

OUR COZY CORNER.

DEAR HOPEFUL BAND :—The weeks and months have rolled away, and your letter about the giant face upon the mountain is still unanswered. After giving it a partial glance, upon its first arrival, I sat down to my sewing, and those rhymes about "Our Geology Lesson" kept passing through my thoughts; so I took a pencil and transferred them to paper, but as they were not the real answer I intended for your beautiful letter, it was a long time before I sent it, and then only to amuse you until I found time to reply. But thoughts, like butterflies or passing moments, never come back the same way, and unless we take time to capture them on the wing, they are gone beyond our reach. Remember this, dear children, and whenever you have *one* thought for our Cozy Corner, write it at once, and keep it until you have what you wish to express to us. In this way, you may do your part; otherwise the one thought would pass on, and none of us ever know its beauty or feel its power for good. It is by such little beginnings that you may learn to be writers and speakers. Say the good thought before it is gone, and do the good deed before you lose the opportunity. How often do we feel an impulse to say or do some kind thing, and, hesitating, find it too late. Seize the opportunity, therefore, to do the best thing possible in the given moment; then will your moments be full to completeness in beauty and life. Your tale of the lesson and the mountain's giant face called up many thoughts I would have said to you, but now they are like shadows behind the sunbeam on the mountain, or echoes from the rock in distance deep. I seem to have a memory, in my own school days, of gazing on that picture of the mountain, until it seemed to stand out from the canvas like a real form, the sun shining over the giant head and face until it seemed enveloped in a halo of light. It seems as though the teacher came

from Burmah, but his name and the lesson have faded like a dream away from me. Is it a vivid imagination, or did I really see the mountain's face? Will one of you row tell me the name of the mountain and where it may be found? Thinking of the rocks did also remind me that Jesus Christ is called the Rock on which it is safe to place our feet or our vision. He is the sheltering Mountain whither we may flee for safe refuge, and though in looking up the face above us may seem too great for our feeble comprehension, yet it shelters us, even in our ignorance, and what is our joy when we can really see the beauty of the Face upon the Mountain, the Heaven-lit Face of Love upon the Rock. Sincerely yours,

COUSIN JULIA.

 THE LITTLE CHILDREN THAT
ARE GONE.

Why do they come, these little ones that enter our homes by the gateway of suffering, and that linger with us a few months, uttering no words, smiling in a mysterious silence, yet speaking eloquently all the time of the purity and sweetness of heaven? Why must they open the tenderest fountains of our natures only to leave them so soon, choked with the bitter tears of loss? It is impossible wholly to answer such questions of the tortured heart; but one can say, in general, that these little temporary wanderers from a celestial home come and go because of the great love of God. It is an inestimable blessing to have been the parent of a child that has the stamp of heaven upon its brow, to hold in one's arms to minister to it, to gaze fondly down into the little upturned face, and to rejoice in the unsullied beauty of its smiles, and then to give it back to God at His call, with the thought that in heaven, as upon earth, it is still our own child, a member of the household, still to be counted always as one of the children whom God hath given us. Such a love chastens and sancti-