

Hew It to the Line.

WHEN you have a log to hew,
Hew its square and line;
Do the best that you can do,
Hew it to the line!

Let the chips fall where they will;
Follow the design,
Keep the plan before you still,
Hew it to the line!

Knots and knurls and crooked wood
Weary hand and spine;
All your work may yet be good;
Hew it to the line!

Human deeds when fairly done,
Copy art divine;
So let all and every one
Hew it to the line!

When a city's earnest men
Soldiery combine,
Truth and honesty will then
Hew it to the line!

Vain and foolish theories
Sober minds decline;
Forthright work surpasses these,
Hewing to the line!

So far all our needs alike,
Yours as well as mine,
Able hands will fitly strike,
Hewing to the line!

That our faults may fade away,
While our virtues shine,
Let the voters while they may,
Hew it to the line!

Sitting Up for Her Boy.

HERE and there throughout the village a few lights flicker like pale stars through the darkness. One shines from an attic window, where a youthful aspirant for literary honours labours, wasting the midnight oil and elixir of his life in toil, useless, it may be, save as patience and industry are gained, and give him a hold upon eternal happiness. Another gleams with a ghastly light from a chamber into which death is entering and life departing.

One light shines through a low cottage window, from which the curtains are pushed partially aside, showing a mother's face, patient and sweet, but careworn and anxious. The eyes, gazing through the night, faded and sunken, but lighted with such love as steals only into the eyes of true and saintly mothers, who watch over and pray for their children; who hedge them in from the world's temptations, and make of them noble men, and true and loving women. It is nearly midnight, and the faded eyes are strained to the utmost to catch the far-off sight of some one coming down the street. The mother's listening ear loses no sound, however light, that breaks upon the stillness that reigns around.

No form seen, no quick step heard, she drops the curtain slowly, and goes back to the table, where an open book is lying, and a half-knit sock. The cat jumps up in her chair, and yawns and shakes herself, and gradually sinks down again into repose. No one disputes her possession of the easy-chair. Up and down the room the mother walks, trying to knit, but all in vain; she can only think, and wonder, and imagine what is keeping him. Her

mind pictures the worst, and the heart sinks lower and lower. Could the thoughtless boy know but one-half of the anguish he is causing he would hasten at once to dispel it with his presence.

She trembles now as she listens, for an uncertain step is heard—a sound of coarse laughter and drunken ribaldry; her heart stands still, and she grows cold with apprehension. The sound passes, and dies away in the distance. Thank heaven, it is not he, and a glow comes over her, and once more her heart beats quick.

Only a moment, for the clock on the mantel shows on its pallid face that it is almost midnight. Again the curtain is drawn aside, and again the anxious, loving eyes peer into the darkness. Hark! a sound of footsteps coming nearer and nearer; a shadowy form advancing shows more and more distinct; a cheery whistle; a brisk, light footstep up the pathway; a throwing wide open of the door; and the truant boy finds himself in his mother's arms, welcomed and wept over. He chafes at the gentle discipline; he does not like to be led by apron-strings; but he meets his mother's gentle, questioning gaze with one honest and manly, and makes a half-unwilling promise not to be so late again. And he keeps his promise, and in after-years thanks heaven again and again that he had a mother who watched over him and prayed for him.

He knows better than she now the good that was done by her sitting up for her boy.—*American Rural Home.*

People who Live in Trees.

WE read wonderful stories of the immense trees one sees in California, but they sink into insignificance beside the Baobab tree, which I found in many parts of western Africa, principally just south of the desert of Sahara. It is not distinguished for its extraordinary height, which rarely reaches over 100 feet, but it is the most imposing and magnificent of African trees; many, it is said, are over 100 feet in circumference, rising like a dwarf tower from twenty to thirty feet, and then throwing out branches like a miniature forest to a distance of 100 feet, the extremities of the branches bending toward the ground. The leaves are large, abundant, and of a dark green colour, divided into five radiating lanceolate leaflets. The flowers are large and white, hanging to peduncles of a yard in length, which form a striking contrast to the leaves. The fruit is a soft, pulpy, dry substance about the size of a citron, enclosed in a long, green pod; the pulp between the seeds tastes like cream of tartar, and this pulp, as well as the pressed juice from the leaves, is used by the native African for flavouring their food. The juice is greatly relished as a beverage, and is considered a remedy in putrid fevers and many other diseases.

The Baobab is said to attain a much greater age than any other tree, thousands of years being hazarded as the term of life of some specimens. It has extraordinary vitality; the bark, which is regularly stripped off to be made into ropes, nets for fishing, trapping, and native clothing, speedily grows again. No external injury, not even fire, can destroy it from without; nor can it be hurt from within, as specimens have been found in full splendour with the inside of the trunk hollowed out into a chamber which could hold a score of people. One half of the trunk may be cut or burned away, even the tree may be cut down, and while lying on the ground, so long as there is the slightest connection with the roots, it will grow and yield fruit. It dies from a very peculiar disease—a softening of its woody structure, and it falls by its own weight, a mass of ruins. The native villages are generally built around one of these immense trees, and under its far spreading branches, which form an agreeable shelter from the sun, is the kotla, or place of assemblage, where all the public business of the tribe is transacted. The circuit described by the extremities of the lowermost range of branches is fenced around, so that none but those privileged to attend these meetings can intrude. In thinly populated districts of southern and central Africa, where lions, leopards, and hyenas abound, the natives live in huts like gigantic beehives, firmly fixed among the large branches of the tree. On the approach of night they ascend to their huts by means of rude ladders, while the lions roar about their camp fires until the approach of day drives them to their lairs.

As many as thirty families have been found to occupy a single tree. In many instances natives, who till the ground at any great distance from their tribe, built these huts for nightly accommodation. In travelling through the country, one frequently sees these trees alive with baboons and other kinds of the monkey tribe, busy in collecting the fruit and indulging in ceaseless gambols and chatter; for this reason it is commonly called the monkey bread tree. When the tree is not occupied as a habitation, the hollow trunk is used by the natives as a sepulchre for executed criminals—the law of the people denying them the right of burial—inside of which the bodies dry up and to a great extent resemble mummies. To a European this tree is a marvel. Coming across one inhabited by monkeys, it is extremely dangerous to shoot any, unless one is with a party; for if any are wounded the whole colony take up the battle; and more than once I found that a retreat in short order was necessary.—*Missionary Review.*

A CHRISTIAN'S heart should be practically more at home in heaven than on earth.

When Jesus Came.

BY LOU V. WILLSON.

WHEN Jesus came, I let him in;
He cleansed my weary heart of sin,
And all seemed changed without, within,
When Jesus came.

The sky became of deeper blue,
Each flower put on a fairer hue,
And all the world seemed sweet and now,
When Jesus came.

The sunbeams ne'er were half so bright,
The fleecy clouds ne'er half so white,
For, oh, my heart with joy was light,
When Jesus came!

The very birds more sweetly sang,
And e'en the bells with gladness rang,
Turned by my heart, in which joy sprang,
When Jesus came.

Each face familiar to my sight
Seemed to have grown more dear, more bright,
For love filled all my heart with light,
When Jesus came.

Sing, sing thy joy, O heart of mine!
Sing of thy Saviour's love divine;
Sing of the ransom that was thine,
When Jesus came!

The Sowing and the Reaping.

THE harvests of a great portion of the world are now being gathered. Many months ago millions of acres were sown with seed. In due time it sprung up. The rains and the dews watered it, and the sun shone upon it. The blade and the stalks were formed, and the full-grown ear and ripened grain appeared in due time. And now the harvest-time has come, and hundreds of millions of bushels will be gathered into the garner.

In every field that was sown, whether in America, in Europe, or elsewhere on the globe, the kind of seed that was sown is gathered again. And so it is in all our sowing. If we sow the seeds of sin we shall reap sin and sorrow. "He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." He that soweth to the wind shall reap the whirlwind. But there are many who do not think so. They sow to evil habits, to drunkenness, to profanity, to falsehood, to many other vices and sins, and expect somehow by and by to reap harvests of purity and blessedness. There can be no greater mistake. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" asked the Saviour in the Sermon on the Mount. Yet there are men planting thorn-trees and sowing thistle-seed who think they shall gather these luscious fruits. "A good tree," said Jesus, "cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit."

What are you sowing to-day? Have you filled your hand with the seed of the thistle,—with the seed of anger, hate, falsehood, bitter words, evil passion and habits,—or are you scattering the seeds of love, of gentleness, of forbearance, of purity, of sweetness, of noble thoughts and deeds? The harvest will be by and by.