

The Little Bird Tells.

It's strange how little boys' mothers
Can find it all out as they do,
If a fellow does anything naughty
Or says anything that's not true!
They'll look at you just for a moment,
Till your heart in your bosom swells,
And then they know all about it—
For a little bird tells!

Now where the little bird comes from,
Or where the little bird goes,
If he's covered with beautiful plumage,
Or black as the king of the crows;
If his voice is as hoarse as the raven's,
Or clear as the ringing bells,
I know not; but this I am sure of—
A little bird tells!

The moment you think a thing wicked,
The moment you do a thing bad,
Or angry, or sullen, or hateful,
Get ugly, or stupid, or mad,
Or tease a dear brother or sister,
That instant your sentence he knells,
And the whole to mamma in a minute
That little bird tells!

You may be in the depths of the closet,
Where nobody sees but a mouse;
You may be all alone in the cellar,
You may be on the top of the house;
You may be in dark and the silence,
Or out in the woods and the dells:
No matter; wherever it happens,
The little bird tells!

And the only contrivance to stop him
Is just to be sure what to say—
Sure of your facts and your fancies;
Sure of your work and your play;
Be honest, be brave, and be kindly,
Be gentle and loving as well,
And then you can laugh at the stories
The little bird tells!

The Children's Crusade.

More than six hundred and fifty years ago, Stephen, a shepherd boy in the kingdom of France, thought that Christ appeared to him in a vision. Our Saviour promised that, if Stephen would rouse the children to go to the Holy Land, he would give them a glorious victory. Whether Stephen dreamed all this or not, he surely believed it. He went to the city of Paris, and in the squares and at the corners of the streets he told his story to hundreds of children. Thirty thousand children, some with rich and some with poor homes, volunteered to go. Many ran away to join this army, and some that were not allowed to go sickened and died, so great was their longing.

These children did not know where the Holy Land was, but they started from Paris southward, and bravely tramped over-hill and valley until, from the top of the hill, they saw the beautiful city of Marseilles. They raised a great shout, for they thought it was Jerusalem. They were greatly dis-



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appointed to learn that, after all the marching, they were not yet out of France, and that the sea, many hundreds of miles long, had to be passed over. Many turned back discouraged, for no miracle came to open to them a path through the sea, as it did to the children of Israel. At last some wicked men pretending to help them, furnished ships to take them to the Holy Land. Only five thousand got on board the ships.

For eighteen years nothing was heard of them, while parents and friends were sad and filled with fear. At last it was found out that the wicked men, instead of taking them to the Holy Land, took the ships across to Africa, and sold the boys as slaves to their enemies. Some of these ships were wrecked, and the children were drowned. News came of eight of these children, who had been carried as far east as Bagdad, a city many hundreds of miles farther than Jerusalem. They were asked to deny Christ; but the brave little heroes, although they had endured so much, and knew that to refuse would bring great suffering and death, would not deny the Saviour. They were first tortured, and then put to death.

Christ comes to you more than He did to Stephen, and wants you for His soldiers. The world belongs to Him as much as Jerusalem did. It is full of human hearts. He wants you to conquer it for Him with goodness and love. I wish that all you boys and girls would be as brave and endure hardness like these, fighting against sin. Will you join this crusade?



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