

medal was silver, and the alley was real marble and worth lots of money; and he thinks he got a great bargain."

"Oh," said Ted, "that alters the case. I would not have it at that price, if you gave me a hundred dollars as well."

"Why not," said Tom, "if he's such a soft as to believe everything you tell him?"

"He's welcome to sell his knife how he likes," said Ted, turning on his heel; "but I would not sell my character for all the knives in the world."—*Child's Gem.*

FAITH.

I HAVE a true story to tell you about a dear little bird—only a common brown sparrow; one of the kind of which our blessed Saviour spoke when He asked, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" And a farthing is such a little bit of money—only about half a cent—so that two sparrows could be bought for this little sum; and yet "not one of them shall fall to the ground without your Father" in heaven.

Perhaps it was His loving watch-care which guided the little bird of which I am about to tell you to our door one summer's day. Around the old farmhouse in which we lived grew large apple trees, in which many birds had built their nests, and from one of these this little fellow flew that day and lit on the stone doorstep, hopping about and chirping in a shrill, piping voice. Seeing the little stranger, I gathered up some crumbs and threw them gently on the step, standing back so as not to frighten him. If the little bird had known enough, it might have supposed that manna was raining from heaven, as it did so long ago for the hungry Israelites. But as it was only a bird, it thought nothing of the kind, but hopped briskly about until it had dined heartily, who, with a few sharp chirps which might mean, "I thank you," it seized one of the largest morsels in its bill and flew away!

After this it became a daily visitor, growing bolder each time, until at last it would hop across the floor and pick up the crumbs as we sat at the table, always ending, as on its first visit, by carrying off a large piece in its bill.

One day it was seen to approach the step more slowly, and, looking for the cause, we found that another bird was following timidly after. Reaching the step, our little Faith, as we had named it, flew boldly in, and called its companion to follow, but nothing could induce it to leave the grass where it was partly concealed. So Faith could do nothing but continue to carry the food to its timid mate.

Now, dear children, do you not see what a beautiful lesson we can learn from these little birds? The one which we named Faith, because it approached us so fearlessly, feasted daily from our board, which brings to mind a verse in the Bible which says, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it"; and the other "because of its unbelief," and timidity, dining on a crumb. May we take this little sparrow as a model to copy, and trust our heavenly Father with an unwavering trust; for surely we know that He who careth for the sparrows will much more care for even His humblest child who trusts in Him.—*Kind Words.*

A LITTLE TENANT.

"Oh, yes, I have all kinds of tenants," said a kind-faced old gentleman; "but the one I like best is a child not more than ten years of age. A few years ago I got a chance to buy a piece of land over on the west side, and did so. I noticed that there was an old coop with a house on it, but I paid no attention to it. After a while a man came to me and wanted to know if I would rent it to him.

"What do you want it for?" said I.

"To live in," he replied.

"Well," I said, "you can have it. Pay me what you think it is worth to you."

"The first month he brought me two dollars, and the second month a little boy, who said he was the man's son, came with three dollars. After that I saw the man once in a while, but in the course of time the boy paid the rent regularly, sometimes two dollars and sometimes three dollars. One day I asked the boy what had become of his father.

"He's dead, sir," was the reply.

"Is that so?" said I. "How long since?"

"More'n a year," was the reply.

"I took his money, but I made up my mind that I would go over and investigate, and the next day I drove over there. The old shed looked quite decent. I knocked at the door, and a little girl let me in. I asked for her mother. She said she did not have any.

"Where is she?" said I.

"We don't know, sir. She went away after my father died, and we've never seen her since."

"Just then a little girl about three years old came in, and I learned that these three children had been keeping house together a year and a half, the boy supporting his little sisters by blacking boots and selling newspapers, and the elder girl managing the house and taking care of the baby.

"Well, I just had my daughter call on them, and we keep an eye on them. I thought I wouldn't disturb them while they were getting along. The next time the boy came with the rent, I talked with him a little, and then said, 'My boy, you are a hero. Keep on as you have begun, and you will never be sorry. Keep your little sisters together and never leave them. Now look at this.'

"I showed him a ledger in which I had entered all the money that he had paid me for rent, and I told him it was all his with interest. 'You keep right on,' said I, 'and I'll be your banker, and when this amounts to a little more I'll see that you get a house somewhere of your own.' This is the kind of a tenant to have."—*Chicago Herald.*

ONWARD.

THE other morning a lady plucked me a bunch of pansies, fresh with the dews of night, and she said, as I took them: "I am glad to give them to you, for I know whenever I pick one pansy two will grow in its place." Consider the pansies, how they grow; for the kingdom of God grows in the same way. You have seen the great iron cylinder at the gas works rising and falling by turns. Beneath that cylinder is stored the light we use in our houses. The weight of the superincumbent cylinder forces out the material for lighting through all the city, and drives darkness from our dwellings. So the great commission, resting with wondrous power on the church of Christ, forces out the love and light and life which we now possess into all the corners of the earth, until they, too, kindle into flame, and darkness yields to day. Christ's word is Forward, onward, onward. His church must face the rising, not the setting sun. The manna of yesterday is stale to-day. To live in the past is to grow thin and finally starve. "Auld Lang Syne" is a very good tune, but "Onward, Christian Soldiers," is a far better marching hymn for the church of God.—*Rev. Dr. W. S. Apsey, in Parish Visitor.*

A SERMON ON PUSH.

WHEN Cousin Will was at home for vacation, the boys always expected plenty of fun. The last frolic before he went back to his studies was a long tramp after hazel nuts. As they were hurrying along in high glee, they came upon a discouraged-looking man and a discouraged-looking cart. The cart was standing before an orchard. The man was trying to pull it