

## The Wren and the Dragon-Fly.

### A Parable.

On a warm day in summer a little brown wren came to the edge of a pool, and as she drew near she saw a glorious creature hovering in the air on four great wings of brown gauze, and catching the gnats that flew past him.

She had never seen so wonderful a being, and she stopped to gaze upon his blue and yellow rings, and his eyes that shone like diamonds. And as he observed her admiration the beautiful creature said:

'Do my eyes dazzle you, little brown stranger?'

'I have never seen anything like them,' she answered; 'they seem to me to be not one pair, but many eyes gazing in all directions.'

'You speak truly,' answered the other. 'There are thousands of eyes in each, and because I have so many I am the king of all flies, and they call me the dragon-fly. How many eyes have you?'

'I have but one pair,' the wren said, humbly.

'Then you can never be on your guard against an enemy?'

'Only by constant watching,' she said; 'but may it please my lord, I see an enemy approaching even now,' for a child with a net was drawing near.

Now, though the dragon-fly had many thousand eyes, yet he could see but a little way with them. Howbeit, he would not own to his failing, but told the wren that there was no danger, and hovered still in the same spot. And the wren, with the help of her one pair of eyes, escaped, but the dragon-fly was taken in the net and perished miserably; for one good talent is better than many poor ones.—'The Quiver.'

### A Little Gentleman.

'I'm going to be a gentleman when I'm big like papa,' said little Joe one day.

'But papa was a gentleman when he was little like you,' said grandma, who was sewing near him.

'Did he dress up in grandpa's coat and hat and walk with his cane, as I do with papa's sometimes?' inquired Joe.

'No, he wore pinafores and a little straw bonnet,' said grandma stitching away.

Joe looked at her steadily as though he could not understand.

'Are you trying to think how he

looked, dear?' grandma asked. 'I wasn't meaning that; but I mean that his little cousin Kittie came to play with him, and he went to his box and brought out the very best toy that he had—a jumping frog—and said, 'This is for you, Kittie, 'cause you're a little girl.' And I think that did more to make him a gentleman than a coat, hat, and cane could have done.'—The 'Christian Commonwealth.'

### Mary and Her Dog.

Such a pretty story I read the other day about a little girl named Mary. In some way she fell and broke her arm, and had to keep in bed for a long while. Her playmates came to see her, and often brought her beautiful flowers, of which she was very fond.

There was something else, too, which Mary loved dearly, and that was her dog, whose name was Bob.



He seemed to feel very sorry for his little mistress and he noticed how happy the flowers always made her, and he thought he would give her a bouquet too.

Away he went into the yard, and plucked a mouthful of plantain leaves. Then he hurried back to Mary, put his fore paws on her bed, dropped the leaves, and wagged his tail, saying as plainly as any dog could, 'Are not my flowers pretty too?'—'The Children's Treasury.'

### God Can See Through the Crack.

A lady came home from shopping one day, and was not met as usual by the glad welcome of her little son. He seemed shy of her, skulked into the entry, hung about the garden, and wanted to be more with Bridget than was common.

The mother could not account for his manner. When she was undressing him for bed, he asked:

'Mother, can God see through the crack in the closet door?'

'Yes,' said his mother.

'And can he see when it is all dark there?'

'Yes,' answered his mother; 'God can see everywhere and in every place.'

'Then God saw me, and he'll tell you mother. When you were gone I got into your closet, and I took and ate up the cake; and I am sorry,' and, bowing his head on his mother's lap, he burst out crying.—'Bright Jewels.'

### The Words of Christ.

'Who hath ears to hear let him hear.'

Who made the ear,  
Now bids us hear!  
His words divine,  
With wisdom shine,  
They're pure and true,  
And gracious, too,  
Oh, heed them well!  
They save from hell;  
They win the soul  
From sin's control;  
They show the road  
That leads to God;  
They teach the way  
To Endless day.

'Morning Guide.'

### Christ For Me.

For me He left His home on high;  
For me to earth He came to die;  
For me He in a manger lay;  
For me to Egypt fled away;  
For me He dwelt with fishermen;  
For me He slept in cave and glen;  
For me abuse He meekly bore;  
For me a crown of thorns He wore;  
For me he braved Gethsemane;  
For me He hung upon a tree;  
For me His final feast was made;  
For me by Judas was betrayed;  
For me by Peter was denied;  
For me by Pilate crucified;  
For me His precious blood was shed;  
For me He slept among the dead;  
For me He rose with might at last;  
For me above the skies He passed;  
For me He came at God's command;  
For me He sits at His right hand;  
For me He now prepares a home;  
For me He shall in glory come.

— Waif.

Acquire, while the mind is young, a love of innocent pleasure, an ardor for useful knowledge. Remember that a blighted spring makes a barren year. Vernal flowers, however gay, are only intended as preparatives for autumnal fruits.