

pet cat and a tame bird. The name of the cat was Fun, and Fun was so fond of the bird that it would play with it for an hour at a time.

One day, when these two were at high romps, all at once the cat made a great spring, took the bird and ran with it out of the room. Did it harm the bird? You shall hear. It was done in so short a time that my friend could not stop the cat. As quick as she could she got up from her chair and went to see what the cat had done with the bird. But just then, what should she spy but a strange cat that lay hid like a thief at one end of the room. So my friend drove the strange cat from the room, and then went to the door and called "Fun, Fun, Fun! Come here, Fun!"

And then in came the bird, hop, hop, hop; hop, hop, hop; and our good cat Fun came close by its side. And when Fun saw that the strange cat was gone, it put its soft paw on the bird, and gave it a pat, as much as to say, "There now you are safe, quite safe. That strange cat is gone, now we may play and romp again!"

And the bird sang a little song that seemed to say, as plain as words, "My good cat, my brave Fun, how I thank you!"

If a cat and bird can so learn to agree,  
How kind to all creatures should we learn to be!

—Our Dumb Animals.

### "ONE TOUCH OF NATURE."

A boy, ten years old, pulling a heavy cart loaded with pieces of boards and laths taken from some demolished structure—an every day sight in our large cities. Tired and exhausted, he halted under a shade tree. His feet were sore and bruised, his cloths in rags, his face pinched and looking years older than it should. The boy lay down on the grass, and in five minutes was fast asleep. His bare feet just touched the curb-stone, and the old hat fell from his head and rolled on the walk. In the shadow of the trees his face told a story that every passer-by could read. It told of scanty food, of nights when the body shivered with cold, of a home without sunshine, of a young life confronted by mocking shadows.

Then something curious happened. A labouring man—a queer old man, with a wood-saw on his arm—crossed the street to rest for a moment under the same shade. He glanced at the boy and turned away, but his look was drawn again, and now he saw the picture and read the story. He, too, knew what it was to shiver and hunger. He tiptoed along until he could bend over the boy, and then took from his pocket a piece of bread and meat—the dinner he was to eat if he found work—and laid it down beside the lad. Then he

walked carelessly away, looking back every moment, but keeping out of sight as if he wanted to escape thanks.

Men, women and children had seen it all, and what a leveler it was! The human soul is ever kind and generous, but sometimes there is need of a key to open it. A man walked down from his steps, and left a half-dollar beside the poor man's bread. A woman came along, and left a good hat in place of the old one. A child came with a pair of shoes, and a boy with a coat and vest. Pedestrians halted and whispered and dropped dimes and quarters beside the first silver piece. The pinched face suddenly awoke, and sprung up as if it were a crime to sleep there. He saw the bread, the clothing, the money, the score of people, waiting around to see what he would do. He knew that he had slept, and he realized that all these things had come to him as he dreamed. Then what did he do? Why, he sat down, and covered his face with his hands and sobbed.—*Live Oak.*

### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

5. Why is the riot at Ephesus a perfectly credible thing? And what "craftsmen" in our day are banded together against the Apostles' doctrine, just as they were at Ephesus?

6. What have we, in our pantries, that is named after the city of Corinth, where Paul preached?

7. A forty-two month's drought, and great rain storm from the West?

8. What unusual name (only once found in the Bible) is used in reference to an Israelitish bondmaid, in Jeremiah?

### THE CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

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