

TIM'S DAISIES.

HE was only a little "street Arab,"
Ragged and friendless. Ah, yes!
Unused to life's sunniest pathway,
Unused to its love and caress;
For she who had loved him, the mother
Whose arms round him once long ago
Had clasp'd themselves closely, all winter
Had lain 'neath the beautiful snow.

But the months passed away, and the
spring-time
Came on with its bud and its bloom;
And the zephyrs of May, softly blowing,
Scattered far o'er the earth their perfume.

And then came a day dawning brightly,
When soldiers brought flowers to spread
With love and with honour of the loyal,
O'er the graves of the hero dead.

And poor little Tim, sadly thinking
Of his loved one, whose grave was unknown,
Wandered there 'neath the pleasant spring
sunshine,

With tears in his eyes, all alone;
And he gathered the pretty white daisies,
For no other flower had he,
And on the dear grave of his mother
He scattered them tenderly.

Only the simple white daisies!
Only the tears falling fast!
Only a boy's sad heart yearning
For mother-caresses long past!
O fair were the buds and the blossoms
Laid over the soldier-dead;
But as loyal and sweet were Tim's daisies
Over his mother's low bed.

WHERE TOM FOUND HIS MANNERS.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

Tom's father was a rich man, and Tom
lived in a large house in the county. He
had a pony and many other pets, and wore
fine clothes. Tom was very proud of all
the fine things his father's money bought.
He began to think that being rich was
better than being good. He grew very
rude, and was cross to the servant. Once
he kicked Towser, but the dog growled,
and Tom was afraid to kick him again.

One day when Tom was playing in the
yard, he saw a boy standing by the gate.
He was ragged and dirty, his hat was torn,
and his feet were bare. But he had a
pleasant face. In one hand he carried a
pail half full of blackberries.

"Go away from here," said Tom, running to the gate. "We are rich and don't want any ragged boys around."

"Please give me a drink," said the boy. "If you are so rich you can spare me a dipper of water."

"We can't spare you anything," said Tom. "If you don't go away I will set the dogs on you."

The boy laughed and walked away, swinging the tin pail in his hand.

"I think I will get some blackberries, too," said Tom to himself. He went out of the gate into the lane leading to a meadow where there were plenty of berries.

Tom saw some fine large ones growing just over a ditch. He thought he could leap over it very easily. He gave a run and a very big jump. The ditch was wider than he had thought, and instead of going over it, he came down in the middle of it.

The mud was very thick and soft, and Tom sank down in it to his waist. He was very much frightened, and began to scream for help. But he had not much hope that help would come, for he was a long way from any house.

He screamed until he was tired. He began to think he would have to spend the night in the ditch, when he heard steps on the grass. Looking up he saw the ragged boy he had driven from the gate a short time before.

"Please help me out," said Tom crying. "I will give you a dollar."

"I don't want the dollar," said the other boy. Lying down flat on the grass, he held out both of his hands to Tom and drew him out of the ditch.

Tom was covered with mud, his hat was gone, and one shoe was lost in the ditch. He looked very miserable.

"Who is dirty now?" asked the boy. "I am," said poor Tom; "but I thank you very much for helping me out of the mire. And I am sorry I sent you away from the gate."

"The next time I come, perhaps you will treat me better," said the boy. "I am not rich, but I am stronger than you are, and I think I have better manners"

"I think so, too," said Tom.

The next day when Tom saw the boy going by the gate, he called him in, showed him his rabbits, doves and ducks, and gave him a ride on his pony.

"You have good manners now," said the boy.

"Yes," said Tom, "I found them in the ditch."—*Sunday-school Visitor.*

A MODERN ISAAC.

A LITTLE boy's heroism was tested not long ago through a mistake. A gentleman in a New England town proposed to drive with his wife to the beautiful cemetery beside the river, beyond the town. Calling to his son, a bright little boy some four years old, he told him to get ready to accompany them. The child's countenance fell, and the father said, "Don't you want to go, Willie?"

The little lip quivered, but the child answered: "Yes, papa, if you wish."

The child was strangely silent during the drive; and when the carriage drove under the wide archway, he clung to his mother's side and looked up in her face with pathetic wistfulness. The party alighted and walked among the graves and along the tree-shadowed avenues, looking at the inscriptions on the last resting-place of the dwellers in the beautiful city of the dead. After an hour so spent they returned to the carriage, and the father lifted his little son to his seat. The child looked surprised, and drew a breath of relief, and asked, "Why, am I going back with you?"

"Of course you are; why not?"

"I thought when they took little boys to the cemetery they left them there," said the child.

Many a man does not show the heroism in the face of death that the child evinced in what to him had been a summons to leave the world. He who can look up to his heavenly Father when the call comes and say from his heart, "Thy will be done," has received the kingdom of heaven as a little child.

HOW ADAM WENT TO SEA.

ACCORDING to Moslem tradition Eve was a very tall woman, so tall, indeed, that her tomb was two hundred feet long. Adam, then, to judge from the present proportions of the sexes, must have been considerably taller, say two hundred and twenty five or two hundred and thirty feet.

But Adam is said to have gone to the island of Ceylon after his wife's death and an Englishman once undertook to puzzle a Mohammedan disputant by asking him how he could have made the voyage. How could so tall a man have found a boat big enough to carry him?

The devout Moslem was equal to the emergency

"There was no difficulty at all," said he; "Adam went over to Ceylon in several boats."