

The Wise Behaviour of Tom-Tit.

The bird folk about the farmstead had been silent for quite five minutes. This was partly owing to the ruffled state of their feelings, and partly because they would hardly have been able to make themselves heard during the tuneful din that their new-comer rival had been making.

It was really too bad, now that the education of the nestlings was completed, and they had thought their cares were over for the present, that they should be troubled by this tiresome intruder who had appeared in their midst.

The house dog had meanwhile been howling at the top of his voice. He also resented the intrusion.

Now that the disturber of their peace had gone further down the lane, the birds all broke out into loud and excited conversation. As for the Missel-Thrush, he was talking in all the seven languages he knew at once.

"Have any of you seen the monster?" he trilled. "For my part, it is enough to have heard him. I never before knew a bird with such a voice as this stranger. To call that singing, forsooth!"

"I prefer the croak of a Raven myself," added a Rook; for though the two families were so nearly related, the Rooks and Ravens were never good friends.

"It is sad to see what want of taste those poor unfeathered humans show," continued the Missel-Thrush. "One would think it was lost-time to sing to them, and yet as soon as this rattle-pate appears they leave off their work to listen, as they never do when we entertain them."

"That is true," replied his cousin, the Song-Thrush sorrowfully. "The children were dancing as I passed the school yard. You might have imagined the ear-splitting noise had been the choicest music. Why do they not always dance when we sing?"

"I saw the creature from a distance," piped a Blackbird, airily, as he picked up a snail, and calmly cracked the shell against the garden wall, to show how little he allowed himself to be disturbed by the circumstances. "I did not wish it to think I was overpowered with anxiety to make its acquaintance, as some vulgar birds might be."

The Sparrows were chattering in a manner that was deafening.

"If the intruder is not driven away, and that speedily, this place will no longer be the merrier for our company. They say it is even bigger than Musket, the Sparrow hawk. At least the dog, and all sensible creatures, will be on our side."

"But, Mother," twittered a young Sparrow, "you said Rover was the least sensible creature you knew when he was so selfish about not letting us go near his kennel to have dinner with him the other day."

"He is sensible when he agrees with me," answered his Mother sharply. "You might have known without making foolish remarks."

"Think of all the worms and insects a bird with such a big voice as that would devour, if it was allowed to remain," bemoaned the Robin. "There would be no picking up an honest living when times are hard."

Said the Thrush: "It would certainly be a sad thing for the folk here if we were to decide to leave the place in a body, driven out by this interloper."

"They would think summer was never coming, if I did not bring it," remarked a Cuckoo.

"I don't believe a Cuckoo makes a summer any more than a Swallow does," said a House-Martin, wheeling into their midst to make the observation.

"To leave our gardens and fields for this stranger would be a poor-spirited thing to do," said the Blackbird. "The proper plan will be to give him fair warning that if he refuses to go of his own accord he will be hooted and pecked out of the neighborhood. We have kept it select so far."

"I second the proposal," agreed the Cuckoo. "Whom should we send with the message? The Hoopoe generally acts as my messenger, but he seems to have disappeared. Oh, here is Tom-Tit. He will do, if he is brave enough to encounter the enemy."

"I have been trying to tell you, but I could not get a word in," said Tom-Tit. "I went close up to the stranger, and it is not a bird at all, but a thing made of wood, that goes on wheels, and cannot sing at all till a man turns the handle. He has wheeled it right out of the village now, so there is no need for you to trouble about it any longer."

"That is what we should not think of doing for a moment," was the general chorus. "Do you suppose any of us would give a second thought to such an absurd make-believe of a bird? We all know too well how to hold our own."

But though they tried to carry it off lightly, they felt even smaller than the Titmouse for having been taken in by a barrel-organ, and when next one came to the village most of them found they had important business at a distance.

Moral.

Don't waste the sunny summer day
By meeting troubles on the way;
This simple plan is good to try,
Be sure you're hurt before you cry.

—Little Folks.

The Young People

EDITOR BYRON H. THOMAS.

All articles for this department should be sent to Rev. Byron H. Thomas, Dorchester, N. B., and must be in his hands one week at least before the date of publication. On account of limited space all articles must necessarily be short.

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CAUSES FOR NOT BELIEVING IN CHRIST.

1. Waiting better time, Acts 24:25.
 2. Weak excuses, Luke 14:17-20.
 3. Want of earnestness, Luke 13:24.
 4. Want of conviction, Matt. 22:4-5.
 5. Want of Bible Study, Acts 17:11-12.
 6. A spirit of controversy, Matt. 22:15-40.
 7. A spirit of complaint, Matt. 25:21-25.
 8. A demand for a sign, John 6:30.
 9. Love of praise, John 6:44.
 10. Fear of men, John 12:42.
 11. Love of money, Mark 10:23-24.
 12. Love of the world, 1 John 2:15.
 13. Self-righteousness, Luke 18:10-14.
 14. Pride, John 8:33.
 15. Unwillingness to believe that not understood, 1 Cor. 2:14.
 16. Unwillingness to have sins shown, John 3:19-20.
 17. Unwillingness to submit to God's rule, Luke, 19:14.
 18. Dislike to messenger, Matt. 13:57.
 19. Guilty Blindness, Matt. 12:15.
 20. Hatred of the truth, II Thess. 2:10.
 21. Hatred of God in Christ, John 15:22.
 22. The power of Satan, Matt. 13:19.
 23. Unbelief of heart, John 5:40; John 18:37.
- Our Unions can use the above Bible Readings with great effect. The Editor has witnessed a number of conversions, as a result of its effective use.

B. H. P.

B. Y. P. U.

Midsummer with all its diverting influences is upon us. It is doubtless difficult to keep the banners flying, and maintain a spirit of enthusiasm in the meetings. It is true not only of our B. Y. P. U. work but also of the S. Schools and Prayer Meetings. Young People should pray for the grace of continuance in well-doing.

Having been called to witness not a little suffering of late, I ask, Do you under the rod of suffering groan and ask—"What shall be?" Then listen to these suggestive words:—

"What shall thine 'afterward' be, O Lord,

For the moan that I cannot stay,
Shall it issue in some new song of praise
Sweeter than sorrowless heart can raise,
When the night has passed away?

What shall thine 'afterward' be, O Lord,

For the helplessness of pain?
A clearer view of my home above,
Of my Father's strength and my Father's love,
Shall THIS be my lasting gain?

What shall thine 'afterward' be, O Lord,

For this dark and suffering night,
Father, what shall thine 'afterward' be
Hast thou a morning of joy for me,
And a new and a joyous light.

THROUGH SORROW.

By Emily Houseman Watson.

Shrink not from the perils thy soul must endure,
By the blasts of the furnace the gold is made pure;
That star is the brightest which pierces the gloom,
And the rose that is crushed breathes the richest perfume.

If trials oppress, if thy pathway be hard,
For thy chastening thou repeat a nobler reward:
The soul that has suffered is ablest to bless,
And love born of sorrow gives sweetest caress!

Thy God, who has planned all thy future for thee,
In wisdom decrees what that future shall be;
Submissive, thy cross in obedience bear,
Till thy soul, by refining, be sinless and fair.

LIFE.

Let me but live my life from year to year,
With forward face and unreluctant soul,
Not hurrying to, nor turning from, the goal;
Not mourning for the things that disappear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
From what the future veils; but with a whole
And happy heart, that pays its toll
To youth and age, and travels on with cheer.
So let the way wind up the hill or down,
O'r rough or smooth, the journey will be joy,

Still seeking what I sought when but a boy;
New friendship, high adventure, and a crown,
My heart will keep, the courage of the quest,
And hope the road's last turn will be the best.
—Henry Van Dyke.

The man who stands on the top of a mountain can see a longer distance than the one who stands in the valley. It is due to the difference in the atmosphere, and not to any improvement in the organs of vision. If the skeptic would come nearer to God in his life he would more clearly understand the doctrines of Holy Writ, not because of enlarged intelligence, but because of the clearer atmosphere.

"A LARGE ROOM."

The Bible is crowded with large ideas. The thought of God is a tremendous thought. The salvation which He has provided for men is spoken of in the New Testament as a "great salvation." The promises of the Bible are "exceeding great and precious promises." The gift of God whereby all grace has come to men is an "unspeakable gift." The psalmist joins in this majestic strain when he sings of the mercies of the Lord, saying, "Thou hast set my feet in a large room."

There is nothing narrow or niggardly about the dealings of God with the children of men. "Return, my soul, unto thy rest," says the psalmist, "for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." The Lord dealt bountifully with David in respect to intellectual endowments.

These are rich blessings, but he speaks of blessings richer still. "Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin." "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us." We may not be able to say that the Lord has made us rich, or that He has put into our hands a scepter, but we can say He has taken our sins away. There is no monopoly of the spiritual blessings which the Lord has prepared for men. They are free for all. There is no limit to the bounty of his grace.

"Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord, and see if I will not open the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room to receive it." It is not a meager shower, but a swelling flood which shall water, replenish, and overflow every believing soul. In our Father's house there is bread enough and to spare. There is enough of pardon, for He will abundantly pardon. Enough of peace for your peace shall flow as a river. Enough of righteousness, for your righteousness shall be as the waves of the sea. Enough of joy, for the joy of the Christian is unspeakable and full of glory. Enough of grace, for the promise is, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

In one of his prayers for the Ephesians the apostle's great heart expands to take in the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of peace, and this is what he asks: "That ye may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God." "It pleased the Father that in Him should all fullness dwell, and of His fullness have all we received, and grace for grace." Surely the Lord hath set our feet in a large room.—New York Christian Advocate.

The preacher himself must feel before he can make others feel. Let him tell the story of the cross with all vividness; let him expound atonement with all power; what then? Then he must make men love the Saviour who died, and abominate the sin atoned for. Can he do it? Not unless as he knelt down before the cross, his own soul has been swept by that love and that abomination. Let no man handle the mysteries of God unfeelingly.—The Interior.

YOUR LIFE.

What shall we do with our life, in the little while that we have it? Make the best of it. Devote it to the very highest aims and purposes. "Hitch your wagon to a star." Do not degrade it by trying it to material things. "A man's life consisteth not in abundance of things." Alexander and Caesar and Napoleon conquered empires, and won transient applause; but the Galilean Carpenter, who spent His life in doing good, dominates the thought of the world today.

Do you admire such a life? and do you purpose in your heart to begin, sometime, to live for others rather than self? "Now then, perform the doing of it." There is no time like the present. In the mad race for wealth, for power, social position, we forget how few are content when their goal is reached; how invariably "much wants more," how often the fruit of the desire proves to be but Dead Sea fruit after all. There is only one way to make our life worth living—one key that unlocks all its problems—and that is, "Living unto God."—The Search-Light.