



GOD'S BIRDS.

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BY M. M.

God's little birds! He knows them all,
He will not let a sparrow fall
From out his loving, watchful sight;
He keeps his words by day and night.

His little birds fear not the storm,
Their Father's breast is safe and warm,
He feeds them from his bounty's store,
And sends his sun when storms are o'er.

God's little birds! How wise are they!
They do not question, but obey;
God guides and feeds them, while they sing
Perpetual praises to their King.

HOW A POOR BOY SUCCEEDED.

Boys sometimes think that they cannot afford to be manly and faithful to the little things. A story is told of a boy of the right stamp, and what came of his faithfulness.

A few years ago a large drug firm in New York City advertised for a boy. Next day the store was thronged with applicants, among them a queer-looking little fellow, accompanied by a woman who proved to be his aunt, in lieu of faithless parents by whom he had been abandoned. Looking at this waif, the advertiser said: "Can't take him; places all full; besides, he is too small."

"I know that he is small," said the woman, "but he is willing and faithful."

There was a twinkling in the boy's eyes which made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm volunteered to remark that he "did not see what they wanted with such a boy; he wasn't bigger than a pint of cider." But after consultation, the boy was set to work.

A few days later a call was made on the boys in the store for someone to stay all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of others. In the middle of the night the

merchant looked in to see if all was right in the store, and presently discovered this youthful protegee busy scissoring labels.

"What are you doing?" said he. "I did not tell you to work nights."

"I know that you did not tell me so, but I thought that I might as well be doing something."

In the morning the cashier got orders to "double that boy's wages, for he is willing."

Only a few days elapsed before a show of wild beasts passed through the streets, and very naturally all hands in the store rushed to witness the spectacle. A thief saw his opportunity, and entered at the door to seize something; but in a twinkling he found himself firmly clutched by the diminutive clerk aforesaid, and, after a struggle, was captured. Not only was a robbery prevented, but valuable articles taken from other stores were recovered. When asked why he stayed behind to watch when all others quit their work, he replied: "You told me never to leave the store when others were absent, and I thought I'd stay."

Orders were immediately given once more. "Double that boy's wages; he is willing and faithful."

To-day that boy is a member of the firm—*Presbyterian Banner*.

TOM'S BATTLE.

THERE isn't any use trying to do good, mother," said Tom Winter, one Sabbath afternoon. "I've tried so hard this week, but it didn't do any good. I get angry so quick. I think every time that I never will again, but the next time anything provokes me away I go before I know it."

"You can conquer your enemy if you meet him in the right way. Remember how David went out to meet Goliath. Who would have thought that he, with only his sling and the little stones that he had taken from the brook, could defeat the mighty Philistine? But he did, be-

cause he went in the name and strength of the Lord of hosts. Now, your temper is your giant. If you meet him in your own strength, he will defeat you; but if, like David, you go out in God's strength, you will overcome. Try again to-morrow, Tom. Ask God to go with you and help you, and when your enemy rises up against you, fight him down; say to him that he shall not overcome you, because you fight with God's help, and strength."

"Well," said Tom, "I'll try, but I can't help being afraid."

Everything went smoothly the next day until play hour. The boys were playing ball, and one of them accused Tom of cheating. Instantly his face crimsoned, and he turned toward the accuser; but the angry words died on his lips. His conversation with his mother flashed into his mind. "I will try, if God will help me," he thought. It was a hard struggle for a minute. Tom shut his eyes tightly together, and all his heart went out in a cry for help, and he conquered.

"David killed Goliath, and that was the end of him," said Tom; "but my giant isn't dead, if I did conquer him once."

"I know," said his mother, "but every victory makes you stronger, and him weaker; and when the warfare is over, there is a crown of life promised to those who endure to the end."

SHORT SERMONS FOR BOYS.

Most boys and girls do not like sermons—they say they are too long for their highnesses. Perhaps they may like these short sermons. They will give food to think over, and must not be read too hastily.

A Swedish boy fell out of a window and was badly hurt, but with clenched lips, he kept back the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw him fall, prophesied that the boy would make a man for an emergency. And so he did, for he became the famous General Bauer.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their colour, and painted the white side of his father's house in the Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself by making drawings on his pots and brushes, easel and stool, and said: "That boy will beat me one day." And so he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood and thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself, "Now this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here goes!" and he flung the book into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

Do you know what these little sermons mean? Why, simply this: that in boyhood and girlhood are shown the traits for good or evil that make the man or woman good or not.