



THE "TRAVELLER'S TREE" OF MADAGASCAR.

THE FAR COUNTRY.

You stand at the brim o' the hill, little girl,
And look with a sweet despair
At the melting hilltops of purple red,
With the fleecy bars of the blue o'erhead,
And you want to be running still, little girl,

To the country of Over There.

Oh, a brave, brave country it shows, little girl,

With colors and trappings rare,
A bustle of happy sounds and sights,
A glistening current of sweet delights,
Where every one's known and knows, little girl,

In the country of Over There.

There are strains of a sweeter song, little girl,

Than hearts of this land can bear;

There are delicate whispers and flitting feet,

And gay, bright, laughing pleasures fleet,
Where nothing but sorrow's wrong, little girl,

In that country of Over There.

But no one can tell you the way, little girl,

To that land so dear and fair;
It glows in the sunset pools of light,
It shines in the starry clouds at night,
And only your heart can stray, little girl,
To the country of Over There.

ONE MAN'S WORK.

Some seventy years ago a Harrow boy of noble birth was standing not far from the school gates when he saw with indignation the horrible levity with which some drunken men were conducting a funeral.

Then and there that generous boy dedicated himself to defend through life the cause of the oppressed, to pity the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners, and to see that those in need and necessity had right done them.

To this high service he felt himself to be anointed as by the hands of invisible consecration; and nobly was his vow fulfilled. He saved the little chimney-sweeps from the brutalities to which they were subjected. He mitigated or cancelled the horrors of factories and mines. He founded ragged schools. He helped the poor costermongers. He went about, like the knights of old, redressing human wrongs. To few men has it been given to achieve more for the amelioration of the human race.

He passed, as all the truest and bravest men pass, through hurricanes of calumny, and felt the heartsickness of hope deferred amid painful isolation. Never was there a more remarkable and beautiful sight than that of his funeral in Westminster Abbey. "For departed kings there are appointed honors, and the wealthy have their gorgeous obsequies. It was his noble lot to clothe a nation in spontaneous mourning, and to sink into the grave amid the benedictions of the poor."

His name was Anthony Ashley, Earl of Shaftesbury. His statue stands by the western gate of the great abbey, chiselled in marble not whiter than his life, and the two mighty monosyllables carved upon it,

"Love, serve,"

are the best epitome to the best work of the young man in the church.

THE FAITH OF CHILDHOOD.

A little girl of six years old was playing on the verandah of a summer hotel the other day, and a lady sitting near said to her:

"Do you remember Jessie, with whom you used to play?"

"Yes, we were in the same weader (reader). Jessie has gone up to live in heaven with Jesus."

"There are four of Jessie's family there—a little sister and two little brothers—Jessie and Florence, Harry and Arthur."

"How nice!" said the little girl simply and with an air of conviction. It was to her as if the four little ones had gone away together to a very pleasant place, to be very happy, as indeed they had.

The faith of childhood accepts literally the promises of the Saviour. If we could all become as little children!

A three-year-old discovered the neighbor's hens in her yard, scratching. In an indignant tone she reported to her mother that Mr. Smith's hens were "wiping their feet on our grass."