

Page for the Young.

THE PIGEON AND THE OWL.

There once was a Pigeon, as I have heard say,
Who wished to be wise;
She thought to herself: "I will go to the Owl,
Perhaps he'll advise;
And if all he tells me I carefully do
I'll surely get wisdom." Away then she flew.

When little Miss Pigeon arrived at the barn
She found the Owl there.
Most humbly she cooed out her wish; but the
Owl
Did nothing but stare.
"Well, well!" thought Miss Pigeon, "of course
I can wait;
I won't interrupt him; his wisdom is great."

She waited and waited. At last the Owl
blinked
And deigned a remark:
"You'll never be wise, foolish Pigeon, unless
You stay in the dark,
And stretch your small eyes, and fly out in the
night,
And cry 'Hoo-hoo-hoo!' with all your might."

So little Miss Pigeon to practice began;
But all she could do
Her eyes would not stretch, and her voice
would not change
Its soft, gentle coo;
And she caught a sad cold from the night's
damp and chill,
And lacking the sunshine besides, she felt ill.

Then little Miss Pigeon gave up being wise:
"For plainly," said she,
"Though owls are the wisest of birds, theirs is
not
The wisdom for me;
So I'll be the very best pigeon I can."
And what do you think! She grew wise on
that plan!

—Wide Awake.

"THEN GOOD-BY."

The tower door of St. Leonard's Church,
Bridgenorth, England, was left open, and two
young boys, wandering in, were tempted to
mount up into the upper part, and scramble
from beam to beam. All at once a joist gave
way! The beam on which they were standing
became displaced. The elder boy had just
time to grasp it when falling; while the
younger, slipping over his body, caught hold
of his comrade's legs.

In this fearful position the poor lads hung,
crying for help; for no one was near. At

length the boy clinging to the beam became
exhausted. He could no longer support the
double weight. He called out to the lad below
that they were both "done for." "Could you
save yourself if I were to loose my hold of
you?" replied the younger lad. "I could, I
think," returned the elder boy. "Then good-
by, and God bless you!" cried the little fellow,
loosing his hold. Another second and he was
dashed to pieces on the stone floor below, his
companion clambering to a place of safety.

This is a true story. The record of it is pre-
served in the Bodleian Library, at Oxford.
Some tales of heroism excite us to pour forth
our wonder and approval in many words, but
this one strikes us dumb. Surely this little
boy, in this one brief, awful act of self-sacrifice,
had found his way to keep his Lord's com-
mandment.

THE BIBLE IN THE BARN

Willie was a poor little boy who worked in
a machine shop. When he was fourteen
years old he gave his heart to Christ, and felt
as if he must work for Him. So he left his
trade and began to sell tracts and Bibles to
people who did not have them, or know of
them. He felt that he himself was young and
weak, but every day he prayed that Christ
would lead him and tell him what was the
best and wisest thing to do.

One morning he called at a farm-house and
wanted to sell the man a Bible. The man
refused to buy, and then Willie asked to leave
one there. "You can't leave one in my house;
if you leave one at all, the barn's the only place
that's fit for it," replied the man, expecting to
drive Willie off by his wicked words.

"All right," said Willie cheerily, thankful
to be allowed to leave it within the reach of
the household, for in some places they refused
it outright and drove him away. "Our
Saviour once lay in a manger, and that will
be a good place." So it was carried out to the
barn, and with a prayer that it might be read,
went on his way. The farmer impressed by
Willie's gentle and courageous words, wondered
what the Bible had to say about Jesus in the
manger, and finally went out and began to
read it. That reading led to his conversion,
and his conversion led his family to seek and
find Jesus. Was Willie wise or foolish to trust
in Jesus? Could he have worked so wisely
trusting in his own strength? No; it is Jesus
who makes us wise and gentle and brave, and
leads us always into the right way.

"Little hearts, O Lord, may love Thee,
Little minds may learn Thy ways,
Little hands and feet may serve Thee,
Little voices sing Thy praise;
Growing wiser, stronger, happier,
Loving Jesus all their days."