

## LITTLE LEAVES.

**L**ITTLE leaves are in a hurry,  
Covering up the naked trees:  
They have slept all through the winter  
In their buds upon the trees

Now, awake, they look around them,  
Sud to see the trees so bare:  
And they say, "It must not be so;  
We will work with will and care."

All the day so very busy  
In the sunshine warm and bright,  
Resting, sleeping only little  
In the darkness of the night.

O the leaves so green and tender,  
How they flutter in the breeze;  
One can almost hear them singing,  
Fathery, soft, upon the trees.

Little birds are getting ready  
For their nests upon the trees,  
And they say, "Be quick and hurry  
With your cover, little leaves."

Soon they grow the larger, stronger,  
All the day and through the night,  
Very thick and close together,  
Till the nests are out of sight.

Now they fling their grateful shadows  
On the warm and dusty street,  
And among them rain-drops patter,  
Clung out their breath so sweet.

And if you will only listen,  
You will hear the birdies there—  
Soft and low their gentle twitter,  
From the branches in the air.

Children stand and look with wonder  
Up among the clustering leaves,  
Saying, "Listen! hear the birdies  
As they sing up in the trees!"

## THE BOY AND THE MINISTER.

**M**ANY years ago a certain minister was going one Sunday morning from his house to his school-room. He walked through a number of streets, and, as he turned a corner, he saw assembled around a pump a party of little boys, who were playing at marbles. On seeing him approach, they began to pick up their marbles and run away as fast as they could. One little fellow, not having seen him as soon as the rest, could not accomplish this so soon, and before he had succeeded in gathering up his marbles, the minister had closed upon him, and placed his hand upon his shoulder. There they were face to face, the minister of God and the poor little ragged boy who had been caught in the act of playing marbles on Sunday-morning. And how did the minister deal with the boy? for that is what I want you to observe. He might have said to the boy, "What are you doing here? You are breaking the Sabbath; don't you deserve to be punished for breaking the command of God?" But he did nothing of the kind. He simply said,

"Have you found all your marbles?"

"No, sir," said the little boy, "I have not."

"Then," said the minister, "I will help you to find them." Whereupon he knelt down and helped look for the marbles, and as he did so he remarked, "I liked to play at marbles when a little boy very much, and I think I can beat you; but," added he, "I never played marbles on Sunday."

The little boy's attention was arrested. He liked his friend's face, and began to wonder who he was. Then the minister said,

"I am going to a place where I think you would like to be; will you come with me?"

Said the boy, "Where do you live?"

"Why, in such and such a place," was the reply.

"Why, that is the minister's house!" exclaimed the boy, as if he did not suppose that a kind man and the minister of the Gospel could be the same person.

"Why," said the man, "I am the minister myself, and if you will come with me, I think I can do you some good."

Said the boy, "My hands are dirty, I cannot go."

Said the minister, "Here is a pump why not wash?"

Said the boy, "I am so little that I can't wash and pump at the same time."

Said the minister, "If you'll wash, I'll pump." He at once set to work, and pumped, and pumped, and pumped, and as he pumped the little boy washed his hands and his face till they were quite clean.

Said the boy, "My hands are wringing wet, and I don't know how to dry them."

The minister pulled out of his pocket a clean pocket-handkerchief, and offered it to the boy.

Said the little boy, "But it is clean."

"Yes," was the reply, "but it was made to be dirtied."

The little boy dried his hands and face with the handkerchief, and then accompanied the minister to the door of the Sunday-school.

Twenty years after the minister was walking in the streets of a large city, when a tall gentleman tapped him on the shoulder, and, looking into his face, said, "You don't remember me?"

"No," said the minister, "I don't."

"Do you remember, twenty years ago, finding a little boy playing marbles round a pump? Do you remember that boy being too dirty to go to school, and your pumping for him, and your speaking kindly to him, and taking him to school?"

"Oh," said the minister, "I do remember."

"Sir," said the gentleman, "I was that boy. I rose in business, and became a leading man. I have attained a good position in society, and on seeing you to-day in the street, I felt bound to come to you, and tell that it is to your kindness and wisdom and Christian discretion—to your having dealt with me lovingly, gently, and kindly, at the same time that you dealt with me aggressively—that I owe, under God, all that I have attained, and all that I am at the present day."—*J. C. Ryle.*

## TIRED BIRDS.

**M**ANY of our birds fly several thousand miles every autumn, passing not only over Florida, where they might find perpetual summer, but over the Gulf and far beyond into the great summer-land of the Amazon; after a short stay, returning again to the North, some penetrating to the extreme shore of the Arctic seas. How the small birds fly so great distances is almost incomprehensible, but I have seen many of our small feathered friends on the little Key of Tortugas, two hundred miles or more from Cape Florida, the jumping-off place of the United States. Great flocks of them would alight upon the walls of the fort, especially during storms, evidently thoroughly tired; but the next day they were up and away off over the

great stretch of the Gulf and the Caribbean Sea.

Numbers of the English birds and many from Northern Europe make their yearly voyages down into the African Continent, and careful observers state that they have seen the great storks so common in Germany moving along high in the air, bearing on their broad backs numbers of small birds that had taken free passage, or were perhaps stealing a ride. In these wonderful migrations many birds are blown out to sea and lost, while others become so fatigued and worn-out that they will alight upon boats. A New England fisherman, who in the autumn follows his calling fourteen or fifteen miles out from the shore, informed me that nearly every day he had four or five small birds as companions. They had wandered off from shore, or were flying across the great bay on the lower coast of Maine, and had dropped down to rest. One day the same fisherman fell asleep while holding his line, and upon suddenly opening his eyes there sat a little bird on his hand, demurely cocking its head this way and that, as if wondering whether he was an old wreck or a piece of drift-wood.—*St. Nicholas.*

## THE VERY SAME CHAP.

**M**R. PAXSON relates the following: "In a log school-house on the banks of the Grand Chariton, in Missouri, after I had finished a speech in favour of a Sunday-school a plainly-dressed farmer arose and said he would like to make a few remarks. I said, 'Speak on, sir.'"

"He said to the audience, pointing across the room at me,

"I've seen that chap before. I used to live in Macoupin County, Ill., and that man came there to start a school. I told my wife that when Sunday-schools came round game got scarce, and that I would not go to his school or let any of my folks go. It was not long before a railroad came along, so I sold out my farm for a good price and came to Pike County. I hadn't been there more than six months before that same chap came to start a Sunday school.' I said to my wife: 'That Sunday-school fellow is about, so I guess we'd better move to Missouri.' Land was cheaper in Missouri, so I came and bought a farm and went back for my family. I told them Missouri was a fine State; game plenty, and, better than all, no Sunday-school there.

"Day before yesterday I heard that there was to be a Sunday-school lecture at the school-house by some stranger.' Says I to my wife: I wonder if it can be possible that it is that Illinoisian?' I came here myself on purpose to see; and, neighbours, it's the very same chap.

"Now, if what he says about Sunday-schools is true, it's a better thing than I thought. If he has learned so much in Sunday-school, I can learn a little, so I've just concluded to come to Sunday-school and to bring my seven boys!"

"Putting his hand in his pocket he pulled out a dollar, and coming to the stand where I was he laid it down saying: 'That'll help to buy a library. For, neighbours,' he added, 'if I should go to California or Oregon, I'd expect to see that chap there in less than a year.'

"Some one in the audience spoke up: 'You are tired.'

"Yes, he said, 'I am tired at last. Now, I'm going to see this thing through, for if there is any good in it, I am going to have it.'"

## READERS AND READING.

**E**VERY age produces work that is destined to last; and if we read nothing of contemporary literature we shall not keep up to the times in which we live. We would not, therefore, confine anybody to the classics. In books, as in other things, what pleases one does not another—nay, what nourishes one does not nourish another; and so the reading question must, in a great measure, regulate itself. If we read under proper guidance when we are young we shall know what books to choose when we have arrived at man's estate; that is, if we have any capabilities to start with. It is only the blind that need to be led. The true reader, the initiated one, so to speak, has a guide within his own breast which is far more certain than any outside experience. Give a person the whole range of English literature, see what books he selects and you can soon determine the character of his mind. It is easily classified. People choose their books very much as they do their friends. Some are pleased with any book they chance to take up, and with any person they happen to meet. Others are more discriminating and more exclusive. Readers are, indeed, numerous, but they may be divided into numerous classes; and those who take unaffected delight in the great masters of literature, but who cannot read everything that is printed, may congratulate themselves on belonging to an aristocracy more exclusive than that of wealth and more distinguished than that of family.—*Literary World.*

## WHAT BOYS SHOULD BE.

**B**E true, be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read, he had better never learn a letter of the alphabet, and be true and genuine, in intention and action, rather than, being learned in all sciences and in all languages, to be at the same time false in heart and counterfeit in life. Be pure in thought and language, pure in mind and body. An impure man, young or old, poisoning the society where he moves with smutty stories and impure examples, is a moral ulcer, a plague spot, a leper who ought to be treated as were the lepers of old. Be unselfish. To care for the comforts and feelings of others. To be polite. To be just in all dealings with others. To be generous, noble, manly and mannerly. Be self-reliant and self-helpful even from early childhood. To be industrious always, and self-supporting at the earliest proper age. Teach them that all honest work is honourable, and that an idle, useless life of dependence on others is disgraceful. When a boy has learned these four things—when he has made these ideas a part of his being, however young he may be, however poor, or however rich, he has learned some of the most important things he ought to know when he becomes a man.