



THE BABY'S SWING.

TO A LITTLE BOY.

DEAR, thoughtful, gentle, little boy,
I'd not thy boyish dreams destroy
By word or act, for wealth or joy
That's not been mine :
To make thee glad and never sad
I'd life resign.

I'd scatter roses, night and day,
Beneath thy feet, along the way
Till thou sleep'st in thy bed of clay,
If so I could :

I'd bear thy load along the road
And through the wood.

And up the hill, and down again,
And far across the lonely plain—
By night and day, in sun or rain,
Just thee to save
From fortune's frown, I'd put it down
Beside thy grave.

I'd have thee play a manly part
I'd have thee wear a manly heart
And worship beauty, truth and art
- Thy whole life long—

And pity all that strive and fall
Amid the throng.

No blinding tears should burn thine eyes,
Nor thy heart harbor weary sighs—
But fair the winds and bright the skies
Would be—ah, me!—

If I could love as One above,
Dear child, loves thee.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

A MAN who was sad heard two boys laughing. He said to them: "What makes you so happy?" "Happy!" exclaims the elder, "Why I makes Jim glad, and gets glad myself!"

This is a true secret of a happy life: to live so that by our example, our kind words and deeds, we may help some one else. It makes life happier here, and heaven will be happier for the company of those we have, by God's help brought there.

A STORY ABOUT BEES.

BY COUSIN LUCY.

Do you like to watch the honey-bees as they fly from flower to flower, gathering store of sweets to make their honey? Some of them are very handsome in their velvet jackets, ribbed with gold. You remember the stanza, too, which all good little girls and boys had to learn by heart:

"How doth the little, busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day,
From every opening flower!"

Here is a story of the sagacity of bees which you may like to hear. A man once brought home a molasses hogshead to be used as a water-tank. On washing day his wife said, "Let us throw the suds into it to soak the molasses from the bottom." The instant she had done so, she exclaimed, "O, I have drowned hundreds of our neighbour's bees!" The hogshead was black with bees, which were busily appropriating the sweets from what they must have considered an enormous blossom. The good lady hastened with her skimmer to skim the bees from the top of the water, and spread them on a board in the sunshine, they seemed nearly dead, and she was sorry. All the bees around the hogshead had flown at the dash of the water, but in a few minutes returned, accompanied by scores of others. Then began a curious work. They immediately went to the half-drowned bees, turning them over and over with their heads, feet, and horns. The result was that one after another gave signs of life, stretched its legs and wings, crawled about, dried itself in the sun, and flew away. There remained only about a dozen hopeless cases.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY AUNT EMMA.

THIS is a long, hard word, isn't it, little readers? I wonder how many of you know what it means?

Archie and Esther were little neighbours and playmates. They were together almost every day. To-day they are going out to have a good play in the orchard.

"Let's have a picnic," said Archie; and he ran into his house to get some things for it.

Margaret, the cook, found a paper bag and put some cookies in it and nuts and little pears. "There, begone now, and have a grand time," said she; and off he ran as fast as his little feet could carry him. He overtook Esther just going round the corner of her house.

"See! see!" he cried, "what Marg'ret

gave me—such a lot of goodies!" when, lo, as he put his hand into the bag, he found nothing there. Down, down went the hand into the bag, till every little finger peeped out at the bottom. The bag was broken, and everything had fallen out, and he never noticed Boz sniffing and munching behind him. Doggie thought it was a nice picnic, you may be sure.

Poor little Archie! He thought he had such a bagful of goodies, and every crumb was gone! That was the disappointment.

Disappointments are not pleasant; sometimes they are very hard to bear. See how unhappy Archie looks. And Esther, too, tries to look in the empty bag, and wonders, and puts her finger in her mouth, "It's too bad, isn't it?" she says.

But by-and-by she brightens up. "Never mind, Archie," says she; maybe we won't be hungry; maybe we'll find some real ripe apples up there; maybe we'll have just as good a time without it; maybe Boz was hungrier than we." And so with her good-natured brave little *maybes* they got over their disappointment.

SHALL WE PAY RENT IN HEAVEN?

THIS question was asked a man of property by his little eight-year-old daughter. The question was suggested to her by hearing people talk about the little her father gave to the cause of Christ. He did not seem to be investing any of his money with God. His neighbours said in the hearing of little Nannie that the deacon would "be poor in the other world," and this made her think they would have to rent a house over there. But this is not possible; we must own the house we live in there.

If we enter into partnership here with Christ, and do our part as well as he does his, the house will be ready and furnished when we get there. It is possible to be homeless in eternity. We can spend thousands here in building homes and accumulating property, but we leave all these things behind us.

We can object to giving money to missions or church erection. We can keep all we have and get all we can. But when we go to another world we will be renters. This is a startling thought. Better ask the Lord how much and for what purpose to give. If we had the money that is wasted in church work, we would have all we need for missionary work.

REMEMBER now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.