

and faith with anything I ever heard.

On the day of my arrival, on looking through a back window, I saw the garden extending in all its beauty of careful tillage, and rich produce; but the object that immediately arrested my attention, was a fine apple-tree, just a little distance from the window. It was, I think, the handsomest apple tree in growth and bark that I had ever seen—for, though the fruit of apple-trees is delightful, and the blossom the perfection of beauty, the shape of the tree is not often good.

"Well! what a fine tree!" I said. "You shall taste the fruit, it was gathered only last week," and, quick as thought away went Mrs. Russell, and brought some of the apples. They were pleasant to every sense—shape, color, smell, and taste, all good. I praised them, and she said, "Yes, I just let you taste them, but that's the missionary tree." "What do you mean?" I asked. "Why, I raised that tree first of all from a pip I planted in a flower-pot. I did it just for a trial, and when I found it grew, and thrive, I planted it out, and I resolved if it really came to any thing good, that I would always give the fruit of it to the Missionary cause, and it did thrive wonderfully; better and better year by year, and there it is now, I do think the very best tree we have."

"And you sell the fruit, then, of your best tree for the Missions?"

"Yes, of course, that was what I reared it for. We don't somehow count it our tree, we look upon it as set apart, and it's very curious, that of late years, since it's come to its strength, it generally bears the best; and if ever there's a blight, some how that tree escapes."

Here again, said I to myself, is a proof how a mere trifle may be made the means of great good. A pip of an apple had helped to send the gospel to the heathen. And if, dear reader, you are half as much impressed with the incident as I was, that dear aged pair, though dead, are yet teaching you a valuable lesson.—*Band of Hope Review.*

BABY ON THE OTHER SIDE.

Once, in a happy home, a sweet, bright baby died. On the evening of the day, when the children gathered round their mother, all sitting very sorrowful, Alice, the eldest, said, "Mother, you took all the care of baby while she was here, and you carried and held her in your arms all the while she