

"But your illness?" he rejoined in self reproach.

"My dear boy," broke in Walter Edwards, clasping both their hands, "look at those roses already budding again on her cheek, and draw comfort, as I do, from the knowledge that she has bravely, womanfully, battled through her reverses; and if the malady was great, the cure has been effectual."

"ONLY A ROSE."

(Written for THE HARP.)

'Twas only a pale yellow rose which I found
In the page of my book to-day,
And its leaves were crushed, and its color gone—
'Twas only a rose—Did I say?

But, oh! the thoughts which rushed to my mind
As I gathered its dust in my hand,
Of the many dear friends since that rose was called
Who had gone to the Better Land!

Poor little bud! 'twas fresh and white
And the moss 'round its heart was green,
And its odor was sweet, and its petals bright,
Like the glimmer of silver sheen.

And it rested so calm on my dead mother's breast
Like a gift from some fairy land—
And it breathed away its young life there
In the clasp of the cold white hand.

I have loved it since, as a thing of the tomb,
As a relic, to me, from the dead—
And I still can see the pale, sad face,
Of the gentle spirit fled.

I listen still to the soft, low voice,
Still feel the touch of her hand
And my soul, oft longs to meet her own,
In the shades of the mystic land.
Montreal.

MARIE.

A cut in a St. Louis paper, which we took for the picture of a St. Louis girl's mitten, turns out, on a closer examination, to be the full-sized picture of a sugar-cured ham.

Money is being so freely contributed for the purpose of clothing, and civilizing benighted Africans that it is becoming profitable to go to Africa and be a heathen.

FOP. THE YOUNG FOLKS.

THE RAT AND HIS FRIENDS.

A rat lived in abundance near a granary full of wheat. Squire Nibble had made a hole through which he could visit his store, whenever he liked. The prodigal was not content with filling his own belly; he called all the rats of the neighborhood to the feast. "Come along, my friends, you shall live in abundance like me. I have found a treasure." He found many friends without doubt, that is to say, table friends; there are many of them in the world. Meantime the master of the granary, seeing his wheat disappear, day after day, although he never touched it, resolved to keep the rats out. Nibble was reduced to beggary. "Luckily," said he, "I have plenty of friends; they will not see me want; they have sworn so a hundred times." "The rat counted without his host. When he called on his friends, "I don't know you, said one "You have been a simpleton," said another. "You were too prodigal," said a third. All shut the door in his face.

Moral—Ingratitude is a characteristic of the mean and low.

THE FOX AND THE DRUM.

A hungry fox saw a hen scratching at the foot of a tree. He was about to spring upon her, when he heard the noise of a drum, which hung upon a tree, was struck by the branches. "Ah! ah!" said Master Fox, raising his head, "Are you there? I will be with you presently. Whatever you are, from the noise you make, you ought to have more flesh than a chicken. Poulets are ordinary fare, I have eaten so many lately that I am tired of them, you will repay me for all the poor meals I have had; truly I have come upon you in the nick of time!" With this he sprang up the tree and the chicken, very thankful for having escaped so easily, flew off. The fox consumed by hunger, seized his prey, and worked away tooth and nail; but what was his surprise, when he found the drum hollow and empty; plenty of air, but no flesh. Sighing deeply, "unfortunate me!" he cried, "what a delicate morsel I have lost for this miserable thing all emptiness and noise."