



LIFE'S JOURNEY.

-  **I**RAVELLER, what lies over the hill?
 Traveller, tell to me;
 I am only a child—from the window sill,
 Over I cannot see."
- "Child, there's a valley over there,
 Pretty and woody and shy;
 And a little brook that says—'Take care,
 Or I'll drown you by and by.'"
- "And what comes next?"—"A lonely moor,
 Without a beaten way;
 And gray clouds sailing slow, before
 A wind that will not stay."
- "And then?"—"Dark rocks and yellow sand,
 And a moaning sea beside."
- "And then?"—"More sea, more sea, more land,
 And rivers deep and wide."
- "And then?"—"O! rock and mountain and vale,
 Rivers and fields and men—
 Over and over—a weary tale—
 And round to your home again."
- "Is that the end? It is weary at best."
 "No, child; it is not the end.
 On summer eves away in the west,
 You will see a stair ascend,"
- "Built of all colors of lovely stones—
 A stair up into the sky;
 Where no one is weary, and no one moans,
 Or wants to be laid by."
- "I will go!"—"But the steps are very steep:
 If you would climb up there,
 You must lie at its foot, as still as sleep,
 And be a step of the stair,"
- "For others to put their feet on you,
 To reach the stones high-piled;
 Till Jesus comes and takes you, too,
 And leads you up, my child!"

BUNBUKUCHAGAMA.*

 **O**NCE upon a time there was a temple called Morinzi in the province of Joshin. The prior of this temple was one day sweeping his garden, when he picked up a clean, bright pot for boiling water; he thought it would do nicely for making tea, so he took it home, washed it, and put it on the fire. Then something very funny happened; the pot gave a strange sound, and when the prior looked at it, it appeared to have a head; when he looked again he saw a tail, and at last four legs. The pot was turned into a badger, and began to bark, and jump about; but the body still looked like a pot, so it was very funny indeed. The poor prior was so astonished that he could neither speak a word nor run away. At last he called to his pupils to come and help him. "Bring a stick or a broom," he cried; "make haste! the pot has become a badger." They all ran in with sticks and brooms, and tried to catch it, but this was very difficult, as the badger jumped up and down and was very savage. However, at last they succeeded in shutting it into a box. The next morning, when they

looked into the box, they found the badger had become a pot again.

They then agreed it would be better to try and sell it, without saying anything about its strange behaviour; so as a man who dealt in waste paper, rags, bottles, etc., came by that way, they sold it to him for a few pence. The man took it home and placed it in his room. In the night he was awakened by a strange noise, and getting up was much surprised to find the pot changed to a badger, dancing about and eating rice.

Now this was a very wise man, so he thought if he opened a show and let the badger dance he would get a great deal of money. So he taught it dancing and walking on a rope. In a few days it danced very nicely, and a great many people came to see it, and admired it very much; it was called Bunbukuchagama, and became very famous.

One day a princess sent for it, so Bunbukuchagama was dressed in his best clothes and taken to the palace; he performed many tricks, and the princess praised him very much and gave him many presents.

The man by this means soon became rich and prosperous; so at last he sent the badger back to the temple at Morinzi, where it was kept for many years, and worshipped as a god.—*Selected.*

PATIENCE IN SPIRITUAL THINGS.

We have to learn to be patient in these as much as in the common things of daily life. We want to be good, but it is so hard to go on praying and trying and not seeming to get any better; so hard to find the same faults coming back again and again, to find that we have done the very thing we did not mean to do; so hard to be patient when people tell us it is of no use trying, when Satan whispers bad thoughts of God, and tells us we had better give up. But we must not give up. We must keep on trying. Every day we must watch against our faults. Every night we must think over the day to see whether we have been bad or good. Every night and morning we must pray that God will be pleased to make us better. . .

It will help you if you remember that God sees the end from the beginning. He knows just what you really need. He sees if you really want to be good, and He will give you just the very thing that will most help you. He will not give you what you expect; very likely He will not give just what you ask for, but He will give the right thing. So you can learn not only patience, but "trust in God." He sees what needs doing, and will do it.—*Selected.*

LIKE people sowing garden seeds, young people are sowing the seeds of their future life. Do not spoil your own name by sowing foolishly or wrongly. Remember, every word and action is seed put in, which will surely spring up and constitute your name in the world.

*This is a Japanese story, and a great favorite with the little Japs.