



THE ASCENSION.

WHAT ARE YOU GOOD FOR?

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

"What are you good for, my brave little man?"

Answer that question for me if you can?
You, with the ringlets as bright as the sun,
You, with your fingers as white as a nun.
All the day long with your busy contriving,
Into some mischief and fun you are driving.

See if your wise little noddle can tell
What are you good for—now ponder it well."

Over the carpet two dear little feet
Came with a patter to climb on my seat;
Two little eyes full of frolic and glee,
Under their lashes looked up unto me;
Two little hands, pressing close on my face,
Drew me down close, in a loving embrace;
Two little lips gave the answer so true,
"Good to love you, mamma—good to love you!"

THE FRUIT OF DISOBEDIENCE.

"But, Harry, papa said we were never to go on the river without Scott; and if he can't go with us we'll just have to wait until to-morrow."

"We needn't have to at all, if you weren't so fussy, Lucy! There are exceptions to every rule, and this is just the time for the exception—when we've been promised to go on the island, and old Scott chose to go off to visit some sick body! We can handle the oars just as well as he can; and what's the good of learning to row, and having a boat bought for us, if we never can use it our own selves?"

"If only papa and mamma were at home!" sighed Lucy, who could not bear to disappoint the others, and disliked giving up the trip herself.

"But they're not! they're gone to town for all day and a nice dull time we'll have of it in this old farm-house all alone! They planned the picnic for us on purpose. So now, don't be horrid; get the things ready and come along."

"Oh, yes, Lucy, do! Harry can take care of us," pleaded the two young girls and Lucy resisted no longer.

Rupert's Island is a lovely spot, with its rocky bluffs, its shady dells and sunny slopes; and the young people exclaimed with pleasure, as they sprang from the boat upon its pebbled shore.

They had had a charming row down the river—wind, tide, everything in their favour; and now the long summer day was to be filled up with every kind of enjoyment.

The first thing was their bath; and that was delight indeed! The water was so clear, yet warm; the sandy bottom so firm and smooth. They splashed and dashed, and dived and swam, until they were pretty well tired; and when they came out, what a glorious appetite they had for their luncheon of sandwiches and cakes! There was the fun, too, of making fire of drift-wood on the shore, and boiling coffee, and toasting cheese; and they lingered till long past noon over the delights of their gipsy dinner.

A rest was next in order, lying on the sunny bank under a spreading oak; and then the island was to be regularly explored. So the hours sped away; and Lucy, who was uneasy, notwithstanding her enjoyment, insisted upon an early start homeward.

She had seated herself with her little sisters in the boat, and Harry was pushing off from shore, when Lucy suddenly started to her feet, exclaiming: "The oars, Harry, where are the oars? They are not here!" "Nonsense!" cried Harry. But, alas, it was true! They had never thought of removing the oars from the open boat, and some scamp had stolen them in their absence.

This was a hopeless misfortune. Harry and Lucy looked at each other in despair and the children burst into frightened crying.

What was to be done? Nothing, but wait on the shore and hail any boat that might chance to pass. Surely some one would come and take them off.

But none did; the dark night came instead. The terrified children ran crying up and down the beach, and finally sobbed themselves to sleep in Lucy's arms.

It was long past dark before their father, setting out instantly on his arrival home, came to their rescue; and Harry and Lucy will never forget what they suffered through those dreadful hours, thinking of the trouble their disobedience had caused.

EVENING HYMN.

I hear no voice, I feel no touch,
I see no glory bright;
But still I know that God is near,
In darkness as in light.

He watches ever by my side,
And hears my whispered prayer;
The Father for his little child
Both day and night doth care.