

4.
Words are easy, like the wind ;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
—Shakespeare.

5.
Thee, magnificent, oh Queen ! we greet,
Enthroned upon thy heavenly seat.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Dolly's Bath.

This is the birthday of sister Polly,
Come, let's give her a nice surprise.
Suppose we wash her dear old dolly ?
But don't let the soap get into its
eyes.

The precious dolly—the dear old
dolly—

Fill the basin, and in she goes.
Rub away, scrub away ! Isn't it
jolly ?

Now for her cheeks and the tip of
her nose.

What is the matter ? Her cheeks
were painted.

Where are the eyebrows she had
before ?

Whiter and whiter ! The doll has
fainted.

And the glue is gone, and the wig
she wore.

Forgive us, forgive us, sister Polly.

We have dried her and dressed her,
but what will you say ?

You hardly will know your own old
dolly,

Now half of her beauty is washed
away.

What a beautiful thing thought is,
and what pleasure it gives, when it
lifts itself on high ! 'Tis the natural
direction, which it resumes as soon as
it is freed from terrestrial objects.
There is a mysterious attraction be-
tween us and heaven. God wants us,
and we want God.—Eugenie de Guérin.

The Song of the Bee.

Buzz ! buzz ! buzz !

This is the song of the bee.

His legs are of yellow ;

A jolly, good fellow,

And yet a great worker is he.

In days that are sunny,

He's getting his honey ;

In days that are cloudy

He's making his wax :

On pinks and on lilies,

And gay daffodillies,

And columbine blossoms,

He levies a tax !

Buzz ! buzz ! buzz !

The sweet-smelling clover,

He, humming, hangs over,

The scent of the roses

Makes fragrant his wings :

He never gets lazy ;

From thistle and daisy,

And weeds of the meadow,

Some treasure he brings.

Buzz ! buzz ! buzz !

From morning's first light

Till the coming of night,

He's singing and toiling

The summer day through.

Oh ! we may get weary,

And think work is dreary ;

'Tis harder by far

To have nothing to do.

There is one thing in our day that
ought to make us afraid : persons who
have hardly begun to make their medi-
tations, if they seem to hear anything
during their recollection, pronounce it
to have come from God ; so they tell
us, God has spoken or I have had an
answer from God. In truth all this is
nothing : these persons have been
speaking to themselves, out of a long-
ing for such communications.