

Cling to the Rock.

A long train of cars, fourteen or fifteen, wore a short time ago, passing over the Alleghany Mountains on their way westward. They were crowded with passengers. As the iron horse snorted and rushed on the cars began to descend, and needed no power but the invisible power of gravitation to bring them down with terrible swiftness. Just as the passengers began to realize their situation they came to a short curve out of the solid rock, a wall of rock lying on each side. Suddenly the steam whistle screamed as if in agony, 'Put on the brakes! put on the brakes!' but with no apparent slackening of the cars. Every window flew open, and every head that could be thrust out to see what the danger was, and all rose up fearing sudden destruction. What was the trouble?

Just as the engine began to turn in the curve the engineer saw a little girl and her baby brother playing on the track. In a moment the cars would be upon them. The shriek of the whistle startled the little girl, and every one looking over could see them. Close to the track in an upright rock, was a little recess out of which a piece of rock had been blasted. In an instant the baby

was thrust into this niche, and as the cars came thundering by, the passengers, holding their breath heard the clear voice of the little sister, on the other side of the track ring out. 'Cling close to the rock, Johnny, cling close to the rock!' And the little fellow snuggled in and put his head as close to the rock as possible, while the heavy cars whirled past him. Many were the moist eyes that gazed and a silent thanksgiving went up to heaven.

In a few hours the train stopped at a station, where an old man and his son stepped out of the cars. He had travelled thus far with his son, who had come to an eastern city to live, while the aged father was to turn back to his home. All dangers which would harass the son seemed to crowd into the heart of the father as he stood holding the hand of his boy—just now to part with him. He choked, the tears filled his eyes, and all he could say was, 'Cling close to the Rock, my son.' He wrung the hand of the boy, and the passengers saw him standing alone, doubtless praying that his inexperienced son, might 'cling close to the Rock, Christ Jesus.'

Pride of Wealth.

Roy's father was rich, and Roy had never wanted for anything.

He was a generous little fellow but his mother saw a growing disposition to care for things that money gives and to snub his playmates who had little.

One morning in spring, they were by the sea. The sun was pleasant as it fell on rags and furs that kept all chill away.

Roy was standing, the salt breeze tossing his curls, when a newsboy, turning the corner quickly, stumbled against him.

The newsboy had on his lips an "Excuse me!" but seeing Roy's scornful look, he teased his head and went on calling, "Morning papers!"

"Roy," said his mother, "call that boy, I want a paper."

"Mother," exclaimed Roy, "he just ran into me!"

"I know, and I want you to call him."

Roy's ill temper had almost gone, so he ran calling, "A paper!"

When the newsboy saw Roy, the ugly look left his face.

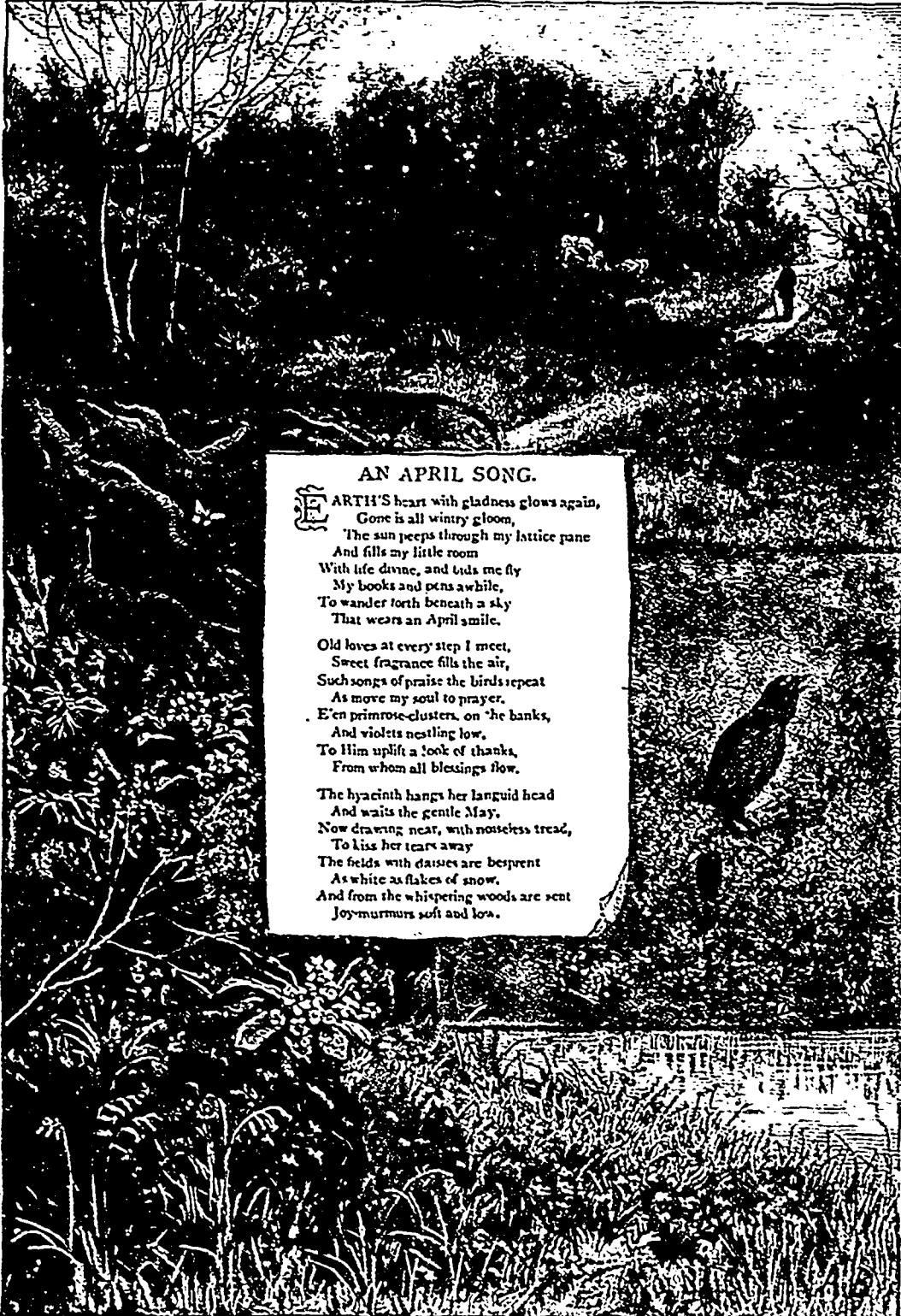
"Sorry I knocked you," he said.

"Oh, that's nothing," said Roy, loftily. But they were friendly.

"My dear," said his mother, afterward, "is it your goodness that gives you nice clothes while another has patches?"

"No-o," said Roy, slowly.

"You mustn't act so. The boy who earns his own living may be a true gentleman. You must look at the real boy, not the furs or patches."



AN APRIL SONG.

ARTH'S heart with gladness glows again,
Gone is all wintry gloom,
The sun peeps through my lattice pane
And fills my little room
With life divine, and bids me fly
My books and pens awhile,
To wander forth beneath a sky
That wears an April smile.

Old loves at every step I meet,
Sweet fragrance fills the air,
Such songs of praise the birds repeat
As move my soul to prayer,
E'en primrose-clusters, on the banks,
And violets nestling low,
To Him uplift a look of thanks,
From whom all blessings flow.

The hyacinth hangs her languid head
And waits the gentle May,
Now drawing near, with noiseless tread,
To kiss her tears away
The fields with daisies are besprent
As white as flakes of snow,
And from the whispering woods are sent
Joy-murmurs soft and low.

