

well have done as you did," the latter said, discontentedly, a day or two later, "for nearly everybody wore roses, and so they were common—only, of course, mine were not so fine as some of the others. But I heard two or three admire your violets."

Does any one suppose Bertha grew any wiser by this experience? Not at all. Her whole life is ruled by that dreadful tyrant, "they." What "they" will say, what "they" will think, and what "they" will do, govern all her actions. Nell, daring to be herself, to choose her own path as it seemed to her right and honest, is growing to a true, free, noble womanhood, with friends who feel her influence. —*Sunday School Visitor.*

HEAVENLY VISITORS.

LET me in," said the Sunbeam,
As it flickered through the wood,
And found a tiny hillock
Where some purple violets stood—
"Let me in to bring you light and warmth,
I'll do you only good.
Let me in," said the Sunbeam,
As it flickered through the wood.
"Let me in," said the Raindrop,
As it gently pattered down
On the dry grass of a garden,
In the hot and dusty town.
"Let me in to the rootlets
That are growing parched and brown
Let me in," said the Raindrop,
As it gently pattered down.
"Let me in," says God's Spirit,
In accents soft and low,
To human hearts made cold and hard
By sinfulness and woe—
"Let me in, for I will bring you joy
That angels cannot know,
"Let me in," says God's Spirit,
In accents soft and low.
O blessed rain and sunshine!
Could grass and flowers find voice,
How gladly they would greet you,
And how would they rejoice!
And shall the hearts of mortals
Refuse a welcoming word
To the "still small voice" that tells them
Of the coming of their Lord?

WHY CHARLIE LOST HIS PLACE.

CHARLIE was whistling a merry tune as he came down the road, with his hands in his pockets, his cap pushed back on his head, and a general air of good-fellowship with the world.

He was on his way to apply for a position in a stationer's store that he was very anxious to obtain, and in his pocket were the best of references concerning his character for willingness and honesty. He felt sure that there would not be much doubt of his obtaining the place when he presented these credentials.

A few drops of rain fell, as the bright sky

was overcast with clouds, and he began to wish that he had brought an umbrella. From a house just a little way before him two little children were starting out for school, and the mother stood in the door smiling approval as the boy raised the umbrella and took the little sister under its shelter in a manly fashion.

Charlie was a great tease, and, like most boys who indulge in teasing or rough practical jokes, he always took good care to select for his victim some one weaker or younger than himself.

"I'll have some fun with those children," he said to himself; and before they had gone very far down the road, he crept up behind them, and snatched the umbrella out of the boy's hand.

In vain the little fellow pleaded with him to return it. Charlie took a malicious delight in pretending that he was going to break it or throw it over the fence; and, as the rain had stopped, he amused himself in this way for some distance, making the children run after him and plead with him tearfully for their umbrella.

Tired of his sport at last, he relinquished the umbrella as a carriage approached, and, leaving the children to dry their tears, went on towards the store.

Mr. Mercer was not in, so Charlie sat down on the steps to wait for him. An old gray cat was basking in the sun, and Charlie amused himself by pinching the poor animal's tail till she mewed pitifully and struggled to escape.

While he was enjoying this sport, Mr. Mercer drove up in his carriage, and passed Charlie on his way into the store. The boy released the cat, and, following the gentleman in, respectfully presented his references.

"These do very well," Mr. Mercer said, returning the papers to Charlie. "If I had not seen some of your other references, I might have engaged you."

"Other references? What do you mean, sir?" asked Charlie in astonishment.

"I drove past you this morning when you were on your way here, and saw you diverting yourself by teasing two little children. A little later a dog passed you, and you cut him with the switch you had in your hand. You shied a stone at a bird, and just now you were delighting yourself in tormenting another defenceless animal. These are the references that have decided me to have nothing to do with you. I don't want a cruel boy about me."

DR. KANE tells of a queer fashion which prevails among some of the Esquimaux tribes. These strange people are scattered over a great extent of territory, and customs differ. He saw many a baby tucked down in one of the wide, high-topped boots of the mother, right end foremost, while in the other of these reindeer-skin boots she carried her cooking and working utensils.