

Discontent.

It was in a field, one day in June,  
The flowers all bloomed together,  
Saw one, who tried to hide herself,  
And drooped, that pleasant weather.

A robin who had soared too high,  
And felt a little lazy,  
Was resting near a buttercup,  
Who wished she were a daisy,

For daisies grow so big and tall,  
-He always had a passion  
For wearing frills about her neck  
In just the daisies' fashion.

And buttercups must always be  
The same old tiresome colour,  
While daisies dress in gold and white,  
Although their gold is duller.

"Dear Robin," said this sad, young flower,  
Perhaps you'd not mind trying  
To had a nice white frill for me,  
Some day, when you are flying."

"You silly thing!" the robin said,  
"I think you must be crazy!  
I'd rather be my honest self  
Than any made-up daisy."

"You're nicer in your own bright gown,  
The little children love you;  
Be the best buttercup you can,  
And think no flower above you."

Though swallows keep me out of sight,  
We'd better keep our places;  
Perhaps the world would all go wrong  
With one too many daisies!

"Look bravely up into the sky,  
And be content with knowing  
That God wished for a buttercup  
Just here where you are growing."

he heard a feeble wailing cry; and the tears started into his eyes, why he did not know, but he brushed them off his face hastily, and kept his head turned away, lest anyone should see them.

"Sandy!" shouted a woman's voice from the stairhead, "Sandy, give us your jacket to wrap the baby in."

If it had been the depth of winter, he would have stripped off his ragged jacket willingly for the new baby. He had a passion for young helpless creatures, and he had nursed and tended two other babies before this one, and had seen them both fade away slowly, and die in this unwholesome air. He did not care much for his mother, how could he, when he seldom saw her sober? but the babies were very precious to him, dearer even than the money he had contrived to keep in secret for a long time, but which had been taken from him because he could not pay the tax. There was no tax upon babies. Sandy remembered that joyfully. The police would take no inconvenient notice of this new little creature. He might carry it about with him, and play with it, and teach it all sorts of pretty tricks, with no danger of losing it.

"Is it a girl or boy?" he asked eagerly from the woman, who hurried downstairs for his jacket.

"A little girl!" she answered, "a regular little gipsy, with black eyes, and black hair all over its head."

"Let me have her as soon as you can, urged Sandy, rubbing his hands, and dancing upon the doorstep, to let off a little of his pleasurable excitement.

"You can have her dreckly," said the woman; "it's as hot as an oven every where to-day."

"I'll come for her," replied Sandy, following her up to the door. In a few minutes a small bundle was handed out to him, wrapped in his old jacket; and he trod slyly and cautiously downstairs, with it in his arms. He was at a loss for some secluded corner, where he could look at his new treasure; for he did not wish to have all the bawling, shouting children in the alley crowding about him, as he knew they would be in an instant, if he sat down on the doorstep with that mysterious little bundle on his lap. A rapid glance showed him a costermonger's barrow reared on one end in a corner, with a basket or two on the ground. He stole behind it, and sat down on one of the baskets; then, slowly opening the jacket, peeped at the new little face.

How was it that the tears dimmed his eyes again? The recollection of Tom and little Vio, lying now in their tiny coffins deep down in the ground, came back so vividly to him, that he could not see this baby for crying. He knew it was a bad thing to do, and he was angry with himself and dreadfully afraid of anyone finding it out, yet for a minute or two he could not conquer it. But after rubbing his eyes diligently with the sleeve of the jacket, he found them clear enough to look carefully at his prize.

A thorough gipsy, no doubt of that. Eyes as black as coal, and the little head all covered with blackest hair. She lay quite content in his arms, looking seriously up into his face, as if she could really see it, and wanted to make sure what sort of a brother he was going to be to her. Sandy puckered up his features into a broad smile, whistled to her softly, put his finger into her small mouth, and trotted her very gently on his knee. The baby was "as good as gold," she did not cry, and so betray their hiding-place. But her black solemn eyes never turned away from their gaze at Sandy's face.

"Oh! I wish there were somebody as could keep it alive for me," thought Sandy, sorrowfully. He had a vague notion that there was someone, somewhere, who could save the new-born baby from dying, as Tom and little Vio had died. In the streets he had seen numbers of rich babies, who did not want for anything, and whose cheeks were fat and rosy, not at all like the puny, wasted babies in the alley. But how it happened, whether it was simply because they were rich or because there was somebody who could keep them alive, and cared more for them than for the poor, he could not tell. He had often watched them with longing eyes, and knew how pretty they looked in their

or scarlet cloaks and white bonnets, and he wished now with all his heart that he could find some one who would keep them to pay alive for him. He called to the gipsy to himself and others, and in the alley took any chance to give her another name. What was the good of registering a baby that was sure to be dead in a short time?

Sandy's mother was up and about her business again in a few days. She earned her living, when she was the trouble to earn it, by going about as a costermonger, as most of her neighbours did. When she had enough strength of mind to save four or five shillings from the putrified vault at the corner of the street, she would hire a barrow for a week, and lay in a stock of cheap fruit and vegetables, and Sandy would go with her to push it. But that was very occasionally, it was seldom that her strength of mind did not fail before the temptation of another and another drink. Then Sandy was thrown upon his own resources, and gained a very scanty supply for his wants by selling fuscias near the *Mansion House*, or any other crowded spot, where one in a thousand of the passers by might see him, and by chance patronize him. Often, when there was no baby at home, he did not go there for weeks, but slept wherever he could find a shelter in an empty cart, or under a tarpaulin; even without a shelter, if this could not be had. If his mother came across him during these spells of wandering, the only proof of relationship she manifested was her demand for any and all of the halfpence he might have in his possession, and her diligent search among his rags for them. It was only when there was a baby that Sandy went home as regularly as the night fell, carrying with him a sticky finger of some cheap sweet meat, which contained almost more of poison than of sugar.

Gip was left to his care even more than the other babies. By this time his mother had become too inebriated a drunkard to take much interest in her. Now and then she would bear her off in her arms to the spirit-vault, and come reeling back with her, to Sandy's great alarm. But in general she took no notice of Gipsy, and left the boy to tend her as well as he could. It was a good thing for the baby. Sandy carried her out of the foul air into the broader and open streets, often lingering wistfully at a baker's window till he got a whole some crust for her to nibble at. His jacket continued to be almost the only clothing she had, and as the winter came on he shivered with cold, till his benumbed arms could scarcely hold her. But that he bore without a murmur, for who was there to complain to? He had never known a friend to whom he could go and say, "I am hungry, and cold, and almost naked." He had never heard that it had ever been said, "Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Was it possible that Sandy could be one of the least of these his brethren?

There was, however, this great and last difficulty in Sandy's case. If any one had clothed him, during his wanderings, if the Lord, his mother would have immediately pawned the clothes and spent the money in the spirit vault.

(To be continued)

FEMALE LOVELINESS

Do not think you can make a girl lovely if you do not make her happy. There is not one restraint you put on a good girl's nature—there is not one check you give to her instincts of affection or of effort which will not be indelibly written on her features with a hardness which is all the more painful because it takes away the brightness from the eyes of innocence, and the calmness of the brow of virtue. The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can only consist in the majestic peace which is found in the memory of happy and useful childhood, which is still free of change and promise, opening always, modest at once and bright with hope of better things to be won and to be bestowed. There is an old age where one is to be that promise—it is

THE LITTLE MOTHER.

A poor widow with four little children comes to our Sabbath-school. They are little girls, the eldest barely eight years old and the youngest only a baby. The good woman used to come into the infant class, and sit through the lesson with her baby in her arms and the others about her. Poverty forced the mother to be away from home all day long, and it was sad to see how the eight-year-old tended the house and tended the toddlers. She acted very old for such a wee thing—a real little mother.

That "little mother" died and a good many older people have cried when they knew how she died. In one way and another, a cent at a time, the daughter had saved a little money. "When I'm gone, mamma," she said feebly, "I want you to open my bank and take out the money that's there. Half of it is for you, mamma, to do what you want with. And I wish you would take the other half and give it to some other poor little girl like me, that doesn't have things much." The mother promised, and the little girl looked happy, thin and wasted though her white face was.

"And, O mamma," whispered the sweet voice, the music of heaven beginning to ring in its tones, "mamma, I'm going to heaven now; but I'll be on the watch for you after I get there. I'll be the one to meet you when you come in at the gate; and I'll get Jesus to save the very best place in all heaven for you."

That is the way a little Christian dies. She had never in her life been selfish and at the last she was thinking of the other people and trying to do things for them. What happiness there is in heaven when such a little lamb is folded. Shall there be the same rejoicing over us—Sabbath School Advocate.

THE MOST DREADFUL TREE IN THE WORLD

It is not so much in its ways that it is called the devil-tree. It is a tree which catches and devours living creatures, as birds and little wild beasts, and even human creatures, if they get within its fatal reach. Happily there are very few places in the world where this monster tree grows. In the island of Sumatra, in Australia, and lately in Mexico, it has been found. It grows, fortunately, in inaccessible places, its roots twisted about great, bare rocks, in dense forests where few people go. The devil-tree is not of very high growth and its shape is something like a huge pine apple, it is about twelve or fifteen feet high and ten or twelve feet around the base.

The leaves spring from the top of the tree, or what you would call the tip of the pine-apple, they are dark green and as long as the height of the tree. They hang down to the ground loosely, like the foliage of a closed umbrella. They are from fifteen to eighteen inches wide, and nearly twenty inches thick. Above the leaves, on the top of the tree, are two round fleshy plates, growing one above the other. From these plates constantly drops a juice which is rather sweet and very intoxicating. Around these plates are set long, green, rope-like arms or tentacles, much like the arms of a cuttle fish. When a bird or wild animal climbs up to the plates or discs to taste the juice, at once these long arms begin to rise and twist like snakes. The juice intoxicates at once the creature that tastes it, and it begins to jump and stagger. This motion increases an action of the green arms, they wrap around their prey and hold it close. Then the huge, innumerable leaves begin to rise and close together, forming a mighty press, which crushes the struggling captive, crushing it into a soft pulp, which is sucked up by hundreds of little mouths upon the long, green arms. When morning is not but dry, mush, skin, feathers and bones, the leaves open, relax, fall back, the plates spread out at once their intoxicating honey, and are ready for another victim. Even people are sometimes killed by the devil-tree. The account was told of the one in Mexico, though it would be more to touch one in the long, green arms. The little black monkey was fast upon his finger that he could hardly pull it away, and, as it was, the cruel plant stripped off the skin.

LOST IN LONDON

By the Author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER I.

GIP'S FIRST BREATH.

GOING along one of the back streets of the East End of London on a sultry summer day is by no means a pleasant or refreshing walk. The middle of the street is narrow, and the kennels bordering the side pavements are usually choked up with refuse thrown out from the dwellings on either hand. Heaps of rotting fruit, potato-parings, and decaying cabbage-leaves lie about the causeways, to be eagerly turned over and over in search of a prize by half-famished children, whose only anxiety, during the summer months, is to satisfy, if possible, the hunger always gnawing at them. There is no sweet scent in the air—no freshness, whatscents there may be are the very reverse of sweet. The sun smites down upon the closely-built houses and dirty pavement and unwatered street, till fever seems to follow in the trail of the sultry days. At each end of such streets there generally stands a busy spirit-vault, which carries on a thriving trade, for the dry air makes every one achy, and the door swings to and fro incessantly with the stream of men, women, and children passing in and out.

It was in one of these close, pent-up alleys that a boy was idling, one hot summer noonday, about the door of a small dwelling in the corner farthest from the street—a poor house, like all the rest, with paneled windows of brown paper in its windows and of glass. The four rooms of it, two on each floor, were tenanted by as many families with their lodgers. There seemed to be a little excitement within, and several women were busting about, and could be seen through the open door going up and down the staircase. At that time of the day there were but few men about the yard; but the most of them were costermongers, and were away at work. But the alley was overfilled with almost naked children, playing noisily in the open gutter, or fighting with one another with still louder noise. The boy joined none of them, but looked on with an absent and anxious face, from time to time peeping in through the open door, or listening intently to every sound in the room at the top of the crazy staircase. All at once