

Little True Heart.

Two little hands so careful and brisk,
Putting the tea things away;
While mother is resting awhile on her chair,
For she has been busy all day.
And the dear little fingers are working for love,

Although they are tender and weak,
"I'll do it so nicely," she says to herself,
"There's nobody else, you see."

Two little feet just scampered upstairs,
For papa will quickly be here;
And his shoes must be ready and warm by the fire

That is burning so bright and so clear;
Then she must climb on a chair to keep watch:

"He cannot come in without me.
When mother is tired, I open the door—
There's nobody else, you see."

Two little arms around papa's dear neck,
And a soft, downy cheek 'gainst his own;
For out of the nest so cosy and bright,
The little one's mother has flown.

She brushes the teardrops away as she thinks;

"Now he has no one but me.
I mustn't give way that would make him so sad,
and there's nobody else, you see."

Two little tears on the pillow, just shed,
Dropped from the two pretty eyes,
Two little arms stretching out in the dark,
Two little faint sobbing cries.

"Papa forgot I was always waked up
When he whispered good night to me.
O mother, come back just to kiss me in bed—
There's nobody else, you see."

Little true heart, if mother can look
Out from her home in the skies,
She will not pass on to her haven of rest
While the tears dim her little one's eyes.
If God has shed sorrow around us just now,
Yet his sunshine is ever to be!
And he is a comfort for everyone's pain—
There's nobody else, you see.

—Argosy.

SNOW-BIRDS.

THESE welcome little visitors come to us from the frozen regions of the North just as the ground is being strewed with autumn leaves. Their migrations extend from the Arctic to the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, spreading over the whole breadth of the United States.

At first they are generally seen on the borders of woods, among falling and decayed leaves, in loose flocks of thirty or forty together, always taking to the trees when disturbed. But it is when the cold blasts of winter have swept down from the North, bringing with them the first snow-clouds, that they collect about our houses and out-buildings, coming to our very door steps to glean the crumbs and get acquainted, skipping about as airily in the light snow as if a part and parcel of its feathery nature, and warbling now and then a low, sweet, plaintive song, or repeating a soft, whistling call note to each other. They seem particularly sprightly and active just after a fresh fall of snow, and flit about from bush to bush with apparent dexterity, picking berries and seeds of various kinds of weeds, as represented by our artist, twittering and chirping in the most happy, social, and confiding way. But when the weather begins to warm they retreat

to the thickets and woods again, preferring shade to sunshine, and soon take themselves off to the North and the high ranges of mountains where they build their nests and rear their young, but not without leaving a pure, sweet influence behind them.

There must be something in the temperature of the blood or constitution of these tiny brown coats which unfits them for warmth and sunshine, for the country abounds with a great variety of food of which during their stay they appear to be very fond. For my part I always liken these winter visitants to certain friends who are never drawn to you, in fact, you think little about them, when the air is full of summer, and the sky bends lovingly, it is not their nature to bask in the sunshine except of their own making. But when adverse winds blow, when clouds gather and the storm really bursts, after which you sit desolate and alone in the chill of winter, then these shadows attract them and they come to you like the snow-birds, flitting about you with healing touch, warbling their low, sweet melodies just attuned to the sobbing heart, drawing you out of your dreary self, lifting you up above the shadows. They are your winter friends; they are white-breasted snow-birds.

A GOLD-MINE IN IRELAND.

Who has not heard a great deal about Ireland lately? Sometimes it has been a sad story of want and famine, when the people have perished for lack of food. Sometimes it has been an equally sad story of disorder and outrage, and the old tale of national wrongs which it is to be hoped the English Parliament will find out some way to remedy. We have all heard about these things, but whoever heard of a gold-mine in Ireland?

Strange as this may sound, the fact is that nearly a hundred years ago gold was found in considerable quantities in the county of Wicklow. Tradition gives the credit of being the discoverer of this gold to a poor schoolmaster, who, while fishing in one of the small streams that go rushing down the side of the mountains, picked up a piece of shining metal. Having ascertained that it was gold, he sought for and found more of it, cautiously disposing of his prize to a goldsmith in Dublin. He is said to have kept the secret carefully for several years, but having one day told his wife she thought he was mad and told her relations the story. Thus the secret became generally known, and about the year 1795 thousands of persons, old and young, flocked to the spot hunting for gold. Strong men worked hard with spades and pick-axes, and even children scraped the face of the rocks with rusty nails, hoping to find gold.

After a time the government took

possession of the mine, but it is said the produce was much less than before that took place.

The government works were carried on until 1798, when all the machinery was destroyed during the insurrection. Three years later the mining operations were resumed, but the gold was found in such small quantities that it did not pay to work the mine any longer, and so it was given up. To this day, however, there prevails a lingering belief among the peasants that gold exists in Kinsella, but that only some "lucky" man will ever be able to find it.

Whether Ireland would ever be much the better even if gold should be discovered in large quantities may be doubted, but I think I can tell you what would be better for Ireland than the richest gold-mine, and that would be for all the Irish liquor saloons to be shut up, and for all the Irish men and women to become teetotalers, and all the Irish boys and girls to join the Band of Hope. What think you?

GOOD ADVICE.

To one of his daughters at school Bishop McIlvane gave the following counsel: "Don't cultivate that sort of violent friendship which leads to a sort of confidential communication which cannot be made known to your parents. Be very particular as to whom you allow to be very familiar with you, as your near companions and friends. First, know well the person, before you allow a closer intimacy, and the moment you see anything wrong in a companion, think what effect it should have on your intimacy. Learn to say No, decisively, to any request or proposal which your judgment tells you is not right. It is a great thing in a child to learn to say No, when it is right to do so.

"Make it a rule to hear nothing from any girl which you may not be allowed, and would not be willing to tell your dear mother. Be careful to let nothing interfere with your regular private prayers and reading of the Scriptures; and labour to give your whole heart and life to God."—*Evangelical Messenger.*

ONLY ONE FAULT.

I WAS riding through a country town in Vermont, when I noticed a crowd of people in the church-yard encircling an open grave.

It was a warm day, and I had ridden ten miles, and I drew the rein under some trees to allow the horse to rest.

Presently a villager came toward me, and I said, "There's a funeral today in your town?"

"Yes—Stephen. He was one of the largest-hearted men I ever knew. He had great abilities. We sent him to the Legislature three times. They thought of nominating him for Governor. But," he added, sadly, "Stephen had one fault."

I made no answer. I was tired and watched the people slowly disperse, leaving the sexton to his solitary work.

"A very generous man, Stephen was. Always visited the sick. The old people all liked him. Even the children used to follow him on the streets."

"A good man, indeed," I said, differently.

"Yes; he had only one fault."

"What was that?" I asked.

"Only intemperance."

"Did it harm him?"

"Yes, somewhat. He didn't seem to have any power to resist it at last. He got behindhand, and had to mortgage his farm, and finally had to sell it. His wife died on account of the reverse, kind of crushed, disappointed. Then his children turned out badly. His intemperance seemed to mortify them, and take away their spirit. He had to leave politics, 'twould not do you see. Then we had to set him aside from the church; and at last his habits brought on paralysis, and we had to take him to the poorhouse. He died there; only forty-five. Poor man, he had only one fault!"

"Only one fault!" The ship had only one leak, but it sank.

"Only one fault!" The temple had only one decaying pillar, but it fell.

"Only one fault!" Home gone, wife lost, family ruined, honour forfeited, social and religious privileges abandoned; broken health, poverty, paralysis, and the poorhouse.

One fault, only one.—*Youth's Companion.*

CHILD LIFE IN BRAZIL.

MR. H. H. SMITH gives the following account of child life in the villages of Brazil:—

The children get few caresses, and give none. There is nothing of that overflow of tenderness, that constant watchful care, that sheds such a halo around our homes. The babes vegetate in their steady, brown fashion, seldom crying or laughing, but lying all day in their hammock cradles, and watching everything around them with keen eyes. As soon as the little boys and girls can toddle about, they are left pretty much to themselves, tumbling up the back stairs of life on a diet of mandioca meal and fish.

The parents seldom punish the children, for they are very docile. When they do, the little ones pucker up their mouths and look sullen. Treasure is expressed by a smile—among the girls often by a broad grin with an abundant show of the teeth—but a hearty laugh is a rarity.

Whoever would be sustained by the hand of God must constantly lean on it.

The easiest and best way to expand the chest is to have a good large heart in it. It saves the cost of gymnastics.