

had caught an echo from some surpassing melody unheard by mortal ears. "The love of God!—would they know in some degree the meaning of those wondrous words? Let them look upon that Love Incarnate in the living form that weeps by the grave of a human friend, in sympathy with all who, in any age or clime, shall weep for those they have loved and lost; let them see it with compassionate hands restoring to the widowed mother the darling of her heart, calling back to joy and sunshine the maiden flower withered in its spring, healing the suffering, soothing the fearful, comforting the sorrowful, assuaging pain, agonising all the while for us, in exile from holiness and home, yielding Himself at last, forsaken and alone, to willing death, that into His broken heart He might gather up His own redeemed, and shelter them there from evil throughout eternity!"

Long the preacher spoke on this theme with such beauty in his tender pleading as we have no power to reproduce. But at last with a final gesture of intense appeal he stretched out his arms over sobbing people, as if he longed to draw them all into the Father's bosom, and exclaimed, "Oh, children of the Eternal Love, when amid the crashing worlds you shall hear the doom of time, and feel the earth and all its pleasures sinking away beneath your feet, how will you loathe in uttermost anguish what thing soever has in these mortal days stood between you and the love of Jesus!"

With that Trafford concluded, sinking down on his knees in what seemed to be a very agony of prayer, and soon after he rose and passed silently from the church, whence his hearers had already departed with grave looks and quiet steps.

(To be continued.)

Children's Department.

A NUT TO CRACK.

There is an old woman who lived in a hut
About the size of a hickory nut;
The walls were thick and the ceiling low,
And seldom out of doors did the old woman go.

She took no paper, and in no book
Of any sort was she seen to look,
And yet she imagined she knew much more
Than any man or woman had known before.

They talked in her hearing of wondrous things,
Of the dazzling splendor of Eastern kings,
Of mountains covered with ice and snow,
When all the valley lay green below.

They spoke of adventures by sea and land,
Of oceans and seas by a cable spanned,
Of buried treasures; but, though she heard,
She said she didn't believe one word!

And still she lives in her little hut
About the size of a hickory nut,
At peace with herself, and quite content
With the way in which her days are spent.

Little it troubles her, I suppose,
Because so very little she knows;
For, keeping her doors and windows shut,
She has shrivelled up in her hickory nut.

And you, my dears, will no larger grow
If you rest contented with what you know;
But a pitiful object you will dwell,
Shut up inside of your hickory shell.

Wide Awake.

HARDY'S FIRST CIGAR.

BY MRS. WM. M. BAKER.

Hardy was a bright little boy who lived in an old Spanish town in the far away South. He was six years old, and very fond of trying at least to be "a man" by imitating his father and his gentlemen friends in whatever he saw them do. One day his mother came in, and found him standing upon a chair in front of his father's dressing-case, holding in one hand his razor, and in the other the brush, with which he had just lathered his face. He had succeeded so well in this first

part of his "shave," that his mother had hard work to convince him that the next step might bring him sorrow instead of fun.

He was a resolute little fellow, and would persist in what he undertook, even after being warned of the danger by those who were older and knew better. So he was always getting into scrapes in the house or in the garden, carrying his experiments even into the kitchen, where his black "mammy" was now installed as cook, and whose patience he tried "past all bearing," as she said, for Hardy was an only child, and petted and spoiled accordingly.

There was one thing he had never been able to do for want of an opportunity, for his father did not smoke, and how to get a cigar he did not know. He could only look with admiring eyes upon his father's smoking visitors, and long for the time to come when he too could take a cigar from its case, and hold it "just so"—and he practiced with a bit of grape-vine, or rolled-up paper filled with leaves, and "pretended" they were cigarettes, such as the darkeyed senoritas used. But one day his longing was satisfied. His papa had a dinner party, and Hardy as usual followed the gentlemen to the library after dinner, and perched himself upon his father's knee, and watched the curling smoke as it rose from the smokers' lips, and thought and wished: "Oh! how nice! How like a man 'twould make me!" until his eager eyes must have told his thoughts; for a young Doctor sitting near the hearth, with a merry twinkle in his eye, beckoned him to take a seat in a chair at his side, holding out slyly a cigar as a temptation. Hardy's father did not notice, and in another moment—was ever anything so delightful—he had the cigar in his mouth, and a lighted match in his hand, and was at last, sure enough, doing just what the other gentlemen did. He took two or three whiffs, and didn't altogether like the taste, and somehow the smoke didn't come out right, but would go from his throat instead which made him cough, and almost drop his precious cigar.

"Take care, Hardy," said the merry young Doctor, "you have to smoke fast, or your cigar will go out. Now, I am going to light a fresh one, and we'll see who can get through first."

Hardy was delighted, but just here his father turned around with a very shocked face, and was beginning to speak, when his new friend, the Doctor said something in a language he did not understand. His father stopped, with a doubtful, puzzled look, however, as if he did not half like the sight he saw, and couldn't just make up his mind to let him alone.

"Smoke fast now, Hardy. Who'll beat?" urged the Doctor; and Hardy did smoke fast—so fast, that his curly head was soon hidden in a big cloud of smoke—so fast, that when he stopped to take breath, he had only about an inch of cigar left; and that brought the fire too near his nose, and, come to think of it, he was very warm. He was too near the grate, and, oh, dear! what a very queer feeling under his vest, just where his apron used to be.

"What's the matter, Hardy? Have another?" said the Doctor.

"No, thank you; I—I—" with both hands tightly clasped across his breast, "I—don't—feel—very well;" and indeed the pale face and the blue rings round his mouth and eyes were pitiful to see.

This time the Doctor didn't laugh, and Hardy's father came across the room with a very quick step, and caught him in his arms, and took him to his own little room, and tucked him up in bed, called his mamma who came with a bewildered look, wondering what could have made her little boy so very ill all at once. And here he lay for long hours—Oh, so sick, with great drops of sweat that felt so cold upon his face. Mamma wiped them off again and again, and tried everything—bay rum, camphor, cologne, her smelling bottle, but to no use. He seemed to grow worse and worse, until mamma cried, and thought very hard things of the gay young doctor, whose experiment seemed so cruel. "Oh mamma, I shall die. Won't I? Ah! Ah! Ah! Oh-o-o-o," such a long groan, such a dreadful sickness, that seemed to take all his strength, even to the tips of his fingers and toes. He could hardly wink his eyes, so weak did he feel, and strange to say, the very word "cigar"

or "smoke" seemed to make him worse every time, and made his head go round and round like his new humming top.

But at last—it seemed longer to Hardy than from Christmas till Christmas again—he began to feel, not better, but "just not quite so bad, mamma," he said in a weak, little voice that it seemed must belong to some one else. The daylight was all gone, and it was long after mamma's bed time, when he felt that he dared shut his eyes and try to sleep; for with his eyes shut and mamma out of sight, he "was sure he would die."

When he woke the next morning his head ached, and it was long after school time, as he could see by the clock that ticked, ticked, so calmly at the foot of his bed; and, as he lay, and watched the hands go round, he "promised" himself he would "never, no never" again ever touch the poisonous weed that had given him such a wretched night and left him feeling still so miserable this morning. He thought he understood now what papa meant, when he talked to mamma by his bed yesterday, about "Experience being the best teacher;" and when, by and by, his mamma came in, would not be satisfied until she had written him a little pledge "all my own, mamma, and about tobacco instead of whiskey, and I will keep it truly," he said as he printed his name at the bottom of it.

This is a true story, boys, and really happened nearly twenty years ago. Hardy is now a man in reality, and I think you will be glad to know that up to this time his "first cigar" has been his last. Won't some of you have a little pledge of your own, and take Hardy's word for it, that tobacco does not make little boys manly, or men gentlemen.

THE THINGS I MISS.

An easy thing, O Power Divine,
To thank Thee for these gifts of Thine,
For Summer's sunshine, Winter's snow,
The hearts that burn, the thoughts that glow;
But when shall I attend to this,
To thank Thee for the things I miss?

For all young fancy's early gleams,
The dreamed-of joys, that still are dreams,
Hopes unfulfilled and pleasures known
Though others' fortunes not my own,
And blessings seen that are not given,
And never will be this side Heaven.

Had I too shared the joys I see,
Would there have been a Heaven for me?
Should I have felt Thy Being near,
Had I possessed what I hold dear?
My deepest knowledge, highest bliss,
Have come perchance from things I miss.

To-day has brought an hour of calm;
Grief turns to blessing, pain to balm;
I feel a power above my will
That draws me, draws me onward still.
And now my heart attains to this,
To thank thee for the things I miss. H

—The Cross of Christ is the key of paradise; the weak man's staff; the convert's convoy; the upright man's perfection; the soul and body's health; the prevention of all evil, and the procurer of all good.—*Quarle.*

—"I have never been able," says Macaulay, "to discover that a man is all the worse for being attacked. One foolish line of his own does him more harm than the ablest pamphlets written against him by other people."

—There is no other form of the true God to us to-day but this, the Redeemer and Saviour. It is this that is seen in sacrifice, prophecy, and the cross. This is the "Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

—Most men employ their first years so as to make their last miserable.

DEATHS.

On the 22nd of May, at 25 Victoria-avenue, Yorkville, Thomas Hodgkin, barrister-at-law, only son of Rev. Dr. Hodgkin, of Woodbridge, aged 23.