1, CHR. IV. X. What a prayer is here recorded, And what faith is shown therein!

Faith that was so pure and childlike That he did an answer win, That the Lord's hand might be with him,

To him from all evil keep, Why he asketh, he explaineth, That o'er sin, he may not weep

And enlargement of his coats, Showing in his short petition What we feel we need the most, Are the things the Lord would have us

Wants and wishes of our own. Blessings that are rich and free.

FANNIE HAMILTON.

The first wild rose in wayside hedge
This year I wondering see;
I plack, and send it as a pledge,
My own Wild Rose, to thee.

IN THE NORTH WOODS.

HOW THE TREES OF THE ADRICHMOND ACKS ARE SERVIT OTHER MICE SERV During the last week in April last spring the snow disappeared from the greater part of Little Black creek, and on April 28 the drive began. On the morning of the 28th the creek was running bank full, which meant a depth of perhaps a foot or fifteen inches over the rifts. The millmen and log drivers, to the number of forty, reached the ground early. While the greater part of the drivers were distributed along the stream to break the old jams left when the water fell a year ago, one gang went to the dumps near the reservoir, and began to snake, as they said, the logs into the running water. These logs floated along, a lively spectacle, till they reached the first rifts. Here they bumped and rolled over the rocks till one long spruce, driven by the weight of water and logs behind, and directed by a glancing blow on a big boulder that reared its black head a few inches above the water, was hurled end on between two big trees that stood close together on the bank. It shot ahead till half its length was ashore and then the end caught among the roots of a big birch. It could neither go further nor swing around with the current, and in less time than it takes to write it the logs behind were piled over and around it and a jam was formed. In a few minutes 500 logs were lodged there. A big, humpbacked man, dressed in an old slouch hat that was on the back of his head, a red shirt open over his chest, brown trousers tucked into the tops of long legged, red woolen socks, and a pair of shoes with spikes half an inch long, came along. He gave one glance at the jam, and then, dropping the cant hook he had carried over his shoulder, went up the stream and came back with an ax. Then he gave nine blows on the up stream side of the long spruce log just where it rested against the tree on the bank. The log broke, and the jam of logs continued rolling and bumping along over the rift.

And the second s