



The Year's at the Spring,
And Day's at the Morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world.

—Browning.

The Old Lady in the Window.

This is the story of a mother and a daughter who came under the shadow of a great sorrow. The mother had carried the spirit of youth well into old age, and the daughter who cared for her had found joy in their relations. But the mother lost the ability to walk, and the infirmities of years grew more heavy upon her, so that the pendulum of her life swung daily between her bed and her chair in the window, and no farther.

Her daughter up to this time had enjoyed a large measure of freedom, consequent upon her mother's good health, but now there remained only the daily care of the home and the mother till the end should come. She was sad when she thought that the end might be near; but she looked forward with a sinking of the heart to the possibility of years of unvarying service, calling for hourly ministration and with only one possible outcome.

Not without heartaches and misgivings, but with courage and filial affection, the younger woman took up her duty. Nor was she content with that form of ministration which measures itself. It was her delight to give herself to her mother in every way that was possible. And in that unmeasured service there came an unexpected joy, an enthusiasm that lifted it above drudgery, and in response to which every beautiful trait in her mother's character displayed itself.

The mother loved flowers, and the daughter moved her flowers to the mother's room, and kept them blooming in the window. After a time the window became a floral bower, and in the center sat a queenly old lady in white, looking down upon the street.

It was beautiful to see her there, and to witness her interest in the activities which she could not share. She looked down with a smile on the clerks hurrying by to business, and the young men came to look up at the window and lift their hats. She always waved her fan to children, and these, even though they did not know her name, knew and loved the window.

Back in the house, and out of sight, the daughter devoted herself to her daily cares, rejoicing in her mother's comfort of heart and body, and the years—for this continued for years—sped fast.

A little while ago the chair became empty, and since then the bell has often been rung by unknown people who say, "I beg your pardon, but where is the dear old lady who sat among the flowers?"

Each day the daughter is learning that to scores of people her mother's life, and her own, have been a daily benediction. "It has come to me to say to them," said she, "not to think of the vision of my mother as if it had gone, but as if she still looks down and smiles upon us from a higher window, and among flowers that do not wither. To me, at least, it seems so; and in the light of that smile I shall live henceforth."

The home seems empty now, for what might have been a burden had become an abiding joy. Are there not many homes that need just this lesson of unmeasured love, of perfect mutual sympathy, and of enthusiastic self-giving, to make an inspiration of life, to save future regret, and to make the sweetest of the home a blessing?—[Youth's Companion.]

I Remember, I Remember.

BY HOOP.

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember,
The roses—red and white;
The violets and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pool could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember,
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance;
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

A Lesson.

BY MRS. J. H. DOOLITTLE.

One beautiful day—a Sabbath in May,
'Neath the blue of the morning sky,
By the woodland still adown by the rill
We wandered—my girlie and I.

We wandered along, in our hearts a song
In harmony true to the day.
When, lo, at our feet in their fragrance sweet
A bed of blue violets lay.

In lonely retreat away from the heat
And the glare of the noon-day sun,
Unseen by the many, uncared for by any
Save the all-seeing eye of One.

In lovely blue drest, apart from the rest,
One blossom attracted our sight,
As it lifted its face in beauty and grace
To the warmth of the cloudless light.

Then stooping I scanned this work of God's hand,
Perfection was written on all,
No slighting was there, but infinite care
Had fashioned that violet small.

It reached to my heart with its guileless art
As musing I gazed on its face;
I heard a voice speak—"Twas the flow'et meek,
"Tho' quiet, secluded my place.

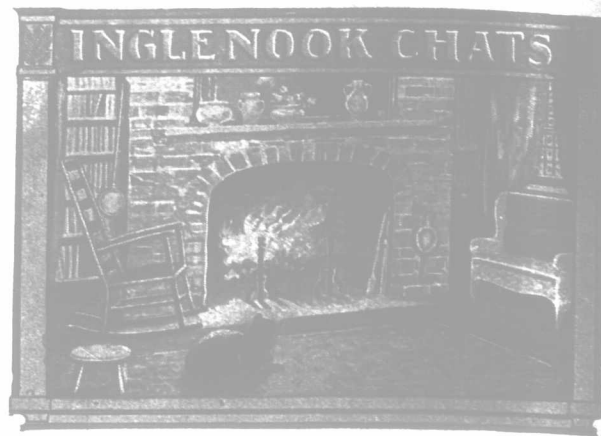
"To Him who thus wrought, and with loving thought
Has filled my small cup to the brim,
My face I'll upraise with eloquent praise;
I blossom alone unto Him."
Sparta, Ont.

A Great and Healthful Pleasure.

"I would make the strongest plea in favor of a garden to all those who are so fortunate as to possess any land at all. The relaxation from care and toil and the benefit to health are great beyond belief to those who may have to work with head or hands. If you can snatch a few minutes in early morning or late afternoon, to spend among the plants, life takes on a new aspect, health is improved, care is dissipated, and you get near to Nature.

"If the rich and fashionable women of this country took more interest and spent more time in their gardens, and less in frivolity, few would suffer from nervous prostration, and the necessity for the multitude of sanitariums would be avoided.

"Flower gardening is pre-eminently a woman's occupation and diversion. Nearly every great lady in England takes a personal interest in her gardens and conservatories, and knows all about the plants and flowers. Here, the majority of women having large places leave the direction of the flowers, as well as the vegetables and fruit, to the taste and discretion of the gardener, and thus miss a great and healthful pleasure."—[Helena Rutherford Ely, in "A Woman's Hardy Garden."



My dear Guests,—

"Merry goes the time when the heart is young,
There's nought too hard to climb when the heart is young."

runs a song of the day; best of all is the truth that age, as commonly reckoned, has nothing to do with the youth of the heart. Old heads may not be found on young shoulders, but youthful hearts may inhabit even aged bodies, and when this is so their happy possessors enjoy a never-ending springtime. Though scientists have spent centuries in the search for the "elixir of life," that marvellously potent agent that places perpetual youth within reach of all, it seems as little likely of achievement as the philosopher's stone; but although we may not be able to fully govern our physical life, the making or marring of our mental happiness (upon which the true life of the heart depends) rests very largely in our own hands.

One of the greatest obstacles to the attainment of this desired end is the selfish seeking of our own comfort or interests at all times; the

"Fever of restless serving
With hearts all thirsty for love and praise,
With eyes all weary and strained with yearning
Towards self-set goals in the future days."

Solicitude about future contingencies (which may never arise) is also a prolific producer of mental worry, and, being such, should be avoided. How many are there who

"Tear the delicate, fragile threads
Of their wonderful lives asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder!"

Devotion to the service of one's fellow-creatures is, perhaps, the best means to ensure one's own happiness; while commiserating the miseries of others we have not time to brood over our own petty worries. Indeed, when we see our so-called trials side by side with real afflictions, the spirit of murmuring is speedily changed to one of gratitude and thanksgiving.

When we shall have got rid of the egotism that makes us deem ourselves the only mortals to whom consideration is due, we shall have made an important step; when we have learned that we may derive more real happiness in seeking another's benefit than in laboring always for our own, we shall have arrived almost at our journey's end.

"Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
For as long as you can."

Above all, reject determinedly all disturbing thoughts; cultivate a cheerful countenance, thus diffusing sunshine all about you; accept thankfully the brightness that fall to your lot, and—pass them on. Sing merry songs, romp with the children in God's own sunlight as frequently as possible, and if you are blessed with a youthful heart this treatment will preserve the glorious boon, while persistent effort will even rejuvenate hearts that have long since passed their merry springtime. Then try

"To be happy whenever you may,
And cry when you must—that is my way."

THE HOSTESS.

Humorous.

It was a very thoroughfare in Edinburgh, and as the old lady was exhausted with the stir and bustle she hailed a passing cab. The driver was at her side in a moment. "Open the door, he stood back to allow the lady to enter.

She made one or two weak efforts, but was unable to mount the step, and, at last, looking imploringly at the driver, she said:

"Help me, my good man, for I am very old."

The driver gently assisted his fare into the cab, and then he gallantly said:

"Well, now, that matter what age you are, you donna look it."

This fare was increased by a shilling when the old lady reached her destination. And he deserved it.