THE LITTLE SPARROW.

I am only a tiny sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
My life is of little value,
But the dear Lord cares for me.

I have no barn or storehouse,
I neither sow nor reap;
God gives me a sparrow's portion,
But never a seed to keep.

If my meal is sometimes scanty,
Close picking makes it sweet;
I have always enough to feed me,
And life is more than meat.

I know there are many sparrows,
All over the world they are found;
But our heavenly Father knoweth
When one of us falls to the ground.

Though small, we are never forgotten;
Though weak, we are never afraid;
For we know the dear Lord keepeth
The life of the creatures he made.

I fly to the thickest forest,
I light on many a spray;
I have no chart nor compass,
But I never lose my way.

And I fold my wings at twilight,
Wherever I happen to be;
For the Father is always watching,
And no harm will come to me.

—Our Four-footed Friends.

Sunbeam Conquered A Giant

By JOHN S. REMY.

Ages ago there lived in a province in India the most powerful giant the world has ever known. Not only was he stronger than ten other giants together, but there was nothing in the world he could not do. He wandered up and down the land, commanding people to give him tasks to perform, and he had never failed, no matter how difficult was the thing asked, to at once accomplish it. He was a harsh and cruel giant, for, as soon as he had done a person's bidding, he immediately carried that person off to his great palace in the mountains, where he was held a prisoner.

At last the ruler of this province said he would give up his throne to anyone who could ask this giant something he would fail to do. All the wise and great men of the kingdom racked their brains to think of some impossible task, and many curious things were asked of the giant. For instance, it was in the middle of the winter season, when no fruit, not even buds, were on the trees, and a great land-owner came to the giant, and said, "Make my hundreds of trees at once full of ripe and luscious fruits." Hardly had the words left his mouth when a flush of color ran over the trees, and buds and blossoms burst into beauty, and then the branches were bending under their load of fruit; and off went the wealthy land-owner to the giant's castle.

Then came a great physician. "I need," said he, "many herbs and drugs that India does not produce. Get them for me at once,— one of every herb that grows, in every land in the world, or you shall drink a drug that will put an end to your wicked power."

"Ah! ha!" chuckled the giant. "You are just the man I need in my castle. There are too many slaves there. You shall take your drugs with you, and make a deadly drink for the lazy ones."

At once the physician was almost buried beneath the herbs and drugs that he had ordered, and he, too, went off to the castle.

The ruler of the kingdom now came to the giant. He was a kind and tender-hearted man, and a wise one also; and he thought to himself, "Well, this may be my last day in my kingdom, so I'll ask the giant something which, if he can do it, will at least leave my people comfortable, and happy after I am gone."

So he said to the giant: "For once you shall use this magic power of yours for good, or else leave this land forever. There are many poor, many sick people in my country. If you can make every one wealthy, healthy, and happy, I shall be quite content to go to your castle, and be your slave forever."

The giant hated to do a kindly deed, so he roared with rage, and said to the ruler: "For this you shall work in the mines of my rock-bound home. You shall never again see a ray of sunlight or know any other pleasure in life. Solitary work in the darkest corners of the gold mines shall be your portion."

"After you have made all my subjects wealthy and healthy," taunted the brave ruler. Of course, the giant had to grant his wish in order to get him in his power. And, as the prince was taken from his palace by the giant, and fairly dragged along the streets, crowds of healthy, happy people thronged the way, and cried, "We will come for you, Your Royal Mightiness: you shall not long remain in the giant's power."

The vast army of people went to the very edge of the giant's land with their ruler; but here a sheer wall of rock, thousands of feet high, stopped them, while the magic power of the giant wafted him and his royal prisoner right over the wall and into the giant's castle. The giant only stayed long enough to set the ruler at work in the dark mines, and then he rushed off to the kingdom to secure more victims. The first person he saw was a gentle little maiden. She was seated before an open window, working on a wonderful piece of embroidery, in which, among soft hues of rainbow silk, flashed and gleamed gorgeous jewels and bands of gleaming gold.

"Ah! I need such a worker as this in my castle," thought the grim old giant; and he stopped before the open window.

His great black shadow fell on the beautiful embroidery, darkened the radiant colors, and caused the young girl to look up. Now she was pretty well frightened when she saw this great giant before her; but she was both brave and quick-witted, and as she saw how dim her gold and jewels looked, now that the brilliant sunlight was shut off from them, a thought popped right into her pretty head.

"Oh, good-morning, you big, brave giant," she cried. "I was just wishing for your help in this piece of embroidery I am doing for the royal palace. Now that you have made us all rich, I can buy all the gold and jewels that I wish. But I need one thing more. Will you get it for me?"

"Yes, and take the embroidery and the pretty worker both to my castle," said the giant, in a tone he tried to make pleasant.

"Oh, you dear, kind giant!" said the maid, with a merry laugh. "I want a few, just a very few of those beams, dancing on the grass behind you, to weave in my work. Then it will be perfect to,"—and she made a little pause, for she knew that the giant could never capture a sunbeam, —"to," she went on mockingly, "welcome back our brave, good ruler!"

The giant was beside himself with rage, for he knew that the little maid had asked the one impossible thing.

His punishment for his wicked life came so suddenly that he had not even time to answer her. At one and the same instant he was transported to an island in the midst of the sea, from which he could never return; while the rocky walls of his kingdom fell to the ground, and all the prisoners there came back to their homes to find there wealth and happiness.

As the ruler entered the city, a great crowd met him, and took him to the pretty embroiderer.

"Here, Your Majesty, is the maid who has saved your kingdom!" they cried. The royal ruler took his jewelled crown from his head, and placed it on the head of the young girl, saying, "I greet thee, Queen of my kingdom!"

"No, Your Majesty," answered the maid. "I should feel but sorrow if I had driven the giant from your kingdom only to force you from your throne."

"Then share my throne with me," said the ruler, who had fallen in love with her sweet face and pretty manners. "Come help me with your wisdom and kind heart to rule my kingdom."

This the little embroiderer consented to do; and the wonderful embroidery, in which not only sunbeams, but moonbeams, and all the tints of sunset and sunrise, seemed to flash and mingle in rare beauty, became the wedding gown of the fairest and wisest queen that had ever been known in that land.—Christian Register.

FISH FROM THE CLOUDS.

On Friday last a number of townspeople taking a walk on the slopes of Knockscalbert Hill were surprised to see on the grass near Summerhill a large number of very small fishes, varying in length from 1½ to 2 inches. The fish appeared to be the young of the herring, and their presence on the hill in considerable numbers created much speculation.

In August, 1904, a shower of herring fry was experienced at the head of Longrow, but there was no doubt as to whence the miniature fish had come, for they fell from above on the hats and clothing of several men, and at the time a small black cloud of remarkable density was directly overhead.

The phenomenon of fish falling from the clouds is, says our contemporary, of more common occurrence than is generally supposed. It is undoubtedly due to some small fry of fishes having been lifted from the water and carried over dry land by what is popularly known as a waterspout.

Many cases are reported from abroad, and these are common in India. Last year Caithness reported a shower of small fishes which were identified as herring fry, and there was also a similar occurrence in Rosshire.

Frogs, insects and other living creatures have also been known to be thus transported through the air. —Campbeltown Courier.

Typewritten News.

The typewritten news sheet that has had to be issued in Stockholm because of the general strike to take the place of the regular printed newspaper suggests a quaint echo from the earliest days of English journalism. It was in 1696 that Ichabod Dawks, a "London correspondent" of the original sort, hit upon the idea of issuing his news letter printed in type to imitate writing, the first number being thus announced: "This letter will be done upon good writing paper, and blank space left, that any gentleman may write his own private business. It does undoubtedly exceed the best of the written news, contains double the quantity, is read with abundance more ease and pleasure, and will be useful to improve the younger sort in writing a curious hand." Dawks proudly held in after years that he thus enabled his readers to know "the Occurrences of the Day, and the Heads of the Foreign Mails, which come in many times after the Publication of the Printed Papers, so that they may have the chiefest news stirring."

Light, heat and oil are the worst enemies of the rubber tire.

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