

[FOR CANADA.]

**COME UNTO ME AND REST.**

MATT. 11 : 28.

**C**OME unto Me, dear child, and sweetly rest;  
The way is long, and thou art sore  
oppress  
With toil and care : come, lean upon my  
breast.

Poor fainting heart, thou'rt tried and tempted  
sore :

Dost thou not know how much for thee I bore?  
If thou could'st know, then would'st thou  
trust Me more.

Art whispering, child, of worldly thoughts  
and vain,

Of fame and higher place thou'st striven to  
gain,

Which brought to thee, at last, but tears and  
pain ;

Cling closer, child : thou'rt weary, sad and  
tired :

Thou seest how vain is all thou hast desired,  
The praise of men, the world, so much admired.

The path was rough, too narrow for thy feet ;  
Thou could'st not find thereon the blossoms  
sweet

Of earthly love and joy, thine eye to greet.

My guiding hand which led thee day by day  
Grew irksome too, because thou could'st not  
stray

When led by Me along thy pilgrim way.

Thy hand from Mine was loosed, and thou  
wert free :

Thy feet soon found the paths where thou  
would'st be ;

Thou did'st not know My love still followed  
thee.

And when at last, all footsore, heart oppressed,  
Wearied and worn, thou'rt turned to Me for  
rest,

I told thee now, dear child, unto My breast.

IDA H. WILSON.

Ottawa, Ont.

[FOR CANADA.]

**A WINTER FIRE.**

**T**HE wind swept and bellowed round  
the cottage, and the old fisherman  
built a fire in his little stone fire-  
place, and sat down with his long pipe,  
to enjoy the warm glow and the savoury  
tobacco.

He must have gone to sleep over his  
pipe, for he told me afterwards, that each  
of the sticks on the fire told him a story,  
and moreover, he gave me the stories.

Here they are, pretty nearly in his  
own words.

I was sitting before the fire on the  
night of February twelfth, smoking and  
looking into the leaping flames. There  
was a big wind blowing, and the waves  
were rolling up the shore right heavily,  
when I heard a voice coming from an  
old elbow of pine which I had brought  
from the forest that morning, with an  
armful of other stuff.

"I have come from the great forest,"  
it said, "and belong to one of the oldest  
trees in New Brunswick.

"I was born one hundred and two  
years ago, and my mother, the tree, was  
born twelve years before that, and thus  
you may know that I was situated at  
quite a distance from the ground.

"I lived happily through my youth,  
every morning watching the great sun  
rise out of the ocean and gild the top of  
the breakers as they rolled in, and every  
evening watching him go down, dyed as  
if with blood. At night I could see the  
light house on the point, flashing out its  
red and white lights on the sea, and  
when the ocean and wind grew strong  
strange birds often rested near me in my  
mother tree.

"Those were wild fellows, those birds  
from the open sea, and chattered and  
sang all night, telling of shipwreck and  
disaster and great hurricanes.

"I often saw the fishing snacks sail  
away from the shore, and again I would  
see them return, so low in the water that  
the gentle swell of a fine summer day  
would lap up over their gunnels. In the  
great storm that blew two weeks ago,  
which you will remember if you are a  
true sailor, I was blown clear off my  
mother tree, and the next gust that came  
by laid her flat also."

Here the elbow of pine stopped, and an  
old piece of drift-wood which I had  
picked off the beach a few days before,  
began his story.

"I too, am pine," it began, "and lived  
many years in a great forest somewhere  
north of here, but one day I and my  
mother were cut down and became part  
of the bowsprit of a great ship.

"We sailed everywhere that there was  
depth for a keel or width for a hull, and  
when the great wind blew we took in  
some of our canvas, and laughed at the  
waves. I saw the coral islands of the  
south and the slow moving icebergs of  
the north, and my paint blistered and  
boiled in the heat of a tropical sun.

"But one night an awful storm came  
up, such as we had never felt before, and  
every wave that touched us rolled the  
whole length of our decks, thumping at  
the hatchways as they went and then  
falling off through the after port-holes.  
One moment I would be high up in the

air, with the split jib flying out in front  
of me, and in another moment I would  
be buried deep down in a dark green  
wave.

"Toward morning there was just a  
tinge of light in the sky, and as we were  
lingering on top of a great wave, before  
rushing down into its trough, I saw a  
black mass lying beneath me. We were  
hurled down, there was a crash and a  
shriek ! and I, once part of a great ship,  
am now burning quietly on shore."

"The bit of drift-wood stopped here,"  
said the old sailor. So I heard no more.

G. E. THEODORE ROBERTS.

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