

Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, MAY 23, 1874.



Love the Birds.

LISTEN, children, to the voices
Of yon feathered songsters gay;
How each golden tongue rejoices
This sunshiny summer day.

Richer now their notes and fuller
As they feel the glow of spring;
And bedeck'd with brighter color
Swells each throat and flits each wing.

And not fair alone, but clever,
For with only beak and feet,
And without a teacher ever,
Nests they weave—round, warm, and neat.

They are full of life and gladness,
Bright and busy all day long:
What have they to do with sadness?
What have they to fear of wrong?

Who their shining eggs would plunder?
Who their charming songs would still?
Who would tear their homes asunder,
Built with so much care and skill?

God has made them for enjoyment—
Not their own alone, but ours;
Who would stop their sweet employment,
Singing, nesting, in the bowers?

Who would rob them of their pleasure?
Who would blight their busy days?
Who would take from birds their treasure,
And from God such songs of praise?

Children, guard them, love them dearly;
Learn yourselves from birds to sing,
As they warble sweetly, clearly,
Like the angels to their King!

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Birds.

WHEN Fred Evans was a boy he lived in the country. I had almost said in the woods. Newspapers were not so common then as now, and I suppose he never even heard Mr. Bergh's name mentioned; so his "society" was an entirely original idea.

Fred had five brothers, some older and some younger than himself, and there was quite a number of small boys in the neighborhood besides. Such good times as they had in the fields and woods! Bird-nesting, squirrel-hunting, nutting,—the year indeed was full of delightful diversions.

Fred loved the woods and everything in them with all his heart, and the cruelty that was often

shown the dear, patient little birds hurt him more than he could say. He had often wished he could do something to prevent it; and one day, as spring was coming on, meditating and whittling, he thought it all out. There was no use "preaching" to the youngsters; they would only laugh and go their own way; and so Fred, wise in his generation, caught them with guile. Some square bits of white pasteboard were procured, and neatly prepared for invitation cards. They were painted in a round, boyish hand, and cost Fred a great deal of trouble: "You are invited to come to a meeting to form a society, Saturday afternoon, at one o'clock. Be sure and come early."

Saturday came; and so did all the boys in the neighborhood, full of curiosity to learn the object of the "meeting." Fred had kept it a profound secret, even from his brothers.

Very properly, the exercises were opened with a speech. Fred was the speaker: "I say, boys, we ought to have a society,—a regular society, you know,—with a president, and all that." It wasn't a very long speech, but Fred knew his audience better than some older orators do theirs. "Hurrah!" "Jolly!" "Good for you!" "Just the thing!" were some of the exclamations which showed Fred that he had the public ear.

"What's it to be called?" "What's it for?" were questions that speedily followed. Encouraged by the interest displayed, Fred plunged at once into the middle of things.

"Well, boys, I go for the birds, and I don't care who knows it; and what's more, I don't believe there's a feller here mean enough to want to hurt one of the little things if he only stops to think. They don't never do nobody any harm, and I think the wood wouldn't be much 'count without 'em."

Joe Wilkins gave a prolonged whistle, but nobody minded him.



"Now, lets' have a reg'lar society for taking care of the birds. We'll 'lect a president, and have a meeting every week, and then every boy'll tell how many birds'-nests he has found, and where they are, and whether they're all right or not. The president'll keep an account in a book of the number of nests that each boy has the care of, and when the summer's over, the boy that's had the most nests'll be the best fellow, and we'll 'lect him for our next president. What do you say? Let's take a vote."

Fred was a leader among the boys, and the vote was unanimous in favor of his plan. He was duly elected president, and the society entered at once upon its humane and civilizing work. Meetings were regularly held during the summer; birds' rights were carefully considered, and nothing was allowed to interfere with their life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness so far as could be prevented by the society; and any fair-minded person will

acknowledge that such a society has a good deal of power.

Fred's hopes were more than realized in the success of his plan, and I am sure that he grew into a nobler and better man for putting his kind impulses into deeds. When I last saw him he was an earnest, influential minister of the gospel, and still continued to teach the children to be kind to the birds, and also to all God's creatures which are exposed to the carelessness and cruelty of wicked persons.

The Shepherd's Dog and the Sheep.

It is said that on the large sheep farms of Scotland, a shepherd often has the charge of from three thousand to six thousand sheep. The shepherd is usually aided by two shepherd's dogs, to drive the sheep out to pasture, and to bring them in.

Often in driving flocks from one pasture to another, one sheep will turn the wrong way, and all the others will be sure to follow as fast as they can run. So the shepherd must send one of his dogs to turn them back. The careless keeper, no matter how hot the day, would order his dog to rush down the narrow lane, through the flock, frightening the sheep, and often crushing or killing some of the tender lambs. But the wise shepherd directs his dog to go upon the other side of the hedge or fence, get ahead of the flock, and bring it back, taking care not to frighten the sheep. The dog will trot off so quietly, that the sheep do not notice him, and occasionally he will peep over or through the hedge, until he is sure of being ahead of the flock, then he will come out gently in advance of the sheep and turn them back without scaring or harming them. But if the sheep will not be turned by this gentle course, then the dogs must bark or bite them.

So when young persons turn down the wrong road leading into sin and danger, the Good Shepherd would bring them back by kind, gentle, and loving means. He sends affectionate Christian parents or kind teachers to show them their danger, and to point out to them how to find the safe paths. How careful should youth be to heed all such gentle warnings! How quick to return from every evil road, and walk in the way of God's commands! Then they need not fear any sharp judgments, and Jesus can treat them as the wise shepherd does his obedient flock.

Good-Night Kisses.

"MAMMA!" cried Georgie, in a plaintive voice. It was dark, and Georgie had been an hour in his trundle-bed.

"I thought you were asleep, Georgie, long and long ago," said she, coming into the chamber where Georgie lay in his little white bed.

"You never kissed me to-night," said Georgie, stretching out his arms; "I can't go to sleep without my bestest mamma's good-night kiss. Won't you kiss me, mamma?"

Mamma gave it with great joy. She hugged Georgie, and Georgie hugged her. "I want you to be a good boy as well as a dear boy, Georgie;" that is what she always said; and as often as she said it, so often his little heart said back, "I will be a good boy."

Do you pity the little children who have no good-night kisses, and no good mothers to give them any? They are poor indeed.