whispered the Wind as he came by. "Some day you will grow to be a great, tall oak tree like your father; and your brothers and sisters, whom you envied, were eaten alive long ago!"'

Bobby's eyes were big and bright. 'Do you s'pose I ate any of them?' he asked earnestly. 'I don't believe that that acorn was ever discontent-



I have no barn or storehouse,
I neither sow nor reap :
God gives me a sparrow's portion,
But never a seed to keep.

If my meal is sometimes scanty,
Close picking makes it sweet ;
I have always enough to feed me,
And 'life is more than meat.'

I know there are many sparrows :
All over the world we are found ;
But our Heavenly Father knoweth
When one of us falls to the ground.

I am only a little sparrow—
A bird of low degree ;
But I know the Father loves me :
Have you less faith than me ?
—'Happy Hours.'

Aunt Kathie's Story.

(By Margery Dane.)

Bobby was, oh, such a cross, discontented little boy one bright October morning.

To begin with, he had a sore throat and a bad cold and a deep, loud cough. And I suppose perhaps, that was the reason of it all!