

few words he told how he caught the birds to bring them as a present to the master.

"A present, my good boy!" cried the schoolmaster, "you do not look as if you could afford much presents. Tell me your price and I will pay it to you, and thank you besides?"

"I would rather give them to you, Sir, if you please," said the boy.

The schoolmaster looked at the boy who stood before him, with bare head and feet, and trousers that reached only half way down his legs.

"You are a very singular boy," said he, "but if you will not take money you must tell me what I can do for you; as I cannot accept your present without doing something for it in return. Is there anything that I can do you?"

"O yes!" said the boy, trembling with delight; "you can do for me what I should like better than anything else."

"What is that?" asked the schoolmaster, smiling.

"Teach me to read," cried the boy, falling upon his knees; "O dear, kind Sir, teach me to read!"

The schoolmaster complied. The boy came to him at all leisure hours, and learned so rapidly that the teacher recommended him to a nobleman residing in the neighborhood. The gentleman who was as noble in mind as in birth patronized the poor boy, and sent him to school at Ratisbon. The poor boy profited by his opportunities; and when he rose, as soon he did, to wealth and honors, he adopted two fieldfares as his arms.

"What do you mean?" cried the bishop's friend.

"I mean," returned the bishop, with a smile, "that the poor boy was my self."—*Home Companion.*

Mother Symington.

About one hundred years ago a clergyman in Massachusetts had a respectable neighbour belonging to his parish who was notoriously addicted to lying;

not from any malicious or pecuniary motive, but from perverse habit. The minister was every day grieved by the evil example of his neighbour. This person was Captain Clark, a friend of the clergyman in all temporal matters, and a man useful in the parish. But his example was a source of much inquietude to the divine. He was determined to preach a sermon for the occasion. Accordingly he took for his text, "Lie not one to another." He expatiated on the folly, the wickedness, and evil example of lying, in such a pointed manner, that nearly every person present thought that the clergyman was aiming at the captain. The service being ended, some one said to the captain, "What think you of the sermon?" "Excellent! excellent!" he replied; "but I could not for my life keep my eyes off old Mother Symington, thinking how she must feel for he certainly meant her." This story was told by a daughter of the clergyman, who heard the sermon; to which she added: "When you see any folly or vice exhibited from the pulpit, before you look out for a Mother Symington, look within yourself, and see if Captain Clark is not there." Her advice had some effect, and may have again.—*Belger's Clergy of America.*

The Sleeping Disciple.

Unavoidable cares and toils through the week, deprivation of nightly rest, age, and disease may excuse some for sleeping in the house of God; but there are professing Christians who indulge the inclination to sleep without the shadow of an excuse. They offer no resistance to the approach of the somnolent spell; they place themselves in a position to invite the overpowering stupor; they yield themselves up to the power of the soporific influence as willing slaves; they lose the identity of hearers in that of sleepers. Their appearance is that of non-interest and spiritual declension.

The disciple of Christ should feel that it is not an unimportant matter—