

THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN.

No longer lies nature asleep in the root ;
 She blooms in yon bough, lo ! she sets in
 yon fruit,
 Too soon from the bough if the blossom
 should fall,
 No fruit will succeed, the gay blossom is all.
 Think, think, oh my soul, what a lesson for
 thee !
 The bough may bloom fair, but quite barren
 the tree ;
 While planted I am in this garden below,
 Some fruit, if but little, some fruit I must
 show ;
 Lest He that has planted should say with a
 frown :
 The axe to the root, cut the cumberer down ;
 My season for bearing, not long it may last,
 Then, wise let me be ere that season is past ;
 Heaven, heaven is the clime, and once plant
 me but there ;
 Oh ! how will I bloom, and what fruit will I
 bear !
 In the Planter's own garden, beneath his own
 eye,
 My leaf shall not wither, my fruit shall not
 die ;
 By that Fountain of Life I shall flourishing
 stand,
 Which ever shall flow at the Planter's right
 hand.

ANON.

OUR COSY CORNER.

Waterloo, June 22, 1891.

Dear Little People,—I am so glad you came to see me, for, ever since I received the May number of the REVIEW, I feel almost as though your "Hopeful Band" had really visited me, and it afforded me helpful pleasure. What is there more comforting, more devotedly unselfish, than the sympathy of the little ones? What hands are more ready than little hands to undertake any task within their power? What hands are tenderer when sickness overtakes us, to smooth away the pain? What hearts feel more keenly for other's sorrows than little hearts, or more willingly try to assuage them? What hearts more than little hearts rejoice when we are glad? If there be any among my grown up brethren who would put away from him the love of one of these, he is putting far away from him

the kingdom of heaven, and for his pitiable condition my tears do heavy fall. Verily, yea, verily, unless he open his heart to receive what God hath sent him, never will he find peace in life or death; but from such a condition, life will recede, and death follow more swiftly. Let us pray that if such there be, *Light* and *Life* will prevail, and the fullness of joy, in this life and henceforth, *forever*. But why these tears? Surely they are not for the little people? No, oh no! Not unless there may be some who are slighted, then our tears would fall for their fate, but these are not of our Hopeful Band, for joyous and free, and glad are we, no shadow rests over our land. Yet I am afraid you have discovered what I have been trying to hide from you, that cousin Julia is sad to-night, and cannot write cheerily to the little folks. I hardly dared tell you why I had so long delayed writing, lest it should sadden your hearts, yet here you have caught me weepingly wandering through an imaginary valley of shadows, that has not an existence in the known world, at least we hope not. Not anywhere, *no not anywhere!* Even in the homes of squallid misery, they come, these little messengers of light, bringing with them something of peace and joy, something of the kingdom of heaven, and though it may be sometimes to struggle with poverty and pain, yet, still they are angels of God, for which the parents should say, truly, for this Thy gift, we thank Thee, O, Our Father! With this thankful prayer would come the double blessing that was meant, a blessing to the other hearts at home, and to the one that cometh. O, what a priceless treasure is the gift of a human soul, to nurture and fit for eternity! What a sacred thing, what a holy charge! What tender vigilance it requires, what guarded self-denial, *self-control!* And the same applies, whether in the guardianship of ourselves, or of others in keeping! But, dear children, these thoughts can hardly be for you; I had