

The Wonderful Bamboo Tree.

BY MARY M'NEIL SCOTT.

ONE night when the hills were drenched with dew,  
And moonbeams lay about,  
The comical cone of a young bamboo  
Came cautiously creeping out.

It tossed its cup upon the ground,  
Amazed at the sudden light;  
And so pleased it was with the world it found  
That it grew six feet that night.

It grew and it grew in the summer breeze;  
It grew and it grew, until  
It looked right over the camphor trees  
To the further side of the hill.

A Japanese phrase the wood-cutter used  
("Fine tree!" is what we should say);  
He chopped it all round, till it fell to the  
ground;  
His ox then hauled it away.

It made a fine tub from the lowermost round,  
A pail from the following one,  
A caddy for rice from the very next slice,  
And his work was no more than begun.

The next were tall vases and medicine cases,  
With dippers and cups galore;  
There were platters and bowls, and pickets  
and poles,  
And matting to spread on the floor.

A parasol frame and an intricate game  
And the ribs to a paper fan;  
A sole to his shoe and a tooth-pick or two  
He made next,—this wonderful man.

A pencil, I think, and a bottle for ink,  
And a stem for his miniature pipe;  
A ring for his hand and a luncheon-stand,  
And a tray for the oranges ripe.

A rake then he made, and a small garden  
spade,  
And a trellis to loop up his vine;  
A flute which he blew, a tea-strainer, too,  
And a fiddle to squeak shrill and fine.

It would take me all day if I were to say  
All that wonderful man brought to view;  
But a traveller I met says he's sitting there  
yet,  
At work on that single bamboo.

THE OLD ORGAN

OR

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

By Mrs. O. F. Walton.

CHAPTER XI.—ALONE IN THE WORLD.

LITTLE Christie was the only mourner who followed old Treffy to the grave. It was a poor parish funeral. Treffy's body was put into a parish coffin, and carried to the grave in a parish hearse. But, oh! it did not matter, for Treffy was at home in "Home, sweet home," all his sorrows and troubles were over, his poverty was at an end, and in "the Father's house" he was being well cared for.

But the man who drove the hearse was not inclined to lose time upon the road, and Christie had to walk very quickly, and sometimes almost to run, to keep up with him; and on their way they passed another and a very different funeral. It was going very slowly indeed. There was a large hearse in front, and six funeral carriages filled with people, followed. And as Christie passed close by them in the middle of the road he could see that the mourners within looked very sorrowful, and as if they had been crying very much. But in one carriage he saw something which he never forgot. With her head resting on her papa's shoulder, and her little white, sorrowful face pressed close to the window, was his little friend Mabel.

"So her mother is dead!" said Christie to himself, "and this is her funeral! Oh, dear! what a very sad world this is!"

He was not sure whether Mabel had seen him, but the little girl's sorrow had sunk very deep into Christie's soul, and it was with a heavier heart than before that he hastened forward to overtake the hearse which was carrying his old master's body to the grave.

So the two funeral processions—that of the poor old man, and that of the fair young mother—passed on to the cemetery, and over both bodies were pronounced the words, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." But all this time their happy souls were in "Home, sweet home," far, far away from the

scene of sorrow. For, a few days before, just at the same hour, two souls had left this world of woe, and had met together before the gates of pearl. And as they were both clean and white, both washed in the blood of the Lamb, the gates had been opened wide, and old Treffy and little Mabel's mother had entered the city together. And now they had both seen Jesus, the dear Lord whom they loved well, and in his presence they were even now enjoying fulness of joy.

Christie was obliged to give up the little attic after Treffy's death, for the landlady wished to let it for a higher rent. However, she gave the boy leave to sleep in the great lodging-room below, whilst she took possession of all old Treffy's small stock of furniture, in payment of the rent which he owed her.

But the organ was Christie's property; his old master had given it to him most solemnly about a week before he died. He had called Christie to his side, and told him to bring the organ with him. Then he had committed it to Christie's care.

"You'll take care of her, Christie," he had said, "and you'll never part with her, for my sake. And when you play 'Home, sweet home,' Christie, boy, you must think of me and your mother, and how we've both got there."

It was hard work for Christie, the first day that he took out the organ after old Treffy's funeral; he did not so much mind playing "Rule Britannia," or the "Old Hundredth," or "Poor Mary Ann," but when he came for the first time to "Home, sweet home," such a rush of feeling came over him that he stopped short in the middle and moved on without finishing it. The passers-by were surprised at the sudden pause in the tune, and still more so at the tears which were running down Christie's cheeks. They little thought that the last time he had played that tune had been in the room of death, and that whilst he was playing it his dearest friend on earth had passed away into the true "Home, sweet home." But Christie knew, and the notes of the tune brought back the recollection of that midnight hour. And he could not make up his mind to go on playing till he had looked up into the blue sky and asked for help, to rejoice in old Treffy's joy. And then the chorus came very sweetly to him, "Home, sweet home; there's no place like home, there's no place like home." "And old Treffy's there at last," said Christie to himself as he finished playing.

One day, about a week after Treffy's funeral, Christie went up the suburban road, in the hopes of seeing poor little Miss Mabel once more. He had never forgotten her sorrowful little face at the window of the funeral coach. And when we are in sorrow ourselves, it does us good to see and sympathize with those who are in sorrow also. Christie felt it would be a great comfort to him to see the little girl. He wanted to hear all about her mother, and when it was that she had gone to "Home, sweet home."

But when Christie reached the house he stood still in astonishment. The pretty garden was there just as usual, a bed of heart-seases was blooming in the sunshine, and the stocks and forget-me-nots were in full flower. But the house looked very deserted and strange; the shutters of the lower rooms were up and the bedrooms had no blinds in the windows, and looked empty and forlorn. And in the nursery windows, instead of little Mabel's and Charlie's merry faces, there was a cross-looking old woman with her head bent down over her knitting.

What could be the matter? Where were the children gone? Surely no one else was lying dead in the house. Christie felt that he could not go home without finding out; he must ask the old woman. So he stood at the garden-gate, and turned the handle of the organ, hoping that she would look out and speak to him. But, beyond a passing glance, she gave no sign that she even heard it, but went on diligently with her work.

At length Christie could wait no longer; so stopping suddenly in the middle of "Poor Mary Ann," he walked up the gravel path and rang the bell. Then the old woman put her head out of the window, and asked what he wanted. Christie did not quite know what to say, so he came out at once with the great fear which was haunting him.

"Please, ma'am, is anyone dead?" he asked.

"Dead? No!" said the woman, quickly. "What do you want to know for?"

"Please, could I speak to little Miss Mabel?" said Christie, timidly.

"No, bless you," said the old woman, "not unless you'd like a walk across the sea; she's in France by now."

"In France!" repeated Christie, with a bewildered air.

"Yes," said the old woman, "they've all

gone abroad for the summer;" and then she shut the window in a decided manner, as much as to say, "And that's all I shall tell you about it."

Christie stood for a few minutes in the pretty garden before he moved away. He was very disappointed; he had so hoped to have seen his little friends, and now they were gone. They were far away in France. That was a long way off, Christie felt sure, and perhaps he would never see them again.

He walked slowly down the dusty road. He felt very lonely this afternoon, very lonely and forsaken. His mother was gone; old Treffy was gone; the lady was gone; and now the children were gone also! He had no one to cheer him or to comfort him; so he dragged the old organ wearily down the hot streets. He had not heart enough to play, he was very tired and worn out; yet he knew not where to go to rest. He had not even the old attic to call his home. But the pavement was so hot to his feet, and the sun was so scorching, that Christie determined to return to the dismal court, and to try to find a quiet corner in the great lodging-room.

But when he opened the door he was greeted by a cloud of dust; and the landlady called out to him to take himself off, she could not do with him loitering about at that time of day. So Christie turned out again, very heart-sore and disconsolate; and going into a quiet street, he sheltered for some time from the hot sun, under a high wall which made a little shadow across the pavement.

Christie was almost too hot and tired even to be unhappy, and yet every now and then he shivered, and crept into the sunshine to be warmed again. He had a strange, sharp pain in his head, which made him feel very bewildered and uncomfortable. He did not know what was the matter with him; and sometimes he got up and tried to play for a little time, but he was so sick and dizzy that he was obliged to give it up, and to lie quite still under the wall, with the organ beside him, till the sun began to set. Then he dragged himself and his organ back to the lodging-room. The landlady had finished her cleaning, and was preparing the supper for her lodgers. She threw Christie a crust of bread as he came in, but he was not able to eat it. He crawled to a bench in the far corner of the room, and putting his old organ against the wall beside him, he fell asleep.

When he awoke, the room was full of men; they were eating their supper, and talking and laughing noisily. They took little notice of Christie, as he lay very still in the corner of the room. He could not sleep again, for the noise in the place was so great, and now and again he shuddered at the wicked words and coarse jests which fell on his ear almost every minute.

Christie's head was aching terribly, and he felt very, very ill; he had never been so ill in his life before. What would he not have given for a quiet little corner, in which he might have lain, out of the reach of the oaths and wickedness of the men in the great lodging-room! And then his thoughts wandered to old Treffy in "Home, sweet home." What a different place his dear old master was in! "There's no place like home, no place like home," said Christie to himself. "Oh, what a long way I am from 'Home, sweet home!'"

(To be continued.)

TWO STUPID BOYS.

DEAN STANLEY once said to a boy, "If I tell you I was born in the second half of 1815, can you tell me why I am called Arthur?" The name of the hero of Waterloo was then on all men's lips.

When nine years of age Arthur was sent to a preparatory school. He was bright and clever, but he could not learn arithmetic.

Dr. Boyd writes in *Longmans' Magazine* that the master of the school, Mr. Rawson, declared that Arthur was the stupidest boy at figures who ever came under his care, save only one, who was yet more hopeless, and was unable to grasp simple addition and multiplication.

Stanley remained unchanged to the end. At Rugby he rose like a rocket to every kind of eminence, except that of doing "sums." In due time he took a first-class at Oxford, where the classics and Aristotle's Ethics were the books in which a student for honours must be efficient. He would not have done as well at Cambridge, whose senior wrangler must be an accomplished mathematician.

On the contrary, that other stupid boy,

"more hopeless" than Stanley, developed a phenomenal mastery of arithmetic. He became the great finance minister of after years, William E. Gladstone, who could make a budget speech of three hours' length, and full of figures, which so interested the members of the House of Commons that they filled the hall, standing and sitting till midnight.

The story has two morals. One is that a boy may be stupid in one study, and bright in all the remaining studies. The other moral is, and it is most important, that a boy may overcome by hard study his natural repugnance to a certain study, and even become an eminent master of it. —*Youth's Companion*.

HOW THE CHINESE DO THINGS.

EVERYTHING relating to the Orient, where a terrible war is being waged now between China and Japan, is of interest. We would all like to see these people follow the example of the civilized nations in later years and settle their difficulties without murder and bloodshed. But these heathen nations are just the opposite, even in their ways of doing common things:

The Chinese do everything backward. They exactly reverse the usual order of civilization.

Note first that the Chinese compass points to the south instead of the north.

The men wear skirts and the women trousers.

The men wear their hair long and the women wear it short.

The men carry on dressmaking and the women carry burdens.

The spoken language of China is not written, and the written language is not spoken.

Books are read backward, and what we call footnotes are inserted at the top of the page.

The Chinese surname comes first instead of last.

The Chinese shake their own hands instead of the hands of those they greet.

The Chinese dress in white at funerals and in mourning at weddings, while old women always serve as bridesmaids.

The Chinese launch their vessels sideways and mount their horses from the off side.

The Chinese begin their dinner with dessert and end with soup and fish.

The Point of View.

SAID the Gray Horse to the Brown Horse:  
"Hi, but life's a pull!  
Half at least every day  
My cart is full.  
Half of every year—  
Talk about the lark—  
I must leave my warm bed  
While it is dark."

"Half the food I live on,  
Every day,  
Is—I give my word for it—  
Only hay,  
Half my time, yes, fully;  
Cold days and hot,  
I must still keep going  
Whether I can or not."

Said the Brown Horse to the Gray Horse:  
"My work is half play,  
For my cart's empty  
Half of every day;  
Half of every year, too,  
I go to bed at night  
Knowing I can stay there  
Till it is light."

"Master likes his horses  
With glossy coats,  
So half my food is always  
The best of oats.  
What with nights and standing  
While they unload,  
Half my time I'm resting,  
Not on the road."

Two little sparrows perched upon a beam,  
Broke into laughter with a peef et scream.  
Mr. Sparrow chuckled, "Who'd believe it,  
dear?

Their food and work are both alike all the  
live-long year!"