

which the little girl rejoiced in having to give.

"Ah! see," said Anna, "how God has heard our prayers."

Tears filled the eyes of the good man. "Listen," said he to Joseph; "I will give you work from this time on my lands; and just remember, when you are in any need, I have enough for you." And then he hastened from the door, leaving behind him the sound of thanks and joyful weeping.

From that time the cottage beside the forest was never empty of food, though want still lay heavily on the country around. The gentle little Elizabeth nursed her bird till spring returned, and then set free the little messenger which had seemed to bring them tidings that their help was at hand.

"Fly away now," said Anna; "you brought us a happy promise, and well it was fulfilled."

"O, my children, forget it not. Every word of our Saviour is truth indeed.—*German Book for Children.*

Only just Inside the Fence.

"O!" cried the little children. "O, such beautiful flowers! and only just inside the fence!"

And then stealthy glances were cast up at the windows, the gate pressed softly, the beautiful flowers were snatched with a trembling hand, and the little children fled away with beating hearts. Were they now happier, because their guilty feet had wandered into forbidden paths? Only a little way had they gone, and lo, they had fallen into sin!

The freshness, the fragrance, the beauty of the flowers, were not sufficient to still the remorseful whisper of conscience. *It was only just inside the fence* they had been, yet what an ugly mark had sin set upon their fair brows!

Poor little children are we all. Forbidden pleasure smiles and beckons to us, *only just inside the fence*. Our longing glances linger there; our feet stray thitherward; it is a little way, no one sees us, and we put forth our hands, and pluck the flowers whose fatal beauty is a snare to the soul.

Only just inside the fence! But that fence is set between us and sin. One side of it we may walk safely in the "King's Highway," the other side leads us to

temptation, to folly, to crime. Once, when we have set our feet in the forbidden paths, we go again more boldly, till the time comes when that fence, set for our safety, is broken down and destroyed by our reckless indulgence in evil desires. There is no longer a barrier between us and sin. We do not pause or look round stealthily, or tremble as we grasp the coveted pleasure; our looks are grown insolent and defiant; the guilty blood mantles not on our cheeks at the detected fraud, the selfish indulgence, the debasing irreverence. The fence is broken down, and we wander unrestrained farther and farther on those inviting paths, whose fatal termination is the snare, the pitfall, the abyss of darkness and eternal despair.

"Such beautiful flowers!" Touch them them, touch them not, they are forbidden.

"Only just outside the fence!" Within that fence is sin, without it is safety.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

My Mother.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

My mother's voice! How often creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours,
Like healing on the wings of sleep,
Or dew, on the unconscious flowers.
I might forget her melting prayer,
While wildering pleasures madly fly;
But, in the still, unbroken air,
Her gentle tones comes stealing by;
And years of sin and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.

I have been out at eventide,
Beneath a moonlit sky of spring,
When earth was garnished like a bride,
And night had on her silvery wing;
When bursting buds and dewy grass,
And waters leaping to the light;
And all that makes the pulses pass
With wilder fleetness, thronged the night,
When all was beauty, then have I
With friends on whom my love is flung,
Like mirth on winds of Araby,
Gazed on where evening's lamp is hung.

And when the beauteous spirit there
Flung over all its golden chap,
My mother's voice came on the air,
Like the light dropping of the rain;
And resting on some silver star,
The spirit of a bended knee,
I've poured a deep and fervent prayer,
That our eternity might be—
To rise in heaven, like stars by night,
And tread a living path of light.