

A STORY OF TWO SPARROWS.

"What a hum-drum fellow you are!" said a pert sparrow to his little brown brother as they sat with the rest of their family on the stone coping of a large house, waiting for the sun to rise.

"I don't understand what aspirations mean," answered the hum-drum sparrow, "and I am not sure that I care, either; you interrupt me, brother: look, the clouds begin to redder for the sunrise!"

The pert sparrow hopped away down to the gutter, and sat by himself at his corner with his back to the rising sun, feeling very cross and disagreeable.

Down on the lawn below he noticed a troop of starlings scurrying to and fro in greedy haste for breakfast. An idea struck him: "Perhaps," he thought, "after all I am not a sparrow! Perhaps I am a starling!"

"Good morning, Master Sparrow!" said the starlings, which are a polite race of birds.

"You mistake!" answered the pert sparrow, swelling himself out big; "I am a starling."

The starlings gathered round in mirth and wonder to see this sparrow who called himself a starling. "You a starling!" they screamed in derision; you can't eat worms! you can't even waddle! C-r-r-r-e-e-e-e!!

The pert sparrow was so much offended that he betook himself to the top of the nearest elm to think things over. Was he right or were the starlings? He, a bird with such great thoughts, was just as likely to be right as they. And so reasoning to himself, he caught sight of a flight of rooks just setting out from the rookery in the valley for a freshly-plowed field at some distance, where news had been blown abroad through Rookland that the worms were unusually fat and fine.

Be sure his presence did not much affect them, for their minds were set on the great business of daily food; only the bird nearest the sparrow noticed him, and remarked to one of its companions, "Where did this atom come from? Can you tell me what it is?"

"A sparrow I believe," answered his friend; "C-r-r-a-w-w-!" (which is the rook way of laughing).

The poor little sparrow was very tired before they reached their destination, and swooped down to its rugged furrows with a grand rush of sombre wings. To and fro over the clods of earth they paced with croaks and cawings, and left the pert sparrow sitting by himself on a stone out of breath no less than out of spirits. Being a rook was not such fun as he had imagined. Perhaps the thing that tried him most was that the

rooks took no manner of notice of him, being occupied with the more important diversion of a meal.

Just then a bird with slender wings, barred breast, and fierce expectant eyes, swept over the nearest clump of trees and hung suspended in the blue air above the field.

His head turned from side to side; his wonderful eyes went every way; his wings quivered slightly; breakfast was also in his mind.

The sparrow crouched a little, dumb with awe and admiration. How wonderful this bird who could rest on the air as if upheld by unseen hands, or go up its windy highroads into the kingdoms of the sun; whose energy was as the storm, whose grace and speed were as the lightning.

"I will be a falcon!" cried the pert sparrow; "I will hover too;" and he sprang up with a twitter to join the bird of prey. Poor little pert sparrow! That was its last remark. A shadow sudden and swift as fate came between him and the sun. He was struck by the crooked beak, dropped and caught in the powerful claws, and borne to serve that sparrow-hawk for an excellent breakfast.

Meanwhile the hum-drum sparrow sat in the gutter with the sunshine on his breast vigorously chirping his appreciation of the delicious morning.

The air glowed with light, the wind was gay among the dancing leaves, and it may have been my fancy but I thought the sun shone with a tenderer brightness, and the wind blew with a more delicious freshness, for the sake of that chirping sparrow.—Little Folks.

A GREAT SUFFERER.—That person who is afflicted with rheumatism is a great sufferer and greatly to be pitied if they cannot procure Hagyard's Yellow Oil. This remedy is a certain cure, not only for rheumatism but for all external aches and internal pains.

I S'ALL S'EEP WIV HIM TO-NIGHT.

Sometimes I believe little ones say the best things after all. I knew a little family in Detroit who were heart-broken and sad this Saturday night. There were three last Saturday, but to-day only two are left. The tie that bound them more closely than that which the clergyman drew has lately been loosened, and the light of their lives went out with the red Winter sun only the other night. The father is a railroad man, whose duties call him away from home nearly three-fourth's of the time. It was his habit, whenever he was about to start for home, to telegraph his wife, apprising her of the fact. In these telegrams he never failed to mention the name of the little four-year old, and the dispatches usually ran as follows:

"Tell Arthur I shall sleep with him to-night."

The baby boy was very proud of these telegrams, which his mother would read over to him, and he considered the "teledraf" a great institution. The other night, when the fever had done its work, and the mother was sobbing out her anguish, the little one turned calmly in his bed, and said:

"Don't ky, mamma; I s'all s'leep wiv Dod, 'oo know. Send Dod a

teledraf, and tell Him I s'll seep wiv Him to-night."

But the message went straight up there, without the clicking of wires or the rustle of wings.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Where may children go to hear Of God, and learn his name to fear, To love, to honor, and revere? Where? To the Sunday School.

Where are children easy taught, What God expects in heart and thought Of those the blood of Christ has bought? Where? In the Sunday School.

Where may children hear and know Of Christ, who died for all below, To save them from eternal woe? Where? In the Sunday School.

Where are children taught to raise The song of love, the voice of praise, To Christ, in sweet and tender lays? Where? In the Sunday School.

Where are children led to feel That peace and joy, and love and zeal, The Holy Spirit pledge and seal? Where? In the Sunday School.

Where may children learn the way To Heaven; and then in endless day Their everlasting tribute pay? Where? In the Sunday School.

May every child then hasten there, And in those blessings seek to share, With up-lift hearts in earnest prayer, And love the Sunday School.

A STRANGE BEACON.

You who are very fond of oysters should go to Husum, a town on the west coast of Slesing, on the North Sea. It is always very cold in winter, and plenty of ice is there. But once it froze so hard that the inner harbor was covered with beautiful smooth ice. The Husum folk rejoiced at this. "All who had legs to carry them hastened to the ice. The little oyster town was quite deserted.

The people had a grand fete; tents were built, and there was much pleasure and amusement; they played, laughed, danced, ate, and glided over the smooth ice. They did not notice the white cloud in the sky, and they forgot the poor sick old woman in her cottage on the dike. But she did not forget them as she looked from her sick-bed and saw the cloud, and she knew that it meant danger, for in her younger days she had had many a fishing and oyster catching trip with her husband. She saw that one little cloud followed by others, and that they formed themselves into one great black cloud. She knew if a storm arose, all those people on the ice would be drowned.

In half an hour it would be high tide. The old woman cried as loud as she could, but merry folks on the ice neither heard nor saw her. Only a few minutes and perhaps the rising sea would bury hundreds in the waves.

Then the old woman put forth all her strength. She struck a light and put a fire-brand to her bed, and with difficulty escaped from the burning house. In a moment the bright flames darted upwards; they were seen on the ice. All rushed to the land to the rescue.

The last foot had scarcely left the ice when, a terrible crash, the rising waves broke the ice; but all were safe. The people wished to save the little old

woman, but she, in her wisdom had been the means of saving them.

It is needless to tell how grateful the people of Husum were to the little old woman, and how they provided her with a dwelling, with food, and with clothing.

THE ALPINE STREAMLETS.

Up amidst the mountain-ranges of the Black Forest, in Germany, you may see a number of little tiny streams trickling down over the rough rocks and through the dark woods: small at first—so small that the broken branch of a tree, or some fragment of stone fallen from the overhanging crag, may avert it to the right hand or to the left.

It seems little matter, indeed, which course the stream follows, as it sings its happy way down the mountain-side, rippling and sparkling in the summer sunshine; but just that turn decides whether it is to flow with the streams below which unite to make the Danube, or with those which form the Rhine—whether, in fact, it is to pass on and on through the warmer climes to a southern sea, or to empty itself at last into the cold, freezing waters of the north.

It is so with the bright, clear stream of your young, pure lives. A very little, trivial, unimportant thing, as it seems now, may after all decide whether its tide shall be ever rolling onward toward the blackness and coldness of despair, or to the sunnier and warmer climes of Eternal Love.

MY TOOTHACHE—Is an exclamation heard every hour of the day. Toothache is the most common ailment of young and old, and in the aggregate inflicts more suffering than perhaps any other single complaint. A one minute cure is just what every person desires to possess. Nerviline—nerve pain cure—acts almost instantly in relieving the agony, and as a sample bottle affords a quantity sufficient for 100 applications, 10 cents fills the bill. Polson's Nerviline is the only positive remedy for toothache and all nerve pains. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

GALILEO probably would have escaped persecution, if his discoveries could have been disproved and his reasonings refuted.

MIRACULOUS.—"My miraculous cure was that I suffered from kidney disease for about two years, was off work all that time. A friend told me of B.B.R. I tried it and am happy to say that I was cured by two bottles." Wm. Tier, St. Marys, Ont.

IN BETTER HUMOUR NOW.—"My son, aged eleven, was cured of an eruptive humour that covered his head and face with sores, by two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters and Pills," testifies Mrs. Mary Fulford, of Port Hope, Ont.

MEMORY.—The memory ought to be a store-room. Many turn their into a lumber-room. Nay, even stores grow mouldy and spoil unless aired and used betimes; and then they, too, become lumber.—Guesses at Truth.

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