

A blush came over the boy's pale face, but after hesitating a moment, he said:—

"My mother has younger children, sir, and while she is out washing, I amuse them by creeping about on the floor and playing with them."

"Poor boy!" said a lady standing near, not loud enough, as she thought, to be overheard, "what a life to lead; what has he in all the future to look forward to?"

The tear that started in his eye, and the bright smile that chased it away, showed that he did hear her. As she passed by him to step on shore he said in a low voice, but with a smile that went to her heart—

"I'm looking forward to having wings some day, lady!"

Happy Walter! Poor cripple, and dependent on charity, yet doing, in his measure, the Master's will, and patiently waiting for the future, he shall by and by "mount up with wings as eagles; shall run and not be weary; shall walk and not faint."—*Congregationalist*.

MY EARLY LESSON.

I once had a little sister, but she died when I was five years old. The grief of losing her sank deep into my heart; and weeks went by before I could be happy in the play-room, where we had so often been together, or could endure the sight of her little books or toys.

Often I stole away alone to the churchyard where she lay, and sat for hours near the little mound that covered her pretty form; for I did not feel so lonely when I sat beside her there.

I had always been a quiet child; but this sore trouble completely took away my spirits, and made me almost ill. At last my parents became alarmed for my health and proposed to take me to the seaside.—But I begged so hard to remain near my little sister, and was so unhappy at the thought of leaving her, that at last they let me stay.

"Dear boy," my mother said, "our little Teddy is not coming back just now. God will not just now bring her body out of the ground. He has her soul safe up in heaven with Him. If you love Jesus, God will take your soul up there too, and

then you will see dear Teddy. When the right time comes, God will raise up your body and Teddy's."

"Must I go into the ground too? And will I come out all bright like Teddy?"

"Yes, my boy."

"But, mamma, I don't see *how*. How can it ever be?"

My mother opened her hand and showed me a little seed which she held there. She bade me take that little seed and bury it in the ground. She said that God meant to have the seed buried in that way, so that after a time it might grow up and make beautiful flowers; that God could take care of it in the ground, and not forget it. She told me that when our friends died, and we had to lay them down in the ground, God liked to have us feel quite sure that He could take care of them, and would not forget them. And He liked to have us feel sure of seeing them again some day.

Every day I loitered for hours about the spot where I had buried the seed, and even brought my book and studied my little lesson there. I felt as if upon the coming up of that plant depended the raising of my little sister; that if my mother's words proved true about the seed, I should have a sure prospect of some day seeing little Teddy again.

At last one morning, after a very rainy night, I went out, and saw, to my intense delight, two small green leaves peeping above the ground, just where I had buried my seed.

To this day I can remember the thrill of joy at that sight. It was not merely delight at finding that I was to have a flower of my own; but to my childish heart it seemed like an assurance, straight from heaven, that my little Teddy would be taken care of and given back to me again.

Now I was happier than I had been for many weeks, and as the plant grew and blossomed my trust in God's power grew stronger, till at length all the heavy weight of sorrow was lifted from my heart.

It was half a century ago that my plant bloomed and faded, but the hope its flowers brought me has never grown dim, and I thank God daily for that hope of the glorious morning of the resurrection.—*Early Days*.