

every storm that comes up, and when to expect them? If the birds are all as doubting as you I'll go back, and not tell them.'

'No, they will believe you,' said the grebe. 'Go and warn them. They are flying far out to sea, and some of them will get caught.'

'Oh, well, what is it to me? I'm not appointed their guardian. If they must be foolish, don't blame me.'

But despite this apparently heartless reply the petrel skimmed over the surface of the sea, and called out in its peculiar way the warning that danger was approaching. Many of the other birds heard it, and prudently stayed in near shore, but the young and more venturesome ones laughed at the petrel's cry and continued to search for food far out to sea.

Finally the petrel reached the outermost flock of young terns, and warned them, saying in unmistakable words: 'A storm is coming. You are too far out, and you'll get caught in it.'

'What a foolish petrel that is!' answered one of the terns. 'The storm has been here, and is now over.'

Still the petrel shrilly uttered its cry of warning, circling around and around the terns, and then finally it added: 'The storm is now here, and I must fly away before it. It will be too late for you to escape if you wait much longer.'

Again the young terns scoffed at it, and to show their disbelief in such prophecy they flew half a mile further from the shore; but when they turned in their flight they saw the stormy petrel far off in the distance, half-flying and half-running over the water toward the north. Its cry, borne to them on the salt air, seemed now to say, 'foolish birds! Foolish birds!'

Then it occurred to the young terns that probably they were not as wise as they thought, for they remembered that the stormy petrels had always been sure prophets concerning the weather. Instinctively they turned their heads toward the distant shore, but before they had flown a dozen yards a puff of wind struck them, and then another and another. In vain they tried to fly against the gale, which steadily increased. They could hear the shriek and chatter of the other

birds, but they knew that their fate was sealed.

For half an hour they struggled with the wind, and then, unable to stand up against it longer, they fell into the sea, and were washed out into mid-ocean before the fierce hurricane. They were never seen again on the coast, but one day, far out at sea, a Mother Carey chicken happened to see dead bodies floating around, and it was heard to say, 'foolish birds!'

A Story of Some Sunday Picture Cards.

(By Frank S. Scudder, in 'Christian Intelligencer').

Japanese children are very fond of picture cards, and there are very pretty ones printed in Japan; but they are especially fond of the cards with Bible pictures on them, and those are not made in Japan, so I have used a great many of the English cards which we use in our Sunday Schools in America. These pictures are strange to them, and the bright colors attract them, so they are very glad to listen to the story of the picture.

One day, while riding in the cars, I gave one to a little girl that sat near me. In the picture was a little boy holding a basket with bread and fishes, and standing in front of Jesus. There was also a lake and a great crowd of people on the shore. I began to show these things to the little girl and to tell how the wonderful man in the picture was sorry for the many people who had listened to His teaching till they were very hungry; and how it was night, and they were far away from any place where they could buy food. Many people began to listen and I told all the story of how this man fed those thousands of people with a few loaves and fishes. By and by a man asked me who was this wonderful man; and then I said it was Jesus. After that many people did not want to listen, but they had already heard the good story, and I had been able to tell them the story of Jesus because I had the picture card.

On another day I stood by a jinrikisha stand, while I was waiting for the men to decide which one would pull me to the place where

I wanted to go. There were about 100 jinrikisha men, and I gave one of them a card. Immediately several other men asked for one. As soon as the rest of them saw these, all the men began to crowd and push and ask for the cards; one man said: 'Please give me some for my children.' Another, 'I want one for my sick child.' And so I gave cards to as many as I could. Soon the men began to read some of the cards which had Japanese on them, and I was rewarded by having some of them come with thanks saying: 'Master, we understand, that is good teaching; thank you,' or 'that is the true religion, Christianity treats us kindly.'

I cannot always stop to tell the story when I give a card, but every card makes some one happy, and helps to make some one think that they would like to hear about Christianity. They make little friends for me, too, for which I am thankful.

The Thieves.

The Eastern farmers had come to pay their rent, which was gladly received by the owner of the lands. He placed the bags of money in a corner of his room, and then reclined on his cushions to enjoy a plentiful supper, thinking how nice it was to be rich. Afterwards he lay down to rest, his lamp burning and his money-bags near him. Some robbers came. The walls were built of clay, hardened by the sun. They began to dig a hole through the wall. Soon they were able to reach an arm through. They snatched the bags of money and made off at their utmost speed. The rich man awoke and found his treasure gone. Imagine his dismay as he vainly rushed to the door. We should not set our hearts on earthly treasures, 'where thieves break through and steal.'—'Light in the Home.'

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