

A Song for Spring.

BY META B. B. THORNE.

She is coming, coming, coming;
Soon the wild bees will be humming
Down among the clover blossoms, swing-
ing

In the sunny meadows;
And among the young leaves springing
Blithe birds gaily will be singing,
While above cloud-shallops, fairy like, will
Cast their floating shadows.

Down among the reeds and sedges,
Set along the brooklet's edges,
Whose sweet tongue by chains of crystal
Fine and strong so late was holden,
To and fro with fitful flashing
Tiny speckled trout are dashing;
All things feel with joy her presence—'tis
A story sweet and olden.

There are blossoms in the wildwood;
Little songs of happy childhood
Greet the ear from vale and coppice, and
The breezy hill-side yonder.
Just to breathe the breath of heaven
Is delight to mortals given;
Why doth rapture thrill the hearts of
those
Who in the spring-tide wander?

Whence this joy within us springing,
That, perforce, we join the singing?
Whence this sweetly strange, mysterious
Sense of bird-like wings a-growing?
Is the spirit spring tide nearer?
Ay! its sunlight shineth clearer;
While within the soul unailing founts of
Song are overflowing.

BRAINS ON FOUR LEGS.

A SCRANTON gentleman has a cat that is very fond of some kinds of music, and very much exasperated whenever her master plays on his violin. She will lie on the sofa and purr approvingly whenever one of the young ladies performs a waltz or other lively piece on the piano, and she will listen attentively to the children's songs, but as soon as her owner begins to tune up his violin she becomes very uneasy. The moment he starts to play a tune the cat darts at him as if she had suddenly been seized with a fit, scratches viciously at the lower part of his trousers leg and squalls as though she were in great pain. If he continues to play after this demonstration of her disapproval of that kind of music, the cat jumps up and tries to snatch the noisy instrument out of his hands, and when she finds that she cannot do that she runs around the room and mews piteously. As soon as the gentleman lays the violin down on the piano and speaks kindly to the cat, she seems pacified at once, trots over to where he is standing, rubs her head and back lovingly against his ankles, and purrs contentedly, looking up to and acting as if she wanted to tell him that she would always be a good cat if he would never make any more of those hateful sounds. But, so sure as he undertakes to resume playing, the cat begins her tantrums and refuses to be quiet until he puts down the violin again. She is fond of organ music, but she cannot be taught to like the noise made by the violin strings. She will tolerate the guitar, but the violin never. The gentleman, who is an excellent amateur violinist,

prizes pussy very highly, and, whenever he wishes to entertain his friends with a little music from his favourite instrument, he has a servant take the cat to her little house in the back-yard and fasten her in. As soon as the guests have departed, puss is allowed to come into the house, when she scampers from one member of the family to the other and purr-fully expresses her gratitude at being permitted to be where they are once more.

Two tame gray squirrels are the favourite pets of an animal lover on Franklin Avenue. The squirrels run about the house like two kittens, and are obedient to their master every time he tells them to go to their cage. He often takes them about town with him, to their apparent pleasure and satisfaction. Whenever he tells them that they can go along, they skip up his legs and crawl into the pockets of his sack coat, where they nestle down until he enters a store or saloon. Then he orders them to come out, and they hurry from his pockets and caper about the room until he gets ready to leave. Their antics and their perfect obedience interest and amuse everybody who sees them. Each squirrel has his own particular pocket to get into, and they have been so well trained that neither ever tries to get into the pocket that belongs to the other. When the gentleman wears a heavy overcoat he sometimes permits both of them to cuddle down together, when they appear to be very happy indeed.—*New York Tribune.*

TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

HE was always and forever getting into trouble of one sort or another. He had a talent for climbing, and for tumbling, and for bumping his head, and for hurting his feet, and coming to grief generally. On this Friday evening he sat on the side of his little white bed, "one shoe off and one shoe on," and thought sorrowfully about the day; it had been an unlucky one. In the first place he had broken grandma's spectacles; then he had lost mother's scissors, the pair that she always "cut out" with; and his new summer pants were not cut out. Then he had tumbled from the hay mow and bumped his nose and broken his tooth; but the last thing was to get himself caught by a hook in the barn, and could not get loose unless he swung off without regard to the box by which he had climbed up, in which case he would be likely to drop several feet on to a hard floor. Tommy didn't like that, so he hung there.

"I might yell," said he to himself, but nobody would hear me, they are all too far away. I might hang here until they came to feed the horse, but I can't, that will be hours, and I'm getting pretty dizzy, now."

The baby trotted out to the barn door, said "da! da!" and a few other words that she understood better than others did; baby could walk better

than talk. Tommy looked at her and said, "Oh, baby, I wish you had sense!" Then he hung still. At last he heard his mother's voice in the yard, a long way off. Then, oh! how Tommy yelled! His voice seemed to pierce right through the mother's ears. She fairly flew over the ground to the barn. In a twinkling the step-ladder was brought and arranged, and mother climbed up and unwound his sleeve from the hook, and she and Tommy came down. Someway, he doesn't know how, he twisted his foot and to-night it aches.

"But Tommy isn't thinking of his foot, he is thinking of the troubles he has, and the mischief he does, and how impossible it seems to do any better.

"Praying don't do no good," he says disconsolately to his mother. "I pray to be a good boy every day, and I ain't never a good boy—so there!"

"Tommy," said his mother, "Why didn't you call on baby to help you to-day? Didn't you want to get down!"

"'Course," said Tommy, "but what was the use? I knew she couldn't help me."

"And what made you call on me?"

"Cause I wanted to get down right straight off; and I knew you could help me, and I knew you would help me, so I yelled."

"Well, Tommy, if you remember that of God, that he can and will; and if you truly want help, and will call to him, he is just as sure. Oh, surer than I can be. Because, you know Tommy, you are likely to get into places where mother can't reach; but he can reach everywhere. Remember that."—*The Pansy.*

MECCA.

MECCA, the holy city of the Mahometans, is one of the oldest towns in Arabia, and derives additional interest from the fact that it has been considered a holy city from very remote ages. As the birthplace of Mahomet, its holiness was enhanced, and the events of his stirring history make it a spot of some interest to others beside his followers.

It has broad, unpaved streets, which furnish ample supplies of dust in summer and mud in winter. Its houses, of brick and stone, are several stories high, and are embellished with paintings. The only public building of any note is the Mosque, in the centre of which is the Caaba, highly venerated by the Mahometans from remote antiquity. Around this ancient relic cluster time-honoured legends, dear to the Moslem heart; none of these traditions being too wild to stagger the faith of a true follower of the Prophet. A large number of persons are employed about the Mosque in a variety of ecclesiastical capacities.

Hundreds of thousands make the annual pilgrimage to Mecca, and if the concourse falls short of a certain number, invisible but adoring angels are declared to fill the places of recreant

believers. No profane foot is allowed to enter Mecca. There is a room in the holy city, entrance into which endows the visitor with absolute veracity, making the individual forevermore a strictly truthful member of society.

Pilgrims to this holy city do not acquire a reputation for sanctity, although they enjoy such rare advantages.

Two Lives.

Two babes were born in the self-same town,
On the very same bright day;
They laughed and cried in their mothers' arms,

In the very self-same way;
And both seemed pure and innocent
As falling flakes of snow,
But one of them lived in the terraced house,
And one in the street below.

Two children played in the self-same town,
And the children both were fair;
But one had curls brushed smooth and round,
The other had tangled hair.
The children both grew up apace,
As other children grow;
But one of them lived in the terraced house,
And one in the street below.

Two maidens wrought in the self-same town,
And one was wedded and loved;
The other saw thro' the curtain's part,
The world where her sister moved.
And one was smiling a happy bride,
The other knew care and woe;
For one of them lived in the terraced house,
And one in the street below.

Two women lay dead in the self-same town,
And one had tender care,
The other was left to die alone,
On her pallet so thin and bare.
One had many to mourn her loss,
For the other few tears would flow;
For one had lived in the terraced house,
And one in the street below.

If the Lord, who died for rich and poor,
In wondrous, holy love,
Took both the sisters in his arms,
And carried them above,
Then all the difference vanished quite:
For, in heaven, none would know
Which of them lived in the terraced house,
And which in the street below.

THE MAHOGANY TREE.

FULL GROWN, the mahogany tree is one of the monarchs of tropical America. Its vast trunk and massive arms rising to a lofty height and spreading with graceful sweep over immense spaces, covered with beautiful foliage, bright, glossy, and airy, clinging so long to the spray as to make it almost an evergreen, present a rare combination of loveliness and grandeur. The leaves are very small, delicate, and polished like those of the laurel. The flowers are small and white or greenish yellow. The mahogany lumbermen, having selected a tree, surround it with a platform about twelve feet above the ground, and cut it above the platform. Some dozen or fifteen feet of the largest part of the trunk are thus lost; yet a single log not unfrequently weighs from six or seven to fifteen tons, and sometimes measures as much as seventeen feet in length and four and a half to five and a half in diameter, one tree furnishing two, three, or four such logs. Some trees have yielded twelve thousand superficial feet.