

The Symbol of the Dandelions.

The cups were on the downs,
The tops were green with heather,
The dandelion's disk of gold
Shone in the bright spring weather;
The blue above, the green below,
Were glad and gay together;

Were glad, as were the merry lads
And curly-headed lasses,
Pulling the dandelion stars
Among the fresh, green grasses—
The gay, the splendid yellow disks
That grow in golden masses.

The spring-time went; the summer brought
The hot and sultry daytime,
The scented rose, the singing-birds,
The sweet dried grass of haytime,
The dreamy, dusky evening hours,
The children's happy playtime.

But then the dandelion stars
Were downy, white, and fairy,
They blew them south and east and west,
They were so light and airy;
Away they went, but never came back
To bloom in sweet Hungary.

Away they went on summer winds,
But where? there was no knowing,
Yet on some sunny slope or field
Next spring would find them growing
To golden stars, to fairy domes,
Meet for the children's blowing.

And even so the children passed,
In spite of love's endeavour;
Some went beyond the star-strown skies,
Some hills and oceans sever;
But to Hungary's banks and braes
They came no more forever.

Yet still they lift their fresh young hearts
In old lands sad and hoary,
Or tell in new, unplanted ways
Their simple childhood's story.
Ah me! If those more happy ones
Still keep it in heaven's glory!

I think they do—both here and there
One Father's love are sharing!
The dying flower, the deathless soul,
Have the same Father's caring;
Our childhood's blossoms, loves, and griefs,
Our manhood's work and bearing,
All help toward that higher life
For which this is preparing.
—Harper's Weekly.

A Fish Story.

BY REV. W. H. MOORE.

In all countries and in all ages boys have been fond of fishing. It is not wrong to catch fish, if they are needed to supply the table with food. To catch them for the fun of it and then throw them away would be wicked. Our Saviour chose fishermen to be His apostles, and even after they became His disciples He encouraged them to take fish from the Sea of Galilee for food; and at one time after they had toiled all night and caught none He aided them; and so many were taken in the net that they could hardly get them into their boats.

Christ was once up north in Galilee preaching the gospel to a great multitude of people. They were far from home and as night was coming on He said to His disciples: "They must not go home without something to eat, lest they faint by the way; feed them." After looking about for some time in search of food and finding none they came back to Jesus and report their failure. But one of His disciples said: "There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes; but what are these among so many?" The people thought that boy was hardly worth noticing, but Jesus regarded him very differently. He thought he was a very worthy boy, and that his loaves and fishes were of great value. He commanded the multitude of people to sit down on the grass in companies, and then taking the bread and fishes from the basket gave thanks and with

them fed thousands of men, women and children.

Now that boy was somebody; he had been fishing in the lake of Galilee, and he had had good luck. Nobody would think of saying he was a good for nothing fellow. It was evident that he was good for something. He owned a basket and carried in it the fish he caught and the bread he needed to eat; and very likely out of his abundance he had some to sell. Perhaps the bread he had was some he had swapped fishes for.

He did not pass his time in loafing about, getting into mischief and bad company. He felt that he was made for a wise purpose: that he must do some good in the world and had been a-fishing. With his basket well supplied he seeks the best society and is found one of the great multitude who follow Jesus to hear the gospel preached. He could not have carried his basket of bread and fish to a better place. He had looked forward to a time of need and provided for it. In all that great crowd of people this lad was the only one who was prepared with food for the coming of night.

He had simply provided for himself a supper and breakfast; but, important as that was, Christ made use of his industry for larger purposes. In looking out for one he was made to care for many. How little the lad knew of the real value of the human store he carried in his basket. It is likely that many of the thousands who were fed from it made inquiry for the lad, anxious to see the one the Master had so greatly honoured. His supply was not lessened, for he had for himself all he wanted to eat, and then such additions were made to it that some ten or fifteen thousand people were fed. What he had might weigh five or six pounds, but with that to begin on the Saviour added to it by actual creation ten or twenty thousand pounds. That was a wonderful work; greater, perhaps, than raising the dead. It was addition to the substance of the universe. That boy is associated with the creation of something—with the organization of being—one of the profoundest of mysteries.

It is thus that the Lord has use for boys. This one was made to supply food for thousands of people. The boy that has his basket and has something in it is useful now; and his usefulness will increase as he becomes older. The lads of to-day are a prophecy of what the twentieth century will be. This fact has a physical, moral, social and intellectual application. Difficulties and dangers will arise, and then shall we need the lads; but they will be of no use unless they have a basket supplied with loaves and fishes.

Bishop Simpson has done his work and passed away. Is the great place he filled to remain vacant forever? From his boyhood he carried a basket from which millions have since been fed. Brain and heart may be wrought into a basket and filled with all that is solid and delicious in life. Boys, don't go about empty-handed, empty-hearted and empty-headed. Carry something. Get a basket and go a-fishing.—Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

A YOUNG Centenarian.—Lady (with an eye for the picturesque): "How old are you, little boy?" Little Boy: "Well, if you goes by wot mudder says, I's six; but if you goes by de fun I's had, I's most a hundred."

The Ambulance.

A SCENE often witnessed down town in this city proves that there is a tender spot in every heart, a place where a man can be touched and moved and, if the operator be skillful, be turned from evil to good. We mean the manner in which a way is made through these crowded streets for the ambulance. These drivers of trucks and drays and wagons are a rough lot. They do rough work and acquire rough ways. Often when the street is jammed with vehicles, the volleys of profanity are terrifying. But if the bell of the ambulance is heard everybody makes and gives a way. Nothing will break a deadlock sooner than the approaching sound of the bell of the ambulance, if it can be broken. It is often surprising to notice how easily the jam is removed, one hauling off on this side and another on that, and a passage opened through a crush of vehicles that a moment before seemed almost immovable. The roughest men give way. The bell speaks of some poor fellow who has fallen through a hatchway or from a masthead, or of one on whom some heavy weight has fallen, or of a man or woman overtaken with sudden and dangerous illness, with illness too severe to be treated at the police station; it speaks of suffering, of life in peril, the life that of a workingman or woman on whose daily toil a family is dependent, and so these men, almost savage as they are at some other times, make way promptly, energetically for the light one-horse vehicle which bears a physician and relief. There is plainly a tender spot in the hearts of these men. There is hope for them still, hardened as some of them may appear. They can be moved, moved to humane and kindly action. They are not given over to selfishness. The woes of other men affect them as few occurrences do. There is a lesson in this power of the bell of the ambulance to clear a way through the crowded thoroughfares, a lesson to all who would minister to the improvement of their fellows by reclaiming them from vicious ways.—Christian Intelligencer.

Soldier and Thistle.

LITTLE Minnie, in her eagerness after flowers, had wounded her hand on the sharp prickly thistle. This made her cry with pain at first and pout with vexation afterward.

"I do wish there was no such thing as a thistle in the world," she said pettishly.

"And yet the Scottish nation think so much of it they engrave it on the national arms," said her mother.

"It is the last flower that I should pick out," said Minnie. "I am sure they might have found a great many nicer ones, even among the weeds."

"But the thistle did them such good service once," said her mother, "they learned to esteem it very highly. One time the Danes invaded Scotland, and they prepared to make a night attack on the sleeping garrison. So they crept along barefooted as still as possible until they were almost on the spot. Just at that moment a barefooted soldier stepped on a great thistle, and the hurt made him utter a sharp, shrill cry of pain. The sound awoke the sleepers, and each man sprung to his arms. They fought with great bravery, and the invaders were driven back with much loss."

"Well, I never suspected that so small a thing could save a nation," said Minnie thoughtfully.—Baptist Weekly.

Early Conversions.

DR. TALMAGE says: "It has been my observation that the earlier people come into the Kingdom of God the more useful they are."

Robert Hall, the prince of Baptist preachers, was converted at twelve years of age.

Mathew Henry, the commentator, who did more than any man of his century for increasing the interest in the study of the Scriptures, was converted at eleven years of age.

Isabella Graham, immortal in the Christian Church, was converted at ten years of age.

Dr. Watts, whose hymns will be sung all down the ages, was converted at nine years of age.

Jonathan Edwards, perhaps the mightiest intellect that the American pulpit ever produced, was converted at seven years of age. "You are too young to be a Christian," or "you are too young to connect yourself with the Church." That is a mistake as long as eternity.—Methodist Armour.

What's Your Persuasion.

SOME years ago a visitor said to a poor, wounded soldier, who lay dying in the hospital, "What Church are you of?" "Of the Church of Christ," he replied. "I mean, what persuasion are you of?" "Persuasion," said the dying man, as he looked heavenward, beaming with love to the Saviour, "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, shall be able to separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus." None should rest contented with any hope less sure or bright.

A Journey to the Sun.

As to the distance of ninety-three million miles, a cannon-ball would travel it in about fifteen years. It may help us to remember that at the speed attained by the limited express on our railroads a train which had left the sun for the earth when the *Mayflower* sailed from Delfhaven with the pilgrim fathers, and which ran at that rate day and night, would in 1885 still be a journey of some years away from its terrestrial station. The fare, at the customary rates, it may be remarked, would be rather over two million five hundred thousand dollars, so it is clear that we should need both money and leisure for the journey.

Perhaps the most striking illustration of the sun's distance is given by expressing it in terms of what the physiologists would call velocity of nerve transmission. It has been found that sensation is not absolutely instantaneous, but that it occupies a very minute time in travelling along the nerves; so that if a child puts its finger into the candle there is a certain almost inconceivably small space of time, say the one hundredth of a second, before he feels the heat. In case then a child's arm were long enough to touch the sun, it can be calculated from this known rate of transmission that the infant would have to live to be a man of over a hundred before he knew that its fingers were burned.—Century.