

## MEMORY GEMS.

In God's loving care  
We all have a share,  
Friends here and elsewhere;  
He is here,—He is there.

Truth is beautiful and brave,  
Strong to bless and strong to save;  
Falsehood is a coward knave,  
From him turn thy steps in youth.  
Now is the time to begin to do right;  
To-day, whether skies be dark or bright;  
Make others happy by deeds of love,  
Looking up, always, for help from above.

Speak the truth!  
Falter not in thy reply;  
Fear not any danger nigh,—  
Think of this—that God is by!  
In the glad time of thy youth,  
Love the truth!

Never give up! the wisest is boldest,  
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup;  
And of all maxims the best, as the oldest,  
Is the true watchword of—Never give up!  
Civility costs nothing and buys everything.

The moments fly, a minute's gone;  
The minutes fly, an hour is run;  
The day is fled, the night is here—  
Thus flies a week, a month, a year.

Bad thought 's a thief! He acts a part;  
Creeps through the windows of the heart;  
And if he once his way can win,  
He lets a hundred robbers in.

Be kind and be gentle  
To those who are old,  
For kindness is dearer  
And better than gold.

Fill up each hour with what will last;  
Buy up the moments as they go;  
The life above when this past,  
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

—Bonar.

No thought, no word, no act of man ever dies. Somewhere in this world he will meet their fruit in part; somewhere in the future life he will meet their gathered harvest.

Plant blessings, blessings will bloom;  
Plant hate, and hate will grow.  
You can sow to-day, to-morrow will bring  
The blossom that proves what sort of thing  
Is the seed, the seed that you sow.

Sow with a generous hand,  
Pause not for toil or pain;  
Weary not through the heat of summer,  
Weary not through the cold spring rain;  
But wait till the autumn comes  
For the sheaves of golden grain.

To get a few flowers one must sow plenty of seed.

We scatter seed with careless hand,  
And dream we ne'er shall see them more;  
But for a thousand years their fruit appears  
In deeds that mar the land or healthful store.

A good deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.

All things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful,—  
The good God makes them all.

For my mouth shall speak the truth and wickedness is an abomination to my lips. Prov. viii, 7.

Take fast hold of instruction, let her not go, keep her for she is thy life. Prov. iv, 13.

He that goeth about as a talebearer revealeth secrets; therefore meddle not with him. Prov. xx, 19.

## Studying Trees.

Encourage your pupils to make a collection of native woods. It is surprising how many varieties can be found in a small territory. Each pupil bringing a specimen may tell something of the growth, use and fruitage of the tree, where it grew, with any other bit of knowledge. This teaches children to observe the trees around their homes. Show them also how they may recognize many trees by their shape. This will give additional interest to their rides or walks through the country. The fir tree is conical in shape, with smooth bark and upright cones; the spruces have drooping cones with rough bark. The pines may be told by the number of needles in a bunch—white pine, 5; red 2 long needles, and scrub pine 2 short ones; and the trees may be distinguished by their different shapes. The beech tree is known by its spreading habit, but not always, for many trees which grow in the open have this spreading habit, while those growing in groves are tall and columnar. Perhaps the pupils can tell the reason for this difference.

What does your anxiety do? It does not empty to-morrow of its sorrow; but it empties to-day of its strength. It does not make you escape the evil; it makes you unfit to cope with it when it comes. It does not bless to-morrow, and it robs to-day, for every day has its own burden. God gives us power to bear all the sorrows of His making, but He does not give us power to bear the sorrows of our own making, which the anticipation of sorrow most assuredly is.—Ian Maclaren.