

A NOBLE BOY.

It is delightful to turn from the too frequently sad example of dime novel-bitten, runaway boys, bringing themselves and their parents to grief, to a pure picture of filial love and duty. Says a letter written from a western city:

Business called me to the United States Land Office. While there a lad about seventeen years of age, came in and presented a certificate for forty acres of land.

I was struck with the countenance and the general appearance of the boy, and inquired of him for whom he was purchasing the land.

"For myself, sir."

I then inquired where he got the money. He answered: "I earned it."

Feeling then an increased desire for knowing something more about the boy, I asked him about himself and his parents. He took a seat and gave the following narrative:

"I am the eldest of five children. I father is a drinking man, and often would return home drunk. Finding that father would not abstain from liquor, I resolved to make an effort in some way to help mother, brothers sisters. I got an axe and went into a new part of the country to work, and I have saved money enough to buy forty acres of land there."

"Well, my boy, what are you going to do with the land?"

"I will work on it, build a log house, and when all is ready, will bring father, mother, brothers and sisters to live with me. The land I want for my mother; it will secure her from want in her old age."

"And what will you do with your father if he continues to drink?"

"O sir, when we get him on the farm he will feel at home and be happy, and, I hope, become a sober man."

"Young man, may God's blessing attend your efforts to help and honour your father and mother."

By this time the receiver handed him his receipt for forty acres of land. As he was leaving the office he said:

"At last I have a home for my mother."

FEEDING THE PIGEONS.

We heard lately of the death of a woman in Connecticut who had fed the wild birds under the window of her house every day for thirty years. There were hundreds of the little feathered alms-takers, and their noisy chirping could be heard a great distance. After gathering the shower of crumbs tossed to them, they perched on the window-sills of the house and on the fences near by and had a regular thanksgiving of song.

After their good friend died there was no one to feed them, but they still gathered

resided in a house near by, began to feed them from her window at her own expense; and when she died she left a large sum of money to be devoted to that purpose and no other. So the pigeons are still fed in the square of St. Mark at two o'clock every afternoon, and crowds of people, especially strangers in the city, go to see them eat their dinner. They are so tame they do not seem to mind the many people about, and no one molests them. I don't know what would become of the boy or girl that should attempt to disturb them or frighten them away.



A little round head which nestles at last
Close to the mother's breast?
And then the lullaby, soft and low,
Singing the song of rest?

And close and closer the blue-veins
Are hiding the baby eyes,
As over the road to Slumberland
The dear little traveller hies;
For this is the way, through mother's arms,
All dear little babies go
To the beautiful city of Slumberland
When the sun is sinking low.

THE SAW OF CONTENTION.

"O Frank, come and see how hot my saw gets when I rub it! When I draw it through the board it's 'most hot enough to set fire to it."

"That is the friction," said Frank.

"Yes," said sister Mary, who was passing, "it's the friction; but do you know what it makes me think of?"

"No! what?" asked both the boys at once.

"Of two little boys who were quarrelling over a trifle this morning, and the more they talked the hotter their tempers grew, until there is no knowing what might have happened if mother had not thrown cold water on the fire by sending them into separate rooms."

The boys hung their heads, and Mary went on: "There is an old proverb, which says, 'The longer the saw of contention is drawn, the hotter it gets.'"

"O mother!" said a dear little girl, "it seems when I lay my head on the pillow, and am going to sleep, as if God was speaking sweet to me." How blessed to go to sleep so!

A small boy was discovered in tears at the breakfast table one morning, and, on being asked the cause of his grief, explained that he had been blowing on the red pepper ever so long, but couldn't cool it.

under the window daily and seemed to express their sorrow in mournful tones.

This reminds us of the pigeons that are daily fed in the square of St. Mark in Venice. A great many years ago a fair was held in the square, consisting of movable shops, each of which was sheltered by a large umbrella. The Government granted a certain man money to feed the pigeons that came around these booths at two o'clock every day.

The pigeons came every afternoon and the numbers increased. It was a pretty sight. But after a while there was a change in the Government, and there was no one to feed the pigeons. Then a noble woman named Signora Polcastro, who