



OUR BABY BROTHER.

GATHERING WILD FLOWERS.

It was in the "leafy month of June." Mary Meredith was just recovering from a long and serious illness. In the bleak month of March brought into a low and weak state of health by overwork—she had taken a chill and had been almost beyond hope of recovery through the fever which had followed. An anxious mother watched the girl day and night, and her constant attention and the doctor's skill had been blessed by the Great Physician, and though the months of April and May were anxiously spent by those who best knew how serious the illness was, yet Mary was now getting stronger every day. She had two sisters and one brother younger than herself, and they dearly loved their eldest sister—and often had talked together of the happy times they again would have when they could all go out together again into the woods.

Mary had been down-stairs during the later days of May, but had not been allowed out of doors by the doctor. Many times she had sighed and longed to get out of the house and wander by the stream, and look upon the trees and flowers which seemed to her more fresh and sweet than they had ever before seemed. The sickness of Mary had drawn the hearts of sisters and brothers more closely to her than ever. This is one of the real comforts of a happy home; the more weak

and dependent we are, the more kind, and gentle, and patient are those who are nearest and dearest to us. It was a happier day for sisters and brother in their almost rude health than for Mary herself. Wrapped up in warm, loose-fitting garments—her face bleached with sickness, and bearing evident traces of the severe illness she had gone through, she could only walk a little way without resting. She had never felt how feeble she was till she started off to walk that day. The garden sloped down to the woodside, and the whole air was fragrant with the full scent of May and the delicate perfume of wild flowers.

Bunch after bunch was gathered, and all brought to Mary. As she sat in the wood, while sisters and brother chatted merrily, Mary's heart was almost too full for words. She mused half dreamily, and while her thoughts ran over the past weeks of pain and weariness, she said: "Ah, I have the best mother in the world. I should never have seen the woods again—never pulled through that weakness which made me feel like a little baby—if it had not been for my mother. I did not think of it at the time, but when I felt that I was sinking, her cheering, loving voice bade me hope. God has been very good to me, and his best gift has been my mother's love and care."

And then with as many flowers as they

could carry they returned home to mother, whose anxious watching over Mary had made her look worn and thin. Yes, Mary had the best of mothers, for her first thoughts were about her children; her last about herself.

OUR BABY BROTHER.

BY IDA FAY.

See him, our darling, our own baby brother!

Where will you find in the whole world another

So pretty, so playful, so gentle, so cheery?
Our own little brother, our treasure, our dearie!

The summer is coming, you dear little fellow,

With violets purple, and buttercups yellow:

Just hear the birds singing, as if they were trying

To tell all the pleasure of loving and flying.

We'll take you to look at the calf in the stable;

We'll show you the pussy that comes to the table:

You shall see all the hens and the chickens together;

And we'll pluck from the rooster a fine showy feather.

To the pond we will go where the water is brimming

And then we will see all the little ducks swimming;

And baby shall see all the bright garden flowers

That help to make lovely these mild summer hours.

A SPIRIT-LEVEL TO LIVE BY.

A little boy saw his father using a spirit-level to see if the board that he was planing was "true" and straight.

"What's the use of being so careful, papa?" he asked. "It's pretty good, I guess. It looks so."

"Guessing won't do in carpenter work," said his father, "sighting" along the edge of the board, and shaving it the least bit in the world. "You have to be just right. Folks guess at too many things. God doesn't like that way of living."

"I guess there aren't any spirit-levels for living by," laughed the little boy.

"Yes, there are," said his father earnestly. "You'll find them in the Bible. Try all your actions by that. Make them true and straight, and no guesswork in them."—*Jewels*.

Kind words can never die,
Cherished and blest,
God knows how deep they lie
Stored in each breast.