

### Master Sparrow.

Dear morning Master Sparrow  
 To my parents I am  
 There is much to be said  
 For I love and am loved  
 In return, he often says  
 Little sermons to me  
 And if you could only hear  
 Words in which they might be

Master Sparrow is not handsome  
 With a curly top and dressed  
 For from home he never travels,  
 Nor can build a pretty nest;  
 He is not a skilful songster,  
 And has fewer friends than foes,  
 But his life is free from sadness,  
 And a care he never knows.

And yet Master Sparrow daily  
 Has his every meal to seek,  
 For he cannot on the Monday  
 Get enough to last the week;  
 And sometimes in depth of winter,  
 When the snow is on the ground,  
 E'en the needed little morsel  
 Is with difficulty found.

Master Sparrow's wants are always  
 By his Maker's hand supplied;  
 And the lark, and thrush, and goldfinch,  
 Are provided for beside;  
 Oh, if God so kindly feeds them,  
 Keeps them kindly in his view,  
 Will you not believe, dear reader,  
 That he surely cares for you?

Look at Master Sparrow's garments,  
 Sober coloured, but how trim!  
 Mark his coat, so smooth and glossy,  
 Such a perfect fit for him!  
 Twice a year he gets a new one,  
 Without any bill to pay;  
 Will not he who robs the sparrow  
 Clothe his children, day by day?

Smile not at the birdie's lessons,  
 Nor be with the teacher vexed;  
 For God made the humble sparrow,  
 And Christ chose it for his text.  
 Be contented, then, and trustful,  
 Look to Heaven in time of need;  
 Are you not of much more value  
 Than the sparrows God doth feed?

### A Story of the Kindness of Madam Malibran.

In a humble room in one of the poorest streets of London, Pierre, a faithful French boy, sat humming at the bedside of his sick mother. There was no bread in the closet, and for the whole day he had not tasted food. Yet he sat humming to keep up his spirits. Still at times he thought of his loneliness and hunger, and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes; for he knew that nothing would be so grateful to his poor invalid mother, as a good, sweet orange, and yet he had not a penny in the world.

The little song he was singing was his own, one he had composed, both air and words, for the child was a genius. He went to the window, and looking out saw a man putting up a great bill with yellow letters, announcing that Madam Malibran would sing that night in public. "Oh, if I could only go!" thought little Pierre; and then, pausing a moment, he smoothed his yellow curls, and, taking from a tiny box some old, stained paper, gave one eager glance at his mother, who slept, and ran speedily from the house.

"Who did you say was waiting for me?" said the madam to her servant.

"I am already worn out with company." "It's only a very pretty little boy, with yellow curls," she said; "if he can just see you, he is sure you will not be sorry, and he will not keep you a moment." "Oh, well, let him come!" said the beautiful singer, with a smile. "I can never refuse children." Little Pierre went in, his hat under his arm, and in his hand a roll of paper. With manliness unusual for a child, he walked to the lady and bowing, said, "I come to see you because my mother is very sick, and we are too poor to get food and medicine. I thought, perhaps, that if you would sing my little song at some of your grand concerts, may be some publisher would buy it for a small sum, and so I could get food and medicine for my mother." The beautiful woman arose from her seat. Very tall and stately she was. She took the little roll from his hand and lightly hummed the air. "Did you compose it?" she asked; "you, a child! And the words? would you like to come to my concert?" she asked. "Oh, yes!" and the boy's eyes grew bright with happiness, "but I could not leave my mother." "I will send somebody to take care of your mother for the evening, and here is a crown with which you may go and get food and medicine. Here is also one of my tickets. Come to-night; that will admit you to a seat near me." Almost beside himself with joy, Pierre bought some oranges, and many a little luxury besides, and carried them home to the poor invalid, telling her, not without tears, of his good fortune. When evening came, and Pierre was admitted to the concert-hall, he felt that never in his life had he been in so great a place. The music, the myriad lights, the beauty, bewildered his eyes and brain. At last she came, and the child sat with his glance riveted on her face. Could he believe that the grand lady would really sing his little song?

Breathless, he waited; the band—the whole band—struck up a plaintive little melody. He knew it, and clapped his hands for joy. And oh, how she sang it! It was so simple, so mournful. Many a bright eye dimmed with tears, and naught could be heard but the touching words of that little song—oh, so touching! Pierre walked home as if he were moving on the air. What cared he for money now? The greatest singer in all Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief.

The next day he was frightened by a visit from Madam Malibran. She laid her hand on his yellow curls, and turning to the sick woman, said, "Your little boy, madam, has brought you a fortune. I was offered, this morning, by the best publisher in London, one thousand five hundred dollars for his little song; and after he has realized a certain amount from the sale, little Pierre here is to share the profits. Madam, thank God that your son has a gift from heaven." The noble-hearted

singer and the poor woman wept together. As to Pierre, always mindful of him who was his mother's friend, and tempted, he knelt down by his mother's bedside and uttered a simple prayer, asking God's blessing on the kind lady who had deigned to notice their affliction. The memory of that prayer made the singer more tender-hearted, and she who was the idol of England's nobility went about doing good. And in her early, happy death, he who stood beside her bed and smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments by his undying affection, was little Pierre of former days, now rich, accomplished, and the most talented composer of the day.—*Youth's Golden Cyle.*

### Ingenious Marauding Elephants.

A SMALL body of Sepoys—stationed at an outpost at Fort de Galle, in Ceylon, to protect a granary containing a large quantity of rice—was suddenly removed, in order to quiet some unruly villagers, a few miles distant, who had set the authorities at defiance. Two of the party happened to be on the spot at the moment. No sooner had the Sepoys withdrawn, than a herd of wild elephants—which had been long noticed in the neighbourhood, made their appearance in front of the granary. They had been preceded by a scout, which returned to the herd, and having no doubt satisfied them—in a language which to them needed no interpreter—that the coast was clear, they advanced at a brisk pace toward the building. When they arrived within a few yards of it, quite in martial order, they made a sudden stand, and began deliberately to reconnoitre the object of their attack. Nothing could be more wary and methodical than their proceedings. The walls of the granary were of solid brickwork, very thick, and the only opening into the building was in the terraced roof, to which the ascent was by a ladder.

On the approach of the elephants, the two astonished spectators clambered up into a lofty banyan tree, in order to escape mischief, and there watched their proceedings. The two spectators were so completely screened by the foliage of the tree to which they had resorted for safety, that they could not be perceived by the elephants, though they could see very well—through the little vistas formed by the separated branches—what was going on below. Had there been a door to the granary, all difficulty of obtaining an entrance would have instantly vanished; but four thick brick walls were obstacles which seemed at once to defy both the strength and sagacity of these dumb robbers.

Nothing daunted by the magnitude of the difficulty which they had to surmount, they successively began their operations at the angles of the building. A large male elephant, with tusks of immense proportions, labored

for some time to make an impression, but after a while his strength was expended, and he retired. The next in size and strength then advanced, and put forth his exertions, with no better success. A third then came forward, and applying those tremendous levers with which his jaws were armed, and which he wielded with such prodigious might, he at length succeeded in dislodging a brick. An opening once made, other elephants advanced, when an entrance was soon obtained sufficiently large to admit the determined marauders.

As the whole herd could not be accommodated at once, they divided into small bodies of three or four. One of these entered, and when they had taken their fill they retired, and their places were immediately supplied by the next in waiting, until the whole herd—upwards of twenty—had made a full meal.

By this time a shrill sound was heard from one of the elephants, which was readily understood, when those in the building immediately rushed out, and joined their companions. One of the first division, after retiring from the granary, had acted as sentinel while the rest were enjoying the fruits of their sagacity and perseverance. He had so stationed himself as to be enabled to observe the advance of an enemy from any quarter; and upon perceiving the troops as they returned from the village, he sounded the signal of retreat, when the whole herd, flourishing their trunks, moved rapidly into the jungle.

The soldiers, on their return, found that the animals had devoured the greater part of the rice. A ball from a field-piece was discharged at them in their retreat; but they only wagged their tails, as if in mockery, and soon disappeared in the recesses of their native forests.

### Mr. "Ten Minutes."

A TOUCHING story is told of the late Prince Napoleon. He had joined the English army, and was one day at the head of a squad riding horseback outside of the camp. It was a dangerous situation. One of the company said: "We had better return. If we don't hasten, we may fall into the hands of the enemy." "Oh!" said the prince; "let us stay here ten minutes, and drink our coffee." Before the ten minutes had passed, a company of Zulus came upon them, and in the skirmish the prince lost his life.

His mother, when informed of the facts, in her anguish said: "That was his great mistake from his babyhood. He never wanted to go to bed at night in time, nor to arise in the morning. He was ever pleading for ten minutes more. When too sleepy to speak, he would lift up his two little hands and spread out his ten fingers, indicating that he wanted ten minutes. On this account I sometimes called him 'Mr. Ten Minutes.'"—*Illust. Christ. Weekly.*