



NEW ZEALAND

"Oh, my New Zealand's wooded
 mountains
 Deeply stained with brother's
 blood;
 But sadder than the mourning
 of a dove
 Does the song from holy lips,
 "By blood of Jesus come to us
 So deeply stained with brother's
 blood;
 Our hearts will give to Him who
 gave us
 Deliverance from the fiery flood."

"BY-AND-BY."

THERE'S a little, mischief-making
 Elfin, who is ever nigh,
 Thwarting every undertaking,
 And his name is By-and-By.

What we ought to do this minute
 "Will be better done," he'll cry,
 "If to-morrow we begin it;
 Put it off," says By-and-By.

Those who heed his treacherous wooing
 Will his faithless guidance rue;
 What we always put off doing,
 Clearly we shall never do.

"OLD PATCH."

A poor boy was attending school one day
 with a large patch in the knee of his trousers.
 One of his school-mates made fun of him
 for this, and called him "Old Patch."

"Why don't you fight him?" cried one
 of the boys; "I'd give it to him if he called
 me so."

"Oh," said the boy, "you don't suppose
 I'm ashamed of my patch, do you? For
 my part, I'm thankful for a good mother to
 keep me out of rags. I'm proud of the patch
 for her sake."

That was noble. That boy had the cour-
 age that would make him successful in the
 struggle of life.

"FEELS SO MISERABLE."

ALICE "feels so miserable!" Is it any
 wonder? There is a poison plant grow-
 ing in her soul—one poison-stalk, and five
 poison-branches. It is enough to make the
 strongest feel most miserable, send them to
 bed, and move their friends to call in the
 doctor.

The five poison-branches, let us name
 them: discontent, greed, mortification, dis-
 like, disparagement. These all grow out of
 one parent stalk, envy.

Alice is a poor singer, and this poverty
 leads to discontent. Jennie is a good singer,
 and what a greed Alice has for that superior
 voice! There is mortification when her nip-
 ped voice makes its squeak beside Jennie's
 rich, full tones. What a dislike Alice has
 for the owner of that fine voice, and what
 disparagement of Jennie as a singer Alice
 shows in her comments on that voice!

Five poison branches out of one stalk;
 and if there is not strychnine enough in
 them, we may be able to trace another
 poisonous outshoot; but there is enough to
 vitiate any character. You may know of a
 singer thus poisoned. "Send for the doctor
 at once," do you say?

No; the best remedy is a grip of Chris-
 tian love and common sense on that poison-
 ous old plant; then, tugging at it vigorously,

pull it up by the roots! If Jennie is
 a canary, and you are not, then be thankful
 that the world is richer for that one sweet
 voice, and that you have such resources in
 the love of Christ that you can be contented
 to be just what he has made you. No matter
 how destitute of gifts you may be, if the
 King will only let you stand in his presence
 and will crown you with his love. In his ear
 your satisfaction with him will make a music
 constant, even if inaudible to the world.

WHAT?

WHAT was it that Charlie saw to-day,
 Down in the pool where the cattle lie?
 A shoal of the spotted trout at play?
 Or a sheeny dragon fly?

The fly and the fish were there indeed;
 But as for the puzzie—guess again!
 It was neither a shell, nor flower, nor reed,
 Nor the nest of a last year's wren.

Some willows droop to the brooklet's bed;
 Who knows but a bee had fallen down?
 Or a spider, swung from his broken thread
 Was learning the way to drown?

You have not read me the riddle yet,
 Nor even the wing of a wounded bee,
 Nor the web of a spider, torn and wet,
 Did Charlie this morning see.

Now answer, you that have grown so wise,
 What could the wonderful sight have been?
 But the dimpled face and great blue eyes
 Of the rogue who was looking in?

THE ONE GIFT.

THERE is one gift which we may all make
 to God, and which he will value more than
 anything else we can possibly offer to him.
 It is that to which he refers when he says
 "My son, give me thine heart." If we have
 millions of money, and should we offer it
 all to God, it would be worth nothing to him
 unless we first gave him our hearts.

A little Sabbath-school girl brought
 present to her teacher of a bouquet of beau-
 tiful flowers.

"And why do you bring me these?"
 asked her teacher.

"Because I love you," was her quick reply.

"And do you bring anything to Jesus?"
 her teacher then inquired.

"O yes," was her reply; "I have given
 my heart to Jesus."

That was a beautiful answer. And that
 is just what Jesus expects each one of us
 to do. He wants us to remember him in
 our youth, and to give him our hearts, as
 this little girl had done. And he wants us
 to do this for his own sake, and out of love
 to him. And then everything we do for
 him, and everything we give to him, will be
 pleasing and acceptable to him.