

Our Basket.

INSTITUTIVE ASPIRATIONS.

A little brown seed in the furrow,
Was still in its lowly bed ;
While violets blue and lilies' white,
Were whispering overhead.
They conversed of glories strange and rare,
Of glittering dew and floating air,
And beauty and rapture everywhere
And the seed heard all they said.

The little brown seed in the darkness,
And so close to the lilies feet ;
Yet far away from the gladsome day,
Where life seemed so complete.
In heart it up-treasured every word,
And longed for the life of which it heard ;
For the light that shone and the air that stirr'd,
In that world so wondrous fair ;
Still wond'ring and thinking, "Can I ever be there,
And in such high ecstasies have any share."

This poor little brown seed in silence,
So in-thrilled with a strange unrest ;
A warm new heart beat tremblingly,
In its hampered, heaving breast.
With its two small hands clasped as if in prayer,
It lifted them up in darkness there ;
Up, up through the sod to the sun and air,
The firm folded hands up press'd.

Oh little brown seed in the furrow,
At last you have pierced the mould ;
And quivering with a life intense,
Your beautiful leaves unfold.
Like wings outspread for upward flight,
And slowly moving up into the light ;
Your sweet bud opens, till in heaven's sight
You wear a bright crown of gold.

Oh ! aspiring soul, seed immortal,
Here so dark, so earth-confined ;
In thy intuitions instructive,
Of heavenward aspiring mind.
Still upward, press on in thy might,
On, on to thy high birthright !
Till crowned in the long'd for light,
Earth's darkness is left behind.

—Selected.

TRIFLES.

A tailor was startled the other day by the return of a bill which he had sent to an editor, with a notice that the "manuscript was respectfully declined."

Leader of orchestra to young Irishman who wants to join—"Do you play by ear or by note?" "Nayther, be jabers, I play wid me hands."

"I say, Paddy, that is the worst looking horse that I have ever seen in harness. Why don't you fatten him up?" "Fatten him up, is it? Faix, the poor baste can scarcely carry the little mate that's on him now," replied Paddy.

Dr. Thomas Guthrie never said a truer thing than this: "Whisky is the Devil's way to man, and man's way to the Devil!" Let us do our best to blockade it.

The railroad restaurant on a certain line is kept by a veteran baker. A sprightly young traveller complained of one of his pies the other day. The old man became angry. "Young man," he said severely, "I made pies before you were born." "Yes," replied the traveller, "I guess this must be one of those same pies."

A school of poor children, having read in the Bible the denunciation against hypocrites who "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel," were afterwards examined by a benvolent patroness as to their recollections of of the chapter. "What, in particular, was the sin of the pharisees, children!" said the lady. "Aiting camels, my lady," was the prompt reply.

The liquor sellers call a man who gets drunk a fool—one who

don't drink a fanatic. As drink leads to drunk, as sure as night follows day, it is better to be in their category of fanatics than fools.

"Remus, what come o' ye' last Sunday? Didn't see yer to de chu'ch." "I was der, Sam'l; I passed de' sasser." Oh, dat 'coonts fo' not seein' yer. Yo see dar's been so much beggin' goin' on 'round ter de chu'ch ob late dat now days a man's gotter go down putty deep ter fin' suffin', an' I speck I muster bin down in der bottom ob my pocket browsin' fur change when yo' kim along an' course I could'n see yer fo'm dar."

The Bishop of Wurtzburg asked a little shepherd boy: "What are you doing, my little lad?" "Tending swine." "How much do you get?" "One florin a week." "I am also a shepherd," continued the Bishop, "but I have a much better salary." "That may all be, but then I suppose you have more swine under your care," innocently replied the boy.

A man who lives in Albany, and whose business is that of a clerk, said that he had lately built a house that cost him three thousand dollars. His friends expressed their wonder that he could afford to build so fine a dwelling.

"Why," said he, "this is my smoke-house."

"Your smoke-house! What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean that twenty years ago I left off smoking, and I computed that what I saved, with interest would amount to three thousand dollars, and I concluded to put the money saved from smoke into my house; hence I call this my smoke-house.—*Baud of Hope Review.*

For Girls and Boys.

I MUST DO MORE FOR MOTHER.

"Is there any vacant place in the bank which I could fill?" was the enquiry of a boy, as with a glowing cheek he stood before the president.

"There is none," was the reply. "Were you told that you might obtain a situation here? Who recommended you?"

"No one recommended me," was the answer, "I only thought I would see."

There was a straightforwardness in the manner, an honest determination in the countenance of the lad which pleased the man of business, and induced him to continue the conversation. He said:

"You must have friends who could aid you in a situation; have you advised with them?"

The quick flash of the dark blue eyes were quenched in the overtaking wave of sadness, as he said, though half musingly: "My mother said it would be useless to try without friends;" then recollecting himself he apologised for the interruption, and was about to withdraw when the gentleman detained him, by asking him why he did not stay at school another year or two, and then enter into business life.

"I have no time," was the instant reply; "But I study at home and keep up with the other boys."

"Then you have a place already!" said his interrogator. "Why did you leave it?"

"I have not left it," answered the boy, quietly.

"Yes; but you wish to leave it. What is the matter?"

For an instant the child hesitated; then he replied with half-reluctant frankness:

"I must do more for my mother."

Brave words! talisman of success anywhere. They sank into the heart of the listener, recalling the radiant past. Grasping the hand of the astonished child, he said, with quivering voice:

"My good boy, what is your name? You shall fill the first vacancy for an apprentice that occurs in the bank. If, in the meantime, you need a friend, come to me. But now give me your confidence. Why do you wish to do more for your mother?"

Tears filled his eyes as he replied:

"My father is dead, my brothers and sisters are dead, and my mother and I are left alone to help each other; but she is not strong, and I want to take care of her. It will please her, sir, that you have been so kind, and I am much obliged to you."

So saying the boy left, little dreaming that his own nobleness of character had been as a bright glance of sunshine to the busy world he had so tremblingly entered.—*S. S. Times.*