

SHE HAD NEVER SEEN A TREE.

HEY took the little London girl from out the city street To where the grass was growing green, the birds were singing sweet; And everything along the road so filled her with surprise, The look of wonder fixed itself within her violet eyes.

The breezes ran to welcome her; they kissed her on each cheek, And tried in every way they could their ecstasy to speak; Inviting her to romp with them, and tumbling up her curls, Expecting she would laugh or scold, like other little girls.

But she didn't—no, she didn't; for this crippled little child Had lived within a dingy court where sunshine never smiled; And for weary, weary days and months the little one had lain Confined within a narrow room, and on a couch of pain.

The out-door world was strange to her—the broad expanse of sky, The soft, green grass, the pretty flowers, the stream that trickled by; But all at once she saw a sight that made her hold her breath, And shake and tremble as if she were frightened near to death.

Oh, like some horrid monster of which the child had dreamed, With nodding head and waving arms, the angry creature seemed; It threatened her, it mocked at her, with gesture and grimace, That made her shrink with terror from its serpent-like embrace.

They kissed the trembling little one, they held her in their arms, And tried in every way they could to quiet her alarms, And said, "Oh, what a foolish little goose you are, to be So nervous and so terrified at nothing but a tree!"

They made her go up close to it and put her arms around The trunk and see how firmly it was fastened in the ground; They told her all about the roots that clung down deeper yet, And spoke of other curious things she never would forget.

Oh, I have heard of many, very many, girls and boys, Who have to do without the sight of pretty books and toys, Who have never seen the ocean; but the saddest thought to me Is that anywhere there lives a child who never saw a tree.

—Harper's Young People.

A LONG, LONG JOURNEY.

WHEN the doctor came downstairs from the sick-room of Mrs. Marshall, the whole family seemed to have arranged themselves in the hall to waylay him.

"How soon will mamma dit well?" asked little Clyde, the baby.

"Can mamma come downstairs next week?" asked Katy, the eldest daughter and the little housekeeper.

"Do you find my wife much better?" asked Mr. Marshall, eagerly. He was a tall, grave man, pale with anxiety and nights of watching.

The doctor did not smile; he did not even stop to answer their questions.

"I am in a great hurry," he said, as he took his hat; "I must go to a patient who is dangerously ill. This evening I will call again. I have left instructions with the nurse."

But the nurse's instructions were all concerning the comfort of the patient; she was professionally discreet and silent. The children playing on the stairs were told to make no noise.

The gloomy day wore on and the patient slept and was not disturbed. But that night before they went to bed, they were allowed to go in and kiss their mother good-night. This privilege had been denied them lately and their little hearts responded with joy to the invitation. Mamma was better or she could not see them. The doctor had cured her. They would love him for it all their lives!

She was very pale but smiling, and her first words to them were:

"I am going on a journey!"

"A journey," cried the children. "Will you take us with you?"

"No; it is a long, long journey."

"Mamma is going to the South," said Katy; "the doctor has ordered her to She will get well in the orange grooves of Florida."

"I am going to a far-distant country, more beautiful than even the lovely South," said the mother faintly, "and I will not come back."

"You are going alone, mamma?" asked Katy.

"No," said the mother, in a low, sweet voice. "I am not going alone, my Physician goes with me. Kiss me good-by, my dear little ones, for in the morning, before you are awake, I shall be gone. You will all come to me when you are made ready, but each must make the journey alone."

In the morning she was gone. When the children awoke their father told them of the beautiful country at which she had safely arrived while they slept.

"How did she go! Who came for her?" they asked amid their tears.

"The chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof," their father told them solemnly.

People wonder at the peace and happiness expressed in the faces of these motherless children; when asked about their mother they say: "She has gone on a journey," and every night and morning they read in her guide-book of that land where she now lives, whose inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick, and where God himself shall wipe all tears from their eyes.—*Detroit Free Press.*

ON FISHING.

HAD you been with me on the day referred to in this story, you would have seen a sportsman fishing on a Highland stream. You could see he was a sportsman by his long boots, his large basket (which was empty), and his hat covered all round with the most brilliant artificial flies. You could see he was a fisherman, too, by the long salmon-rod with which he kept whipping the stream. In spite of his boots, his basket, his hat, his rod, and his flies, somehow or other the fish would not bite. Now this was all the more provoking since just opposite to him was a little ragged bare-footed urchin with no particular dress on him at all (at any rate, his feet and legs and head and neck were all bare), and a common hazel rod. But there beside him on the grass lay a row of shining fish, all of which had been caught with that little hazel rod under the sportsman's very eyes, while the latter spent his skill in vain. The boy was leaning against a little angle of rock, behind which he was partly hidden as if ashamed to be seen, but the fisherman stood boldly on the river's brink, as he, at any rate, had nothing to be

ashamed of—except that he had caught no fish. Now he was ashamed of this; so much ashamed, indeed, that he pocketed sufficient of his pride to enable him to ask the boy how it was all the fish were on his side of the river. The reply was brief and to the point. "The feesh will come you're side, mon, if you stand like me. If ye want to catch feesh, ye maun hide yersel."

THE SELFISH POOL AND GENEROUS STREAMLET.

SEE that little fountain yonder, away on the distant mountain, shining like a thread of silver through the thick copse, and sparkling like a diamond in its healthful activity. It is hurrying on with tinkling feet to bear its tribute to the river. See, it passes a stagnant pool, and the pool hails it, "Whither away, master streamlet?" "I am going to the river to bear this cup of water God has given me." "Ah, you are very foolish for that; you'll need it before the summer is over. It has been a backward spring, and we shall have a hot summer to pay for it; you will dry up then." "Well," says the streamlet, "if I am to die so soon, I had better work while the day lasts. If I am likely to lose my treasure from the heat, I had better do good with it while I have it." So on it goes, blessing and rejoicing in its course. The pool smiled complacently at its own superior foresight, and hoarded all its resources, letting not a drop steal away.

Soon the midsummer heat came down, and it fell upon the little stream; but the trees crowded to its brink and spread out their sheltering branches over it in the day of adversity, for it brought refreshment and life to them; and the sun peeped through their branches and smiled complacently upon its dimpled face, and seemed to say, "It is not in my heart to harm you;" and the birds sipped its silver tide and sang its praises, the flowers breathed their perfume upon its bosom, the beasts of the field loved to linger near its banks, the husbandman's eye always sparkled with joy as he gazed upon the long line of verdant beauty that marked its course through his fields and meadows, and so on it went, blessing and blessed of all.

But where was the prudent pool? Alas! in its inglorious inactivity it grew sickly and pestilential. The beasts of the field put their lips to it, but turned away without drinking; the breezes stopped and kissed it by mistake, but caught the malaria in the contact, and carried the ague through the region, and the inhabitants caught it, and had to move away; and, at last, heaven, in mercy to man, smote it with a hotter breath and dried it up.

But did the little stream exhaust itself? Oh, no! God saw to that. It emptied its full cup into the river, and the river bore it to the sea and the sea welcomed it, and the sun smiled upon the sea and the sea sent up its incense to greet the sun, and the clouds caught in their capacious bosoms the incense from the sea, and the winds, like waiting steeds, caught the chariots of the clouds and bore them away—away to the very mountain that gave the little fountain birth, and there they tipped the brimming cup and poured the grateful baptism down. So God saw to it that the

little fountain, though it gave so fully and so freely, never ran dry.

MORAL.

If God so bless the fountain, will he not also bless you, my children, if "as ye have freely received, ye also freely give?" Cannot we all learn a useful and blessed lesson from the selfish pool, remembering the words of the Lord Jesus, "It is more blessed to give than to receive?"—*Missio y Review.*

HEAVEN IS NEAR.

Heaven is nearer than mortals think, When they look with a trembling dread

At the misty future that stretches on From the silent homes of the dead. 'Tis no lone isle, in a lonely main, No distant but brilliant shore Where the loved ones are called away— Must go to return no more.

No: heaven is near us; the mighty veil Of mortality blinds the eye; That we see not the hovering angel band, On the shores of eternity. Yet oft, in the hour of holy thought, To the thirsting soul is given The power to pierce through the mist of sense To the beauteous scenes of heaven.

Then very near seem its pearly gates, And sweetly its harpings fall, The soul is restless to soar away, And longs for the angel's call. I know when the silver cord is loosed, And the veil is rent away, Not long nor dark will the passing be To the realms of endless day.

The eye that shuts in a dying hour, Will open the next in bliss; The welcome will sound in a heavenly world Ere the farwell is hushed in this. We pass from the clasp of mourning friends To the arms of the loved and lost; And the smiling faces will greet us there Which on earth we have valued most.

MY FATHER.

IN a storm at sea, when the danger pressed, and the deep seemed ready to devour the voyagers, one man stood composed and cheerful amidst the agitated throng. They asked him eagerly why he feared not; was he an experienced seaman, and did he see reason to expect that the ship would ride the tempest through? No; he was not an expert sailor, but he was a trustful Christian. He was not sure that the ship would swim; but he knew that its sinking could do no harm to him. His answer was, "Though I sink to-day, I shall only drop gently into the hollow of my Father's hand; for He holds all these waters there!" The story of that disciple's faith triumphing in a stormy sea presents a pleasant picture to those who read it on the solid land; but if they in safety are strangers to his faith, they will not in trouble partake of his consolation. The idea is beautiful; but a human soul, in its extremity, cannot play with a beautiful idea. If the heart do not feel the truth firm to lean upon, the eye will not long be satisfied with its symmetry to look at. Strangers may speak of Providence; but only the children love it. If they would tell the truth, those who are alienated from God in their hearts, do not like to be so completely in His power. It is when I am satisfied with His mercy, that I rejoice to lie in his hand.—*Arnol.*

BEWARE of those who are homeless by choice! You have no hold on a man whose affections have no tap-root.