

All unconscious of Grey's sad end, the lame mouse lay beneath the hawthorn ledge of the adjoining field. His bed was dried moss and dead, brown, hawthorn leaves. Over him hung ferns of great beauty. The wild roses breathed forth the most delicious perfume, and the blue forget-me-nots, who kept watch whilst he slept. Mottle, after hours of painful wandering, found his friend, and told his tale of woe.

"There is death in the white mouse's gift," said Mottle. "I dread the changing colours of the stone."

"Death or life as it is cared for," the lame mouse answered. "I take mine to the hill where the clouds hang all day."

"But the dark pines roar and quiver in the storm," said Mottle, in a tone of sadness.

"They do; but I shall creep up beneath the flowers until I see the star. When the big pines roar and quiver, the flowers will sing to cheer me on."

"Flowers weep in the storm, they say," Mottle answered.

"So I am told," said Brown, "but weeping flowers sing softly."

The two passed on, and gained the pine-wood which reached to the summit of the hill. The trees stood so close together that they formed a deep black canopy, through which the light could scarcely find a way. Mottle looked into the thick and tangled mass of trees and underwood with a shudder. Dark and damp and

chilly the narrow path wined beneath the trees, on and upward, with scattered bands of light across it here and there.

"Is that the way?" he asked. "If so, I cannot pass it, it is so damp and cold; I am chill to the bone already. Can't we gain the top by skirting the wood? How the pine-trees roar and quiver; it must mean danger; surely there is another way. This path to the left, will you try it with me? It leads out into the sunlight. Hark! there is music, softly delicious music floating up from thence. See, there! what strangely beautiful lights those are which flash and tremble against the sky! Come, come, let us away!"

"I must see the star," the lame mouse said, and crept into the darkness.

"The star!" Mottle murmured. "My gift is only a cold white stone. It can never rise into a star. 'Tis folly to expect it. Darkness like that beneath those trees can never lead to anything worth having. This to the left must be the path. What music! What splendour! I must go,"—and he turned away.

Poor Mottle! He little knew that distance and desire deceive the hearts of many, and that for such there is no star.

"I must see the star," the lame mouse said, and he saw it. Not in the darkness where the pine-trees roar and quiver, but beyond the hill where the clouds hang all day,—far on in a delicious valley—saw it, mirrored in a fountain, and burning on his brow.

ERNEST RETHERMA.

A LESSON FROM IDOLATERS TO CHRISTIANS.—Let Christians learn a lesson from idolaters. They lavish gold out of their purses, and spare no expense for their senseless, useless idol. Their profuse liberality in the service of idolatry puts to shame the niggardly parsimony of those professing Christians who worship the true and living Jehovah with that which costs them nothing. The zeal and lavish libe-

rality of the votaries of superstition in respect to their objects of worship, ought to cause to blush with guilty shame the professors of a pure faith, who yet will make no large sacrifices for the Lord their God. Sin is always a costly service. If we are delivered from sin, let us not grudge to give God an "offering" when we "come into His courts."—*T. W. Medhurst.*