

pointment. The rose was still looked upon with admiring eyes, and even its faded leaves were carefully preserved, while the thistle was hastily passed by. At length the gardener came near. 'This ugly thistle must not be allowed to scatter its seeds,' said he, pausing before it. 'A nice crop of young thistles should we have another year. Then with his sharp spade he cut off its roots, and when he had finished, he tossed the drooping plant into the barn-yard. 'It will do no more harm, he said, with a tone of exultation.'

"I know what your fable means," exclaimed the child, when the mother had ceased speaking. "The thistle was disliked because it was so prickly, while the rose was admired on account of its beauty and fragrance."

"And what does it teach you?" inquired the mother. "I design to teach rather than to amuse you."

"That we must be good, kind and loving, if we wish people to like us," answered the child in his simple way.

"Yes," was the reply, "God placed us in the world to be a blessing to it—to gladden other hearts by deeds of love and kindness. The rose not only adorned the garden by its graceful form and rich coloring, but was still more prized for its fragrance, which remained when its bloom was faded. Let us imitate it, striving to fulfil the design of our Creator in benefiting all who come within the sphere of our influence. Let us be like the rose, shedding the sweet breath of love and kindness all around, rather than like the thistle, repelling all hearts by sharp words and tones of bitterness.—

*Well Spring.*

### Nothing is Lost.

BY JOHN GRITCHLEY PRINCE.

Nothing is lost; the drop of dew  
Which trembles on the leaf or flower  
Is but exhaled, to fall anew  
In summer's thunder shower;  
Perchance to shine within the bow  
That fronts the sun at fall of day;  
Perchance to sparkle in the flow  
Of fountains far away.

Nought lost, for even the tiniest seed  
By wild birds borne, or breezes blown,  
Finds something suited to its need  
Wherein 'tis sown and grown;  
Perchance finds sustenance and soil  
In some remote and desert place,  
Or mid the crowded homes of toil  
Finds usefulness and grace.

The little drift of common dust  
By the March winds disturbed and tossed,  
Though scattered by the fitful gust,  
Is changed; but never lost;  
It yet may bear some sturdy stem,  
Some proud oak battling with the blast,  
Or grown with verdurous diadem  
Some ruin of the past.

The furnace quenched, the flame put out,  
Still cling to earth, or soar in air,  
Transformed, diffused, and blown about,  
To burn again elsewhere;  
Haply, to make the beacon blaze,  
Which gleams athwart the briny waste,  
Or light the social lamp, whose rays  
Illumine the home of taste.

The touching tone of minstrel art,  
The breathings of the mournful flute,  
Which we have heard with listening heart  
Are not extinct when mute.  
The language of some household song,  
The perfume of some cherished flower,  
Though gone from outward sense, belong  
To memories after hour.

So with our words, of harsh, or kind,  
Uttered, they are not all forgot,  
They leave their influence on the mind,  
Pass on, but perish not;  
As they are spoken, so they fall  
Upon the spirit spoken to,  
Search it like drops of burning gall,  
Or soothe like honey-dew.

So with our deeds, for good or ill,  
They have their power scarce understood  
Then let us use our better will,  
To make them rise with good;  
Like circles on a lake they go,  
Ring within ring, and never stay;  
O, that our deeds were fashioned so  
That they might bless away!

Then since these lesser things ne'er die,  
But work beyond our poor control,  
Say, shall that suppliant for the sky,  
The greatest human soul?  
Ah, no! it still will spurn the past,  
And search the future for its rest,—  
O, joy! if it be found at last  
Among the poor and blest!