

FIRST TIME AT CHURCH.

GRAVE, sweet wonder in thy
And look of mingled dignity and grace,
Such as a painter-hand might love to trace.

A pair of trusting, innocent blue eyes,
That higher than the stained-glass window
rise,
Into the fair and cloudless summer skies.

The people round her sing, "Above the sky
There's rest for little children when they
die—
To her—thus gazing up—that rest seems
nigh.

The organ peels; she must not look around,
Although with wonderment her pulses
bound—
The place whereon she stands is holy ground.

The sermon over, and the blessing said,
She bows—as "mother" does—her golden
head,
And thanks of little sister who is dead.

She knows that now she dwells above the sky,
Where holy children enter when they die,
And prays God take her there too, by and by.

Let may he keep you in the faith always,
And bring you to that home for which you
pray.
Where all shall have their child-hearts back
one day.

—Chambers's Journal.

OPENING OF THE COLONIAL EXHIBITION, LONDON.

THE chief feature of the opening ceremonies was the singing of the new British ode composed by Tennyson for the occasion. The poem was in four parts, one of welcome to the exhibitors; one of prayer for the inheritance by the Colonies of England's attributes; the third describing the loss of America, and the lesson of it; and the fourth containing an appeal for the unity of the Empire. The ode is considered remarkable in many respects as a national hymn, and for the vigour of its lines. The choir accompanied by the orchestra and organ rendered the ode with perfect expression, and the effect was tremendous. All the parts were sung in English but the second. This had been translated into Sanscrit by Prof. Max Muller as a mark of courtesy to the large number of Orientals attending the Exhibition. The Queen was much affected by the singing of the ode. She smiled and nodded approval over each patriotic sentiment rendered, and was fairly radiant with pleasure when the vast audience caught up the poet's spirit and vented their joy in deafening thunders of applause. The text of the ode is as follows:—

Welcome, welcome! with one voice
In your welfare we rejoice,
Sons and brothers, that have sent
From Isle, and Cape, and Continent,
Produce of your field and flood,
Mount and lime and primal wood.
Works of subtle brain and hand,
And splendours of the morning land;
Guts from every British zone,
Britons hold your own!

May we find, as ages run,
The mother featured in the son;
And may yours forever be
That old strength and constancy,
Which has made you fathers great
In our ancient Island State:
And where'er her flag may fly
Gleaming between sea and sky,
Make the might of Britain known,
Britons, hold your own!

Britain fought her sons of yore;
Unto a failed, and never more;
Careless of our growing kin,
Shall we sin our fathers' sin?
Men that in a narrower day—
Unprophectic rulers they—
Drove from out the mother's nest

That young eagle of the west,
To forage for herself alone,
Britons hold your own!

Share of our glorious past,
Brothers, must we part at last!
Shall not we, through good and ill,
Cleave to one another still?
Britain's myriad voices call;
Sons, be wedded, each and all,
Into one Imperial whole
One with Britain, heart and soul,
One life, one flag, one fleet, one throne,
Britons, hold your own!
And God guard all.

THE QUEEN'S DEPARTURE.

At the conclusion of the ode the Queen pronounced the Exhibition opened and passed out, the choir singing "Rule Britannia." Her Majesty received another ovation during her departure and plainly indicated how greatly pleased she was with the enthusiasm which her presence evoked everywhere. The Queen's declaration that the Exhibition was opened was signalled to the public by a great flourish of trumpets in Hyde Park, followed by the firing of a Royal salute. Mr. Gladstone was not present at the opening of the Exhibition.

A TRAGEDY.

BY DR. R. W. MORRIS.

IN a narrow passage, one summer day, a terrific conflict took place between a big black beetle and a small spider. It was a tragedy, for the big beetle was slain, and its living blood sucked by the little spider.

The weapons used by the beetle were two pairs of pinchers, while the cunning, bloodthirsty spider used only the sticky threads of its web, in which the beetle became entangled. The power, size, and strength of the beetle as compared with the spider were as that of the great nine-foot giant, Goliath of Gath, and the ruddy youth David.

In trying to break one thread the beetle became entangled by many, until, finding itself hopelessly bound, it seized hold of the ground with the vice-like grip of coming death.

But the little spider, undismayed by its obstinate resistance, simply ran about six inches above its prey, to a heavy cross line, to which it attached and spun web after web, each of which it glued to the body of its antagonist, until their united strength overcame the beetle's hold of the ground and raised it about an inch from the earth, where it was soon bound with cords too strong to break. When perfectly helpless, the spider fixed upon it, lanced its body, and began sucking its blood and life at leisure.

So ended the life of the big black beetle.

Now it followed that after the beetle's veins and heart were drained of living blood, its hitherto attractive body became an unsightly encumbrance to the web and home of its destroyer, who, cutting the threads that bound and held it, cast out its worthless body upon the ground.

Boys and girls, there are living human spiders, who are daily weaving webs in which to catch your precious budding lives.

They say, "Will you walk into my parlour of infamy, or den of death?" (which they make as brilliant, sparkling, and beautiful as the glistening, dew-covered web of the spider, when seen by the rays of the early morning sun.) "Step in and taste the secret

pleasures found therein." Beware of them, for like the bloodthirsty spider, after they have sucked the blood of your respectability and good name, and robbed you of all your money, leaving you the possessor only of a "bear-eyed, inflated, worthless body, they will cast you out in the cold of a winter's night to perish.

Like the beetle you are only desirable to them while you have health, life, and money.

Flee these human spiders, for they only invite you to certain death and ruin.

TAKE OFF YOUR HAT TO A SAVAGE DOG

THE Hon. Phil. Hoynes of Chicago, is responsible for the following:

"I was going along the other evening, when a savage dog flew at me, evidently ready to rend me in pieces. Now, what d'ye suppose I did?"

"Whipped out your pistol, I presume, and let fly at him."

"Not a bit of it. I simply lifted my hat. Don't laugh. The dog stopped, looked at me, growled, and finally crouched back to the doorstep and began wagging his tail. I have done the same thing over and over again with the same result."

"How do you account for the result?"

"This is how I figure it out," said Mr. Hoynes. "Dogs, in my opinion, think—in a crude way. They see a man, such as I, walking along, say with a plug hat on his head, and say forth. To him I present a complete picture, just as a dog with flapping ears, swishing tail, and four legs presents one equally complete. Now, mark! The four-footed creature cannot, so to speak, disintegrate. No dog ever saw another dog take off his tail, or lay down his ears, or throw away one of his hind legs. This human apparition suddenly begins to take himself to pieces. He lifts off his hat. The dog doesn't know what is coming next, perhaps. He begins to think. He is overawed. He meets with a power which is beyond his comprehension, and he succumbs. Mind you, this is only my theory; but I have tried it on several times, and I always found it to succeed."

TEA.

TEA culture is one of the most important industries, and the trade in tea one of the leading features in the commerce of the world. Chinese writers claim that the tea plant is a native of China, having been first discovered in the eighth century. The Japanese claim that it was introduced into Japan in the ninth century, by the Chinese. It has been introduced into various countries since; and though a sub-tropical plant, can accommodate itself to cold winters. But Chinese tea is superior, in flavor, to that produced in any other country.

It is an interesting fact that the different varieties of green and black teas may be prepared from the same kind of leaves, gathered at the same time, and under similar circumstances—the differences in quality, color, odor, and taste—being the result of different treatment of the leaves after they are gathered. The drying process being either slow, or rapid, and producing different chemical action upon the leaves, causes the various shades of color and flavour.

Tea is used chiefly as a beverage; and

is more universally liked than any other. It is refreshing to the old, and (even a valuable remedy in certain forms of disease. But excessive use of it is ruinous to health of body and mind.

Tea was a great luxury in Europe in the seventeenth century—some of it that was used in England, on rare occasions, costing from thirty to fifty dollars a pound.

A NEW DAY IS DAWNING

Oh, touch not the wine-cup! 'tis filled
with deep sorrow;
It brings nought but trouble and care;
Your mirth of to-day will prove sadness to-morrow.

Unless you escape from its snare,
The brightest and fairest around us are falling.

Drawn down to a premature tomb,
And loved ones, in anguish, for succor are calling,
From households enshrouded in gloom.

Cheer up, weeping mourners, a new day is dawning.

Full freighted with blessings it comes;
Though dark be your night, there'll be light in the morning.

To brighten your desolate homes,
For while noble men to your rescue are moving,

Dear woman has entered the strife;
Those hands that are strong, and these hearts that are loving,

Will conquer the foe of your life.

All hail, valiant heroes! may true love forever
The erring to purity lure,

Fidelity prosper each earnest endeavour,
Humanity's frailties to cure!
And when, all your efforts for good being ended,

Your spirits from earth shall remove,
May yours be the home where so sweetly are blended,
Fidelity, purity, love.

—Kloster House.

WHAT SHALL TOM READ!

You will find it a very hard task to keep the sight and sound of bad reading away from Tom. It is everywhere. If he does not see it at home, some of his schoolmates will have their pockets filled with it. Broad-sides, containing wonderful pictures and the opening chapters of such tales, are weekly distributed by enterprising newsdealers.

And I think these stories are far worse than they used to be; for even pirate stories had in them the smack of the blue ocean, and the fascination of white sails and tropical islands, and all the thousand and one charms that visions of the sea summon up before the eyes of an imaginative boy; and Indian tales bore the flavour of the pirates and buffalo hunts, and of a wild, free open-air life. But these stories which are thrust into Tom's hands and under his eyes at every corner are mainly defective stories, and the reader is led through the lowest slums of New York and London; crimes of the bloodiest and vilest nature are depicted, and the language is the worst of thieves' slang.

The Indian fighter and the pirate were pictured as brave, and even chivalrous. But these villains are only cruel and murderous, from the beginning to the end of the story, and the best way to keep Tom away from them is to fill his reading hours so full of something else that he will have no time for them until his taste is so far formed that they will have no fascination for him; and the remedy lies almost entirely in the hands of the mothers—*Good House-keeping*.