



YOUNG CANADA AT PLAY.

WINDS AND SHOWERS.

THERE can't be sunshine every day;
At times the tempest lowers;
We cannot always take our way
Through meadows strewn with flowers.

There's work in life as well as play;
There must be serious hours;
But blustering March winds lead the way
To softer April showers.

And then will come the lovely May,
That calls to woods and bowers,
When both alike have sped away,
March winds and April showers.

Hope comes before the sunshine ray;
God gives to each the power
To struggle bravely on the way,
Through wind and rain and shower.

A KIND word, nay, even a kind look,
Often affords comfort to the afflicted.

THE SOLDIER AND THE THISTLE.

LITTLE Minnie, in her eagerness after flowers, had wounded her hand on a sharp, prickly thistle. This made her cry with pain at first, and pout with vexation afterward.

"I do wish there no such thing as a thistle in the world," she said pettishly.

"And yet the Scottish nation think so much of it that they engrave it on the national arms," said her mother.

"It is the last flower that I should pick out," said Minnie. "I am sure they might have found a great many nicer ones, even among the weeds."

"But the thistle did them such good service once," said her mother, "that they learned to esteem it very highly. One time the Danes invaded Scotland, and they prepared to make a night attack on a sleeping garrison. So they crept along barefooted, as still as possible, until they were

almost on the spot. Just at that moment a barefooted soldier stepped on a great thistle, and the hurt made him utter a sharp, shrill cry of pain. The sound awoke the sleepers, and each man sprang to his arms. They fought with great bravery, and the invaders were driven back with much loss. So you see the thistle saved Scotland, and ever since it has been placed on their seal as their national flower."

"Well! I never suspected that so small a thing could save a nation," said Minnie, thoughtfully.

KEEPING HOUSE.

MAY we borrow the baby, ma'am,
Your beautiful baby, Gabrolle?
You know what a staid little girl I am,
And I'll bring her back safe and well.

We are keeping house over there
Under the maple trees—
Robbie and Ruth and I and Clare,—
Do lend us the baby, please?

She holds out her hands to come,
May I take her, ma'am, this minute?
Home, mother says, is but half a home,
That has no baby in it.

NEITHER ILL NOR THIRSTY.

A MAN of temperate habits was once dining at the house of a free drinker. No sooner was the cloth removed from the dinner table than wine and spirits were produced, and he was asked to take a glass of spirits and water.

"No, thank you," said he, "I am not ill."

"Take a glass of ale."

"No, thank you," said he; "I am not thirsty."

These answers produced a loud burst of laughter.

Soon after this the temperate man took a piece of bread from the sideboard and handed it to his host, who refused it, saying he was not hungry.

At this the temperate man laughed in his turn. "Surely," said he, "I have as much reason to laugh at you for not eating when you are not hungry as you have to laugh at me for declining medicine when not ill and drink when I am not thirsty."

—Selected.

A CHRISTIAN mother, when praying beside her little boy, had mentioned his name in her prayer. Upon rising from his knees he said: "I am glad you told Jesus my name, for when he sees me coming he will say, 'Here comes little Willie Johnson.'" But Jesus knew Willie's name before his mother prayed.