

choly pleasure in placing myrtle and flowering shrubs to beautify the last resting-place of the departed. The tiny hands were busy in that labour of love. O, what a useful lesson may be learned by communing with our own souls in a burying-ground! The uncertainty of life—the certainty of death—the necessity of preparation for a never-ending eternity. Truly “it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting.”

One day, while engaged with his playthings at home, little Arthur inquired: “Grandma, who will put flowers on my grave?” How touching the question! how solemn the thought! “Who will put flowers on my grave?” How soon may we be called to eternity! What kind friend may witness our departure, and when we shall be known no more upon earth, and shall be forgotten by the busy world, may cherish love for our memory, and put flowers on our grave? The young, the beautiful, the light-hearted are in our midst; but they are not too young, nor too beautiful, nor too joyous to be summoned to the presence of the Most High, and their bodies to rest in the quiet grave. Who shall scatter fresh flowers over the little sleepers?

Let us all, whether aged, middle-aged, or young, seek, by prayer to our heavenly Father, and faith in his holy word, so to live that we may welcome the messenger that calls us hence; for we know not who shall be called first—we know not “who shall put flowers on our grave.”—*Well-Spring.*

NEDDY NAYLOR AND JOHNNY JOHNSON.

Poor Johnny Johnson, who had found it to be no *fun* to sit on the dunce's seat at school, tried hard to study his lesson well. But old habits are like thistles, strongly rooted and difficult to pull up. Hence Johnny

found it sore work to apply himself to his book. No sooner did he get his primer open and begin to spell out words, than his mind darted off to the sledding parties on Tom Noddle's hill, or to the skaters on old Nobbs' pond. Then, forgetting his lesson, he sat and gazed upon the air, thinking, thinking, thinking—no, not thinking, but dreaming day-dreams—about everything except his lessons. Presently he started up and found his primer on the floor. It had dropped out of his hand without his knowing it. The sight of the little dog-eared book put him in mind of his purpose to be a student, and he once more bent over his task.

But his mind would no more stay on the primer than a balloon will stay untied on the ground; it would go off on another flight. And once more the poor primer found its way to the little dreamer's feet.

“It's no use, I can't study,” he cried, when he again came to himself.—“But,” he added thoughtfully, “Neddie Naylor can; and I don't know why I can't. I'll go and ask him how he does it.”

Upon this he ran off to see his friend Neddie. He found him in what he called his study. It was a corner of his mother's sitting-room, which had a secretary standing in it, containing the family library. As John entered the room, the servant said:

“Neddie! here is a little boy who wishes to see you.”

Neddie turned round, and after seeing who his visitor was, leaped from his chair and said:

“Johnny! I'm glad to see you; I've just finished my lesson for to-morrow; and I'm ready for play, my boy!”

“I am not come to play with you, Neddie; I want to *talk* with you.”

“To *talk* with me, eh! Well, sit down, and tell me what you want to talk about.”