

THE RIVER WE ALL MUST CROSS.

THERE is a river we all must cross,
Thousands will pass it to-morrow;
Some will go down to its waters with joy;
Others with anguish and sorrow.

Some will be welcomed by angel hands,
Coming from over the river:

Others be borne, by the current adown,
Where there is none to deliver.

Some will stand firmly in Eden's bowers,
Wearing the white robes of pardon;
Others be cast on a desolate shore,
Far from the gates of the garden.

These shall join in the chorus of praise,
Ever from Eden ascending;
Those shall unite in the wailings of woe,
Woe that hath never an ending.

Soon to this river we all must come,
Jesus may call us to-morrow,
Shall we go down to its waters with joy—
Or shall we go with anguish and sorrow?
—*Selected.*

HER COMPOSITION.

FORMERLY a large proportion of the compositions written in school were devoted to "Hope" and "The Seasons." The time has passed, however, for giving children too abstract topics upon which to enlarge, or, indeed, those which they do not understand. "Pansy" tells the following incident, the moral of which applies chiefly to inconsiderate teachers. She says:

When I was a girl in school, the teacher used to give out topics once a month for essays. One evening she gave a girl named Fanny the subject "Bacon." Poor Fanny hated essays, and over this subject she fairly groaned.

"As if I could!" she said.

But she did. In just a month from the day subjects were given out the essays were to be read. Fanny was among the first to be called forward. I ought to say first that these monthly essays were not passed in for correction until after they had been read. They were to be given to the school exactly as they came from the author's hand. So Fanny began:

"Bacon. The subject assigned to me for this month is bacon. I do not see how it is possible for one to say very much on this subject. Everybody knows all there is to say about it. It is simply the flesh of hogs, salted, or pickled, or dried."

Before she had finished reading, the scholars were in such roars of laughter that her voice was drowned. She looked round upon us with astonished eyes, and

this made it appear all the funnier. The boys fairly shouted, and even the gentle teacher was laughing.

"O Fanny! Fanny!" she said at last. "Did you really think I meant pork?"

"Why, what else could you mean?" asked the bewildered girl. Then we all laughed again.

"Why, Fanny," continued the teacher, "did you not know it was the poet Bacon that was meant?"

THE GREEDY HENS.

ONE day I chopped up a large plate of meat and took it out to feed my hens. There happened to be one piece larger than the others, having a bone in it so, I could not cut it. As I set the meat before them, one greedy hen caught this large piece up and ran off with it. Another hen wanted the same piece, and ran after her to see if she could not get it for herself. While they were chasing each other around the yard trying to eat their bone, which was too large for them to swallow, the other hens ate up all the finely cut meat. When the two hens got tired of quarrelling about the bone, they went off and left it lying on the ground. They looked silly enough when they came back and found the nice meat all gone. They had lost their dinner, through their foolish greed. It seems very unwise for these hens to do as they did; but I have known little boys and girls who at times do not act with any more wisdom—*G. W. Lary.*

THE TWO WOODCHUCKS.

Two little woodchucks were caught in the woods. The man who caught them did not want them, so he gave one to David and one to William. The boys were very much pleased with their presents, and took them home. They were cunning little things. They looked like round black balls, when they lay curled up asleep. William had a pen for his, and David had a pen for his, and each boy was to train up his own.

William liked to tease his woodchuck. He would deceive it; make believe he had something for it when he had nothing; promise it something, and break his promise; and the poor little thing used to look so hurt; indeed, it was so hurt and unhappy by such conduct that it ran away and never came back.

How did David bring up his woodchuck? He always kept his word with it. If he promised it anything, he kept his promise. In teaching it pretty tricks, he rewarded its obedience. He was always kind and considerate toward it, and the little creature

loved him dearly. It seemed to believe in David, followed him everywhere, and was never so happy as when his young master was talking with him. He ran round after the cat's tail, and played hide-and-go-sock with old Rover.

Rover used to stick his nose into woodchuck's little house under the piazza and bark, to the great delight of the little thing, who thought it was very droll that Rover could not get in any farther. And this woodchuck never so much as thought of running away. Was it not as happy as it could be?

"David understands him," says the man. "You must never break confidence with an animal, if you want him to respect, love, and mind you."—*Child's Paper.*

KITE TIME.

KITE-SAILING is a pleasing pastime for boys at certain seasons of the year; and who is the boy that does not delight in making a kite that will soar very high heavenward? Not only small boys, but many grown-up boys engage in this sport, and in our northern country June is sometimes a very favourable month for it.

One of the largest kites that ever soared in American air was given to the breeze at New Haven, Conn., on the 28th of March, 1884. The kite was twelve feet wide, and fifteen feet long. Its ballast was a tail of manilla rope and weighing thirty-eight pounds. On the day of the trial-trip a strong breeze was blowing. After several vain attempts to send the kite aloft, it caught the breeze and went up like a huge monster on wide-spread wings. Two men were required to run the reel. The kite sailed away until one thousand yards of clothes-line had been paid out. It was fortunate that a reel had been provided, for if those present depended on their unassisted strength, the kite would have escaped. When it reached the extent of the rope the strain was so great that forty men had hard work to pull it down. Aloft in the air, it looked to be less than half its real size. Thousands watched it soar above the city of New Haven, and many boys dreamed of kites when they went to bed that night.

WHERE DO THE PENNIES GO?

LITTLE Robbie has been in the habit of putting his pennies into the box at Sabbath-school till last Sunday, when he came running into the house in a breathless hurry, and shouted, "Mamma! sha'n't save up my pennies any more. The money don't go up to God. I saw Mr. Kelly take it and put it in his pocket." Can our little readers tell Robbie what Mr. Kelly does with the pennies?