

THE LEGEND OF THE SCARLET LILY.

Have you ever heard the story
How the lily, for her pride
Wears that robe of scarlet glory,
Growing on the dark hillside,
Where the olives, old and hoary,
Spread their branches far and wide?

Came the Master, ere his ending,
To that lowly garden glade
When they heard his footsteps, wending
Down the paths in midnight shade,
Every tree and blossom, bending,
Duo and lowly reverence made.

But the lily murmured proudly
"In my spotless purity
I may lift my head, the Master
Will be cheered to look on me!"
While the night breeze whispered loudly,
"Better is humility!"

Onward came he, sadly musing,
Till he paused before the place
Where the lily stood, not choosing
To abase her stately grace,
And, humility refusing,
Dared to look upon his face.

Downward, downward, drooping lowly,
Fell the lily's stubborn head:
'Neath that gaze, supremely holy,
With the flush of shame grew red,
From each petal, driven slowly,
All her boasted whiteness fled!

GOD'S LITTLE MESSENGER.

Dorothy sat curled up in the big arm-chair thinking. She was thinking of father, who had looked so sad and lonely and troubled lately.

Since mother died there was no one to make the wrinkles go and the smiles come as she did. She was only a girl and could not comfort him. She could not talk to him as mother did.

Presently she rose, went into the garden, and gathered the loveliest rosebud she could find—a large tea-rose that mother loved—and putting the long, slender stem into a delicate vase, placed it on father's dressing-table.

Mother used to say that flowers were little, comforting, loving messages from God.

Father was late coming to supper, and very thoughtful. Had he noticed the flower?

After the meal was over he followed her to the sitting-room, instead of going to his study as usual, and putting his arm about her said, lovingly:

"That was a very sweet message you had for me to-night, dear."

"It wasn't my message, father, it was God's."

"You were God's messenger, then: Would you like to know what the message was?"

"Yes, father."

He took a seat on the sofa and drew her down beside him.

"It told me I was a very foolish creature to be brooding over my troubles and loneliness when there was a young, fresh heart full of love and sympathy right by my side."

"But, father, I am only a girl. I can't really do anything."

"My dear, you have done a great deal already. Just as the petals of the rose will fall now it has delivered its message, so the troubles and the loneliness began to disappear when I realized what the message meant. It will be a great comfort to me now to feel that there will be a dear face to welcome me, that will say, without words, 'Father, I love you, and would do more if I could;' and there will be more, never fear. Think how long I have been blind to it all, how much I have missed already."

"O father," said Dorothy, with tears in her eyes; "I am so happy."

"And so am I, dear; happier than I have been for a long, long time. I wish there were more such thoughtful little messengers."

THE MAGIC APPLE.

"Such a rainy day!" said little Amy dolefully. "I wish that I knew something new to do."

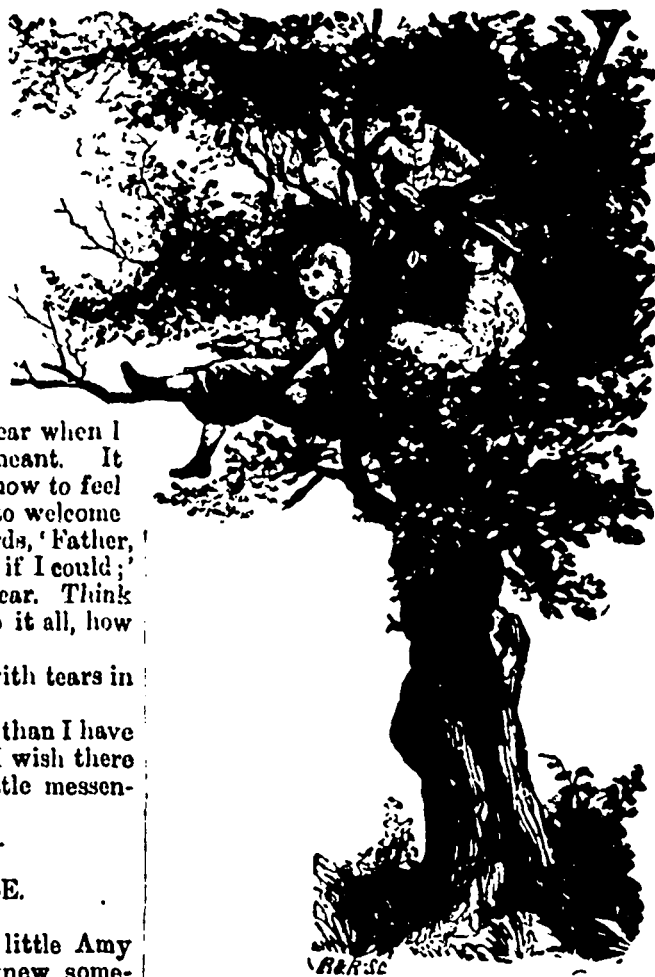
"When I was a little girl," said her mamma, "I used to think it great fun to make a magic apple, and surprise my papa. How would you like to make one for your papa?"

Amy was delighted with the idea, and brought a large, fair apple. Her mamma gave her a long needle and strong thread, and showed her how to take a long stitch in the apple close under the skin. Amy drew the thread, leaving about two inches hanging out of the apple; then she put the needle into the very hole that it came out of, and took another long stitch, and so on all around the apple, at the end bringing the needle and thread out of the very first hole; then she took hold of both ends of the thread and pulled hard, but carefully, and all the thread came out of the first hole. Amy rubbed the apple, which was a fine red one, until it shone like glass. The needle-holes did not show.

When her papa came home, Amy gave him the apple, and he sat down by the fire to eat it. He began to peel it with his sharp knife. O how surprised he looked when the apple suddenly fell in two pieces when he had it a little more than half peeled!

Amy was pleased and surprised, too, for she did not realize that she had cut the apple in two under the skin when she pulled the thread out; but she had.

Any child, with a little care, can make a magic apple just as Amy did, and surprise somebody very much.—*Youth's Companion*.



A HYMN FOR SUMMER.

We hail the gladsome sunshine,
The flow'rets bright and gay,
The streams that leap and sparkle,
Rejoicing on their way.
We bless the gracious Giver
Of all things bright and fair,
Who decks the earth around us
With beauty everywhere.

We hail the rich abundance
Of cornfields far and near,
Of crops which soon will ripen,
The hearts of men to cheer.
We bless our great Provider
Jehovah-Jireh still,
Who thus his ancient promise
To men doth now fulfil.

We hail the silver moonbeams
Which shine through peaceful night
The stars which deck the heavens
In silent splendour bright;
We bless their great Creator,
The Lord of earth and sky,
Who reigns enthroned above them
Eternal up on high.

We hail the name of Jesus,
The name that speaks of peace;
Of sin no more remembered,
Of joys which ne'er shall cease.
We bless our great Redeemer,
Our Prophet, Priest and King,
And with the holy angels
His endless praise we sing.