



FEEDING THE BIRDS.

## LITTLE BOY BLUE.

ON the wild-rose bank little Boy Blue  
Sleeps with his head on his arm,  
While voices of men and voices of maids  
Are calling him over the farm.

His roguish eyes are tightly shut,  
His dimples are all at rest,  
The chubby hand, tucked under his head,  
By one rosy cheek is pressed.

Waken him? No. Let down the bars,  
And gather the truant sheep;  
Open the barn-yard and drive in the cows,  
But let the little boy sleep.

For year after year we can shear the fleece,  
And corn can always be sown;  
But the sleep that visits little Boy Blue  
Will not come when the years have flown.

## WHICH?

Two little boys sat alongside of each other in Infant School. When the collection was taken up, one little boy held up a shiny five-cent piece and dropped it into the basket, so that all could see it. His father had given it to him just as he started, at the same time he gave him four others to buy candy with. The other little boy dropped a penny in the basket. It was the only penny he had, and he had not tasted candy for a very long time. The first one said: "Humph! you only gave a penny—I gave five cents." The other one looked down and flushed, but he prayed that God would bless his penny. When God looked down on those two little boys, with whose gift do you think he was most pleased? God does not judge as man does, because he knows all about every thing. He knows what we have not, as well as what we have.

THE boy who was kept after school for bad orthography said he was spell-bound.

## TELLING MOTHER.

A CLUSTER of young girls stood about the door of the school-room one afternoon, when a little girl joined them, and asked what they were doing. "I am telling the girls a secret. Kate, and we will let you know, if you will promise not to tell any one as long as you live," was the reply.

"I won't tell any one but my mother," replied Kate. "I tell her everything, for she is my best friend."

"No, not even your mother, no one in the world."

"Well, then I can't hear it; for what I can't tell my mother is not fit for me to hear." After speaking these words, Kate walked away slowly, and perhaps sadly, yet with a quiet conscience, while her companions went on with their secret conversation.

I am sure that if Kate continued to act on that principle, she became a virtuous, useful woman. No child of a pious mother will be likely to take a sinful course, if Kate's reply is taken for a rule of conduct.

If you have no mother, do as the disciples did; go and tell Jesus. He loves you better than the most tender parent.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful: but his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night. Psalm i. 1, 2.

## A TALK WITH THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE Lord loves little children. He tells us this in his Holy Word. He proved it by his actions when he dwelt upon earth. He used to put his hands upon them and bless them. Many mothers who had learned to know the blessed Jesus, brought their little ones to him that he might bless them. The disciples thought this was putting Christ to too much trouble, and so they rebuked these mothers. "But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

And the Lord loves little children now as well as he did then. He still wants parents to bring their little ones to him. Now, boys and girls, your father and mother want to bring you to Jesus. For that reason they had you baptized. For that reason they teach you God's Word. For that reason they want you to go to church and Sunday-school, and to receive instruc-

tion in the catechism. For that reason they tell you what to do and say, and to prove you when you do wrong, or fail to do your duty.

Will you not permit your parents to bring you to the Lord? Will you not heed them, and heed your pastor, and learn to know and love God's Word? If you do this the Lord Jesus will continue to love you. For all such children he has prepared a home above. He will send his angels to each of these children some day, and take them from this world of sin and sorrow to himself in heaven.

## A NOBLE BOY.

HENRY never spent a cent on himself for cakes, candy, or toys. Every penny he received he kept in a savings-bank, that he might have it to give away when he heard of any case of real distress among the poor.

"Auntie," he asked one day, "are there any little children in Africa who have never heard about Jesus?"

"Yes, dear, a great many. There are many tribes there who have never yet heard his name."

"Then, auntie, I should like to give you money that the little children there may hear about Jesus."

"I was at tea, forgetting all about the little man," said his aunt afterward, "when there was a knock at my door, and I went to see who it was. I found a man walking Henry, holding in both his hands a heavy box. 'This is for the Lord Jesus and the little black children,' he said as he placed the box in my hands. We opened the box and counted the money on the table—one dollar and forty-eight cents—more than one dollar of which was in coppers. A little while before he had given away three dollars."

## A GOOD WAY.

RIDING in the cars the other day I found a seat with a bright little girl of eleven summers. She was from Halifax, Nova Scotia, and said she attended the Baptist Sunday-school.

"How many girls are there in your class?"

"There are sixteen now."

"What do you mean by sixteen now?"

"O, sir, one year ago there were only three of us."

"How did you grow so fast?"

"We three agreed to keep asking every little girl we saw, who did not go some where else, if she would not come into our class, and now we have sixteen."—*Golden Rule.*