

## PRESENT ENJOYMENTS.

## MAY MAPLE.

"When we get a new house, I am going to have a nice flower yard;" said Mrs. H. "No one loves flowers better than I do, but there is no use trying to cultivate them where we are now; for the grass and weeds overrun them before the seeds are fairly out of the ground." How many, many people there are, who throw away half of the real joys of life, in just the same way. The future is a great store-house of bright possibilities, but the present is as bare of pleasures, as the barren desert is of vegetation. To a true lover of flowers, what an ever present enjoyment is a plot of gay colored annuals. And the little fairies are not so particular about their surroundings. A grand house with handsome furnishings for a back-ground or side view, does not add a particle to their delicious fragrance or bright coloring. Give appropriate soil, moisture, light and warmth, they grow just as lovely by the cabin door as in the elegantly laid out grounds of a Stewart, Vanderbilt or Gould. The labor of caring for them is much the same. But little that is truly desirable comes without labor; and flowers that have become domesticated, must have the ground properly prepared for their reception, and then to thrive well, like human children, they must be kept out of bad company. And for want of a certain spirit of ambition, Mrs. H. goes hungering for the beautiful, a greater part of her life; for no new house is likely to make its appearance for long years to come, if ever, on her domain, except in imagination.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones lived in the old pioneer cabin that looked for many years as though it would tumble down around them. The nice large farm was paid for; they had large flocks of sheep, and fine herds of cattle; and the stables were occupied with valuable horses. They were out of debt, and well to do farmers in every respect. Then, why did they live in the little old cabin, with its many lowly additions? Because, Mrs. Jones must have a lordly mansion, or none at all; and so they plodded on to acquire more means. And when the bank account was satisfactory, she must look across the way, and covet a portion of her neighbor's orchard, for a site on which to build. But for years the neighbor did not choose to sell, and

still the palatial residence was delayed. At last he was prevailed upon to relinquish his claim, for a liberal compensation. The new house was built, and the first family gathering beneath its roof, was occasioned by the death of Mr. Jones, now "well stricken in years." Did Mrs. Jones enjoy her grand house and its elegant furnishing in her old age, as she would in her more youthful days one of simple design and of less dimension? We think not. She was in a constant fret about something or somebody, and her face was a perfect index of her character; selfish, exacting, with charity for none.

It is well to look out for the future, that we may not come to want. At the same time, we may have many enjoyments as we step along through the journey of life, if we choose to take them as they, go and really be none the poorer in purse; but richer in mind because we have gathered sweets, as the bee does honey from the wayside flowers.—*Rural New Yorker.*

## THE OLDEST TREE IN THE WORLD.

The oldest tree in the world, so far as any one knows, is, says *Knowledge*, the Bo tree of the sacred city of Amarapooora, in Burmah. It was planted 288 B. C., and is therefore now 2170 years old. Sir James Emerson Tennent gives reasons for believing that the tree is really of this wonderful age, and refers to historic documents in which it is mentioned at different dates as 182 A. D., 233 A. D., and so on to the present day. "To it," says Sir James, "kings have even dedicated their dominions, in testimony of belief that it is a branch of the identical Fig tree under which Buddha reclined at Urumelaya when he underwent his apotheosis." Its leaves are carried away as streamers by pilgrims, but it is too sacred to touch with a knife, and therefore they are only gathered when they fall. The King Oak in Windsor Forest, England, is only 1000 years old.

## SWEET WILLIAM'S FATE,

BY W. DERRICK.

Sweet William aster for heartsease,  
And gave her candytuft;  
She honeysucked for awhile  
Then rose and thus rebuffed  
"Begonia! sir, your bleeding heart  
Some balsam soon will ease:  
For-get-me-not, as we must part,  
And now lettuce have peas."