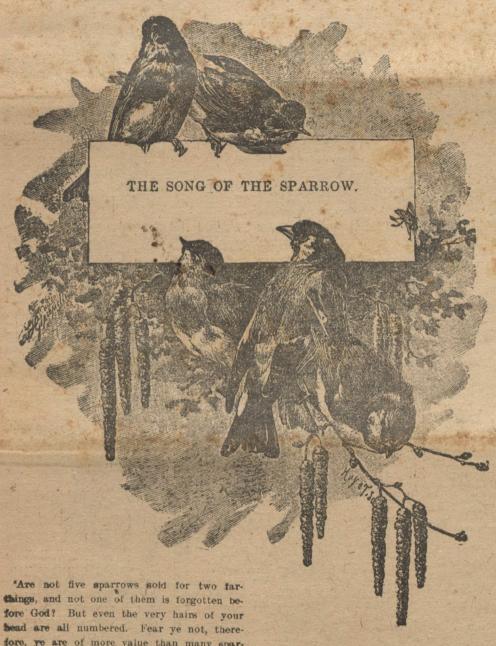
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fore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.'-(Luke xii., 6, 7.)

I'm only a little sparrow, A bird of low degree; My life is of little value, But the dear Lord cares for me.

He gives me a coat of feathers-It is very plain I know, Without a speck of crimson, For it was not made for show.

But it keeps me warm in winter, And it shields me from the rain; Were it bordered with gold and purple, Perhaps it would make me vain.

And when the Springtime cometh, I will build me a little nest, With many a chirp of pleasure, In the spot I love the best.

I have no barn or storehouse. I neither sow nor reap; God gives me a sparrow's portion. And never a seed to keep.

If my meat is sometimes scanty. Close pecking makes it sweet;

- I have always enough to feed me, And life is more than meat.
- I know there are many sparrows-All over the world they are found-But our heavenly Father knoweth When one of us falls to the ground.

Tho' small, we are never forgotten; Tho' weak, we are never afraid; For we know the dear Lord keepeth The life of the creatures He made.

- I fly through city and country, I alight on many a spray;
- I have no chart or compass But I never lose my way.
- I just fold my wings at nightfall, Wherever I happen to be; For the Father is always watching And no harm can come to me.

I am only a little sparrow, A bird of low degree; But I know that the Father loves me. Dost THOU know His love for THEE? -Author Unknown.

The Fall of a Sparrow.

Halstead Street, in Chicago, is said to be the longest paved street in the world, and along most of its twenty miles it bears a reputation somewhat less than desirable. Yet it was here that a little incident occurred which touched the heart of a Chicago re-

From the eaves of a two-story frame building a fledgling sparrow had fallen from its nest and lay fluttering in the mud and water of the gutter, while the mother bird perched on the eaves and exhibited every token of distress which a bird could possibly display.

The driver of a rickety express waggon first saw it and stopped, looking from the bird in the puddle to the mother on the roof. The driver of a waggon saw him looking, and he also stopped. Then both these rough men climbed down, and went to the rescue of the bird, which, by desperate exertions had fluttered out of the puddle and found an almost inaccessible retreat under the sidewalk.

The big, burly waggon driver got down on his knees and reached back until at last he caught the frightened, fluttering little thing, and brought it back into daylight. Then the driver of the express-waggon hunted tor a · ladder, and soon found where one could be

People began to gather by this time. Quite a little company was there by the time the ladder was reared against the eaves. Then the bird changed hands, for the bulk of the waggon-man was too great for him easily to undertake to climb, so he stood at the bottom and held the ladder while the express-man clung to the rungs with one hand and gently held the little bird in the other.

The mother bird retreated a little when the ladder was raised, and chattered, half in fear and half in joy, as she recognized her child in the hand of the man ascending the ladder. But her fear was soon dispelled, for the man replaced the fledgeling in its nest and descended. Then the two men returned the ladder to its owner and mounted their waggons and

It was a simple little incident, but no one witnessed it without a feeling of emotion and of admiration. The reporter who saw it went back to the office and found a Bible, and looked through it till he came to a passage that seemed to bear upon the incident he had witnessed. He told the story in the 'Tribune' the next day with very little elaboration. The only words he added to the narrative were those found recorded from the lips of Jesus: 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing! and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father.

Pithy Sayings of John Wesley.

I have no time to be in a hurry. God begins his work in children. The best of all is, God is with us. I look upon the world as my parish. I dare no more fret than curse or swear God buries his workmen, but continues his