

ABOVE.

and you both belong to me, and I'm going to serve you as long as I stop down here."

"I can't make any conditions, I must dress this burn," said Margaret, smiling and colouring.

"Then Walter will make them, and so it'll be all right," said David contentedly, yielding the wounded arm.

And in due time it was "all right," according to more notions than David's. After faithfulness in "little," Walter and Margaret were trusted in "much," and in a pleasant school-house in an important settlement of the West, superintended together the education of the chief portion of its youthful population. And the mother's prayers were richly answered, directly for her orphan child, and indirectly for the faithful boy who loved and did his best to protect her. So *three* little waifs drifted together into a haven of earthly peace and heavenly hope; for, of course, David was part of the household. What seemed aimlessly tossed about for a time on life's rough ocean, was nevertheless guided by an unseen Pilot, as "the wind that bloweth where it listeth," and always "listeth" right.

L. E. G.

Above.

1 Cor. ii. 9.

WE have seen the bright flowers which deck earth's  
green breast,  
We have seen the rich sunset that crimson the west,  
We have gazed on the ocean that sparkles with light,  
And the stars which look down from their dark throne of  
night.

But the beauties of earth, and the sunset's rich glow,  
And the ocean's deep waters that sparkle and flow,  
Oh, more than all these, or the stars' golden rays,  
Shall burst on our sight and enrapture our gaze.

We have heard the deep tones of the anthem's rich swell,  
As 'mong the tall arches it rose and it fell;  
But more glorious far is the undying tone  
Of the anthem above which for ever rolls on.