

MY LITTLE BROTHER.

My brother was a lovely boy,
 With eyes of heaven's deepest hue,
 His hair in golden ringlets hung
 Upon his little frock so blue.

His noble brow was purely white,
 And vied with the spotless winter's snow,
 His cheeks were of the roses' hue,
 Oh! how I loved him: none may know.

His ruby lips when parted showed
 Two shining rows of pearly teeth,
 His voice! Were ever sweeter tones
 In heaven heard, or earth beneath?

His merry rippling laughter sprang
 From a heart brimful of love,
 His mellow tones in baby talk
 Were like the cooing of a dove.

Once, when he knelt, clothed all in white,
 Beside our gentle mother's knee,
 I thought him 'like an angel fair.
 Oh! did they love him more than we?

Then when his evening prayer was said
 I took him in my arms with care,
 I laid him in his little bed,
 And brushed from his brow his silken hair.

Then with his arms my neck entwined,
 He whispered softly in his sleep,
 "I love you, sister dear. Good night,
 I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

I knelt beside his little cot,
 And asked in silent, fervent prayer,
 That angels woud their vigils keep,
 While he so calmly slumbered there.

And when the morning clear had dawned,
 I crossed the room to his little bed,
 Lest I should break his slumbers sweet,
 I moved with soft and noiseless tread.

But oh! my head sank low with fear,
 For his breath was short and quick,
 And the flush of fever on his cheek,
 Told that our darling boy was sick.

Two weary days and nights of pain,
 Two days of watching by his bed,
 Then from that little form so dear
 His loving spirit now had fled.

We placed one hand upon his breast,
 Which tightly grasped a pure white flower,
 Just so while living here with us,
 He held our hearts each in his power.

We lay him then beneath the sod,
 With loving fingers planted there
 The flowers he used to love so well,
 Before he dwell among the fair.

We know he's in the arms of Jesus,
 In that bright and fairer land—
 A fit companion for the angels,
 A member of their happy band.

IDA MAY DENISON.

THE WONDERFUL GARDEN.

I am going to tell you of a wonderful garden. The grounds are planted beautifully, the walks are carpeted with grass so soft that it seems like velvet to your feet. The garden is a sacred place, and the owner never allows any one to enter unless it be a true friend. The flowers are rich and grand and almost innumerable, but here and there I can distinguish a plant that I know. In one spot, just where the warm sunshine kisses it, is the little plant of patience with its opening buds smiling upward. Beside it is hope, standing firm and strong in the rich soil that nourishes it; not far from hope is charity; and gathered around, forming a rich mass of foliage are gentleness, watchfulness, truth, kindness and faith; while twining around all these, and looking to them for support is meekness.

On one side of the garden are little plants of hope, arranged so as to form this motto, "In Thee I trust."

Sometimes the little weeds of regret and longing are seen to peep above the ground, but they are never allowed to take any more than a peep, for they are immediately uprooted.

The sunlight that shines on the flower is the light of God's smile, and the garden is in the heart of a true and noble woman, so pure, so good, yet so sacred that but a few of the nearest and dearest friends catch a glimpse of the hidden treasures, but strangers know it is there, for the peace and quiet reigning look from the windows of the soul, and the smile on the face makes one think that some of the rays of light shining in the garden are reflected and fall on the passers by.

E. B. B.