

A TRIP THROUGH THE CLOUDS.

Have you ever taken a trip through the clouds? No. Well, with your permission, I will endeavor to give you a description of my first trip. Having the honor



THE SHADOW.

to number amongst my friends a professional aeronaut, he, one beautiful summer's day, proposed to take me with him in his giant balloon. Never having experienced what it was to be "up in a balloon," I gladly assented. When all the numerous necessities for our trip were in readiness, we took a delightful drive of about ten miles across country, where we found a most picturesque spot for our ascension. After watching the inflation of the balloon, and the adjusting of certain appurtenances, which only a professor can understand, we stepped into the car, and after a shout to those assembled to witness our ascent to "stand clear," gradually began to rise. The sun was shining brightly, and the birds were singing and chirping as if resenting such an intrusion. To me it seemed as though the earth were sinking, leaving us suspended in mid-air, so steady was our ascent. When I had fairly regained my equanimity I ventured to look over the side of the car, and found that we had just time to take a parting glance at the earth beneath, which resembled a patch-work quilt, only that the patches were not arranged quite so evenly. After watching it out of sight I turned my attention in another direction and espied what we thought to be another balloon, but which the Professor laughingly told me was but the reflection of our own in the clouds. I also perceived that the horizon instead of being round, was at this height decidedly concave—the result of refraction—and just the reverse of what I expected. At this point the Professor threw out some very thin, white paper, which fluttered about like snow-flakes, but keeping nearly on a level with us, thus showing us that our course was almost horizontal. Next a little ballast is thrown overboard and

instantly the paper falls like lead, and we find we have ascended about a mile high. The scene which now meets the eye is one of extreme grandeur, at our feet are layers upon layers of beautiful fleecy clouds, some tipped with silver, others with gold, while overhead is the sky of deep ethereal blue without a cloud to mar its surface. The Professor, after allowing me to drink in the glorious scene for some time, begins to talk about descent. He then commences to let out some gas, which causes us gradually to descend, and our return to Mother Earth is betokened by the distant lowing of cattle, bleating of sheep, and the barking of a dog. Next the grapnel is partially lowered, the valve partially opened, when out rushes the gas and we go down, down with such rapidity and force as to imbed the grapnel in the soil, causing the balloon to sway gently to the ground. Assistance soon arrives and we find ourselves about forty miles from where we started. The balloon is soon neatly packed, and we start on our way to the railway station, where we take the cars for home, arriving there at about half-past seven, after having spent one of the most delightful and memorable days in my life.

WHAT A SMILE DID.

In a little red-brick house in our village lived Gertrude White, a sweet little girl about nine years old. She was a general favorite in Cherryville. But she had one trouble: Will Evans would tease her because she was slightly lame, calling her "Tow-head" whenever they met. Then she would pout and go home quite out of temper. One day she ran up to her mother in a state of great excitement, "Mother, I can't bear this any longer," she said; "Will Evans has called me 'Old Tow-head' before all the girls."

"Will you please bring me the Bible from the table?" said the good mother. Gertrude silently



THROWING OUT BALLAST.

obeyed. "Now will my little daughter read to me the seventh verse of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah?" Slowly and softly the child read how the blessed Saviour was afflicted and oppressed, yet "opened not his mouth."

"Mother," she asked, "do you think they called him names?" and her eyes filled with tears as

the sorrows of the Son of God were brought before her mind.

When Gertrude went to bed that night, she asked God to help her to bear with meekness all her injuries and trials. He delights to have such petitions.

Not many days passed before Gertrude met Will Evans going to school, and remembering her prayer and the resolution she had formed, she actually smiled at him.

This was such a mystery to Will that he was too much surprised to call after her, if, indeed, he felt any inclination; but he watched her till she had turned the corner, and then went to school in a very thoughtful mood.

Before another week passed they met again, and Will at once asked Gertrude's forgiveness for calling her names. Gertrude was very ready to forgive, and they soon became friends, Will saying: "I used to like to see you get cross, but when you smiled I couldn't stand that." Gertrude told Will of her mother's kind conversation that afternoon, and of its effect upon her. Will did not reply, but his moistened eyes showed what he felt, and he said he would never call her names again.—From "Little and Wise," by the Rev. Dr. Newton.

BEAUTIES OF THE UNDER GROUND WORLD.

It has often happened that in the course of excavations in search of minerals, the workmen have come upon some singular hollows or openings in the rock, caused by convulsions of the earth or earthquakes, or caverns through which torrents have flowed in former ages, and have left them for nature to ornament in the most beautiful and fantastic manner.

You will understand how the natural caverns are formed that you may have seen on the seacoast: the moving waters, carrying with them gravel and sand, enter the cracks and crevices in the

by the impurities of the water that has dropped on them. Sometimes these crystals are of a pure white, and have, when the cave is lighted up, a richness and transparency that can scarcely be imagined. Others have the appearance of stone, moss, and shells, in every variety of color.

Caverns of enormous extent occur in Iceland; that of Gurtshellir being forty feet in height, fifty in breadth, and nearly a mile in length. It is situated in the lava that has flowed from a volcano. Beautiful black stalactites hang from the spacious vault, and the sides are covered with glazed stripes, a thick covering of ice, clear as crystal, coating the floor. One spot in particular is mentioned



THE HORIZON.

by a traveller, when seen by torch-light, as surpassing anything that can be described. The roof and sides of the cave were decorated with the most superb icicles, crystallized in every possible form, many of which rivalled in delicacy the clearest froth or foam, while from the icy floor arose pillars of the same substance, in all the curious and fantastic shapes that can be imagined. A more brilliant scene, perhaps, never presented itself to the human eye.—Methodist.

BE UP AND DOING.

A tribe of American Indians sent an earnest entreaty to a mission station six hundred miles distant, to send them a teacher, to instruct them in the knowledge of the true God. The missionaries were obliged to refuse. They could scarcely keep up their own station with the staff of men and the means at their disposal. Six times the same message was returned, though with the deepest sorrow that English