

Boys and Girls Book

— OF —

BALLADS, POEMS, AND RECITATIONS

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

For School and Home Use.

Compiled by

HY. PICKERING,

Editor of "Boys and Girls."



**PICKERING & INGLIS, 14 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4;
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Memory and Its Might.



ISERABLE indeed must be the man or woman who cannot appreciate the little tot, or older boy or girl, as they recite the piece which they have learned with such care, and which may be of immense value to them in days to come, for

MEMORY is a mighty factor in life. Store the memory with precious portions of "the Scriptures of Truth," and with incidents, scenes, and facts relative to "the Gospel of God," and you have fixed a potent agent in the mind and heart of the young. Try it yourself! Go back ten, twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty years to childhood days, and you will recall the verses learned, the ditties sung, the ballads recited, with ease; whereas the poems of later years are recalled only with great effort, if remembered at all. Plant the good seed in the youthful mind and it is bound to bring forth good fruit, most likely an hundredfold.

Another thing will strike you. You will remember the doubtful or peculiar more easily than the pure and true pieces; words of little use more readily than the piece truly useful. Hence the importance of seeing that the

MATTER stored in the young minds should be distinctive in that it may be good, not only for "the life that now is," but also for "that which is to come" (1 Tim. 4. 8). As the Gospel is "the power of God unto salvation" (Rom. 1. 16), it is the only message which can bring true and lasting profit to the whole being—"spirit, and soul, and body" (1 Thess. 5. 23). Such alone has been aimed at in the selections for this volume. *Originality and Variety* are its leading features. Most of the pieces have been specially composed, at the suggestion of the Editor, for the pages of *Boys and Girls*, the favourite children's monthly paper. Tired of "Little Jim," "The Last Hymn," and similar veterans, he desired to introduce a number of pieces which would give freshness and variety to the happy gatherings in home and school.

Next to care in the matter is the importance of the

METHOD of introduction and repetition. Little children should be taught the simpler pieces in early life, and encouraged to repeat same at home gatherings, when visiting friends, and other suitable times. Elder boys and girls should be trained to take an interest in longer pieces, for school use, week-night services, and special occasions. In public gatherings the title of the piece should always be clearly given, and the idea of the recitation stated in a sentence, thus greatly helping the intelligent appreciation by the audience.

Great care should be taken to see that the piece suits the reciter, and the reciter the piece; also, that secular and silly selections are substituted by those which give a clear ring concerning "the glorious Gospel," and pertain to things which are true, pure, lovely, and of good report (Phil. 4. 8).

May the blessing of the Lord, and the prayers of the noble band of workers amongst the young, rest upon this effort to enlighten, enliven, and encourage Boys and Girls.

PRACTICAL POINTS

For those who desire to derive the utmost benefit from this volume.

SUGGESTIONS. THE *General Index*, *opposite*, and *Special Index*, are given more as a handy guide than as complete. Each piece should be selected in view of the age, capability, temperament, strength of voice, and general adaptability of the boy or girl who shall repeat it. A sad piece to a rollicking lad, or a stirring piece to a sedate girl only means disappointment to all. More care should be exercised by parents, teachers, and superintendents to select suitable portions for those who are able to creditably repeat same in public.

Every freedom should be taken in *abridging* any piece by running a pencil mark through one or more verses as desired.

The *longer Pieces*, such as "A Mother's Love," "Eric the Slave," "John Three Sixteen," &c., could, with advantage, be equally divided between two or three boys or girls, placed in the order of the portions. Two or three boys or girls will often undertake a long piece, whilst one would decline. It would lend variety and add interest to the gathering to have one or more pieces thus divided.

SELECTIONS. WHILST avoiding old or hackneyed pieces, and extracts from other collections, the aim has been to give selections to suit all classes and countries.

The *English Pieces* can be used wherever the English language is spoken or known, therefore the largest portion is for the biggest area.

A few *Irish Pieces*, such as "The Little Irish Boy" and "The Irish Milkman and the Parish Priest," will stir emotion in many a heart from Erin's Isle.

The *Scotch Pieces* will be welcomed wherever Scotsmen are found (and where are they not?), and touch a chord in many a heart "far frae hame." Most of the pieces will be fairly well understood by most audiences; a few could be easily put into plain English if preferred.

A large number of the Recitations tell of *God's Wondrous Love*, both in figure and in fact. A few remind of *coming judgment*, such as "Archibald Boyle," "The Clown's Warning," "The Fall of the Rossberg Peak," &c. One of these might well be used as a closing piece for any gathering. Remember that "*Grace and truth came by Jesus Christ*" (John 1. 17), and, following the Divine Example, fail not to let each have its true place.

The *older folks* have not been forgotten in the collection. For the benefit of the grandparents, parents, relatives, and teachers who

attend in such numbers, one of the following could be repeated.

The Starless Crown, - 9	If and Perhaps, - 78
The Old Bible, - 25	Wits' End Corner, - 78
The Sure Bank of Zion, 29	Where do you live? - 82
Give God Your Best, - 40	The Dear Old Hymns, - 84
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A Gentle Hint, - 74	

New pieces appear regularly in *Boys and Girls*, the children's favourite Gospel paper.

SCRIPTURE. THIS book is not meant, and should never be allowed, to take the place of *the Book of Books*. At every meeting one or more of the precious portions of the Word of God should be clearly and distinctly repeated. What better recitations than:

Gen. 22. 1-18	Luke 10. 30-42
Exod. 12. 1-14	.. 12. 16-32
Num. 21. 1-9	.. 15. 1-32
Joshua 1. 1-9	John 1. 1-36
1 Sam. 17. 34-50	.. 3. 1-21
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1 Kings 10. 1-13	.. 14. 1-27
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Matt. 7. 13-29	Phil. 2. 1-11
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.. 14. 1-9	Rev. 5. 1-14
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	.. 22. 1-21

SIGNATURES are only fair to authors. The most of these will readily be distinguished by the following key to the initials:

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The Editor tenders his grateful thanks for all valued help, and will gladly manifest his appreciation by accepting *more*. HYP.

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BOYS AND GIRLS BOOK

— OF —

BALLADS, POEMS, AND RECITATIONS.

FOR REPETITION AT HOME AND SCHOOL.

ONLY A LITTLE CHILD.

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN, AND FORBID THEM NOT, TO COME UNTO ME" (Matt. 19. 14).

I'M only a little
child,
Just six years old
to-day,
I don't know very
much,
But I have learned
to pray.
And I have learned
to trust
In Him who died
for me;
He put my sins away
While hanging on
the tree.

God says in His own
Book

That if I do believe
In Jesus that I shall
Eternal life receive.
That I shall go to
heaven,
That bright and
happy place;
I'll never be sick
there— [face.
I'll see my Saviour's



"HE LOVES US JUST THE SAME."

His arms so kind and
strong. [head
And on each little
He gently laid His
hands
And words of bless-
ing said.
He's just the same
to-day, [sky,
He lives above the
He loves us just the
same,
And helps us when
we try

To please Him all
daylong. [play,
At lessons or at
Hesees all that we do,
And hears all that
we say.

I wish that every one
Would trust in
Jesus, too,
He'd make them, oh,
so glad,
And give them
hearts quite new.

I'll never sin up there
As I do often here,
I'll never cry again,
Nor ever have a fear.
When Jesus lived down here,
He loved the children so,
He bade them come to Him
That round them He might throw

Hearts that would love the Lord,
And hate all sin and wrong,
He'd save and keep them, too,
For He is wise and strong.
And when He comes again,
He'll take us all away
To His fair home above,
Where it is always day.

E. J. M.

JAMIE DOUGLAS—A LITTLE SCOTTISH HERO.

'T WAS in the days when Claverhouse
Was scouring moor and glen,
To shake, with fire and bloody sword,
The faith of Scottish men;
They made a covenant with the Lord,
Firm in their faith to bide,
Nor break with Him their plighted troth
Whatever might betide.

The sun was nearly setting
When o'er the heather wild,
And up a narrow mountain path,
Alone there walked a child.
He was a bonny, blithesome lad,
Lithe, and full strong of limb;
A father's pride, a mother's love,
Were fast bound up in him.

His bright blue eyes glanced fear-
less round,
His step was firm and light;
What was it underneath his plaid
His little hands grasped tight?
It was the bannocks which that morn
His mother made with care
From out her scanty store of meal,
And now, with many a prayer,
Had sent Jamie, her only boy,
A trusty lad and brave,
To good old Pastor Tammis Roy,
Now hiding in yon cave,
For whom the bloody Claverhouse
Had hunted long in vain,
And swore he would not leave that glen
Till auld Tam Roy was slain.

So Jamie Douglas went his way
With heart that knew no fear,
He turned a great curve in the rock,
Nor dreamed that death was near;
But lurking there were Claver's men,
Who laughed aloud with glee.
He turns to flee, but all in vain;
They drag him back apace
To where their cruel leader stands,
And set them face to face.
The cakes concealed beneath his plaid
Soon tell the story plain.
" 'Tis old Tam Roy the cakes are for,"
Exclaims the angry man.
" Boy, lead me to his hiding place,
And I will let you go."



But Jamie shook his yellow curls,
And stoutly answered, "No."

"I'll drop you down the mountain side,
And there among the stones
The old gaunt wolf and carrion crow
Shall battle for your bones."

And in his brawny, strong right
hand,

He lifted up the child,
And held him o'er the clefted
rock,
A chasm deep and wild.

So deep it was, the trees below
Like willow wands did seem;
The poor boy looked in frightened
maze—

It seemed some horrid dream.
He looked up to the sky above,
Then at the men near by;
Had they no little ones at home,

And could they let him die?

But no one spoke, and no one stirred,
Or lifted hand to save
From such a fearful, awful death
The little lad so brave.

"It's waefu' deep," he shuddering cried,
"But, oh, I canna tell;
Sae drop me doon there if ye will,
It's nae sae deep as hell."

A childish scream, a faint, dull sound;
Oh, Jamie Douglas true!
Long, long within his lonely cave
Shall Tam Roy wait for you.

Long for your welcome coming, too
Waits the mother on the moor,
And watches and calls, "Come, Jamie, lad,"
Through the half-open door.

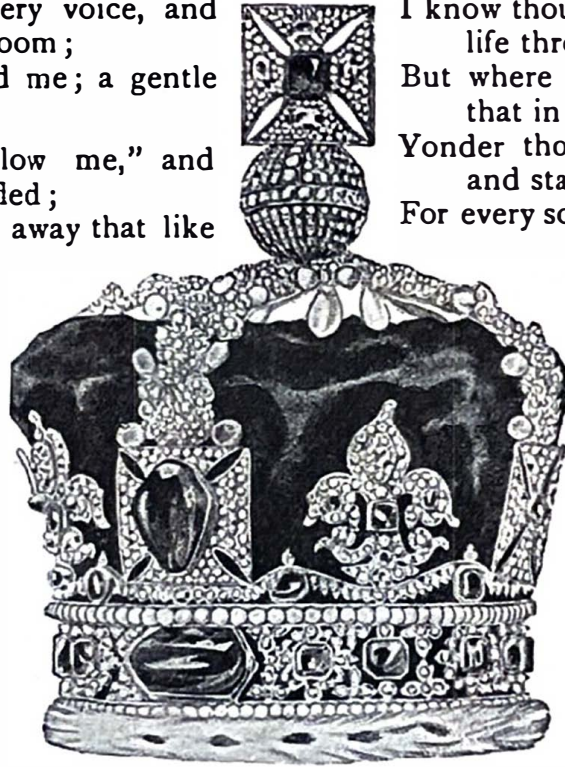
No more adown the rocky path
You'll come with fearless tread,
Or on the moor or mountain take
The good man's daily bread;
But up in heaven the shining ones
A wondrous story tell,
Of a child snatched up from a rocky gulf
That's no' sae deep as hell.

And there with all the saved at last,
For ever blessed and glad;
His mother dear and old Tam Roy
Shall meet their bonny lad.

THE STARLESS CROWN.

WEARIED and worn with earthly care,
 I yielded to repose,
 And soon before my raptured sight a glorious
 vision rose ;
 I thought, while slumbering on my couch in
 midnight's solemn gloom,
 I heard an angel's silvery voice, and
 radiance filled my room ;
 A gentle touch awakened me ; a gentle
 whisper said :
 "Arise, O sleeper, follow me," and
 through the air we fled ;
 We left the earth so far away that like
 a speck it seemed,
 And heavenly glory,
 calm and pure, across
 our pathway streamed.
 Still on we went ; my
 soul was wrapt in
 silent ecstasy ;
 I wondered what should
 meet mine eyes, and
 what the end would be ;
 I knew not how we
 journeyed through the
 pathless fields of light,
 When suddenly a change
 was wrought, and I was
 clothed in white ;
 We stood before a city's
 wall most glorious to
 behold,
 We passed through gates of glistening pearl,
 o'er streets of purest gold ;
 It needed not the sun by day, the silver moon
 by night ;
 The glory of the Lord was there ; the Lamb
 Himself its light ;
 Bright angels paced the shining streets,
 sweet music filled the air,
 And white robed saints with glistening crowns
 from every clime were there,
 And some that I had loved on earth stood
 with them round the throne,
 "All worthy is the Lamb," they sung, the
 glory His alone.
 But fairer far than all else beside, I saw my
 SAVIOUR'S face,
 And as He gazed He smiled on me with
 wondrous love and grace.
 Lowly I bowed before His throne, o'erjoyed
 that I at last

Had gained the object of my hopes—that
 earth at length was past.
 And when in solemn tones He said, "Where
 is the diadem
 That ought to sparkle on thy brow—adorned
 with many a gem ?
 I know thou hast believed on Me, and
 life through Me is thine ;
 But where are all those radiant stars
 that in thy crown should shine ?
 Yonder thou seest a glorious throng,
 and stars on every brow,
 For every soul they led to Me they wear
 a jewel now.
 And such thy bright reward
 had been, if such had
 been thy deed,
 If thou had sought some
 wandering feet in paths
 of peace to lead,
 Thou wert not called that
 thou shouldst tread the
 way of life alone,
 But that the clear and
 shining light that round
 thy footsteps shone
 Should guide some weary
 feet to My bright home
 of rest,
 And thus in blessing those
 around, thou hadst thy-
 self been blessed."



THE BRITISH CROWN
 will fade into insignificance in the light of the heavenly crown
 when "they that turn many to righteousness shall shine
 as the stars for ever and ever" (Dan. 12, 3).

The vision faded from my sight ; the voice
 no longer spake ;
 A spell seemed brooding o'er my soul which
 long I feared to break ;
 And when at last I gazed around in morning's
 glimmering light,
 My spirit felt o'erwhelmed beneath the vision's
 awful might. [still dwelt below ;
 I rose, and wept with chastened joy that I
 That yet another hour was mine my faith by
 works to show, [dying love,
 That yet some sinner I might tell of Jesus'
 And help to lead some weary soul to seek a
 home above.
 And now, while here on earth I stay, my
 motto this shall be, [died for me."
 "To live no longer for myself, but HIM who
 And graven on my inmost soul I'll wear His
 truth divine, [the stars shall shine."
 "They that turn many to the Lord, bright as

ARCHIBALD BOYLE ; OR, "IN A YEAR AND DAY."

THIS scene occurred in Glasgow land—

A thrilling tale, 'tis true—
Oh ! ponder ere you turn away
Its warning voice to you.
Some met together in a club ;
It had a dreadful name :
'Twas said it was the "Hell Club,"
They seemed to know no shame.
But one outshone his friends in vice,
His name my title bears ;
Take warning at his solemn end—
Be not among the "tares."

An annual festival they held ;
Each member then would try
In every daring, dreadful feat
His comrade to outvie.
And when the time came round again
In slumbers of the night.
'Twas in a dream God showed to him
A very dreadful sight.

THE DREAM.

He thought he rode his own black steed
Towards his country seat,
And in the gloom of that dread night
A stranger he did meet.
Impeding now his onward march,
He took the reins in hand,
And plainly showed that he was one
Accustomed to command.

"It is with me that you must go."
"And who are you?" reply
From frightened Boyle. The answer came,
"You'll see that by-and-by."
The horse he urged to speed away,
But vainly forward flew
Faster than wind the dreadful guide
Was on before him too.
And then he lost his seat and fell ;
He fell, and fell, but where ?
Alas ! that I must also add,
To regions of despair.
To hell itself they hurried on
'Mid darkness black as night,
And he was told the dreadful truth,
And heard in wild affright.

A light was in the distance too ;
They saw at once a flame,
With groans and yells of agony
Too terrible to name.

But yet another sound was heard
Of frantic revelry.
Could mortal man now tell the tale
How such a thing could be ?

And then there was an archway
More gorgeous to behold
Than all the precious things of earth—
Its lustre can't be told.

He wanted from that dreadful place
At once to get away. [again
"Go," said the guide ; "you're here
In just a year and day."

He woke ; and for a time he seemed
His former life to shun, [blood,
Yet did not trust the cleansing
So pardon there was none.

He vowed a thousand thousand
To quit the scenes of guilt ; [times
The blood of Christ could shelter
him,
That blood so freely spilt.

He did not take Christ in
his heart (1 Jno. 1. 11-14),
'Tis therefore sad to say,

He found that he was
back again
In just a year and day.

He left the scene with dark despair
Writ on his fevered brow ;
O what avail God's warning voice,
No help awaits him now.

A horse stood by the lone roadside
Of rider he was free ;
Lying a little distance off,
A stiffened corpse was he.

Oh ! leave the scenes of open guilt
Or moral deeds alone
(John 6. 2, 7, 29) ;
'Tis Jesus and His precious blood
That can for all atone
(1 Peter 1. 18-21).



He saw some whom on earth he
A lady sojourned there, [knew ;
And for a moment's space alone
He rose from dark despair.
He said that he beheld her form,
To meet her he was glad,
And something very strange indeed
His lips were going to add.
"Now will you rest awhile?" he
He wanted pleasure too ; [said.
He could not speak to say the last,
The record tells us true.
Now mark the answer that she gave,
With solemn thoughts I tell—
Said she, "There is no resting-
place,
No resting-place in hell."

Haste you to hide within the cleft,
The Riven Rock so true ;
His love is now the resting-
place,
The resting-place for you.

I say farewell. The Judgment
Day (Rev. 20. 11-15)
Is hast'ning on apace ;
But ere it comes, oh ! don't
delay,
Accept the proffered grace.
And then in heaven bright above
Shall be your happy lot ;
His love your portion evermore,
The love that changes not.
(John 3. 16 ; 2 Cor. 6. 2). A. C

"I'M JUST A BOY."

I'M just a boy, a wee bit boy, I'll sune
be gaun on nine,
I've toddled to the Sunday schule since ever
I can min';

A wee bit steerin' guid-for nocht,
a useless, yelpin' thing—

I couldna read, could scarcely
speak, but, mind ye, I could
sing.

For yince I heard my granny say,
"Twas God that gave the
voice,

And He didna mind the music if
we made a joyfu' noise."

So, though I'm but a boy, and wee,
I'll praise Him while I can—

Wha kens, I michtna ever be an
auld, auld man.

I'm just a boy, a wee bit boy, and
yet I brawly ken

That boys like me have a' got
souls, the very same as men.

And when I watch the sky at nicht,
and a' the stars I see,

I sometimes think that every yin
was yince a boy like me;

But God, to show His licht and
love, has hung them up abune,

And when He mak's His jewels up they'll
a' be gathered in;

I wonder what He'll dae wi' me, I wonder
what's His plan—

Will I be yin, or will I be an auld, auld
man?

I'm just a boy, a wee bit boy, but, mind ye,
though I'm wee,

I'm auld enough to trust in God, and no
owre young to dee.

Far younger boys than me are ta'en—last
summer there were twa

I often played wi' at the schule, and noo
they're baith awa';

Twa wee roon hillocks up the brae will show
ye whaur they've gane—

There mony a time I've slipped awa', and
sat and grat my lane.

Of a' that class o' twenty-three, wi' which the
year began,

I wonder if there's yin will be an auld, auld
man!

Though just a boy, a wee bit boy, I've no
been clear o' care—

It's no the stootest back that gets the heaviest
load to bear.

The're ups and doons in ev'ry lot,
but, oh, what peace and joy

To think that Jesus cares for me,
although I'm but a boy!

So when at heart I'm dull, and fou
o' care and weary worn,

I think o' Him whose hands and
broo were pierced wi' nail and
thorn;

I dinna think I'd care to see life's
full allotted span—

My Saviour wasna spared to be an
auld, auld man.

Noo, though we're boys, rum,
steerin' boys, wi' a' our stir and
din,

God whiles gets something mair
oot boys than ever man puts in.

Some auld heids never seem to
learn, as aft they flyte and froom;

A wee thing pits a laddie up, a
wee thing knocks him doon;

A wee thing turns him ony wey,
so dinna speak him wrang;

Tho' hale and hearty here the nicht, ye
michtna hae him lang.

In kindly love his wee pairt tak', and licht
his failing scan,

It tak's a crood o' boys to mak' an auld,
auld man.

I see a man, an auld, auld man, at life's
grey gloamin' fa',

His e'e is dim wi' age, his hair is whiter
than the snaw;

He's lookin' for, but canna see, the boys he
kent when young,

He's listenin', but he canna hear the lilt the
laddies' sung.

Life's fading light burns out, and then the
veil aside is rolled,

The sun gleams bright o'er Salem's towers,
the pearly gates unfold;

They're a' thegither yince again, that doon
the burnside ran—

The wee bit boy, the brave, strong lad the
auld, auld man.



INSPECTOR AITKEN.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.



WHEN the Emperor Licinius was persecuting the Christians in Armenia, the thundering Legion was stationed at Sebaste. Forty men in that legion declared themselves Christians . . . whose prayer of faith and triumphant end are here recorded.

It was winter, the snow thickly covered the ground,
'Twas so cold that around our bright fire scarce was found Warmth enough to banish the chill and the cold;
A keen frost had commenced, which o'er all had firm hold.
'Twas the time when earth's power, whose glory was shame Did persecute fiercely those who loved Jesus' Name.
'Twas not their's to sail in luxury and ease,
But they journeyed through dangerous, boisterous seas.

But hark! what is that! what sounds reach our ears,
That makes our hearts tremble, arousing our fears?
As we hear from some lips, we can scarce tell from where,
In tones of deep anguish, in accents of prayer,
'*Forty wrestlers have come forth to fight for Thee,
May forty wrestlers receive crowns of victory.*'
What mean these sad words? From whence do they come?
To enquire we leave the shelter of our warm, cheerful home.

We pass quickly along, that cold wintry night,
As the moon's silvery beams put the darkness to flight,
And at length reach the spot from whence comes that cry,
Where a bright fire is burning, the cold to defy.
A cottage we see, many soldiers are there,
Hardened men heeding not the cry of that prayer;
Surrounded by comfort, by food, warmth, and wine,
As around the bright fire in ease they recline.

We can see on that pool, thickly covered with ice,
From whence comes those cries in that prayer-ful voice,

There forty men stand, all naked and cold, [bold,
Though sore is their trial, their faith makes them
Our hearts move with pity we in sorrow look on,
For though shivering with cold, their voices blend as one—

*"Forty wrestlers have come forth to fight for Thee,
May forty wrestlers receive crowns of victory."*

Brave men! for the cause of their Christ and their God,
They are feeling the stroke of their grim tyrant's
From their homes they'd been taken, from their children thrust forth,

'Gainst the faith of these Christians the soldiers were wroth.

Their clothes were torn from them, and gruffly spoke the guard,

"Save yourselves, foolish fellows, you may think it hard,

But in yonder bright cottage there is food, warmth, and wine, [decline."

Enter in and partake, then your faith you

Still we linger, as we wonder what will the end be!

Then one leaves the ranks of the brave company.
Benumbed are his senses, nearly frozen to death,
He's not faithful to Christ, as with faltering breath

He denies the Lord's name, and accepts of their fare;

But is God unmindful of that still fervent prayer?

*"Forty wrestlers have come forth to fight for Thee,
May forty wrestlers receive crowns of victory."*

Their prayer rose to heaven, and God answered it too,

By means most unthought of, His will He can do.
The captain so moved by their courage and prayer,

Cried, "I am a Christian," and commenced just there

To strip off his clothes, went and joined in the cry,

That cry so triumphant ascending the sky,
*"Forty wrestlers have come forth to fight for Thee,
May forty wrestlers receive crowns of victory."*

But fainter and feeble becomes their sad cry,
The frost does its work, but their spirits soar high;

One by one they sink in the cold sleep of death,
But the victory is theirs, for with dying breath
They cried to their God, Who gave strength for the fight; [bright,

And the martyr's crown they will wear shining
They will carry the palm, they will join in the song,

Their prayer turned to praises eternity long.

A. GARDNER.

THE BAIRNIES' FEET.

TWAS winter, and a cold east wind
Swept streets, deserted, bare,
For none who could a refuge find
The biting blast would dare.

The constable who paced the street,
Longed for the hour to come
When he might leave his dreary "beat"
And reach his cheerful home.

The moon shone brilliantly,
and well
Each lurking thing revealed,
Save where the house top
shadows fell:
There one might be concealed.

And all unwittingly our friend
Stepped there to break the
blast,
To watch the distant tree-tops
bend,
And wish his duty past.

When, lo, a figure came in sight,
A woman thinly clad;
Her step was slow, her hair was
white,
Her features lined and sad.

So plainly seen in that bright
light!
She pauses, glances round,
Then stooping quickly, something bright
She lifted from the ground.

With trembling hands, a moment she
Her sparkling treasure holds,
Then thinking there are none
to see,
Her apron round it folds.

But ere a dozen steps she takes
A strong hand grips her arm,
A voice that's not unkindly
makes
Her pause in swift alarm.

"I mean no harm, nor wish you ill,
But duty can't be blind,
I do not mean to scare you. Will
You let me see your 'find'?"

The woman in a timid way
Unfolds the apron bare;
What think you in its cresses lay?
What had she hidden there?

A feeble voice said tremblingly,
"It's jest a bit o' glass,
I saw it lying in the way,
An' couldna think tae pass.

I thocht 't wid cut the bairnies'
feet,
The feet sae sma' an' bare;
Sae mony rin about the
street
That lack a mither's care."

Oh, beauteous thought! oh,
nature sweet,
That for the "bairnies"
cared;
And for the little ill-shod feet
The way of life prepared.

Have we, who long have trod
the way
That upwards leads to
Heaven,
Done aught to smooth it day
by day
Or help to others given?

Say! do we scatter thorns
around,
And things to grieve and pain?
Or stoop and lift them from the
ground,
And make the pathway plain?

Oh, as we journey day by day
To reach the golden street,
God grant we leave naught in
the way
To hurt the "bairnie's feet!"

J.A.W.H.



AND the King shall answer and say unto them, 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.

Matthew 25. 40.

THE TRIAL OF A SINNER.

THE Court was formed, all was prepared,
The Judges took their seat ;
The Criminal was then brought in
Chained by the hands and feet.

"Your name?" Lord Justice sternly asked.

"A Sinner!" was the cry.

"If that be so, then, by the Law,
You surely soon shall die."

Then turning to his brother Judge,
Who sat on his right hand,
He asked Lord Truth what he did think.
He said : "The Law's demand."

Lord Justice said, "We'll sentence pass
Upon this wicked man,"
When still another Judge cried out,
"I know another plan."

Lord Mercy was the other Judge,
And this he boldly said :
"I know of ONE who paid the price,
And judgment must be stayed."

"The NAME?" Lord Justice wond'ring asked
"'Tis JESUS!" came reply ;
"'Twas He Who bled on Calvary
And came for man to die."

The Court was hushed and silence reigned,
Till, with triumphant voice,
The prisoner cried, "Then I am free,
For JESUS is my Choice!"

Lord Justice then, with smiling face
And voice which told of glee,
Gave orders to unlock the chains,
And set "A Sinner" free.

D. B.

THE SINNER'S DREAM.

"God speaketh once, yea twice . . . In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men" (Job 33. 14, 15).



THE Church bells were hushed, for
the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their
watch in the sky;
The worshippers slept on their
beds, overpower'd
By the Sabbath's long weariness,
joyless, and dry.

When reposing that night on my
pallet of ease,

By the fear-scaring faggots of hopes bright
but vain ;

At the dead of the gloom came a vision to
please,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamed it
again.

Methought from life's battle-field's dreadful
array, [track ;

Far, far I had roamed on a heavenly
'Twas peaceful, and sunshine arose on the
way,

To the home of the blessed they welcomed
me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so
oft [was young ;

In thought and in song when my bosom
I heard my own little ones singing aloft,
And knew the sweet strains that the
glorified sung.

Then drank we the joy-cup, and fondly I
vowed

From that home and my gathered ones
never to part ;

My little ones kissed me—a blest happy
crowd,
And Heaven was mine in my fulness
of heart.

"Stay! stay with us—rest, thou art weary
and worn," [stay ;

And fain was the joy-dreaming spirit to
But sorrow returned with the dawning of
morn, [away.

As the voice in my wakened ear melted

Alas! for the dream of the sleeping pro-
fessor,

For the dream through a lifetime of
heaven and joy ;

O dreamer, awake! be of grace a possessor,
Ere the waking of death shall thy vision
destroy.

Awake! and the Christ of the blest resur-
rection,

The Christ of the Cross, where He died
for man's sin,

Will give thee a title that knows no re-
jection—

No dream! but blood-saved thou shalt
surely pass in.

W. L.

THE DRUMMER BOY.

COME, listen all, both great and small,
 Please ponder while I tell
 The story of a drummer boy
 Who loved his Saviour well.
 He served for home and country too,
 Till wounded sore he lay,
 Upon the Field of Gettysburg,
 After a dreadful fray.
 He opened wide his bright, blue eyes,
 Ah ! what could others do ?
 Perhaps he had a mother
 Whose love was deep and true.
 His arms and legs were shattered
 Amid the battle's strife,

They must be amputated
 To try and save his life.
 The chloroform they now would give,
 But, no ! he did demur ;
 The surgeon's knife he must endure,
 For such he would prefer.
 Then would he have some brandy ? No !
 He promised long ago
 That he would never taste a drop,
 'Twould grieve his mother so.
 He said, I may be called away,
 Would you have drink in me ?
 When summoned straight to meet my God,
 His glorious face to see.

God will strengthen me I know,
 Was Charlie's Coulson's cry,
 When in that dire extremity
 He trusted God on high.

And he was strengthened at the
 time,

The agony to bear ;
 Oh ! blessed Jesus help me now,
 Was the uplifted prayer.

And five days after that, I learn,
 His spirit took its flight,
 To dwell with God above the
 skies,

In realms of love and light.

He prayed, and asked his God
 to bless

And save the surgeon Jew ;
 The God who answered his
 request

Became his Saviour too.

I now appeal to all who read
 Or hear this touching tale ;
 Will you take Jesus as your
 Friend,

And through His blood prevail ?
 He made your peace with God
 alone,

When on the Cross He bled ;
 Such was His love, His boundless
 love,

He suffered in your stead.

Then come at once without delay,
 Take Christ into your heart ;
 For He will never turn away—

His love will never part. A.C.



CHARLIE COULSON, FOUND ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF GETTYSBURG.

"THE OPEN DOOR."

YOU know the infirmity pavement, with its broad expanse of stone,
With the cupola clock overhead, and the statues grim and lone,
Crowded and bustling at mid-day, bright in the evening's glare,
But on this winter midnight, rain-swept, gloomy and bare.

Twelve from the cupola clock, twelve from the clocks all round,
And the lingering boom from Albert Square, with its sad, far-reaching sound,
Not a soul left in the lonely streets, all away to shelter and bed,
And the living, throbbing city, seems like a city dead.

Tramp! 'tis the prying policeman, searching with patient look—
Turning the glare of his lamp on each secret corner and nook,
As if on this winter midnight, with the rain-rush teeming down,
Caught with the life left in it, would stop on the flags and drown.



Ha! what is that, then, yonder,—crouched on the steps of stone?
A lone child, ragged and foot bare, drenched to the very bone,
Grasping a pulpy parcel, smeared with the road-way mire,
Everything cold about him, save two little eyes of fire.

"None o' your tricks now, youngster! Why are you lurking here?
Tell us your tale straightforward!" (A sob, and a glance of fear.)
The child holds out the parcel; the hand is covered with blood;
"Slipped from the—Longsight car sir;—p-papers fell in the mud."

"Father?"—"Ain't got none."—"Mother?"—"I reckon as mother's dead."

(Policeman thinks of *his* nestlings, safe with their mother in bed.)

"Nothing to get me a lodging"—(he shivered where he stood.)

"Paid all my coppers for 'specials,' and papers fell in the mud."

"Come!" says the sturdy policeman, and takes the child by the arm,

"Oh, please don't run me in sir; I hasn't done any harm;

'Tis Gospel truth I have told you; I isn't a thief or a liar!"

"Nay, come with me my laddie, I'll get thee some food and a fire!"

"Past the hotel o'er yonder, and just a street before,
There's a place where I'll find thee a lodging; they call it '*The Open Door*:'"

There's a few good folks who keep it, for just such lads as thee,—

Look—there it is, right before thee; go in for thyself and see."

Bliss for the poor starved orphan! the door stands open wide,

It leads to a cheerful welcome, the glow of a bright fireside;

The wounded hand washed gently, and bound with a tender care;

Dry clothes, and a touch like mother's, to part the curly hair.

Supper that seems like nectar, a verse from the Holy Word,

Ten words of a prayer, as welcome THERE; as the grandest Litany heard;

A snug little berth and pillow, to rest the weary head,
And God's sweet gift of slumber falls on that lowly bed.

Policeman's wife next morning told me this simple tale;
(Glanced at her own two youngsters, mother-clad, ruddy, and hale),

Made my hand go to my pocket, to find in its scanty store,

Some little wedge of silver, to help with "*The Open Door*."

Oh! type of the door of mercy, for ever open and free,
Of the dear Lord's word of welcome, the loving "Come unto me!"

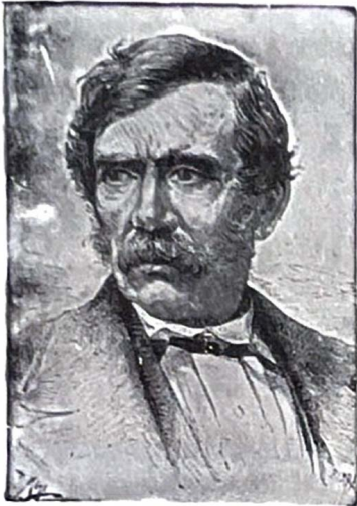
For even the vilest sinner, desolate, guilt-stained, poor,
May come to the God of mercy, and pass through "*The Open Door*."

Oh! type of the heavenly city, that stands in the land of light,

Where the pain can never enter, and the wrong is all set right;

For the gates of that blest city are shut not, night or day,
And the ransomed people enter, and they that enter stay.
E. H.

THE FRIEND OF AFRICA.



DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE, African explorer and missionary, was born at Blantyre, Scotland, in 1813. From the age of ten he worked in a cotton factory; at the same time teaching himself Latin and studying natural history. Converted to God in 1833. In 1840 he set sail for the Cape as a missionary. Settling in Bechuanaland, he married the daughter of Dr. Moffat in 1844. In 1849 he began his explorations by a journey to Lake Ngami; in 1856 he discovered the now famed Victoria Falls; in 1859 Lake Nyassa; in 1869 Lake Bangweolo, on the shores of which he died in 1873. The 29th of April was the last day of his travels. At Chitambo's village they laid him on a rough bed, and watched over him till at four in the morning of May 1st he was found kneeling at his bedside cold in death. His followers carried his remains to the coast, whence his body was transhipped to England and laid to rest in Westminster Abbey in 1874. One of the noblest of Scotia's sons, he did a mighty work for God and man

in opening up the continent of Africa, preparing the way for mission stations, exposing the slave traffic, and carrying the Word of God to the sons and daughters of "darkest Africa." "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end" (Matt. 28. 20). HYP.

WHEN little David Livingstone
Was just a boy like me,
His young heart burned with love for those
In dark lands o'er the sea.
And many a time he vowed and prayed,
If God should will it so,
To take the light of life to them
A pilgrim he would go.

God heard the little factory lad,
A few short summers sped,
The call came clear as morning,
And this is what it said—
"Go ye to every nation,
The Gospel light extend,
And, lo! I am with you alway,
Even unto the end."

He longed to serve the Master
With heart and voice and limb—
That meek and lowly Saviour,
Who gave His life for him.
Not his the paths of pleasure,
Not his the joy of home,
Not his the place of honour
From far across the foam.

That cry from Macedonia
He heard; his life, his all
He laid upon the altar,
Obedient to the call—
"Go ye to every nation,
The gladsome tidings send,
And, lo! I am with you alway,
Even unto the end."

Farewell to nearest, dearest;
Farewell to kith and kin;
The opened door is entered,
Jehovah shuts him in.
Away to gloom and darkness,
Away from life and light,
Away into the silence,
Away into the night.
Away through swamp and jungle,
By foot of man untrod,
Away through toil and danger
To cross, and crown, and God.
Alone! Ah, no, he is not,
His never failing Friend
Says, "Lo! I am with you alway,
Even unto the end."

What sheaves from that lone furrow!
What fields from that lone plough!
Stand whitening in the sunshine,
And ripe for reaping now.
Up, then, let's claim the blessing,
The Father's blest "well done."
There are lands for our possessing,
There are cities yet unwon.

Though his pilgrimage is ended,
Though his voice is still'd for aye,
That trumpet call for service,
Sounds clear for us to-day—
"Go ye to every nation,
My kingdom still extend,
And, lo! I am with you alway,
Even unto the end."

Inspector AITKEN.

"NOBODY'S SON;"

OR, HOW "NOBODY'S SON" BECAME A CHILD OF THE KING.

IN a prairie home ot the distant West,
Where the glorious sun had sunk to rest,
A young mother rocks her baby to sleep,
While the twinkling stars seem a watch to keep.

The warm, ruddy glow of the pine tree's blaze
Falls soft, red, and bright on the infant's face;
And the mother smiles as she sweetly sings,
And with tireless foot still the cradle swings.

Far from his dear ones, in yon distant town,
The husband and father to rest lies down;
Dreams he of home? see, he smiles in his sleep;
He prayed ere he slept: "Almighty will keep."

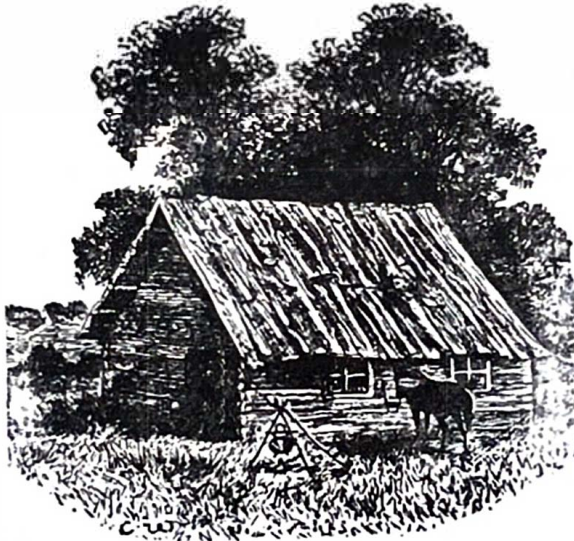
Now, softly at last the fringed curtains droop
O'er baby's bright eyes, and mother must stoop
To tuck in once more her treasure so weak,
When! what is the sight that blanches her cheek?

Scarce hid from view by the drapery spread,
A hob-nailed boot in the light gleaming red;
Ah! well may she start, tremble, and turn pale.
Well may her young heart in wild terror quail.

But just for a space: her eyes glancing wild
Read this on the wall—"As a father doth...child,
So God pities those who fear Him and love"—
She is calm: GOD cares, HE looks down from above.

Then kneeling right there by that little bed,
She prayed with soft voice that many be led
To Christ, and that they who meditate crime
Would turn and repent while yet there was time.

Prayed for God's care o'er herself and her babe,
She claimed both His power and His promise to save:
Then rising, sat down, with face bright as day,
Though death, perhaps, lay but a few feet away.



A SETTLER'S HOME IN THE WEST.

A movement! She turns her eyes from the sight,
The robber comes forth, and stands in the light;
His eyes shine like coals, his rough fists are clenched:
Ah! hope now for life and mercy is quenched.

He speaks, and his voice is husky and low,
"I heard you," he said, "a moment ago,
Pray for protection from villains like me;
That prayer is answered already you see.

"Ah, do not look scared, by God, whom I've spurned,
You nor your baby by me shall be harmed;
But, lady, oh, pray each day while you've breath,
For one who to-night was planning your death.

"Once I was pure as the babe by your side,
My mother prayed too, but my mother died;

Now I'm a wanderer cared for by none;
Lady, pray God for me—'Nobody's Son.'"

He is gone. Oh, joy, she kisses her babe,
And glad, happy tears its sweet features lave;

Then strong in her faith she pleads once again
For the sinning soul—nor pleads she in vain.

Some years pass away, 'tis a crowded place,
A great preacher tells of God's matchless grace
In saving a sinner covered with sin,
And using a prayer this wanderer to win.

And one who is there, in that building vast,
Is listening gladly, with heart beating fast;
"A wonderful tale, this, I have to tell,"
He says, but *she* knows each word of it well.

And when all is over, with haste she doth seek
To interview him—he turned round to speak:
One look, one glad look of joy and delight,
He holds both her hands—"You heard me to-night.

"God bless you," he cried, "your prayers, heard in heaven,
Are answered—I am a soul now forgiven;
You led me to Jesus, to God you did bring
Poor 'Nobody's Son,' I'm the child of a King.

"God bless you for aye, you led me to Light,
Darkness and horror were o'er me that night,
But thou in God's hands, thou noble and good,
Stood 'twixt me and hell, and led me to God."

BLISS.

J. A. W. HAMILTON.

MARCELLA OF ROME.

'TWAS morn on Roma's seven hills,
Where the marble city shone,
The dewy grape and golden fig
Bedecked the Cæsar's throne ;
And in a dark and gloomy cell
A maiden lay alone.

She had seen the last bright sun arise
On the mountain snow at dawn,
She had looked her last upon the hills,
Where the peasant bound the corn ;
She was to die, for her Saviour's sake,
That fair Italian morn.

The lions, fettered with iron chains,
Were struggling to loose their bands,
And thousands were thronging to the hill
Where the Coliseum stands ;
And Italy wore her summer garb,
The queen of the southern lands.

So they led the death-doomed maiden forth,
In the burning heat of day ;
She passed the silent forum down,
And saw the boys at play,
She watched again the rainbow hues
In the fountain's crystal spray.

It seemed as though that drear walk's end
Would never, never come ;
But they reached the shouting crowd at last,
And pass the arch's dome,
And Marcella knows her weary soul
Will soon be safe at home.

"Let them come !" the emperor gave command,

From his costly marble stair,
"Let loose the lions' chains, and bring
The Christians to their lair."

"Let them come," resounded the angel host,
"There are palms for them to bear !"

The maiden fixed her glorious eyes
Upon the blue, blue sky ;
She saw the jasper walls, and heard
The angel song sweep by,
And in a holy, fearless calm,
Marcella stood to die !

Ah, hush ! a roar of thunder wild—
The kings of Nubia's plain
Rush all across the shining sand,
With loosened band and chain :
Martyrs, sing on ; they come, they come,
To raise a heap of slain !

Proudly the victor lions stood,
When the cruel fight was striven,
Proudly the emperor walked the sand,
Where the martyr's blood was given ;
And Marcella bore her olive branch
Through the golden streets of Heaven.

Now stand the Coliseum's walls,
Silent, and cold, and drear ;
The vine adorns its moss grown stones,
And the lowly maiden-hair.
All is so calm, that who would deem
Thousands had suffered there ?

Still stands the grated cell, wherein
The Nubian lions lay ;
The seats of senators and chiefs
Are crumbling with decay,
But the music of the martyr's song
Shall never die away ! E. H. TRITTON.



"IN A HOLY FEARLESS CALM, MARCELLA STOOD TO DIE"

THE FERRYMAN.



LITTLE river was running
along,
At the foot of some rugged
hills,
Its shallow bed soon deepen'd
and spread,
From streamlets and runnels
and rills.

But it sped, and it sped, o'er its gravelly bed,
And was very soon lost to sight,
Till torrents and tides, from the mountain sides,
Added strength and increasing might.

The modest rivulet now became
A river both wide and deep ;
Sometimes it would be like an angry sea,
And then like a babe asleep.

A cottager, with his thrifty wife,
And Mary, his fair-hair'd child
(Save a ferryman old in the neighbouring wold),
Were the only ones in the wild.

But Jesus within the cottar's walls,
Was honour'd and loved and known ;
And there they were blest, and had sweeter rest
Than those who possess a throne.

And their little Mary was early taught
In that wondrous tale of grace,
What Jesus has done—and the triumph He won,
When He stood in the sinner's place.

The father each morn at early dawn,
The river was ferried o'er ;
Ascending the hills to the distant mills—
Where he toil'd for his daily store.

One night the wind in its fitful gusts
The river was blowing o'er—
From mountain and plain came the pelting rain,
Besieging the cottage door.

"Over ! oh, ferryman ! over, ho !"
(Two sorrowful hearts rejoice ;)
"Oh ! ferryman, ho !" "The wind doth blow,
But I know *that* is father's voice."

They stood at the door with straining eyes,
And poor little Mary cried—
"For my father dear, I am full of fear,
For 'tis dark on the other side."

And so they stand, and they watch, and pray,
Till they hear there's a lull in the blast ;
Ah ! what is that sound ? 'tis the boat aground,
And father is home at last.

Soon after this strange and eventful night,
In the crib with its little bed,
The fair-hair'd girl, with a strange wild whirl,
Was rolling her aching head.

In vain the Doctor attempts to stay
The fever now running high ;
With a shake of the head, to the mother he said,
"Your dear little girl will die !"

One night as they sat by her little crib,
Hope's earliest glimmer to trace ;
From her slumbers she woke, and a faint smile
broke
O'er the poor little pallid face,

As she stretch'd her white and wasted arms,
"Dear father and mother," she cried,
"Oh ! lend me your hand, for see where I stand,
I'm come to the river side."

"You are not by the river, dear child," said they,
As they felt her fever'd head ;
"You're at home in the cot, in the much-loved
spot,
You're safe in your own little bed."

"The Ferryman's there in His beautiful boat,
How swiftly He's coming along ;
And such songs I hear, so sweet and so clear,
They come from a heavenly throng."

The father and mother began to see
The drift of their little one—
That she lean'd on the love of the Saviour above,
God's well-beloved Son.

"And isn't it dark on the other side,
As it frequently is down here ?"
"No, father ; the light is so pure and bright,
And the river is calm and clear."

"And can my Mary see right across,
With never a cloud between ?"
"Yes, father, yes ; and the river seems less,
And yonder's a beautiful scene."

"And whom does my Mary, my darling, see,
Stand there on the opposite shore ?"
"A beautiful One, who shines like the sun ;
I never saw such before."

They silently gaze on the dear little one,
Upon whom they so lovingly dote ;
"He comes ! mother dear, He's coming so near,
I'm ready to step in His boat !"

A smile, and a movement—a raising of hands,
"The Ferryman's Jesus !" she cried ;
They raise up her head, but her spirit has fled,
She has pass'd to the other side.

The Lord knew the trust of that dear little heart,
That of trouble she fear'd not a wave ;
And why should she fear, with her Saviour so
near,
So willing—so mighty to save !

THE PASSOVER IN EGYPT.

AWAKE! arise! ye Israel.
Deliverance is near; [ites!
The time appointed of the Lord,
For Exodus is here.

In vain the plagues on Egypt
fell,

The tyrant's grip grew fierce,
Till as the Judge Jehovah came,
Moved by His people's tears

But judgment calls for justice
stern,

And Israel's sins abound;
How shall this guilty host be
placed

Upon redemption ground?

The everlasting covenant

Revealed at Adam's fall—

"In Christ all nations shall
be blessed,"

This shall secure them all.

Ye fathers, haste ye to the flock,
Draw out a spotless lamb;
And till the fourth sweet eventide
Its fate to all proclaim.

Tell them the Just and Holy God
Requireth death for sin,
The Promised Land shall those defiled
In no wise enter in.

Then point them to the Lamb, and say,
"Ere long the Lamb of God
Shall for our sins atonement make
By shedding sinless blood."

Then slay the Lamb, and stain with blood
The posts around each door—
"Where'er I see the blood," saith God,
"E'en there will I pass o'er."

Hark! on the silent midnight air,
Loud wails of terror burst;
The proud, disdainful tyrant wakes
To find his gods accursed.

There lies his firstborn stiff and cold,
The light of Pharaoh's eyes;
In every house the firstborn's slain,
And cries of anguish rise.

But moonlit homes on Goshen's plain,
In peace and safety stood;
Justice was satisfied to see
Them sheltered by the blood.



Arise! go forth! ye
Israelites!
Jehovah leads the way;
Your ransom price is paid, go forth,
And ne'er forget this day!

Another storm of judgment hastes
On Time's swift wing to all;
When sinful men, to cover them,
On hills and rocks will call.

Atoning blood from holiest veins
Redeems us from that curse;
Believe it! Christ our Passover
Is sacrificed for us.

Behold! behold the Lamb of God,
Who takes our sins away;
He bore the curse, and died the death,
Our ransom price to pay!

Nor gold nor silver could redeem,
And save from wrath to come
God's spotless and unblemished Lamb
Must with His blood atone.

O haste thee to the Lamb once slain!
Now set at God's right hand;
Then in His spotless righteousness,
Accepted thou shalt stand.

And in the day of Judgment, when
The Lamb in wrath will come,
Through faith in Him thou shalt escape
The Christ-rejector's doom. LUCY DEAN

A TRUE TALE OF A MOTHER'S LOVE.



AN aged woman, with weary feet,
Was seen to wander from street to street;
Her travel-stained garments, sadly worn
In many a part to rags were torn.



"IN WARDS, WHERE THE SICK AND THE SUFFERING LAY,
HER FALTERING FOOTSTEPS AT TIMES WOULD STRAY."

A POOR old woman, with ragged and travel-stained garments, had been frequently observed in the poorest parts of Boston in quest of some object. Now she lingers at the "saloon" doors. Again she is seen in the hospital wards by the side of the patients' beds, eagerly scanning their features. She has been noticed in the police courts edging her way as close to the railings as she could get, shading her eyes with her wrinkled hands, anxiously gazing at each prisoner as he was brought in for trial. When the culprits had come and gone, she was at times overheard saying, "He ain't there; well, I'm glad of that."

One evening she took an hospital nurse into her confidence, on being asked whom she had been so diligently seeking, the old lady lowered her voice and said, "I'll tell you. I don't often tell any one, but I'll tell you. I'm looking for my son, but he ain't here."

Wiping the tears from her eyes, she proceeded: "I ain't seen him for 20 years, but I'd know him. I'm his own mother, you see. Oh! I'd know him, if I could *only* see him. No; it ain't no use to give his name; it ain't the same one when he was my baby and innocent."

When summer, with brilliant blazing gleam,
Dissolved all strength in the noontide beam,
Unheeding the sultriness and glare,
She travelled her daily rounds with care

When bitterly winds of winter blew,
And most to their cosy fireside drew,
She still was seen pursuing her way,
Howe'er inclement might be the day.

She haunted each alley, court, and street,
As if expecting *SOME ONE* to meet;
Her searching eye and attentive ear
Was keen to notice, was quick to hear.

Oft lingered she by the gay saloon,
Where feet kept time with the lively tune,
To scan each face as they came or went,
With earnest glance and with grave intent.

She mingled in every busy crowd,
And often was heard to say aloud—
"Ah! me, it is not *THE ONE* I seek,"
While crystal drops stole adown her cheek.

Sometimes in the court of law she took
Her mournful stand, and with eager look
Would gaze till at last the dock was clear,
Then murmur, "I'm glad *HE* is not here."

In wards, where the sick and suffering lay,
Her faltering footsteps at times would stray;
From bed to bed she would softly pace,
And carefully scrutinize each face.

One day, a kind nurse said, "May I ask,
My friend, why you still pursue this task,
Whom do you expect to find in here,
For whom do you now let fall that tear?"

She paused a moment, and deeply sighed,
Then to the query at length replied—
"I seek *MY SON*, and for twenty years,
Sometimes in hopes, and sometimes in fears,

"Unceasing have tried his steps to trace,
Have hungered in heart to see his face.
He once was my pride, my hope, my joy,
And still is my loved, though wander-
ing, boy.

A TRUE TALE OF A MOTHER'S LOVE.

"You ask for his name? he bears not now
The one he bore when I kissed his brow,
When sitting an infant on my knee,
Or gathering wildflowers o'er the lea.

"He is not now what he used to be,
But that does not change my love, you see ;
Though prisons may brand his brow with
 shame,
My heart still beats for him all the same."

Then whispering the name by which he went,
Her tottering steps once more she bent
To wander again, for her no rest,
Till she clasps her lost one to her breast.

E'er next morning dawned, the bell was rung,
And back the hospital door was swung ;
The old woman had that night been found
Alone and ill on the cold damp ground.

A few hours more and life's tale was told,
But e'er her thin lips in death were cold,
She said to the nurse, "'Tell him from me
That for twenty years I've seached to see

"His face : that I could not forget my boy,
Without him could know no rest or joy ;
And tell him of God's great love divine,
A love that is tenderer far than mine."

She ceased, and her spirit passed away
From its feeble and worn-out house of clay.
God grant that mother and son may meet,
And mingle their praises at Jesus' feet ;

Whose love once made Him a wanderer here,
And caused Him many a sigh and tear,
And led Him at last to Calvary's tree—
What love, lost sinner, bestowed on thee.

No mother's love can with His compare,
But faintly it shews His tender care ;
A life was required, His own He gave,
That guilty and lost ones He might save.

He once was dead, but He lives again,
And soon will return o'er earth to reign
With kingly glory, and star crowned brow,
While every knee before Him shall bow.

Claim Jesus, that Saviour, now as thine.
Make sure of thy part in love divine ;
Then patiently wait the coming day,
When He will summon His saints away.

WORKINGTON.

A. W. P. S.



"YOU ASK FOR HIS NAME? HE BEARS NOT NOW
THE ONE HE BORE WHEN I KISSED HIS BROW."

AGAIN the tears ran down her wrinkled cheeks.
"Yes, he got into trouble. He wasn't bad at heart :
but he got led away, and—and—and into States prison.
I didn't know it until lately. But it don't make no difference
with me, 'cause I'm his own mother ; and if I could only find
him, and tell him he's got two friends left—me and God ; we'll
stand right by him."

"But you haven't told me his name," said the nurse.
"Oh ! so I haven't. I s'pose I must. Well, he calls himself
— ;" she whispered a name in the nurse's ear, and added
"Tell him that me and God was his best friends still."

After she had unburdened her mind, she went out into the
streets to search for her prodigal son. Before morning she was
brought back by two policemen, who had found her sick and
delirious. She lived but a few hours, and just before she died
she slowly and sadly said, "Well, I didn't find him, not in 22
years ; but you tell him if he comes here that I *tried* hard to
find him, and—and tell him that I couldn't forget my boy, and
that God has not forgotten him."

THE CITY OF THE CRYSTAL SEA.

“COME, father, mother, Elsie dear, I like you
near me now,
For I feel the icy finger laid already on my
brow;
Come near and sit beside me, as my strength is
failing fast;
Could I only take you with me, then Death's anguish
would be past;
My Saviour-God is calling me—I know it is His voice,
For you I grieve, but for myself I only can rejoice:
Oh, do not weep—for short the time our parting is to be:
We shall meet in the City of the Crystal Sea.



“I hoped to live for longer years, and even now I seem
At times to think this death-bed is but a passing dream:
I gladly would have lengthened out my childhood's
sunny years,
I never liked to hear this earth miscalled a Vale of Tears.
As winter came and winter went, I never seemed to tire,
As merrily our voices rang around the parlour fire;
But round that winter hearth now, a vacant seat must be:
For I'm going to the City of the Crystal Sea.

“I had hoped that, as in years gone by, so still would
I have been
A happy joyous playmate upon the village green:
I had hoped to go in spring-time with my basket and
my hood,
To search for yellow primroses with Elsie in the wood.
Yes, when spring and early summer came, to pluck
the hawthorn spray,
And roam o'er banks of wild flowers throughout the
livelong day:
To listen to the singing birds and humming of the bee;
Far distant seemed the City of the Crystal Sea.

“When first upon a couch of pain my throbbing head
was laid,
That God might raise me up again, how fervently I
prayed;
But He, perhaps, foresaw too well the briar and the
thorn,
Which might, like other wand'ring sheep, my straying
feet have torn;
Too surely would His wisdom know, that with a
longer life
I might have proved unequal for the battle and the strife
And therefore the unanswered prayer was all in love
to me,
So He took me to the City of the Crystal Sea.

“And when all this is over, and time has onward
rolled;
O father, mother, Elsie, never think of me as old.
Never think of me but as I am, without an earthly care.
Nowrinkle on my forehead—no white-lock in my hair:
Never think of me as dying—never think of me as dead,
But think of me only as by guardian angels led:
Yes, think of me, I pray you, as young as now I be,
A child still in the City of the Crystal Sea.

“And if at any future time should sorrow be in store,
Should poverty and sickness come across your cottage
door;
Accept of every trial as God's messenger of love
To raise your hearts' affections to my better home above.
A few short years at farthest, and beyond this scene
of woe
We shall meet where partings are unknown, and
sorrow cannot go:
From all temptations 'clean escaped'—from all afflic-
tions free,
Safe for ever in the City of the Crystal Sea

“Yes, I'm going to a region which is ever fair and
bright,
Where all the blessed angels walk in fields of golden
light,
Where the cherubim and seraphim surround the great
I AM,
And the armies of the ransomed sing the praises of
the Lamb;
Oh, wondrous thought! this feeble tongue shall soon
take up the strain,
And join in 'Worthy is the Lamb—the Lamb for
sinners slain';
My dearly loved Redeemer in His beauty I shall see,
The glory of the City of the Crystal Sea.

“Come nearer, come yet nearer, I like you near me now,
For I feel Death's icy finger still colder on my brow;
The angels are all waiting round, I hear my Saviour's
voice,
The gates of glory stand ajar, I cannot but rejoice.
My eye-sight fast is dimming—the lengthening
shadows fall,
I dare not longer tarry and resist the Master's call;
Farewell!—I may not return to you: but you *can*
come to me”——

She entered then the City of the Crystal Sea.
A

THE OLD BIBLE.

DEAR treasure mine, with love divine on
every line and page, [age,
A shining light for little feet, a lamp for hoary
A fiery pillar through the night, a guiding
cloud by day,
A heaven-sent manna, fresh and white, to feed
on by the way,
A table spread with heavenly bread, a free and
full supply, [streams are dry;
An ever-cool, refreshing spring, when earthly
Ah, yes! its riches far outshine the wealth of
earth's domains—
That's something for the aulder folks, and some-
thing for the weans.

She's not a goody, giddy
girl that lifts her heart
and says,

I want to follow Jesus in
the morning of my days;
The world has joys and
pleasures, they may
seek for them who will,
The scenes of earth are
fair and sweet, but He
is fairer still.

Ah, yes! though Sharon's
dewy rose and lily fair
may be,

The Chief among ten
thousand, He is every-
thing to me,

For He is mine, and I am
His — His love my
heart enchains—

That's something for the
aulder folks, and some-
thing for the weans.

He's not a simple, softy
lad that turns to God
when young,

[defile his tongue,
And shuns the cup, and never lets an oath
That gives his first and best for God, the boy
that dares to know [will not let it go.

The truth with simple child-like faith, and
Ah, no! he's not a softy lad, thrice noble is
the boy [of hope and joy;

Who makes his loving mother weep with tears
What precious, precious promises, for him
the Book contains—

That's something for the aulder folks, and
something for the weans.

God gave not woman grace and charm that
she might dance and sing,

And lead the throng that circles round in
fashion's mazy ring;

Her angel voice that thrills with song was
never tuned and framed [never named.

To captivate the giddy throng where Christ is
Ah, no! 'twas meant, a gift divine, to tell a
Saviour's love,

The soul that sings for Him on earth, will sing
with Him above

Songs sweet as those the angels sang on
Bethlehem's starry plains—

That's something for the aulder folks, and
something for the weans.

Though sightless are her eyes and dim,
though earth has joys no more,

That dear old pilgrim trusting Christ can see
the shining shore;

What circling years have sped since first its
grand old truths she knew,

The light that's lit her path so long will guide
her safely through.



Life's little lamp will soon
give out, its flickering
flame burn down,

Then gloom and night
will change to light,
and cross be changed
for crown;

Ah, yes! she knows for
those in Him a blessed
rest remains—

That's something for the
aulder folks, and some-
thing for the weans.

He is not poor that dear
old man though short
his step and slow,

Bowed down with age
and hair made white by
many a winter's snow;

He is not blind that aged
one, ah, no, he still can
see

The time-worn page that
open lies upon his
trembling knee.

His thoughts are not of earthly things, he
dreams of treasures far [the farthest star,
Beyond the reach of moth and rust, beyond
One hour with Christ will far outweigh earth's
cares and toils and pains—

That's something for the aulder folks, and
something for the weans.

'Twas not in mansion made with hands, nor
palace, tower, or keep, [went to sleep,

'Twas not on pillows soft as down that Jesus
'Twas not for praise and gifts from man His
healing deeds were wrought,

'Twas not before applauding throngs He lived
the truths He taught,

'Twas not where gentle women watched, like
angels by His side,

With every comfort earth could give, that
Christ the Saviour died;

Ah, no! 'twas on a cruel cross, as this old
Book explains— [and the weans.

He gave Himself a Ransom for the auld folks

INSPECTOR AITKEN.

HAPPY LIZZIE.

THERE was a little maid,
And Lizzie was her name,
A bright and happy girl,
Who to her Saviour came.

She wasn't happy Lizzie
When first I did her see ;
Because she knew not Him
Who saves and sets us free.

Like most of little girls,
Her pleasures she did love,
Which lures them on to death,
When far from God they rove.

Her little mind did think,
Improperly you see,
That melancholy ones,
The Saviour's people be.

A great mistake it was
For her to think like this,
For who can happy be
Like those who have found peace.

Like happy little lambs,
For whom the Shepherd came,
And brought them to His fold,
To ever praise His name

I often spoke to her
About her precious soul,
O'er which at any time
The surge of death might roll

And told her of the way
That she could rescued be :
I spoke of Him who died
On dark Mount Calvary.

But for a long time she
Apparently did pay
But little heed to me,
And all that I did say.

One ev'ning as she passed
Out from a room, where came
A lot of little folks,
To hear of Jesus' name.

And there they sang and heard
Of Jesus' wondrous love,
In coming from on high,
Our sins here to remove.

I saw the tear drop then
Upon her pretty face :
(O children to Him come,
And share His love and grace).

So did aside her take,
And asked her if that she
Desired to be saved,
And "yes," she answered me.

And then and there she did
On Jesus Christ believe,
As her own Saviour dear,
Who never will deceive.

That night Lizzie began
A happy child to be,
Because she knew the love
Of Him who set her *free*.

And then, till she went home
To Bliss, "without alloy,"
To speak and sing to all,
Of Him was her great joy.

One day she came from school :
And being very ill,
They helped her to the bed
She was destined to fill.

For many weeks she lay ;
Much suffer'ing was her lot,
But still amidst it all,
Bright Lizzie murmured not.

For, oh ! she longed to be
With Jesus in that home,
Where pain and suffering cease,
And death can never come.

One day when racked with pain,
As on her bed she lay,
She prayed, "O, Jesus, come ;
Come quick : take me away.

Another day there came
A playmate her to see,
Who sorry was for her
Suffering so much to be.

But Lizzie answered plain,
Her little suffer'ing here
Was nought beside the pain
Which Christ did for her bear

And then she told her friend,
In words of sweet pure faith,
That she was soon to be
With Him who conquered death.

And thus she daily sought
Her old playmates to tell
To come to Christ, the Lord,
Whom saves our souls from hell.

As Christmas-time came round,
And boys and girls did spend
Their holidays, her soul
Did from it earth-cage wend.

Yes, wend its way to Him
Who conquered death and hell,
And takes us safely home,
With Him for aye to dwell


They did her body lay,
On New Year's morning fair,
Down in a snowy grave :
Her spirit was not there.

For surely it was gone,
A bright New Year to spend
With Jesus up above,
Where sin and sorrow end

Dear children, if you wish
Happy in life to be,
In death to be the same,
And through eternity.

Then now to Jesus come,
And trust His precious blood,
And rest in Him alone,
As Happy Lizzie did.

BRAVE ERIC. THE RUSSIAN SLAVE.

 "ERIC," the Russian baron cried,
Watching the fading light,
"Put to the horses instantly,—
We travel far to-night."

The carriage brought, he seats himself
Beside his wife and child ;
Eric leaps up, and dashes out,
O'er the lone desert wild.

On, on they sped that starry night.,
Afar from man's abode,
When, to their joy, they reach'd at length
A post-house on the road.



"Stay, baron," cried the anxious host,
"And rest till daybreak here,
For bitter is the cold to-night,
Nor plain the road, I fear.

"And, worse than all, the wolves are out,
Madden'd for want of food :
This very evening they were heard
Howling in yonder wood.

"'Tis only a few nights ago
They pass'd this very way,
And yell'd around this house of mine
All furious for their prey."

The baron mused : not for himself
Had he a single fear ;
But, ah ! his wife and only child
Above all else were dear.

'Twas but a momentary pause,—
The host's advice was sage,
But any danger he would brave
To reach another stage.

Again brave Eric mounts his seat,
And, grasping firm each rein,
Swings his long heavy whip aloft,
And off they start again.

The wood of Rustoff, dark and drear,
Lay right beside their track,
Swarming with fiercest wolves, 'twas said,
In many a hungry pack.

'Twas light no longer now ; tall pines
Shut out the starry sky,
And, starting at each rustling sound,
They listen'd breathlessly.

Hark ! Eric bent his practised ear,—
That sound he knew full well :
It was the pack, afar as yet,
With their discordant yell.

Tapping the window from his seat,
(For now 'twas life or death),
He told his lord the dreadful truth,
With quick and 'bated breath.

The baron bade his anxious wife
Trust in God's guardian care ;
She closer clasp'd their little child,
With many a fervent prayer.

On came the pack with louder yell,
On, on the horses strain ;
But the gaunt wolves are swift of foot,
And on the travellers gain.

"Here, Eric, fire !" the baron cried,
"Aim steadily and low ;"
And straight the foremost, fiercest wolf
Lay dying in the snow.

Their leader dead, the frightened pack
A moment pausing stood,
Then, scared, they sudden darted off
Into the shadowy wood.

BRAVE ERIC, THE RUSSIAN SLAVE.

Again they rally, fiercer now,
A desperate madden'd band;
Again another leader falls
By faithful Eric's hand.

They pause again, but now no more
Slink back with sullen scowl,
But on they come with vengeful teeth,
And an intenser howl.

"Haste," to his fellow Eric cried,
"One only chance I see;"
And straight the trace was cut in twain,
And the fore-horse set free.

Poor fated beast! He scarce had sprung
One moment from the track,
When into atoms he was torn
By the infuriate pack.

But short the respite proved, alas!
And vain the offering too;
The hungry wolves the carcase leave,
The travellers to pursue.

After the carriage yet they come,
Like a resistless flood,
More madly hunger'd than before,
Their jaws besmear'd with blood.

"Let free the other horse in front,"
Cried Eric, as before:—
The wolves straight tore him to the ground,
And he was seen no more.

But better, nobler prey than this
The wolves now seem'd to crave;
Was it naught less than human blood
They were resolved to have?

He in the distance saw the light
Of the next post-house plain,
But how could they the shelter reach,
If the poor beasts were slain?

A thought arose—a horrid thought—
He would, to save his lord,
Offer *himself* a sacrifice,
To satisfy the horde.

Tapping again the window pane,
He made his purpose known,
Commending to his master's care,
His wife and little one.

And straight from off his seat he sprung,
With pistols, to the ground:
Once, twice, he fired—and from him more
Escaped no single sound.

Soothed by their meal of human flesh,
The pack no more pursued,
And safe the travellers reach'd the inn
They sighted from the wood.

There thankfully they pass'd the night,
But sleep their eyelids fled,
For Eric's fate inspired their mind
With less of hope than dread.

Morn dawn'd at length, and, hurrying back,
They soon the proof espied,
How bravely he had fought for life,
How certainly had died.

There, a few paces from the road,
His pistols, blood-stain'd, lay,
And marks where he had struggled hard
To keep his foes at bay.

His mangled body, limb from limb,
Had by the wolves been torn,
And into the black pathless wood,
By the gaunt creatures borne.

Thus died poor Eric! and his lord,
Whom he had served so well,
Rear'd a stone cross to mark the spot
Where he so nobly fell.

And here, to read this Bible text,
Still many tearful bend:—
"No man can greater love display
Than die to serve his friend."

*Such love as this, so deep and pure,
The world doth seldom see;
But, ah! Christ's love was greater far,
Who died for sinful me.*

*For thee, O heedless sinner, thee,
He suffer'd, bled, and died;
For thee He lived a toilsome life,
For thee was crucified!*

*For thee He drank the cup of woe,
Fill'd to the very brim,—
Pause, and ask solemnly thyself,
WHAT DOEST THOU WITH HIM?*



THE SURE BANK OF ZION.

Lines written on the cover of an old Bible. Written by a Poor Man living at Dursley, Gloucestershire, at the time so many Banks failed, November, 1825.

THIS is my never-failing
bank,
My more than golden store;
No earthly bank is half so rich,
How then can I be poor?
'Tis when my stock is spent
and gone,
And I not worth a groat,
I'm glad to hasten to my bank,
And beg a little note.

Sometimes
my Banker
smiling
says,
Why don't
you often-
er come?
And when
you draw a
little note,
Why not a
larger
sum?

Why live so
niggardly
and poor,

Thy bank contains such
plenty; [pound note,
Why come and take a one
When you may have a twenty?

Nay, twenty thousand, ten
times told.

Is but a trifling sum, [me,
To what my bank contains for
Secure in God the Son.

Since then my Banker is so rich,
No need have I to borrow,
But live upon my notes to-day,
And draw again to-morrow.

I've been a thousand times be-
And never was rejected—[fore,
Those notes can never be
refused

That are by grace accepted.

Then let me ask, Have you
put faith

In this most precious Word,
Have you "committed" your
"own soul"

To Jesus Christ the Lord.

'Tis only those beloved of God,
Redeemed by precious blood,
That ever had a note to bring—
They are the gift of God.

A thousand ransomed sinners
They have no note at all, [fear
Because they feel the plague of
Are beggared by the fall. [sin,
Though thousand notes lay
scattered round, [free,
All signed, and sealed, and
Full many a doubting soul
would say,
I fear they're not for me.

And if 'twas Moses kept the
bank,
I'm sure I'd be condemned.

But, ah! my bank can never
break,
My bank can never fail;
The firm—three Persons in one
God,
Jehovah, Lord of all.

Should all
the bankers
close their
doors,
My bank
stands
open wide
To all the
chosen of
the Lord,
For whom
the Sav-
iour died.

We read of
one young
man indeed,

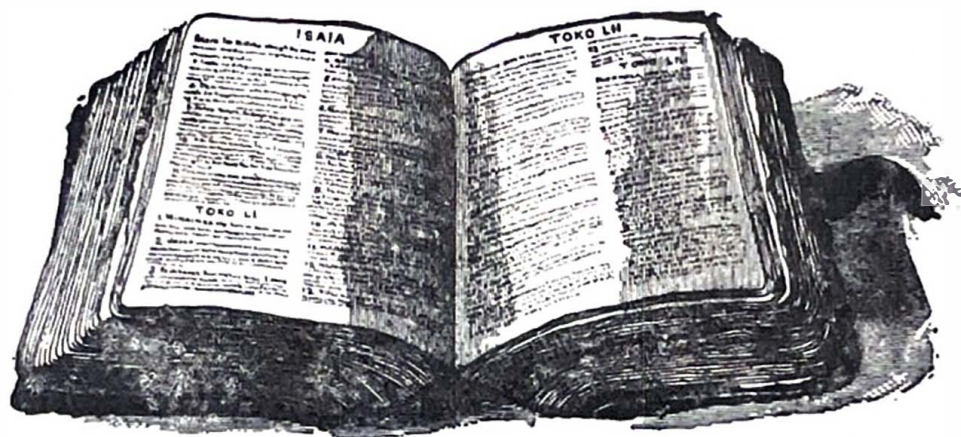
Whose riches did abound,
But in the Banker's Book of
Life
His name was never found.

The leper had a little note,
"Lord, link up 'will' with
'can';"
The Banker paid in ready
cash,
And healed the dying man.

Behold, and see the dying
thief,
Hang by his Banker's side,
He cried, "Dear Lord, remem-
ber me!"
He got his cash, and died.

The heavenly Banker took him
home,
To everlasting glory,
For aye to shout His Banker's
praise,
And tell his wondrous story.

With millions more, will you
be there?
Redeemed by precious blood,
With Peter, Paul, and Mag-
dalene,
And all the saved of God



Base unbelief will lead the soul
To say what is not true;
I tell the poor self-emptied man
These notes belong to you.

Should all the banks in Britain
break,
The Bank of England smash,
Bring in your notes to Zion's
bank,
You're sure to get your cash.

Nay, if you have but one small
note,
Fear not to bring it in;
Come boldly to this bank of
grace,
The Banker is within.

I'll go again, I need not fear,
No notes will be rejected;
Sometimes my Banker gives
me more
Than asked for or expected.

Sometimes I felt a little proud.
I did things just so clever;
Perhaps before the day was
gone
I felt as poor as ever.

Sometimes with blushes in my
face,
Just at the door I stand,

THE HOMELESS BOY.

THE night was dark, the wind
was cold,
The sleet was falling fast;
As Tommy Jones, the homeless boy,
Slow through the snow-storm
passed.

A homeless boy he was indeed,
As one could easily see;
Who watched his wistful eager
gaze,
Which seemed so void of glee.

The house he just had left behind
Could not be called a home;
There, wretchedness and misery
dwelt,
Which caused his steps to roam.

His heart is sad, as well it might,
For he had grief to bear,
And worst of all he had no friend
Wherewith his grief to share.

His troubled spirit yearned for rest,
And yet he could not find
A place in which he could repose
Or calm his troubled mind.

His weary footsteps led him on
Through lanes and streets un-
known,
He knew not where to pass the
night,
And hope seemed well nigh gone.

When lo! a lighted window met
His weary languid eye;
The door half opened, seemed to say
Come in, boy, don't go by.

And what was that he heard within,
A sound, and oh so sweet;
It thrilled all through his little
frame,
And made his heart to beat.

"I will believe, I do believe,
That Jesus died for me,
And on the cross He shed His blood,
From sin to set me free."

Yes; that was what the people
sung,
There could be little doubt;
The words were plain to understand,
And he could make them out.

"He died for me," can that be true,
Can it be really so;
Who can it be that died for me
I would so like to know?

Again the chorus sounded forth,
The same sweet words again,
But living power was in them still,
That reached his inward pain.

I'll try and venture in unseen,
He to himself exclaimed,
I'll likely hear a little more
Regarding these strange themes.

But, just as he had entered in
The closing words were sung,
But, ah; the words that he had heard
Still in his memory rung.

"I will believe, I do believe,
That Jesus died for me,
And on the cross He shed His blood,
From sin to set me free."

The congregation then dispersed,
And he was left alone;
But Tommy Jones stood pond'ring
o'er
These words of sweetest tone.

A smile at last breaks o'er his face,
His heart o'erflows with joy,
The truth had dawned upon his soul,
He's now a happy boy.

His willing heart soon made his feet
Retrace the road he'd come,
He's anxious now to tell the news
To those he left at home.

His willing feet soon brought him
thence,
For though the road was long,
He cared not now for cold or sleet,
Since he had learned that song.

"I will believe, I do believe,
That Jesus died for me,
And on the cross He shed His blood,
From sin to set me free."

These words he kept repeating o'er
Until he reached the door;
Then, gently lifting up the latch,
He glides across the floor.

Aloud once more the words were
heard,
He could not now restrain
The pent-up feelings of his heart,
For silence gave him pain.

"I will believe, I do believe,
That Jesus died for me,
And on the cross He shed His blood,
From sin to set me free."

But what was that he heard outside,
His drunken father's voice,
With oaths and curses on his lips,
Dare he still yet rejoice?

Rejoice he would, though dreading
much
His angry father's hand,
He sang it out with trembling voice,
For oh! the words were grand.

"What's this?" the angry father
bawls,
As staggering in he came,
"You mean to mock me with a song,
And one so very tame."

Get out of this, you starving scamp,"
He gruffly to him said,
And in his rage he lifts his hand,
And strikes him on the head.

Poor Tommy falls upon the floor,
Stunned by the cruel blow,
What did the angry father care
To see his child brought low.

Poor Tommy sobbed upon the
ground,
His strength at best was weak,
Starvation, suffering, hunger, pain,
Had told upon his cheek.

His quivering lips and trembling
frame
Told out their tale of woe,
He'd never known what kindness was
Till half-an-hour ago.

That Friend he'd found is near him
now,
The Friend that's ever nigh;
To troubled hearts and seeking souls,
Or those about to die.

But hush, the voice is getting weak,
His days will soon be o'er,
He soon shall see his Saviour's face,
On that bright happy shore.

A lonesome weary night or two
Of tossing to and fro,
And then his spirit took its flight
From that dark scene of woe.

"I will believe, I do believe,"
He faintly tried to say,
But e'er he could his verse repeat,
His spirit winged its way.

And now he sings his Saviour's praise,
Where all is glad and bright,
Who whispered comfort to his soul,
That cold dark winter's night.

J. N.

BRAVE JOE SIEG.

NOT many months ago, dear boys, Joe Sieg obtained *his* chance,
To do a deed of daring never read of in romance.

He could not boast of high degree, he only drove a train

From town to town, day after day, in sunshine or in rain.

Monotonous you think it?—yes, a humdrum sort of work,

But yet 'twas just the very kind 'twas dangerous to shirk.

Swift ran the train from town to town on this eventful day;

The passengers in laugh and chat beguiled the hours away,

Till one by one the people who were near the windows thought

A scent of some thing burning
by the passing air was brought.

'Twas engine smoke they fancied, so the windows were fast shut;

Then a glare lit up each carriage as they entered Bergen Cut.

From every window heads were thrust to learn what might transpire;

What is that fearful, piercing cry? "We're lost!—
the train's on fire!"

Six hundred precious souls were there, closed in a cage of flame,

A flame which grew more deadly as it near and nearer came.

"We're lost! can no one save us?" was the universal cry;
Then Joseph Sieg stepped forward with the simple words, "I'll try!"

He pulled his oilskin cap well down, and with a long-drawn breath

He started on his journey for a stand-up fight with death.

Each eye beheld the hero as he crawled into the smoke,

Which wrapped itself around him like a monstrous funeral cloak;

It shut him from their anxious gaze, until a burst of flame
Revealed him creeping on and on, still faithful to his aim.

But onward still the engine rushed, as though 'twould never tire,

And farther spread the thickening smoke and fiercer ran the fire.

"He'll never do it! we are lost!" and cries of deep despair

Rose once again upon the breeze, mingled with frenzied prayer.

"He's burn't to death!" the cry goes up as dies their one last hope;

How could one feeble man expect with such a foe to cope?



But what is this?

Hope lights each eye, and hands are warmly press'd,
The fearful speed grows slower—still more slow—the train's at rest.

From out their dreadful prison-house the rescued people leap.

With fevered throats they gladly shout, or in their frenzy

weep.

No longer do the angry flames their ghastly terror spread,

When "Where's Joe Sieg?" cried every one; "is he alive or dead?"

Upon the tender's burning mass he lies in fearful throes,

Strong hands uplift his tortured limbs, how tortured no one knows.

The red-hot bars have seared his flesh, his limbs are burnt and black,

Too late has come the rescue, for his manly head falls back;

Too strong for him has been King Death, whose terrors he has braved,

He lies beyond all earthly aid—he *died*—and they were *SAVED!* (*Read Romans 5. 8.*) P. B.

THE STRANGER IN THE CITY.

[The incident related in the following verses occurred in this city a few weeks ago, and is well known in detail among a circle of Christian workers. The young man who so nobly befriended the orphan in life and in his last hours, is one who, while serving the Master in seeking souls, earns his bread by the sweat of his brow.]



BY THE PREACHING OF THE WORD.

THERE came to our
city a stranger,
And on through the
crowded street,
In midst of its peril and
danger,
He wandered with weary
feet.

For 'mong these crowds there are none
to care,

For this gentle youth so meek,
The sun aglow in his golden hair,
The roses yet on his cheek.

His innocent eyes, so bright, so blue,
Looking around him all agaze,
Are wonder-charmed with the scenes so
new
He meets in the town's highways.

For he landed here but yester morn
From a beautiful island so green,
An orphan boy—a lamb newly born—
Ah ! but "the Shepherd" has seen

How he walks our town, and seeks in vain
For the means to earn his bread ;
With no friend to soothe his fevered brain,
Or shelter his fair young head.

A few such days, and his last coin gone,
How quickly it slipped away !
Now desolate, hungry, sad, and lone
He stands among us to-day.

I cannot beg ; oh ! my God, I die,
He thinks in his dumb despair !
But He who heareth before we cry
Answers that unsaid prayer.

And guides his feet, though he knows it
not,
Through the turmoil and the din,
To a haven blest—a sacred spot,
Where many are gathering in.

And nere, in this dark and direful hour,
His soul has awoke to hear

The still small voice that comes with power,
For the Lord Himself was near.

His eye had followed him all the day
Through the weary, wet, and cold,
And now, in His own, His wondrous way,
He leads him into the fold.

He had borne our griefs, and wept our
tears,
With no place to lay His head ;
But hark ! how the orphan now He cheers,
And gives him a home, and bread.

By the hand of one who there that night
Is watching the flock with care.
He sends His message of love and light
Beyond all thought or prayer.

And this brother takes him home with love,
And succours his every need ;
While full well, I wot, with songs above
The angels record this deed.

This work for the Master he has done ;
That help so freely given
With Christ-like love, to a suffering one
On earth, is a bit of heaven.

So great the gladness that came from this ;
To the worker's heart it seemed
That he felt, amid its wealth of bliss,
As if he had only dreamed.

When, lo ! a messenger quickly came
As he sang his song of joy ;
And up in a glow of love's white flame
He has borne the orphan boy.

Then what his mission to this our town,
Thou angel of death, oh say !
Who came so soon with the starry crown,
And bore him from earth away.

Was he sent by Christ that winter night,
As one of His golden keys,
To unlock our hearts to know His might
Of love for "the least of these ?"

GLASGOW.

A. H. B.

THE SLAVE-GIRL'S RANSOM.

SO beautiful, and yet a slave;
Her dark eye flushed with shame;
Her usual soft and gentle eyes
Flashed at the cruel name.

So beautiful, so timid, wild,
Like a frightened fawn she seemed;
And 'neath her lashes, long and dark,
Her eyes with terror gleamed.

"Who bids?" the auction-
eer's coarse voice
Rang through the mar-
ket-place:
What shame, what terror
filled her breast [face.
And dyed her downcast

They bid, their voices rise
and fall
On her unheeding ear,
Unconsciously she hears
it all, [hear.
Yet does not seem to

At last 'tis o'er, an English-
man, [grave,
With features kind and
Has paid a wondrous price
to buy [slave.
The beautiful, young

Advancing with an eager
step [cealed,
And pleasure ill-con-
He speaks—the slave-girl
stands erect; [vealed.
His voice his race re-

"You, and an Englishman?" she cried,
Her proud lips curl with scorn;
"Unfettered by dark slavery's chain
In Britain's freedom born.

"You! whose own people come to teach
Of freedom for the soul,
And bid us live a Christ-like life,
With heaven for our goal.

"You preach of freedom, life, and love,
And yet you make us slaves;
You tell us of a perfect peace—
We find it in our graves."

She paused, her fierce and fiery eyes
Fixed on his face the while,
And, heedless of her bitter scorn,
He answered with a smile:

"Yes, I have bought you, but 'tis not
To make you slave to me,
I paid the price that I might have
The power to set you free."

The fiery light died from her eyes,
The flush died from her cheek,
And silently she stood, too much
Dismayed to move or speak.



"HERE IS YOUR FREEDOM."

"Here is your freedom,"
and he placed
The gift within her hand,
"Go where you will, the
ransom's paid,
'Tis all they can demand."

A moment more, the proud,
young slave, [fears,
With mingled hopes and
Was kneeling contrite at
his feet [tears.
With sobs and gladsome

"Oh, let me be your slave,"
she cried,
"I'd give my life for thee;
You gave me freedom, now
I feel
I never can be free.

"You bind me not with iron
chains, [alone,
They bind my limbs
But now the stronger
cords of love
Around my heart are
thrown."

The fair young slave found liberty,
Yet still remained a slave,
And served with true, unfaltering love
He who her ransom gave.

So Jesus, who with greater love
And greater ransom still,
Has bought you with His own life-blood,
Poured out on Calvary's Hill,

Would seek to break the chains of sin
That bind you as a slave,
And with His tender love would win
The soul He longs to save.

Give Him, who died, your love and faith.
And like the slave-girl be—
To serve Him, "faithful unto death"
Who died to set you free. J.A.W.H.

WHO TOOK HIM IN?

INTO a cold and cheerless room
The lengthening shadows creep,
And half conceal a child's small form
Upon a bed doth sleep.

Poor little chap! exhausted
now

With all his tears he lies ;
But even in his slumbers yet,
Amid his dreams he sighs.

Well may he weep. See!
near him there

His only friend on earth,
No longer with a smile to
cheer,

But cold and still in death.
His mother, aye, but yester-
day

He saw her pass away,
And on the morrow they
will leave

Her body 'neath the clay.
This widow and her crippled
son—

A gentle, tiny boy—
Had lived for years within this room,
Each one the other's joy.

Now, mother's gone! well may he weep!
His one hope quenched at last—
All weakness and infirmities
Upon the world he's cast.

The dreaded morning dawns at last,
The funeral poor is o'er,
And friends and neighbours stand about,
And crowd the tiny floor.

"Who'll take the child?" the question comes,
"So frail, so small and weak.
He'll never make his way alone,
Nor e'er a living seek."

"I'd take him," said a gruff voiced man,
"If he were not so lame?"
And turned a look upon the child—
A look that seemed to blame.

Another said: "I'm very poor,
And though I have the will
To take him it would only bring
A doctor's heavy bill."

The child in silence heard it all,
With quivering lip and chin ;



And every one had some excuse,
They *would not* take him in.

At last *all* slipped away, and left
The helpless child alone,

And each with selfish, thoughtless
heart

Went to his own glad home.

What of the boy? If anyone
Thought of him in the night
None ventured near until the
sun

Shone forth in glory bright.

'Twas then a woman, some less
hard,

Went in with bread and meat,
Thinking at least the lonely
child

Perhaps might try to eat.

What did she see? Oh! God in
heaven!

'Twould make an angel weep,
To think that such a scene should
be

When others calmly sleep.

Squeezed closely to the rugged wall,
As if he feared the night,
With tears still wet upon his cheek
And glistening in the light.

He lies—what matters now, his tears,
His dark and lonesome bed ;
What though he had been frail and lame,
The little child was *dead*!

And when they lifted his poor form,
So crooked, small, and thin,
The women wept, and men bewailed,
Too late to take him in.

And so he died! alone, poor child,
With none to soothe his fears,
Or take his wasted hand in theirs,
Or dry his childish tears.

No place for him in this cold world,
No crust for him to spare ;
But in the Home where want ne'er comes
He found a welcome *there*.

And He who loved this little one
Saw all his cruel pain,
And angels sent to bring him where
He'd never weep again.

I A W.H.

"I WANT TO SEE JESUS."

A LITTLE girl was stricken down
 When scarcely four years old,
 Her mother's pet, her father's joy,
 Worth more than gems or gold.
 Her little playful, winsome ways,
 Had made her very dear,
 And when they saw her taken ill,
 It filled their hearts with fear.
 Yes, Lilian, dear, had taken croup,
 Although of late so well,
 A few brief hours and she was gone,
 Their grief, oh, who can tell?

But God, who never errs, just
 knows'

The time to call away
 His little lamb up to His home,
 Where it is always day.

"I want—I want to see Jesus,"
 Was her expectant cry,
 The last words from her dar-
 ling lips

Brought tears to every eye.
 Again, again, the precious
 words,
 She said them o'er and o'er,
 Till she could only say "I
 want ——!"

And reached the shining
 shore.

Her dying words like heavenly
 chimes

Still linger in the ears
 Of mother, father, comfort
 sweet,

Though often flow their tears.
 Let this bright thought engage
 our souls,

And be our deep desire,
 And in our lives while we are
 here,

Our acts and ways inspire.
 "We would see Jesus," Greeks
 of old,

Just the same words had
 said;

Philip and Andrew, message
 new, [tread.
 They brought with joyful

He heard—"Except a corn of wheat
 Fall to the ground and die,"³
 No fruit can come—no Gentile lost
 Can to the Saviour fly.

But He has died, and lives again,
 Triumphant o'er the grave,⁴
 Almighty, glorious Christ of God,
 He died and lives to save.

"I want to see Jesus—I want!"

Will you these words repeat,
 For if they are your real desire,
 You shall the Saviour meet.

T.S.



1, Rom. 8. 28. 2, John 12. 21. 3, John 12. 24. 4, 1 Cor. 15, 3, 4.

"HER MOTHER'S PET, HER FATHER'S JOY"

THE WIDOW AND HER CHILD.

A well-known incident related by the late Dr. Norman Macleod.

A WIDOW left her Highland home
One morning bleak and wild,
And in her arms she closely clasped
A babe, her only child.
The sky grew black, great gloomy clouds
Hid every speck of blue,
A snowy covering soon would hide
The brown, bare fields from view.
The wind was followed soon by rain,
And then came sleet and snow,
The snowflakes whirled before the wind,
And filled the valleys low.
It was the "Great May Storm," and none
Ere saw in winter day
Such flakes as whirled through mountain pass,
Soon deep and cold they lay.
Weary and wet the widow came
To the cold pass with her child,
She knew that one mile further on,
Along the mountain wild,
There was a little hut that might
Give shelter from the storm,
Where she could rest, and where her child
Could sleep secure and warm.
She tried to face the wind and snow
That through the gorge still swept,
But failed, poor soul; and well we know,
Despairing tears she wept.
Beneath an overhanging rock
She crouched, while to her breast
She clasped her precious child, and tried
To get a little rest.
She knew to stay there meant but death,
And she resolved to try
To reach her home and there get help,
Or in the attempt to die.
She stripped off almost all her clothes,
Her child she wrapped them round,
And in the crevice of a rock
She laid him safe and sound.
Again she faced the raging storm,
But in a drift of snow
She sank exhausted, ne'er to rise,
Or ever further go.
Next morn the searchers found her there,
Her arms stretched forth for aid;
No more she felt the biting blast,
Her form was cold and dead.
The searchers found the little child
By noon of that same day,
Hid in the crevice of the rock,
The infant safely lay.
That night into the empty home
The pastor called his flock,
And told them of the widow's love,
And of the sheltering Rock.
The Rock which smitten was for us,
That we may safely hide
In Him from all the coming storms,
Jesus the Crucified.

When half a century had passed,
The pastor long since gone
To rest, had been succeeded by
His earnest, faithful son.
One Sabbath night to crowds he preached
Of God's unbounded love,
And as illustration used
The story told above.
He said, what would you think, my friends,
If that son still should live
And cherish not the memory
Of her who thus did give
Her life for him, the child she loved,
With all a mother's love?
No nobler deed could e'er be done
Love genuine to prove.
What hearts have you, my hearers, got,
When you remain unmoved?
Though to'd so often of God's love,
Which Calvary has proved.
The love that caused the Son of God
To give Himself for you;
Trust now in Him, He'll give you life,
Pardon and cleansing, too.
Soon afterward a message came
From one who dying lay;
He wished the minister to see
Before he passed away.
He went at once to his bedside,
His hand the sick man seized,
And earnestly into his face
The dying soldier gazed.
He said, you do not know me, sir,
But I know you quite well,
I heard you as you preached that night,
The widow's story tell.
I am that son, my mother's love
I never could forget,
She died for me, her memory
Is precious to me yet.
But, sir, what grieves me most of all,
And covers me with shame,
Is this, that I have ne'er before
Loved Him who for me came
To this sad world of sin and pain
To die for such as me.
I see it, I believe it now,
My soul He has set free.
I've found a shelter in old age,
Where as a child I did;
In the "cleft Rock" I know I am
For ever safely hid.
The "Rock of Ages" which was cleft
At Calvary for me,
His precious blood has made me meet
His blessed face to see.
Oh, friends, a storm is coming soon,
I warn you to beware;
Flee to "the Rock, Christ Jesus," now,
And find a shelter there.

R. J. M.

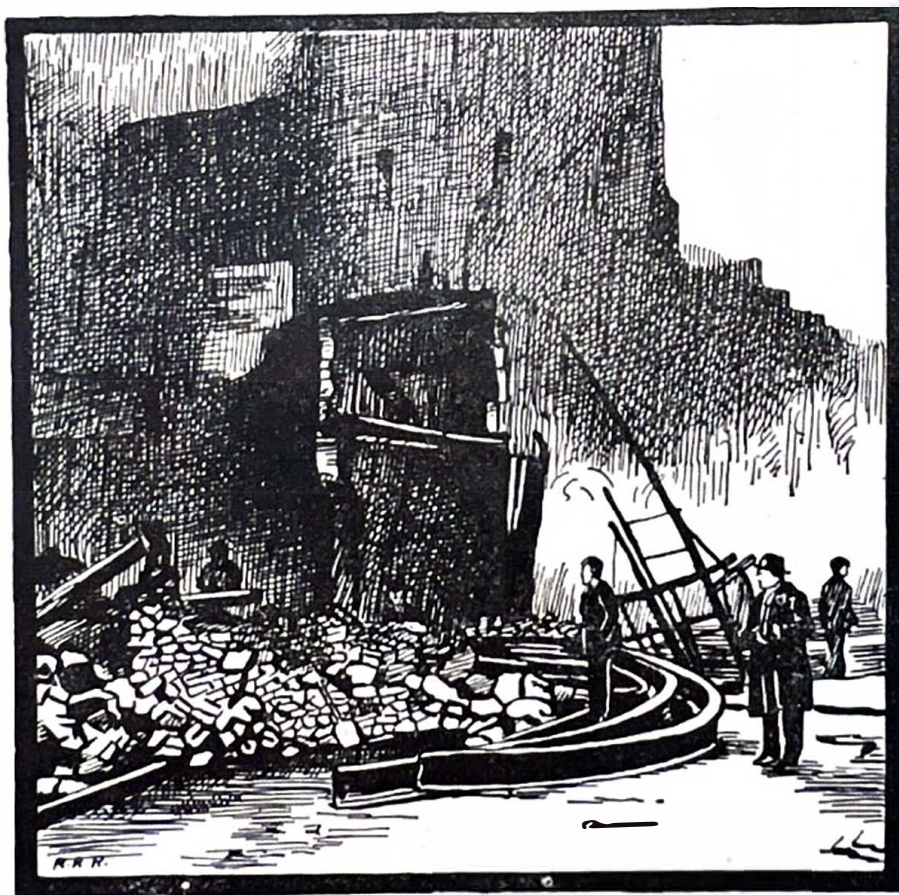
THE NOBLE NEIGHBOUR.

"HE saved others, Himself He cannot save" (Matt. 27. 42), though said in scorn, was strangely true; and was illustrated by an act at the terrible fire in December, 1909, near Clapham Junction—an act thus described by an eye-witness:

"Just as the fire was about at its worst I saw a heroic act which I believe cost the hero his own life. I saw him at a window on the top floor just as the fire escape had been run up to take him down. As he was about to scramble out of the window he went back, and then reappeared with two women, shop assistants. He placed one of the assistants on the escape, and sent her down, but as she neared the bottom she fell, and was picked up by the firemen. The young man then put the second girl on the escape, and she also fell before she reached the bottom. They were both carried away. Then, to my horror, the young man suddenly threw up his arms and fell backwards, out of sight. I did not see him again, and so I suppose he perished." His name was George Naber.

It was Christmas week, and the merchants
Were showing their Christmas stores:
And the greatest in all South London
Had opened its festive doors.

Outside there were festooned garlands,
And children and passing feet;
And within five hundred buyers
Were making the sale complete.



SCENE AFTER THE FIRE AT ARDING & HOBBS,
Clapham Junction, London, on December 20th, 1909.

Just then, in an evil second,
A globe in the window smashed,
And the streak of electric fury
Round the window in anger flashed.
The shop was ablaze in a moment,
As the crowd rushed wildly out;
The flames leaped onward and upward—
"Fire! fire!"—the awful shout.
It seemed but a few brief minutes,
And the place was aglow right through
When aloft at an upper window
A figure stood forth to view.
He came at the proper moment,
As a ladder-escape was raised—
"Step out and be saved!" But backing,
With a courage that all men praised,
He lifted a frail young woman
Aloft on the ladder there,
And hurried her down to safety,
Where she fell in a dread despair.
The flames were around the ladder,
And firemen, scorched, stepped back;

But our hero lifted a second
To that narrow, red life-track.

And then, ere his foot could follow,
prey;
The fire had claimed its
He had helped the two from the burning,
But his own life had to pay.
They were terribly bruised and broken, [killed;
And one by the fall was
But George Naber—a noble neighbour—

Had a noble task fulfilled.
He might have escaped—and Jesus, [mas tells,
Whose coming each Christ-He might have escaped the burning [hells.
Of sin, and its thousand
But He wanted to save the people, [and so
The young and the old,
He suffered *Himself* that others

Might life and salvation know.
W. LUFF.

GEORDIE ROY'S HEAVEN.

WEE Geordie Roy was daft, ye ken,
 A queer, hauf-witted boy,
 And yet I've often wished some men
 Were e'en like Geordie Roy.
 A lee frae him ye never heard,
 An aith he wadna say;
 And when we played at kirk, my word,
 I wish ye'd heard him pray.
 Then oot his wee bit book he'd
 draw,
 While we sat listenin' roon,
 And tell us mair o' heaven than a'
 The parsons in the toun.
 "A' weans," he said, "that lo'ed
 the Lord,
 And aye said what was true,
 A' that's cleansed in His pre-
 cious blood
 Were up there noo." [whae,
 Whendaith that tak's, he cares na
 Wi' scarce a day between,
 Took, then, wee Jim at mornin' grey,
 And then wee Kate at e'en.
 That nicht when a' was quait
 He took us in beside their bed,
 And gettin' oot his wee bit book
 He like a parson read:
 "Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
 Yet will I fear none ill;
 For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
 And staff me comfort still,
 My table Thou hast furnished,"
 Aboon the sky so blue,
 Then pointin' wi' his haun, he said,
 "They're baith there noo."
 Again, when to the kirkyaird mou'lt
 His faither's corpse was gaun,
 His teacher in the Sabbath schule
 Took Geordie by the haun;
 Wi' glowerin' een and neck ootstretched,
 He walkit like a man,
 Until the kirkyard gate was reached,
 And then he turned and ran.
 My, when his mither met him, then,
 He had a tale to tell;
 He'd no gang back yon road again
 Unless she gaed hersel'.
 The coach has shair cam' doun frae God,
 It took his faither through
 Twa big gates—yon's to heaven the road,
 He's up there noo.

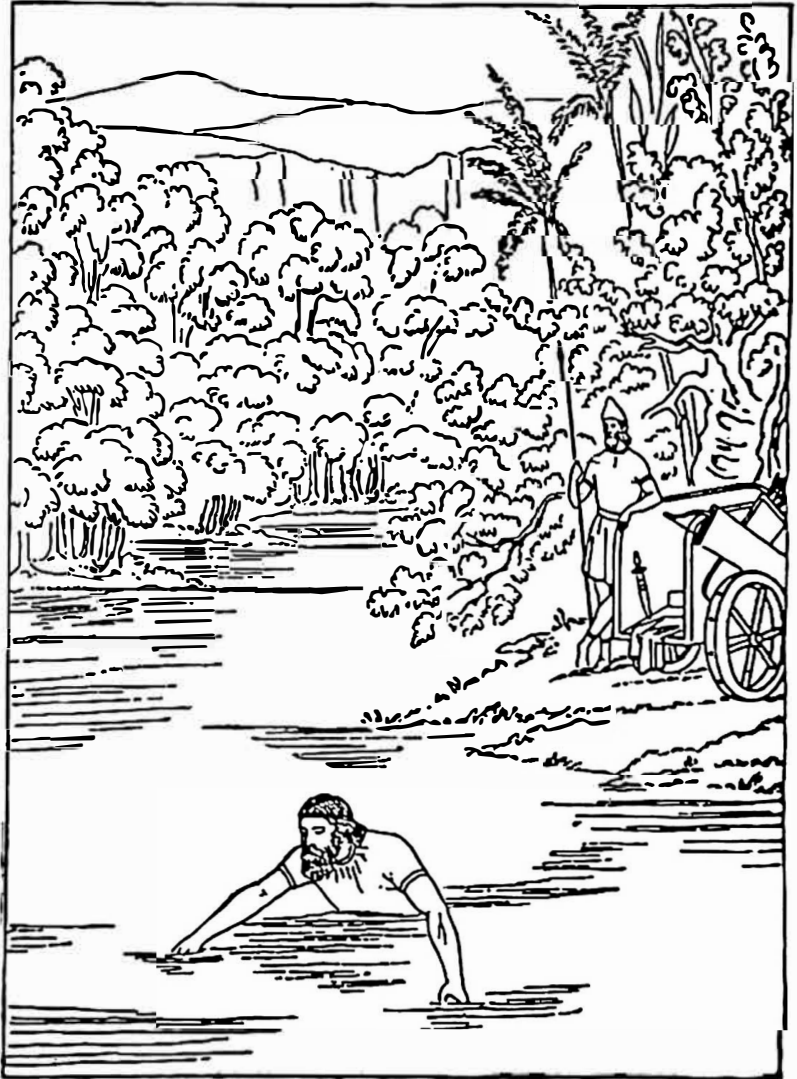


She gaed hersel', and that fu' sune,
 His last, his a', his best;
 Before the last corn stook was in
 She left him like the rest.
 He took his place among the lave,
 The auld black coach behin';
 He even ventured to the grave,
 And wonderingly looked in.
 When a' was o'er, and frae the
 place
 His form was gently led,
 He looked up in the teacher's
 face,
 And smilin' quaitly said,
 "'Twas nae grave yon, 'twas
 but the door
 Shegaed tae heaventhrough;
 No deid ava, jist gane before,
 She's up there noo." [dream
 Wee Geordie had a bonnie
 Before a week gaed by—
 A white-robed angel came for him,
 And took him to the sky.
 His mither met him at the gate,
 His faither, too, was there,
 His brither Jim, his sister Kate,
 And mony a dizen mair
 O' weans he kent when at the schule,
 To greet him roun' they press'd,
 And everything was beautiful,
 And every yin was blest.
 Her airms his mither roon him cast,
 And praised the Lord anew;
 Her ain wee Geordie hame at last,
 We're a' here noo.
 Next day when Geordie creepit out,
 A strange licht filled his een,
 As solemnly he told about
 The wonders he had seen.
 We laughed and said 'twas but a dream,
 Wee Geordie did'na care, [him,
 Oor "no's" and "ay's" were nocht to
 He kent, for he was there.
 He tried to draw the pearly gates
 And golden streets abune;
 But though we got the biggest slates
 He couldna get them in. [hill,
 That nicht, when snaw wreathed vale and
 Wee Geordie's dream cam' true,
 Next morn they got him cauld and still—
 They're a' there noo. INSPECTOR AITKEN.

THE GREAT SYRIAN GENERAL.

OVER the hills of Lebanon
 A cavalcade escorts
 A heathen prince from Syria
 To Israel's royal courts.
 The splendid retinue draws up
 Before Samaria's gates,
 And a leprous man in costly robes
 On King Jehoram waits.
 He bears a letter running thus :
 " Benhadad, Syria's king,
 Prays that Jehoram's healing powers
 May health to Naaman bring."
 In angry mien Jehoram cries :
 " The king a quarrel seeks,
 In asking what no human power
 Or skill e'er undertakes."
 The news from Syria swept the land
 And reached Elisha's ear :
 " Gehazi," said he, " tell the king
 To send the leper here."
 In gorgeous pomp his chariot stood
 Before the prophet's door ;
 The leper's hopes ran high that soon
 His plague would be no more.
 But 'neath the leprous skin there beat
 A proud and leprous heart, [sore
 And the prophet first must heal *that*
 By using humbling art.
 Nor flattery, nor due respect,
 Nor lust of curious eyes,
 Could make Elisha *see* the man,
 Or from his knees arise.
 He sent Gehazi to the door
 With message clear and plain :
 " Go, wash in Jordan seven times,
 Thy flesh shall come again."
 Enraged, despairing, Naaman bade
 His charioteer drive home ;
 " Was it to be insulted thus
 That he so far had come ? "
 Could Jordan's stream effect a cure
 If Pharpar's waters fail ?
 The means are humbling, Naaman thinks ;
 Shall pride or need prevail ?
 The chariot stops ; his servant speaks :
 " My father, why not try
 The means the prophet bid thee use ?
 See, Jordan's flowing by."
 The broken-hearted man obeyed,
 Put off his costly hood,

To Jordan dragged his leprous frame,
 And sank beneath its flood.
 Six times he sank and rose again,
 As leprous as before
 The seventh time he sank, and rose
 A leprous man no more.



"GO AND WASH IN JORDAN SEVEN TIMES" (2 KINGS 5. 1-14).

Speechless with gratitude and joy,
 He viewed his body o'er ;
 His flesh was like a little child's—
 No leprous spot it bore.
 Ho! ye whose pride with blindness veils
 Your leprosy of sin,
 Repent, repent, and turn to God,
 His grace through faith to win.
 So shall ye prove the cleansing power
 Of Jesus' precious blood,
 And share His Resurrection Life,
 Who in your place once stood. L. DEAN.

A MITE SONG.

ONLY a drop in the bucket !
But every drop will
tell :
The bucket would soon be
empty
Without the drops in the
well.



Only a poor little penny,
It was all I had to give !
But as pennies make the shillings,
It may help some one to live.

A few little bits of ribbon,
And some toys, they were not new !
But they made the sick children happy,
Which has made me happy, too.

Only some outgrown garments,
They were all I had to spare !
But they'll help to clothe the
needy,
And the poor, are every-
where.

A word now and then of com-
fort,
That cost me nothing to say !
But the poor old man died happy,
And it helped him on the way.

God loveth the cheerful giver,
Though the gift be poor and small ;
What doth He think of His children
When they never give at all ?

GIVE GOD YOUR BEST.

After Dr. Torrey had related the following, he was told Ed. Spencer was in the meeting, and calling him to the platform, he said, "It is just forty-eight years and two months to-day since it happened." Although a burst of applause, all bowed in prayer that God would make Mr. Spencer's last days his best days, and those near heard his whispered response. "He has."

ED. SPENCER was a farmer's son
At college, bold and strong ;
A swimmer of no common grade
Among the swimming throng.
One day the "Lady Elgin" failed—
A wreck upon the shore ;
The tidings reached the college lads,
And to the beach they tore.
Ed. stripped, and with a rope swam out
To save the clinging crew ;
And one by one brought six ashore,
Though how, men scarcely knew.
Again, and yet again, he swam,
Till ten were safely brought ;
And then before a kindled fire
A moment's rest he sought.
And glancing o'er the awful scene
Of anguish, terror, pain,
He saw the dying ones, and cried,
"Boys, I must go again !"
And from restraining hands he broke,
And in the sea once more
Swam to and fro, until fifteen
Were safely brought ashore.
'Twas done as if with dying strength !
Then tottering to the fire,
It seemed as if in saving life
His own life must expire.

But looking back he saw a spar—
A man's hand clinging there—
And by the man a woman's head,
Known by her wave-swept hair.
"Boys, it's a husband trying hard
To save his wife, I'll go
And help him," but they held him back,
And brother Will said, "No !"
"I'll try!" and bursting through the crowd,
He reached the exhausted pair ;
And steered the spar to land and friends,
Then dropped exhausted there.
They bore him to his bed, he slept !
His brother watched his rest,
Till waking, his first sentence was,
"Will, did I do my best ?"
"You saved seventeen," his brother said ;
"I know it," Ed. replied,
"But might perhaps have saved *one more*,
If I had only tried."
The world's a wreck ! and Jesus came
The perishing to save ;
And gave Himself, and even life,
To pluck us from the grave.
And now He calls for strong young souls
Upon redemption's shore.
Arise ! Attempt ! Give God your best !
And save to-day *one more* ! W. L.

TWO BRAVE MINERS.

An incident of the Llanerch Pit explosion, Pontypool, in which three hundred miners were entombed, and nearly two hundred were killed, 6th February, 1890.

TWO miners, deep down in the darkness,
With only a glimmer of light,
Were plying their perilous labour,
Their day a perpetual night.

A blast! and a burst! and a breaking!
"Fly, miners! and fly for your lives!"
And they fled through the dark, gloomy wind-
With visions of heartbroken wives. [ings,

For scores they were leaving behind them,
The battered, the bleeding, the dead.
On, on, through the poisonous vapours;
On, on, for life's safety they fled!

"I cannot go farther," said Bennet,
"The fire-damp lies on my chest;
I feel I am fainting and choking"—
Then sank to what seemed his last rest.

Two miners, deep down in the darkness;
Two miners set out for the light:
Two miners together had struggled
To fly from those regions of night.

But only *one* came to the surface,
The weaker at first of the two:
The strong one had fainted and fallen,
To brotherly kindness proved true.

Brave Thomas! he might have come safely
Alone to the air and the day;
But he lingered to rouse his weak brother,
And *died* through that moment's delay.

The Lord of the day and the sunlight,
Once laboured below in our night,
Where the hot blast of judgment was sweeping
Where we were too weak for swift flight.



CARRYING HOME THE MORTAL REMAINS OF THE POOR MINERS.

"I'll shake him," said Thomas, and did it.
"Come, pull to the front, my brave lad."
So, again, with a struggle he conquered;
'Twas the last little strength that he had.
Sirs, but for that shake and that counsel,
His slumber had ended in death;
His comrade had roused him and saved him,
And given the body new breath.
Together they pressed for the shaftway,
The weak one now seemed the more strong;
And, thinking that Thomas was with him,
With hurrying steps pushed along.

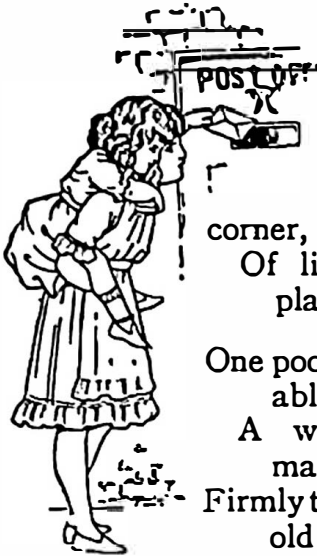
He might have forsaken and left us,
But lingered to rouse to new power;
Then fell in the death and the darkness,
O'ercome in the last fatal hour.

Thus we have been saved by His dying,
To live while the many have died;
Escaped from the pit and the danger,
Through Jesus, who fell at our side.

Oh sing of His glorious praises
With every out-going breath!
Our Saviour, who would not forsake us,
Our Saviour, proved faithful to death.

W. L. L. L.

HER BURDEN OR HER BROTHER.



A KIND-HEARTED
merchant was
walking along
To his place in the
city one day,
When, in turning a
corner, he came on a throng
Of little street urchins at
play.

One poor girl he noticed scarce
able to crawl,
A wee, unwashed, hair-
matted elf;
Firmly tied on her back with an
old tattered shawl
Was a boy near as big as herself.

His kindly eyes filled, and his great, soft
heart bled,
As he watched her, then sadly he smiled,
And giving a coin to the wee mite, he said:
"You've a terrible burden, my child."

A moment she paused, he had touched her
wee pride,
For fixing her large eyes on him,
"He is not my *burden*, sir," sharp she
replied,
"But my *brither*, oor wee, cripple Jim."
"Her brother," great Father of all, what
a thought!

Though low, mean, and wretched her lot,
That poor little mud-begri:ned creature
had taught
Him a lesson he never forgot.

And time and again as life's journey he
trod,
In the midst of its turmoil and whirl,
He was strengthened and stirred to new
efforts for God,
By the words of that poor gutter girl.

Are they less in God's sight, if less finely
arrayed,
And life's dainties to them are denied?
Do we really count burdens the creatures
God made,
And forwhom the dear Saviour once died?

Ah, no, praise His name, though by Satan
and sin
Sore burdened and hindered are they,
Sisters, brothers, they are who have souls
we can win,
If we walk in His footsteps to-day.

Yes, the furthest from God can by love be
brought nigh,
His grace can the vilest renew.
There is life in a word, will you speak it,
and try
What a little real kindness can do?

INSPECTOR AITKEN.

THE OLD AND NEW THEOLOGIES.

THE sea! the ever-restless sea
Was dashing up its spray;
And far as ever eye could reach,
Those heaving billows lay.

And so it's ever rolled and tossed
From earth's remotest days,
And always done its Maker's will,
Obedient to His ways.

One day a little terrier pup
Of six months old or more,
When out upon his ramblings
Came running to the shore.

He stopped, and with his loudest voice
He barked, and barked again,
As if those great majestic waves
Would cease should he complain.

Then louder grew that puppy's bark,
As if he wished to say,
"I'm tired of your old-fashioned roar,
Now do be quiet, pray."

But many a little puppy dog
Had barked like that before;
Yet still those grand and mighty waves
Are thundering on the shore.

Alas! his barks were all in vain,
For still the waves rolled on,
And still they'll roll, while God permits,
After that puppy's gone.

And so the good old Gospel waves,
Undaunted, onward roll;
Swamping all "New Theologies,"
But cleansing many a soul. E. E. FREE.

THROUGH A STORMY WAY.

OFF the stormy coast of Cornwall,
On the last day of the year,
While on shore the bells were ringing,
And the good folk made good cheer,
There was wrecked a noble vessel
In a wild and angry sea—
'Twas the *Galloway* of London,
With a crew of twenty-three.

"Launch the boats!" the captain shouted,
Two were quickly got away,
But the third was dashed to pieces—
Of the angry waves the prey.
And the men, some half-a-dozen,
Left aboard the *Galloway*,
Scrambled up among the rigging
Where their only safety lay.

There the stern and rugged captain,
As they hung among the shrouds,
Shouted, "Boys, we look like going
To a port beyond the clouds.

Pipe a stave, and let's go singing—
Something Sunday-like and slow;
Bos'n, start us up a chorus—
You're a gospeller, I know."

Then the grizzled, bearded bos'n,
In his rich voice and robust,
High above the howling tempest,
Lifted up a song of trust:
"Simply trusting every day,
Trusting through a stormy way;
Even when my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus, that is all."

"Through a stormy way" he'd trusted,
And of death he had no fear;
"Sing it, mates," he urged, "we're going
With the going of the year:"
"Trusting Him while life shall last,
Trusting Him till earth is past,
Till within the jasper wall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all."



Though the vessel pitched and
stumbled,
While the storm grew wilder
still,
And the men were nigh ex-
hausted,
Yet they sang it with a will,
Till, "A light!" the bos'n
shouted,
As a steamer hove in sight,
And the helpless men were
rescued
From the perils of that night.

Aye, and some of them were
rescued
From the perils that befall
Mortal man, for they went
singing
"Trusting Jesus, that is all,"
Through their lives, as they
had sung it
When for death they waited
there;
And the New Year dawned
upon them
With a new *life*, rich and fair.

"BEHOLD, GOD IS MY SALVATION; I WILL TRUST
AND NOT BE AFRAID" (Isa. 12. 2).

JOHN THREE SIXTEEN.

THROUGH Dublin's streets the bitter blast
In chilling gusts went sweeping past ;
And cheerless was the night.
Most to their cosy homes had gone ;
When a young vagrant, all alone,
Stood in a wretched plight.

A homeless, houseless, friendless boy,
No mother's care, no father's joy
Was he—poor little lad !
There, shivering in the cold, damp street,
That wintry night, with shoeless feet,
And face so pale and sad.

But men had taught him in their school,
And meant to use him as a tool
That night in some dark deed.
They had arranged with him to meet
Them at the corner of that street,
When, lo, a friend in need



"THERE, SHIVERING IN THE COLD, DAMP STREET,
THAT WINTRY NIGHT, WITH SHOELESS FEET."

Came up and touched him on the arm.
He started, and with some alarm
Looked up into his face—
A glance it was that banished fear.
"Boy," said the friend, "why are you here
So late in this cold place ?

"This is the time," he gently said,
"When boys like you should be in bed,
Tucked in and fast asleep.
Go home at once without delay,
Nor longer here in danger stay—
Nay, wherefore do you weep ?"

"Oh, sir, for me there is no home ;
I have no bed, so just must roam,
And sleep where best I may.

No one there is to care for me ;
To none it matters where I be,
Or where my footsteps stray."

"Now list, my lad," the stranger said.
"Suppose I find you now a bed,
Would you go with good will ?"

"Ay, that I would, and sharply too,
Whate'er you say I'll gladly do."

"Well, stand one moment still.

"Go straight where this address will lead ;
But stay, there's something more you need
E'er you can enter there :

The password is—'John three sixteen,'
By which alone you can get in ;
Remember this with care."

With beating heart and footstep fleet
The lad ran swift along the street,

Repeating o'er and o'er
The words to him so strange and new,
Which, if his friend had spoken true,
Would open wide the door

Of that grand house, which now he gained,
But paused awhile, for courage waned ;
At last he rung the bell.

"Who's there ?" the porter gruffly cried.
"John three sixteen," the boy replied.

"Come in then, all is well."

When morning o'er the city broke,
Refreshed, the little waif awoke.

Most gladly he partook
Of the nice bread and milk so hot,
Then left that bright and home-like spot
With many a wistful look.

He wandered on, afraid to meet
His old companions of the street,
Still pondering his new name.
So much absorbed in thought was he
That vehicles he did not see,
But walked in absent frame ;

Till crossing, as one in a dream,
Where traffic rolled on like a stream,
He suddenly was thrown
With violence on the stony ground,
A car went o'er him—he was found
Too faint to cry or moan.

They carried him with every care
Straight to an hospital, and there
He to his senses came.

"Now what may your religion be ?
Address in full please give to me,
And also state your name."

Such were the queries put to him
While yet his eyes with pain were dim,
For so the rules required.

But quickly his returning mind
Was able a reply to find,
As he had been desired.

"My name is John three and sixteen
The only home that I have seen
Bears also that address.

As for religion, I don't know
Sure what I am to-day, and so
Must leave you, sir, to guess.

JOHN THREE SIXTEEN.

"I was a Catholic yesterday,
But now, indeed, I can but say,
I'm John three and sixteen."
A laugh at his expense went round;
They thought his head was not quite sound,
And yet he looked serene.

Oftimes by night as well as day
He would in his delirium say—
"Whatever I have been
It was to do me good, and so
It has done, and by this I know
I'm John three and sixteen."

The patients wondered all around
Where he that curious name had found;
And many turned their eyes
From him to God's most Holy Book,
And on that gracious verse would look
With interest and surprise.

Some of them *for themselves* believed
Those words of life, and Christ received—
Great then the joy in heaven
O'er sinners that repenting came
To God, through Jesus' precious name,
And knew their sins forgiven.

In time the fever and the pain
Both vanished, reason once again
Resumed her wonted sway.
While gazing round with conscious stare,
And wondering how he had come there,
The boy heard some one say—

"John three sixteen, how are you? say."
"A little better, thanks, to-day;
But who told you my name?"
"Why, you have never ceased to shout
And tell it to all round about,
Since to this ward you came.

"And blest be John three and sixteen,
To me it has salvation been;
But how surprised you look!
Do you not know that holy word,
Which often from your lips we've heard,
Is taken from God's Book—

The Bible?" "What is that?" he said.
Soon in his ear its words were read;
"How beautiful," he cried;
"It tells of home, and love, and light,
For ever, not for one brief night—
Where I may still abide."

John three sixteen he quickly learned,
Each word into his spirit burned;
Then with a happy heart
Would say, "I've more than a new name
I know *Him* now who bore my shame,
I in His love have part."

Weeks passed away, but still the boy
Was happy in his new-found joy,
No weariness he knew.
As bees suck honey from the flower,
So fed his spirit hour by hour
Upon God's message true.

In that same ward an old man lay—
"Well, Patrick, how are you to-day?"
He heard a nun inquire.

"Oh, very bad," was his reply;
"I fear indeed I soon shall die,
Sooner than I desire.

"For, oh, I am not fit to die!
What shall I do? where shall I fly?"
He said in deep despair.

"Patrick," said she, "it gives me pain
To hear one such as you complain;
I'll give you this to wear:

This by the Pope himself was blessed"—
So saying, round his neck she pressed
A string of paltry beads.

It did not bring old Patrick peace,
His groans were loud, and did not cease,
For all his sinful deeds

Came up before his troubled mind,
No rest or comfort could he find.

"Poor man, he wants a *pass*,"
Thought our young friend, and whispered low,
"Patrick, there's something that I know
Would take you through first-class.



When last seen by one of our contributors, J. H. B., our young friend was "waiting to shine" in Central Station, Glasgow, and still testified as to his faith in Jesus.

"I'll read you John three and sixteen,
To me it life and joy has been."

"Read on," the old man cried.
He drank the glorious Gospel in—
God's only remedy for sin—
Then peacefully he died.

The boy recovered, and was sent
To school, where thankfully he went;
And now he may be seen—

A Christian lad, who spends much time
Proclaiming 'mid the haunts of crime
John three and verse sixteen.

A. W. P. 3

THE STATUE'S STORY.

AMID the ruins of Pompeii
Some brave explorers worked;
With pick and axe they laboured on,
Where hidden mysteries lurked.
They often paused, for oft they found
An upright cavity.
The puzzled men each other asked,
Whatever could it be?

The thoughtful manager at last
Determined on a plan, [men,
And gave instructions to his
And forthwith they began.

The ash-crust was removed
with care

When next a hole they found,
Wherein they poured some
plaster soft,

As numbers gathered round.
What would they see? A
statue rare

Of centuries ago?
They waited till the plaster set,
Then they would see and know.

A woman's figure! Yes, it was.

But was that all? Ah, no,
A mother's heart, a mother's love
That plaster-form did show.

The arms were both extended high
Above her noble head,
In which she held a darling babe—
A statue of the dead.

It only had one tale to tell,
That as Vesuvius hailed
She fled in haste to save their lives.
Alas! she tried but failed.

The burning ashes raining down
O'ertook her in her haste;

Down, down they fell, incessantly,
Until they reached her waist.
But would the awful downpour cease?
It might do even yet.

So higher still she raised her babe,
Death's dew around her set.

But down the blinding ashes came,
Higher the child was raised.

If haply though she lost her
own, [saved.

Her babe's life might be
But, no; with greater fury still
The awful ashes fell; [child,
She perished, but she loved her
The plaster form did tell.

Brave woman! she had done
her best

To save her darling child.
That monument the story told,
A mother's passion wild.

But what her love compared
to that

Of God, the God of grace?

Who loved this guilty, fallen world,
This wild, rebellious race.

He gave His Son, although He knew
What lay before Him here—

That cross, those nails, that thorny crown,
The mocking and the spear.

He died for sin that through His death
The sinner lost might live;
In death the penalty he paid,
His blood now cries, "Forgive!"

Resist no longer God's great love,
But trust its saving power,
That you may know a pardon free,
Now, in salvation's hour.

A. G.



THE TONGUE.

"THE boneless tongue, so small and
weak,
Can crush and kill," declares the Greek.
"The tongue destroys a greater horde,"
The Turk asserts, "than does the sword."
The Persian proverb wisely saith,
"A lengthy tongue—an early death."

Or sometimes takes this form instead,
"Don't let your tongue cut off your head."

"The tongue can speak a word whose speed,"
Say the Chinese, "outstrips the steed."
While Arab sages this impart,
"The tongue's great storehouse is the heart."
From Hebrew wit the maxim sprung,
"Though feet would slip, ne'er let the
tongue."

The sacred writer crowns the whole,
"Who keeps his tongue, doth keep his soul."
(Prov. 21. 23.)

BETTY'S QUILT.

BETTY was old and crippled;
Her work was none of the best,
For the week of her life was nearing
Its Sabbath of peaceful rest.

Betty had heard them preaching
Of the nations sunk in night,
And the duty of every Christian
To spread the Gospel light.

Often she planned
and plotted
To save from her
slender store,
And she gave her
mite with earnest
prayer
That the Lord
would make it
more.

Far in the sultry
tropics
A mission had
made its stand;
But it had no place
of meeting,
For it could not
buy the land.

No place to tell out
the Gospel
In the haunts of
heathen vice!
Yet the negro monarch
was friendly,
Though he haggled
over the price.

So the word came back to Britain,
Something yet more must be done
To tickle the royal fancy
And finish the work begun.

And the preacher said in his sermon
'Twas a chance for great and small
To give their time and their money—
Tho' their prayers were best of all.

Betty went home and pondered
On what was within her power;
A farthing in every shilling,
A minute in every hour.

But shillings were scarce, and her fingers
Were knotted, and old, and weak;
Not hers were the feet to travel,
Not hers was the tongue to speak.

She begged some old scraps and pieces—
No two of them made a match;
She sewed them together in patience;
A prayer was in every patch.

When the work came in for the mission,
There was laughter loud and long
At the sight of the crazy patchwork,
For it was not worth a song.

The stuff was so thin and flimsy,
The colours so harsh and bad,
The stitches so long and cobbled,
The waste of time seemed sad.



Some thought it was
useless trouble
To let the counter-
pane go,
It were best to say no-
thing and leave it;
But the preacher
looked up and
said, "No.

"*She hath done what
she could*, what
matter?
The quilt shall go
with the rest;
It may be old Betty's
labour
Shall somehow or
other be blest."

There was joy at the
mission station
At sight of the
packing case;
The king awaited his
tribute,
A smile on his
dusky face.

But he found no guns or revolvers,
Which were what his soul desired;
Only trinkets, and beads, and mirrors—
Of these his fancy had tired.

They showed him the dainty garments,
He thought them Brummagem stuff,
And they counted him out the money—
He said it was not enough.

So he turned on his heel in anger,
But as he was going he spied
A treasure of unknown value
They had carelessly thrown aside.

He held it aloft in triumph,
That ugly, old, patchwork quilt;
And the hearts around him beat high
As they saw the meeting-place built.

"Now ye may rear your temple,
The praise of your God to sing;
Now ye have paid your tribute,
For *this* is the robe of a king!" F.C.I.



A LITTLE IRISH BOY.

'TWAS in a garret cold
and bare,
That little Michael lay ;
He was a humble Irish lad,
Who suffered night and
day.
No earthly comforts had poor
Mick,
Yet not one murmuring
word
Escaped his lips, no sad
complaints
From him were ever heard.

In summer time his room was hot,
In winter, bitter cold ;
It was a little frightening, too,
When thunder o'er him rolled.
But Mick had heard at Sunday school,
Of One who for him died ;
The One who put all sin away,
When He was crucified.
He trusted Him who loved him so,
Without one doubt or fear ;
And in his lonely garret home,
He knew the Lord was near.
One day a Christian lady called,
To see the little lad ;
His sufferings, and surroundings, too,
Made her feel very sad.
"You're very ill, dear boy," she said,
"And may be you will die ;

If this should happen, would you go
To mansions in the sky ? "
"Yes, I am sure I would," said Mick,
"For Jesus died for me,
My many sins on Him were laid,
When hanging on the tree.
" "I verily, verily say to you,
He that My Word doth hear,
And in the One who sent Me trusts,
Hath life, and need not fear.
"No condemnation shall he know,
From death to life he's passed,'
Thus Jesus spoke, and I believed—
The death-line I have crossed.
My Saviour never told a lie,
And never, never will ;
And every promise He has made
He'll faithfully fulfil."
I wonder if you can truly say
What little Michael said ;
If God should call you from this world,
Oh, would you be afraid ?
Or could you say, "I fear no ill,
For Jesus Christ, my Lord,
Has borne sin's punishment for me,
I'm trusting in His Word ?
"No condemnation do I fear,
The 'Blood' is all my plea ;
If Jesus comes, or if I die,
His home, my home shall be." E. J. M.

THE LOWLY SNOWDROP.

Reciter should have a bunch of snowdrops in hand and look at them when speaking.

LOVELY harbinger of Spring,
Early greet our eager eyes ;
All thy latent lessons bring,
From thy earthy tomb arise.
Fain we would thy sojourn make
Free from stain and uncurtailed ;
But, alas ! for Adam's sake,
Earth's perfections all have failed.
Well we know thou soon wilt come
Whence we laid thy cradle low ;
Though corruption's now thy gown,
Thou shalt be like purest snow.
So may each immortal soul,
Shrouded now in flesh so frail,

Reach its resurrection goal—
Through one death o'er death prevail.
Purest snowdrop ! modest flower !
Teach us true humility ;
Show us, in the quiet hour,
Beauty in simplicity.
May we in the storms of life
Oft recall thy yielding grace ;
Bowing, bending to the wind,
Showing not an angry face.
Thus thy life shall not be vain,
Though it spring to quick decay ;
All thy lessons live again
When thy beauty's passed away. L. D.

JACK HORNER'S REPENTANCE.

"**L**EARN young and learn fair," was the old-fashioned rule,
When Jack Horner's mother first sent him to school.

Now Jack was just six, and his notion was then

No boy should get lessons until he was ten.

Though older and bigger, Dick Dunce he could see

Just went when he fancied, and why shouldn't [he.
So one morn as he crept along sleepy and slow,

He resolved he'd play truant, and bird-nesting [go.

But, alas! ere he found out a nest or a thing,
A bird started near him to whistle and sing.
And the song as it trilled it forth plainly and full,

Was "Back to the school, Jack, go back to the [school."

Jack was sure by his mother the bird had been sent,

So, like a good boy, *he repented and went.*

"Learn young," as with goodness, the same 'tis with sin, [begin.

Every step gets more easy when once you

Jack sung like a bird as he trotted along,
Right glad he had turned from the path that was wrong.

When the lessons were started 'twas easy to tell [well.

The bird must have been to the teacher as

Of two boys in the old Bible story he read,

"Go, work in my vineyard," their father had said.

The one said, "I will, sir," but then did not go ;

The other one went, after first saying "no."

Now, boys, said the teacher, can any one say
Which of them did the will of the father that day?

Jack knowing right well what the parable meant, [and went."

Answered, promptly, "The one *who repented*

"Learn young and learn fair" was the old-fashioned plan, [man.

'Tis the diligent boy makes the prosperous
From the little bird Jack learned a lesson that day :

First business then pleasure ; first work and [then play.

Step by step, like these steps, without stumble or stop ;

Step by step, like these steps, he soon climbed to the top.

When his school days were done, he'd a record unique, [Greek.

He was first Mathematics, first Latin and

First and foremost in boyhood, in manhood the same,

Not a man in his time had a more honoured name.

"Not slothful in business," straightforward and true,

A lover of God, and his fellow-man, too.

A man whose whole life has for others been spent.

And all 'cause one day *he repented and went.*

INSPECTOR AITKEN.



"HE RESOLVED HE'D PLAY TRUANT, AND BIRD-NESTING GO."

BOBBY'S FIRST BAWBEE.

Suitable for repetition by a little boy who can speak out clearly. A halfpenny should be held up now and again. Take care to emphasise the Scripture portions.

A HALE bawbee, mind—and a' tae masel',
Wi' joy I'm like chokin', if truth I maun tell,
How best I micht spend it I canna richt say,
I'm fair in a muddle to ken whit to dae.
Whaur to gang to get value is the question for solvin'
For nearly an hour ma brain's been re-volvin'.
Ma mither advised me,
"Bobby," said she,
"Tak' heed whit ye buy wi' yer first bawbee."



I thocht ance o' savin' it until I got mair,
And then I micht buy a carriage and pair,
Or a fine sailin' yacht, then gang whaur ye please—
There's lots ye micht buy if ye saved yer bawbees.
But I thocht ance mair it wad tak' sic a while
To save up sic' siller, 'twad need sic' a pile,
To buy a fine yacht to sail in the sea
I wad need mair to start than a single bawbee.

So before you'd say winkie I had come to a shop,
At the sights in the winda ma hert filled wi' hope,
There wis sweeties o' a' kinds, and oranges, oh, my!
A thoosand and ane things a bawbee could buy—
Lucky bags by the dizzen, and black-stripet balls,
Sweetie pigs, sweetie pipes, and polismen's calls.
Their worth wis extraordnar, 'twas plain, I could see
Here best I could spend ma first bawbee.

For the door o' the shoppie I made a bee-line,
To buy some burnt candy I had made up ma mind.

But jist at this meenit—oh! the thocht mak's me greet—

The coin slipt frae ma haun and fell on the street.

It rintlet and trintlet till it cam' to the gutter,

And then ere a word frae ma lips I could utter

It fell doon a gratin' in front o' ma ee',

Sae that wis the last o' ma first bawbee.

I grat ma hert sair, ma grief was sae great,

I toddled on hamewards ma tale to relate,

I was clapped on the back wi' my kind-herted mither,

Wha telt me tae fret nane, she'd gie me anither.

Then advice she prescribed I'll never despise—

"Gie Jesus your hert and your life if you're wise,

If ye hinna a Saviour when the time comes tae dee

Ye'll lose a heap mair than your first bawbee.

Of the love o' much siller, says the Bible, beware,

Wi' wealth there's temptation, wi' money a snare,

If we mak' Christ oor portion oor fortune's secure,

Oor pleasures are lasting, oor heaven is sure.

And hasna the Maister declared to us plain,
Has a man ony profit, or what is his gain

If he had a' the riches this world could control

And then, after a', wis to lose his own soul?

"HE TOOK MY PLACE."

AN INCIDENT AT THE WRECK OF THE "BIRKENHEAD," FEBRUARY 20, 1862.

"The Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me" (Galatians 2. 20).

FIVE hundred troops were on the ship,
The ship was on the rock,
And every heart like every plank
Was shaken by that shock.

For little ones and wives beside
Were in that awful wreck,
While orderly the men fell in,
Paraded on the deck.

The boats swung
out — "The
women first!"
The order all
obeyed;
And calmly looked
death in the face
As silently they
stayed.

Around that ship
the hungry
sharks
Had gathered for
their feast;
Four hundred
men and thirty-
eight
Were drowned
that hour at
least.

One boat full laden
lingered near—
One man behind
it called,
But at the thought
of saving him,
The saved ones
looked appalled



And the officer said, "It cannot be!
We must leave him there to sink!"
But a woman spake, "Oh! save that man
On destruction's awful brink!"

"Why save that one?" and the woman
"My husband, sir, is he, [wept—
And I cannot bear to have him swept
Away in that angry sea."

The officer looked in the woman's face,
And then at the sinking man;
There was no room in the laden boat,
But his heart had devised a plan.

He leaped himself from the full boat's side,
Where the failing hands were weak,
And lifted him from the fatal tide,
With a love that could not speak.

He lifted him to
the vacant
place,
Just left at the
loved one's side,
And he was saved
by that act of
grace,
While his saviour
sank and died.

The loving Christ
in the heavens
sat,
And I was sink-
ing here;
There was no
room for a sin-
ner there,
In that holy sin-
less sphere.

But He in grace
had a saving
plan,
And He left that
goodly place,
To come to me, a
sinful man,
And die in His
wondrous grace.

He took my place in the sea of death,
And the waves went over Him;
But He lifted me with His dying breath
To the side of the Seraphim.

He took my death, and my curse, that I
Might take His blessing and grace;
Exchanged with me, giving me His life,
And died in love in my place. W. L.

A RELIGION OF FOUR LETTERS.

"BETWEEN your religion and mine, my friend,
The difference is great indeed,"
Thus spoke a kind lady who wanted to show
A sinner his awful need.

"Indeed," said the gentleman, "how is that?"
"Your religion," she replied,
"Has only two letters, while mine has four—
The difference is very wide."

He was one of that numerous class who think
They can work their way to heaven;
They do not believe that they need the blood,
Ere their sins can be forgiven.



The lady was going away from home,
And had called to say farewell [words,
To her friend, and had spoken the mystic
Their meaning he could not tell.

"What do you mean by *two* letters and *four*?"
He asked in an anxious tone;
She replied, "Your religion is d-o, do,
Mine is d-o-n-e, *done*."

She then took her leave, but her words remained,
And did their work in his soul;
His thoughts were all changed, and his dead works left—

Christ and His Blood was all.

He rested his soul on that finished work,
He trusted in Christ alone,
No more his religion was d-o, do,
It was d-o-n-e, *DONE*.

Sweet word, oh, the joy to a burdened soul
This one little word can bring;
It is *done*, it is *done*, I have nought to do,
Let ransomed sinners sing.

To Him who finished the mighty work
Hundreds of years ago, [tree
The blood that then flowed on the cruel
Makes sinners white as snow.

Satan is vanquished, sin all put away,
And the sting of death is gone;
Oh, who would not change the word d-o, do,
For d-o-n-e, *DONE*? (John 19. 31.) E. J. M.

LOST LITTLE BY LITTLE.

AH! woe is me, undone, undone—
Alas! I'm lost, my race is run;
When first my precious time began
I lost A MINUTE.

Still I pursued some glittering toys,
Was fully bent on earthly joys,
Whilst wisdom's ways I did despise
I lost AN HOUR.

I did not stop, but on I went,
For which I now have to lament;
Those moments all in sin I spent—
I lost A DAY.

Unthinking mortal, Satan still
Me captive led at his own will.
Of pride and mirth I took my fill—
I lost A WEEK.

Well it had been if here I'd stayed,
And Jesus Christ my portion made;
But I my endless peace delayed—
I lost A MONTH.

The minutes, hours, and days, and weeks
In quick succession fled away;
The month likewise refused to stay—
I lost A YEAR.

But did the evil stop? Oh, no,
The year did unimproved go;
For which I feel the sting of woe;
I lost A LIFE.

I've lost a life, I've lost all peace,
I've lost all hope and happiness;
This thought my misery doth increase—
I'm lost FOR EVER.

THE LOSS OF THE "LONDON."

The "London," a fine new steamer, bound for Australia, foundered in the Bay of Biscay on 11th January, 1866. As the last boat was leaving the doomed ship, a lady appeared at the side of the vessel and excitedly cried, "A thousand pounds for a seat in the boat." Alas! she was too late, and with two hundred and twenty men, women, and children, she was "LOST!"

A WORD that is spelt with four letters,

But, oh! what they mean to hearts
they bleed.

To hundreds, yes, hundreds, the word of
despair

Was given by one the truth to declare.

Yet calmly they met the fate that was
nigh

When told by the captain their lot was to
die;

For husbands, and wives, and children em-
braced,

Awaiting the death they were quickly to
taste.

We trust there were some who safely
had known

The Blood of the Lamb which
for sin did atone;

For God has declared, and
His Word still is true:

"When I see the Blood I
will pass over you."

For this was the tidings, now
quickly afloat,

That only a few could be
saved in a boat.

A lady then shouted, "If you
take me in

One thousand bright pounds
it is your lot to win."

The boat was quite full, so
left to her fate,

The words were re-echoed,
"Too late, 'tis too late!"

For a seat in the boat it was
useless to try;

She was left on the wreck,
so surely to die.

But pause now a moment!
we know not the whole,

We grasp not the thought of
the loss of a soul.

The price has been paid by
the gift of God's Son,

The home He has purchased
for us has been won.

Believe in Christ Jesus, then if summoned
to die,

Your portion is fixed with the blessed on
high,

And not with the lost, in the gulf of
despair;

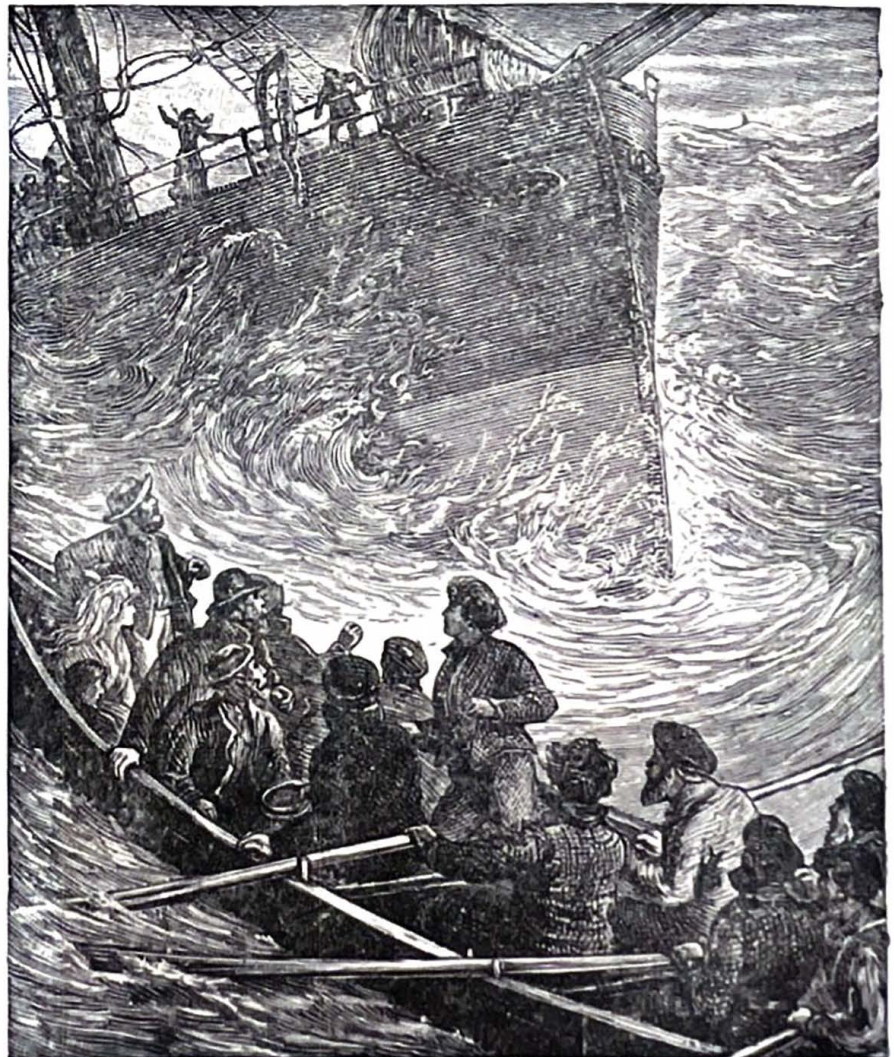
Oh! where is your portion, I ask you, oh,
where?

Receive Him at once, ere He closes the
door,

And His offer of grace is made never
more.

Let not this sad word, so solemn, be
true:

You're *lost*, you are *lost*, with safety in
view. A.C.



"ONE THOUSAND POUNDS FOR A SEAT IN THE BOAT"

UMBRELLA FAITH.

NEVER since he first came to the church till that hour
Had the preacher held forth with such vigour and power,
As with well-chosen words, and a wealth of detail,
He told how Elijah had triumphed o'er Baal.
How on Carmel, God-sent, he had taken his stand;
Till the cloud from the sea rose, the size of a hand,
Till he said, "Go, tell Ahab go down to the plain,
And make haste—there are sounds of abundance of rain."

Long and learnedly he dwelt on man's guilt since the fall,
Want of faith, *unbelief*, chief and blackest of all;
Had not Christ made it plain we are sure to receive
All the blessings we ask if we "only believe."

Then the grand choir sung out in its most approved style,
"Every prospect is pleasing, man only is vile;"
Then the preacher's still voice hushed the tumult again,
As he earnestly prayed that the land might have rain.

But it came not; a day was appointed for prayer
In the church: all the good folks were hastening there.
The sun glared down red, brook and burn had run dry,
And there was not a wisp of a cloud in [the sky].

THE LITTLE DYING GIRL.

PUT your arm around me, mother,
Draw your chair beside my bed;
Let me lean upon your bosom
This poor, weary, aching head.
Once I thought I could not leave you,
Once I was afraid to die;



Unnoticed, if seen, by that church-going throng
A wee hunchback lassie walked briskly along,
While others had sunshades, the day was so warm,
She'd a big umbrella tucked under her arm.
The preacher and wife passed the girl on the way,

He with gold-headed cane,
She with parasol gay;
"Poor girl," the good lady was heard to declare,
"How silly," but then she is scarcely all there.

"Oh, you never can tell what these creatures will do,"

Thought the little hunchback gazing up at the two;

With a look half of pity, half sorrow, and pain,
"My, but these two will catch it when God sends the rain."

God sent it that day, in full measure it fell,
As the wee hunchback's big umbrella could tell.

The preacher, his lady, and all who were there,
[something to spare.]
Got as much as they prayed for, with

The pulpit did all that a pulpit might do,
There were choice thoughts expressed, earnest, solemn, and true;

But I question if any but God ever knew
Of that one prayer in faith that rose up from the pew.

Take your big umbrella, the lesson is plain,
Like the wee hunchback girl, when you're praying for rain.

INSPECTOR AITKEN.

Now, I feel 'tis Jesus calls me
To His mansions in the sky.

Why should you be grieving, mother.

That your child is going home

To that land where sin and sorrow,

Pain and weakness, never come? E.H.

THE LOVE OF NYANGANDIA.

HARK, children, I've a tale to tell,
A simple tale and true,
Of what a dark-skinned African
To hear of Christ would do.

Her name is NyAngandia,
She near a river dwells,
And clusters of bananas she
To make a living sells.

And on the river broad and
wide,
Amid its waters blue,
The practised eye may daily
note
Somewhere the girl's canoe.

In stormy days or sunny calm
The brave girl might be
seen —
The sky above, the waves
beneath,
The shallow skiff between.
Poor African, her soul more
dark
Than e'en her swarthy skin;
She nothing knows of Cal-
vary,
Or remedy for sin.

The Name of Jesus is to her,
A strange unmeaning word,
For of His marvellous love and grace
She had not even heard.

One Saturday her steps by God
Were to our mission led
To sell bananas, and she heard
The life of Jesus read.

Her heart was awed in grief and love,
To learn His Cross, His shame,
And trembling, she with tears and sighs
Repeats the Saviour's name.

"May I come here again?" she pleads,
With eager, questioning eyes.
"Yes, come to-morrow to my class,"
The lady there replies.

"Yes, I will come," she gladly says,
And pointing to her home,
"I live across the waters there,
If I'm alive I'll come."

Next day the little children came
To sing His praises sweet,
The lady's heart leapt up with joy,
NyAngandia to meet.

The lesson o'er, the teacher bids
The little ones good-bye,
Then to the earnest seeker turns
With loving smile and eye.



Then, oh, a wondrous tale she
heard,
Of how, that very day
Some unknown enemy had
borne
The dear child's craft away.
What could she do? the river
broad,
With current strong and
deep,
The mission on the other side,
Could she her promise
keep?
One moment only on the
brink
She stands in grim dismay,
The next she's in the waters
deep,
And battling with the spray.

How well she swims! the brave dark head
Above each wave is seen,
And slow, but sure, the distance now
Is lessening between.

Still on she comes a few more strokes,
The journey now is o'er,
Exhausted, but triumphant now,
She rests upon the shore.

This is the tale as it was told
Some time ago to me,
And often yet I wonder at
That dear girl's bravery.

She risked her life that she might learn!
But on that river deep
The One who read her heart's desire,
The darling child did keep.

Let NyAngandia's great love
Speak to your heart to-day,
Make Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Your Saviour while you may. J.A.W.H.

ONLY A BEGGAR LAD.

(Simple verses concerning a beggar lad, who, wandering into the railway station of a country town, was caught by a night train and killed.)

WITHIN a busy station, the crowds run to and fro;
And somehow don't seem certain, which way they ought to go.
In spite of all their questions, and all the guards' replies,
Their puzzled, anxious voices, are full of "where's?"
and "why's?"

"Yes, sir," shouts out the porter, "'tis platform No. one.
See! there the train is moving! look sharp! you'll have to run!"
Then turning rather quickly, he nearly stumbled o'er,
A little, ragged, homeless boy, of some six years or more.



"THE FLAG WAVES TO AND FRO."

"Why! bless me, child;" he hotly said, "what keeps you standing here?
Get out the way," the porter cried, "and keep the passage clear."
Then turning, quickly, off he strode, and did not hear the sighs,
Or see the bitter, scalding tears, that filled the urchin's eyes.

'Tis getting late, it's ten o'clock, the trains keep rushing in,
And hurrying feet, and clashing doors, keep up a constant din.
And many a weary, care-worn face, relaxes to a smile,
As thoughts of home and pleasure come, their journey to beguile.

The time is up, the whistle blows, the flag waves to and fro—
A jerk, a shriek—a *shriek!* oh, no—the engine whistles so.
The train is off, and rushing on, leaves miles and miles behind,
And bears a hundred weary hearts to rest and peace of mind.

The gray, pale dawn is breaking, with its dull and cheerless light,
And struggling thro' the heavy clouds, dispels the dreary night.
But, what is this? it's first keen gleams, reveal to heaven's view—
A CHILD!—a poor, dead, frozen child, with limbs all stiff and blue.

Fair, flaxen ringlets, tossing wild, back from a stiffened brow;
Sweet, boyish lips are parted, but the smile is frozen now.
Two tiny hands are clasped in prayer—God heard that prayer alone,
And stooped to bear a beggar child to the glories of His home.

They gathered round—these rugged men, and many an eye was dim;
The porter groaned, with choking voice, "poor little lad, it's him
I spoke so gruffly to last night." But others only said,
"Come, take it not so ill,
He's but a little beggar-lad—a nameless grave to fill.

Only a little beggar-lad, and God had called him home,
And gathered in His loving arms, the lamb destined to roam—
Homeless and poor—this cold, cold world, without a single friend;
And Jesus called the little waif, to pleasures without end.

J. A. W. II.

Such incidents as these carry home to our minds the Scripture injunction—"Be ye also ready." The bravest boy may soon be laid low, the cheeriest girl may soon be called away. Death may come suddenly to you! Are you ready? Read John v. 24.

WILLIE'S LETTER.

'T WAS Christmas time, and all day long,

From morn to setting sun,
Up stairs, down lanes and dim,
dark courts,

The postman's feet did run,
With packages of every shape,
Some short, some long, some round,

The children listened for his knock,
And shouted at the sound.

Bright boxes for the little ones,

And toys for babies dear.

Big hampers filled with dainty things,

And Christmas fare and cheer.
What though the frost, with icy touch,

Had frozen o'er the pane,
The ruddy fire upon the hearth
Would thaw the ice again.

Within an attic dark and bare
A boy sat lone and still,

Resting his pale, thin face upon
A small hand blue and chill.

The meagre fire burned feebly,
With faint and flickering blaze,
And on the fitful tongues of flame
The pale boy fixed his gaze.

"My father said," the poor child mused,

"Before he went away
To live in heaven; that God would give

Us all we need each day.
And now poor mother feels the cold,
She needs a dress and shawl;
If I knew where to find the Lord
I'd go and tell Him all."

He thought awhile, and then his face

With sudden joy grew bright,
"I'll write a letter to the Lord,
I will, this very night."

With eager face and trembling hands,

Pen, paper, ink he found,
And kneeling down, began to write,
In letters big and round.

"Dear Jesus, we are very poor,
And mother works all day

To get me food, and fire to keep
Me warm while she's away.

My father said when in distress
I was to tell Thee all;

And mother feels the cold, dear Lord,
Please send a dress and shawl."



With hurrying feet into the street
Dear Willie ran with haste,
And in the nearest pillar-box
His little note he placed.
Then back with smiling face he sped,

Up to the attic bare,
To wait with simple, child-like trust
The answer to his prayer.

What piles of letters wait that day
Within the sorting-room,
And well that Willie did not know
His tiny letter's doom.
Cast out with many others that
Had no correct address,
Neglected lay the letter which
Told God the boy's distress.

But He who seeth all things saw
The letter lying there,
And He who loves the children watched

That note with tender care.
The Post-Master himself came in,
And, pausing at the door,
With careless hand began to turn
The pile of letters o'er.

Then whistled with surprise to see
A letter thus addressed
(In childish hand and reverently),
"To dear Lord Jesus Christ."
He picked it up and read it o'er,
With wonder and surprise,
Then placed the slip within his vest,
With slowly moistening eyes.

That night a brilliant company met,
A merry crowd and gay,
Within a noble west-end house,
To celebrate the day.

But while they feasted, ate, and drank,
The host's kind face was grave,
And after dinner, called to speak,
Strange was the speech he gave.

He from his pocket drew a note,
And slowly read each word
Of that strange message from the boy

"To Jesus Christ the Lord."
And one among them heard with tears,

And earnestly did plead
That she might have the honour of
Supplying all their need.

So speedily the answer came,
God hears the children's call,

Next day, to Willie's joy, He sent
The needed dress and shawl.
So, children, put your trust in God,
Let Him your footsteps lead.
He'll be your Saviour, Guard, and Guide,
Your truest Friend in need.

Trust Him for your *salvation first*,
He's worthy of your love,
For you he left His Father's home,
His glorious throne above.
Then trust Him *daily*, you will find
His promise grand and true,
That He will never you forsake,
But bear you safely through.

J. A. W. H.

"For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich."

2 Cor 8. 9.



THE CRITIC.

A LITTLE seed lay in the ground,
And soon began to sprout;
"Now, which of all the flowers around,"
It mused, "shall I come out?"

"The lily's face is fair and proud,
But just a trifle cold;
The rose, I think, is rather loud,
And, then, its fashion's old.



"The violet, it is very well,
But not a flower I'd choose,
Nor yet the Canterbury bell,
I never cared for blues."

And so it criticised each flower,
This super-cilious seed,
Until it woke one summer hour,
And found itself a weed. J. H. B.

THE MAIDEN'S LOVE.

In honour of the telegraph maid who stuck to her post, flashed the warning message, and saved the town
Illustrating the text, "Greater love hath no man than this" (John 15. 13).

'T WAS that dark year, we all know well,
Of shower, and blight, and blow,
When the great dam burst and flooded all
The fertile vale below.

Away down midst the woods and trees
The little railway lay, [screamed
Where wheels went round, and engines
And smoked the livelong day.

And there within her office neat,
Half hid by plants and flowers,
A fair young telegraphist sat
And sung away the hours.
To every little song she sung,
And every little rhyme,
The little ticking needle in
The corner beat the time.

Then burst the storm as flash and crash
In quick succession came
Her trembling heart beat quicker than
The needle in the frame.
What wonder if her thoughts went back
To Him of Galilee, [wrath,
Whose soft word hushed the tempest's
And stilled the raging sea.

Loud and more loud till, lo! a crash—
The little cabin reeled—
As if in one wild roll and rush
A thousand thunders pealed.
And louder still than all a cry
Rung like a death-knell then—
The dam had burst, and woe betide
The dwellers down the glen.

Up from her little place she sprang
In eager haste for flight,
When, lo! the little needle in
The corner caught her sight;

And near it, hanging on the wall,
The text her teacher gave—
Blest words, "He saved others, but
Himself He could not save."

What! could she leave those thousands in
The crowded towns below
Without one word of warning? No;
She could not, dare not go.

She faltered just one moment,
Shorter far than thought or breath—
A feeble little maid between
Ten thousand souls and death,

The angels up in glory paused
A moment in their song,
As swift the dots and dashes sped
The words of life along.

'Twas done all in a moment, but
Alas! ah! where was she?
For swifter than the moments rolled
That towering wall of sea.

The old bridge rocked beneath her as
She sped for safety o'er;
The tempest beat above her fierce
And wilder than before.

The flood closed in around her high,
And higher, wave on wave—
She gave her life for others, but
Herself she could not save.

Her grave? All vain the question is.
God knows where it may be;
It may be in the river-bed,
It may be in the sea;

It may be 'neath the meadow sweet,
Where wild flowers fragrant grow.
God buried her like Moses—this
Is all that man may know.

INSPECTOR AITKEN.

LITTLE MAY'S FIRST STAR.

"HOW pretty you are," said little May,
Looking up in her sister's face,
Who was dressing for a dance that night,
In tinsel and in lace.
She placed on her head a brilliant crown,
The centre of which was a star,
Which dazzled the eyes of the wondering child
As it scattered its rays afar.

May greatly admired that jewelled crown,
But she heaved a heart-felt sigh [Lord,
As she thought of the crown on the head of the
When men passed scoffing by.
And she seemed to see that crown of thorns
As He hung upon the tree,
Till the darkness veiled the most awful sight
That eyes could ever see.

Then she thought of a crown, not a crown of
thorns,
But the crown of glory bright,
Which adorns His brow, who for sinners died,
Midst heaven's eternal light.

Another mind recalled the oft-told truths,
Of those who win the lost,
Having crowns to cast at His pierced feet,
Who redeemed at tremendous cost.

In wistful tones she murmured low:
"I wish I some soul could win
To the Saviour who for sinners died,
To wash away their sin."
The simple words of a little child,
Were winged as an arrow's dart,
And her conscience reached: they were
sent by God,

And they pierced that sister's heart.
She went to the ball in her grand attire,
But the words of the little child
Were re-echoed again and yet again,
In that heart by sin defiled.
She vainly tried to forget the words,
And enjoy the dance as before,
But no; the Saviour was standing there,
And knocking at her heart's door.

And a vision rose of that eager face,
And those eyes so full of love,
It seemed like a heavenly finger-post,
To direct her gaze above.
And again she heard that murmur low:
"I wish I some soul could win
To the Saviour who for sinners died,
To wash away their sin."

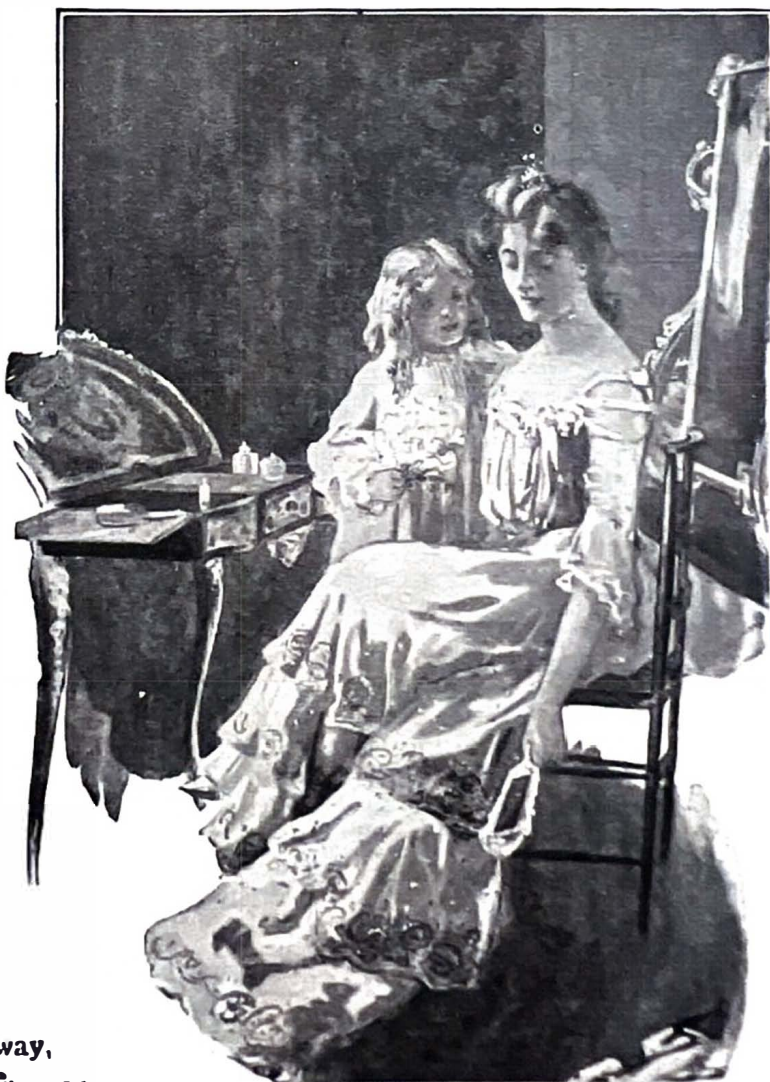
She thought of the time so vainly spent
In gaiety, sin, and show;
She thought of the life she was wasting away,
Leading downwards to death and woe.

She thought of the Saviour's boundless grace,
In dying for her on the tree;
She thought of the times she had slighted Him.
And longed to His side to flee.

She hurriedly left that ball-room gay,
Went home in her soul despair,
And pardon found, through a Saviour's love,
For she sought it in earnest prayer.
Then she went and kissed the sleeping child
As the silvery moon shone bright,
And softly said, "She has won her star,
I am saved by grace to-night."

How good of God to give His Son,
How good of Christ to die,
That sinners young and sinners old,
Should know eternal joy.
This love is boundless, full, and free,
And you its power may prove,
So turn to Him through Jesus Christ,
No longer from Him rove.

A. G.



THE FUGITIVE SLAVE.

ONWARD with firm yet buoyant tread,
Swift on his way the traveller sped,
Humming a tune to his swinging pace,
Keeping time with an easy grace;
Bronzed and brown was his forehead fair.
Broad and clear 'neath his curling hair.
His a face you could trust and love,
Knowing, a friend he'd always prove.

Lo! in fear from the forest springs
A figure as on eagle's wings; [torn
Bleeding the feet, and bruised and
With prickly boughs the swarthy
form, [flight,
Marking with blood his path in
His dread pursuers just in sight.
Terror gleams from his rolling eyes,
Straight to the Englishman he flies,
And, cowering helpless at his feet,
Pleads the mercy he hopes to meet.
The owner and his band appear,
And with menacing forms draw near,
With lances bright and full-drawn bows,
And round the slave and traveller close.
The Englishman now stands erect,
Prepares the helpless to protect,
And, filled with pity, would have bought
The hunted slave, and so besought
The owner what his price would be,
That he might give him liberty.
The master's face grew dark and cold:
"I ask not, sir, his price in gold,
And naught my purpose from will keep—
Not gold, but *blood alone*, I seek."
The master made some rapid signs—
The Englishman his thought divines.
He saw one near him aim the dart—
'Twas meant to pierce the negro's heart.
Nothing escaped his eagle sight,
And when the arrow winged its flight
He raised his arm, and, to their dread,
It pierced the white man's flesh instead.
The owner now filled with alarm,
Gazed at the traveller's bleeding arm,
And, filled with fear and trembling, stood
And watched the freeman's flowing blood.
The Englishman now felt empowered,
As 'neath his gaze the owner cowered.
He bares his arm, and sternly said,
"The deed is done—blood has been shed."
The owner now would fain be friends,
And for the wounding make amends;
Expressed his sorrow that the dart
Meant for the wretched negro's heart
Had missed its aim and pierced his arm,
But that he had not meant him harm.
"Apologies," he says, "are just,
But give me retribution first.
Eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth;
The ancient law of light and truth.



Proclaimed as just; blood has been spilt,
And *blood alone* atones for guilt."
His eyes fall on the trembling slave,
Whose pleading lips his mercy crave.
"You sought the life of this man here;
Blood has been spilt—more precious, dear,
Blood of a *freeman*—without cause,
And thus outraged the country's laws.

'Twas blood you sought, blood has
been shed; [stead.
My blood has flowed in this man's
The arrow meant for him I got—
I claim him mine, by blood he's
bought;

Do you agree?" To end it so
The man consents and turns to go;
While overcome with joy complete,
The poor slave at the traveller's feet
Sobs out his thanks, and, weeping,
says,

"I'll serve you, massa, all my days."
When once the owner's word was given,
Away all thought of death was driven.
The fugitive need fear no more—
Redeemed by blood, the terror's o'er.
Oh, think of it, by blood redeemed;
Oh, what a wondrous price it seemed.
A wretched, hunted, wounded slave,
A freeman gives his blood to save.
What wonder that his heart was won,
And life-long gratitude begun.
What think ye, then, of Christ, who gave
His precious blood thy soul to save?
Who is He? God's eternal Son.
With Him ere Time its race begun,
All things existing He hath made—
The night and day, the light and shade,
The beauteous earth, the boundless sea,
And sky's unmeasured canopy.
Planets and comets, moon and sun,
He made and bade them onward run,
Revolving through the trackless space,
And by His power still guides their race.
The brightness of God's glory, He,
Equal in power and majesty.
Yet when the appointed time was due,
He proved His meek obedience, too,
When He, whom countless angels laud,
Comes forth to do the will of God,
And lays His power and honour by,
Then takes the form of man to die.
Go, gaze upon His cross of shame,
And count each dying throb of pain,
And measuring His depths of woe,
Sin's awful power more fully know.
Then come and take the sinner's place,
While lingers yet God's day of grace.
Come, trust the risen Son of God,
And ever be "redeemed by blood." J.A.W.H.

BOB, THE CABIN BOY.

An Original Ballad founded on this well known Narrative.



Staut a craft was the Nancy,
As ever the wild waves bore ;
And a goodly sight were her sails
of white,
As the winds they swept before.
And as gallant a crew she had
on board
As ever sailed the sea ;
But the captain of the Nancy,
Such a godless man was he.



"A GOODLY SIGHT WERE HER SAILS OF WHITE."

An angry frown was on his brow,
A curse on his sinful lip ;
And he was loved by ne'er a one
Of all that manned that ship.
And let the winds blow high or low,
The night be foul or fair,
The voice of their commander
Was never raised in prayer.

Not long had the Nancy been to sea,
When the captain he fell ill,
God laid His hand on the sinful man,
And his wicked tongue was still.
In his hammock below, a wreck he lay,
Had lain for a week or more,
Yet never a man from the Nancy's crew
Had opened his cabin door.

Not a man had stooped with a kindly word
To soothe his aching head ;
Not a man had moistened his burning lips,
Or brought him a crumb of bread.
But God looked down from His throne on high,
Looked down on the dying man ;
He had waited His time and chosen His hour
To work out His own wise plan.

Yet He chose no voice from the yawning deep,
No angel form from above,
But the meanest of all on board that ship,
He chose for His work of love.
T'was watch below on a Sunday night,
And the winds were whistling soft,
Along the face of the mighty deep,
And up in the shrouds aloft.

When a soft step paused at the cabin door,
Where the dying captain lay ;
And, "Are you better my master, dear ?"
A gentle voice did say.
The captain he raised his weary head,
And he glanced with his bloodshot eye,
But his heart was hard, oh ! his heart was hard,
For a curse was his reply.

But again at the dawning of the day
Came that step to the cabin door,
And, "Are you better my master, dear ?"
Said the gentle voice once more.
Now the captain of all that sailed that ship
Was the wickedst man by far,
And he had spent the prime of his life
On board a man-of-war.

But the gentle voice of his cabin boy,
It knocked at his stony heart,
And it bade the mis-spent years to rise,
And the briny tears to start.
And they trickled down his brawny face,
Down his cheeks so brown and tanned,
And he wept as he gazed in the boy's blue eyes,
And hid his face in his hand.

"Ah ! Bob, my lad, I am very ill,
Ill, ill, as I well can be,
No sleep last night for the sad strange thoughts,
And the moanings of the sea.
No rest, no rest, for the wind and the waves,
Hark, hark, how they cry and sob :
I'm lost, I'm lost, no hope for me,
No rest for your captain, Bob."

BOB, THE CABIN BOY.

"The Lord is good," replied the boy;
He knows what poor sailors are;
And He'll hear you, master, though high His
Above sun, moon, and star." [home,
And with many a gentle word he strove,
While the captain groaned with pain;
To comfort the heart of the dying man,
Ere he hurried on deck again.

Next morning the captain said with a moan,
While a tear stood in his eye;
"I've been thinking all night of the Bible, Bob,
I want you to get one—try.



"BOB READ OF OUR BLESSED LORD."

Go forward and look in some chest, my lad,
'Tis no use your looking here,
I have'nt had one in my cabin, alas!
'This many a long, long year.

Then search and get me a Bible—do,
Go forward and look, my boy."
Soon the captain beheld the lad's return,
Beheld him with tears of joy.
"Ah! that will do, he said with a smile,"
As he saw Bob's cheerful look,
"Now sit on my chest and read to me,
From out of that blessed Book

Pick out some bit about sinners, Bob,
Some piece that will suit me now,
And soon I'll know whether such as I
Can be saved, my boy, and how."
With the eager ear of a dying man,
He listened to every word,
As with anxious heart and trembling voice,
Bob read of our blessed Lord.

Next morning the captain said with a sigh,
"Ob! Bob, I shall never get whole,
You'll soon have to cast me overboard,
But what will become of my soul?
Oh! what will become of my soul? dear lad,
God sees and He can't forget.
I'm lost! I'm lost!" "No captain, no,
I think you'll be saved yet!

Oh! captain, remember the many fine things
I read to you yesterday."
The captain he groaned, but he said ere long,
"My good boy, can you pray?"
"No, captain, I never prayed in my life,
But the one prayer taught to me,
Which I said every night when a little child,
I knelt at my mother's knee.

"Oh! pray for me, Bob, pray earnestly,
Get down on your bended knees,
And cry to the Lord for mercy, Bob,
For my soul is ill at ease."
Then Bob knelt down by the captain's side,
And folded his hands in prayer,
And sore he besought the Lord to take,
The dying man into His care.

Still weaker and weaker the captain grew,
But none ever heard him complain,
His hope was in God and His Holy Word,
Bob prayed with him oft again.
One morning the captain said with a smile,
"I'm glad you have come, my lad,
For my heart is burning to tell you, Bob,
What a glorious night I've had.

I lay last night in a sort of a dose,
Still thinking of what you read,
When all of a sudden I thought I saw
A vision beside my bed.
I thought I saw in the corner there,
As plain as I see you now,
Christ hanging on the cross—aye, Bob,
With the thorn crown on His brow

BOB, THE CABIN BOY.

Struck with the sight—I fell at His feet—
In the greatest of agony,
And ‘Jesus, Thou Son of David,’ I cried,
Have mercy now on me.
At length I thought He looked on me,
That look I’ll ne’er forget ;
It made the blood to my heart to rush,
And high my pulse to beat.

I waited, Bob, for Him to speak,
And then I saw Him smile,
My boy, He smiled on me, yes, Bob,
On me, though sinful and vile.
And then those words I heard Him speak,
Oh ! Bob, He said to me,
‘Son, be of good cheer, thy many sins
Are all forgiven thee.’

I’m not afraid to die now, Bob,
My sins are forgiven I know ;
I want no more this side the grave,
I’m ready, my boy, to go.
I know that Jesus died for me,
I know my sins forgiven,
I know He has prepared for me,
A mansion up in heaven.

And now, dear Bob, don’t weep and fret,
For oh ! I long to flee
To yon blest home where free from sin,
And pain I e’er shall be.
God bless you, lad, may you be kept,
From Satan’s subtle power,
And oh ! I pray that God on thee,
His richest gifts may shower.

And tell my crew I them forgive,
As I have been forgiven,
And that I long to meet them all,
Around the throne in Heaven.”
Then, as the day passed swiftly on,
Oft’ was the Bible read,
Until at night poor Bob retired
To rest his weary head.

Next morn at daybreak, Bob arose,
And op’ed the cabin door,
And there he saw upon his knees,
His master on the floor
There, in the corner, where he saw
‘The vision as he slept ;
The captain knelt as if in prayer,
The boy stood by and wept.

Poor Bob, he paused as if afraid
His captain to disturb ;
At length he cried—“My master, dear !”
No answering voice was heard.
“Captain !” he cried, but silenced reigned,
The boy was filled with dread ;
He touched his master, but alas !
The touch told he was dead.

No doubt he saw again that night
His Saviour on the tree ;
And as he rose to thank Him for,
The gift of life so free.
The captain’s spirit took its flight
To realms of bliss and love !
Where free from pain and sorrow there,
He dwells with Christ above.

How grand to know that Christ receives
ALL who to Him will come,
And never will He cast away
Though they in sin did roam.
But life eternal He will give
To all who will believe ;
And those who seek Him here below,
A crown of life receive. W. H. L.



MARY LOST AND FOUND.

MARY lived with her fond mother

In her little Highland home
'Mid the hills and blooming heather,

Over which she loved to roam.

So she bloomed the sweetest flower
On the verdant mountain side,

But she often wondered vaguely
What the world held broad and wide.

[mountain,
Once she climbed the highest
Straining her bright eyes to see
Far beyond the dim horizon,
Wondering where the town
could be.

"I mun gang," she whispered,
tossing

From her brow the sunny curls;
"I mun hae my bit o' pleasure,
Whit mair me than ither girls?"

All went well, until one evening
Mary, looking strangely bright,
Crept into the little kitchen
In the dim, uncertain light.

Just one parting look she ventured,
Then she sped upon her way,
And her home was far behind her
At the early break of day.

Morning dawned. The careful mother

Early had the firewood lit,
Wondering as she filled the kettle
Why her girl was sleeping yet.

One more hour and still no Mary,
So she called her cheerfully—
"Are ye sleeping? Mary! Mary!
Dae ye ken the time o' day?"

Still no answer, and the mother
Went into the tiny room,
But her look, so kind and gentle,
Changed to fear and sudden gloom.

Mary gone! A little letter
Written carefully and neat
Told her mother all the story [feet.
Whence had turned her weary

Then the mother, strangely aged,
With the sudden bitter grief,
Carried all her woes to Jesus,
And He gave her sweet relief.
Days, and weeks, and months
rolled onward,

Day by day the mother prayed—
"Father, bring ma lassie hame-
ward, [strayed.

For Ye ken where she has
"Grant that I may see her, Father,
Ere Ye call me up above;
Let me ken ma wandering lassie
Sought and found a Saviour's
love "

And each evening in the window
Patiently she placed a light,
Saying, "She micht come this
e'ening,
And 'twill keep her steps aright."

Never once since Mary left her
Had she barred the door within,
"For," she thought, "she micht
be coming,
And the latch wld let her in."



Winter passed, and gentle summer
Clad the hills and vales with
flowers,

But the mother's watch was
faithful [hours.

Through the long and sunny
"Father, lead ma lassie hame-
ward,"

Was the burden of her prayer,
"Yet I ken that I can trust her
Tae Your ever-loving care."

Then at last one wintry evening
When the light was burning low,
And the dreary clouds were
threatening
Soon a heavy fall of snow.

Up the glen a weary figure
Toils along with faltering pace.
Pausing now and then to gather
Strength the biting wind to face.

Onward, upward to the cottage
Where the widow trims the
light,
That it may be burning brightly
Through the dreary hours of
night.

And the weary wanderer hears her
Saying, "She micht come the
nicht,

And the snaw 'll come directly,
I mun hae a cheery licht."

"I hae come, O mither! mither!
Will ye ever tak me in?
But I'm weary o' this wand'ring,
Weary o' a life o' sin."

"Mary!" and her mother clasped
her

To her heart with joyful tears,
"He has answered ma petition,
Praise the Lord! who ever
hears."

Then she gazed with deepest
sorrow

On the face once sweetly fair,
Now so weary, wan and wistful,
Lined with sorrow, pain, and
care.

"Ye hae suffered, but, ma dearie,
Noo ye're hame tae me again;
Ye will sine be bricht and rosy,
All your health and strength
regain."

But as days and months fled
onward,

Mary only weaker grew,
And that she would ne'er be better
In this world her mother knew.

One day sitting in the sunshine
Mary called her mother near,
"When I came to ye yon evening
Had I any need for fear?"

"No, ma Mary, for I lo'ed ye
Faur ower much tae say yenay."

"Mither, if I come tae Jesus
Will He turn Himsel' away?"

"No, ma Mary, if I lo'e ye
Jesus lo'es ye dearer still,
He is waitin' to receive ye
If ye come wi' broken will."

Next day Mary's face was radiant
With a new-born heavenly light,
As she whispered to her mother,
"Jesus took me in last night."

"I just came and Jesus showed me
How He hung upon the Tree,
When I saw His wounds He told me
That He died for love tae me.

"And I saw that I, the sinner,
Could daenoucht mysel' tae save,
Bit when Jesus suffered for me,
He a perfect ransom gave.

"Noo I mean tae serve this Jesus
Till he tak's me tae His home,
Whar I'll rest, and never yonder
Seek again frae Him tae roam."

And when in the early Spring-time,
Ere the snow was off the glen,
Mary heard the Saviour calling,
Glad she answered back again.

"Yes, I'm coming!" and her Saviour
Softly loosed the silver cord,
And the ransomed soul sped
Homeward,

To be ever with the Lord.

J A W H.

"MY;" OR, THE SHEPHERD LADDIE.

PART I.

OH, freshly blow the breezes
Upon our Scottish hills!
Oh, brightly shine the sunbeams
Upon our sparkling rills!
Oh, purple glows the heather
Upon our moorlands wild!
Oh, deep green grow the grasses
Upon each broad hillside!

'Twas in this bonnie
country
The shepherd laddie
grew;
Of all the sheep he tended
The face, the bleat, he
knew.

Oh, loudly broke their
baaing
Upon the summer air!
Each varied tone resound-
ing
Here, there, and every-
where!

His collie bounded past
him
The stragglers to recall,
And from each copse or
quarry
Would safely bring
them all.

Blithe was the shepherd
laddie,
His step was firm and
light!
And all the country knew
him,
So active and so bright!

PART II.

Fierce is the northern
winter:
Stern is the Scottish blast:
Long, long the cold winds blowing,
The thick snow falling fast.
Hard is the shepherd's duty
To seek the straying sheep,
Lest in the heavy snowdrifts
In death they chance to sleep!
Was it the biting breezes
That made our laddie ill?
And did some driving tempest
Too soon his life-blood chill?
No more will he, delighted,
On rosy rowans look;

No more rush down the hillsides,
And leap the mountain top.

He lies in pain and weakness
Upon his lowly bed;
Gone the fresh hue of vigour—
Come hectic flush instead!

PART III.

A man of God comes to him;
He knows that he must die,

"THE-LORD-IS-my-(remember)
My Shepherd, and my Lord.

"Now place your right forefinger
On the fourth of your left hand;
Let it rest there, my laddie,
To help you understand."

The sick boy heard intently,
Then did as he was told.

And of the left fourth
finger

With the first right he
took hold.

And then he murmured
softly,

"The Lord is my—is my,
My Shepherd," and so
saying
A bright smile lit his eye.

PART IV.

In a few days that good
man

Came to the cot once
more,

"How is your laddie,
mither?"

He asked her at the door.

"Oh, bonnie! he's richt
bonnie!"

She earnestly replied;
But a tear was on her
lashes,

For her darling boy had
died!

She took him to his bed-
side:

There, crossed upon his
breast,

The right forefinger
closely

left fourth finger pressed.

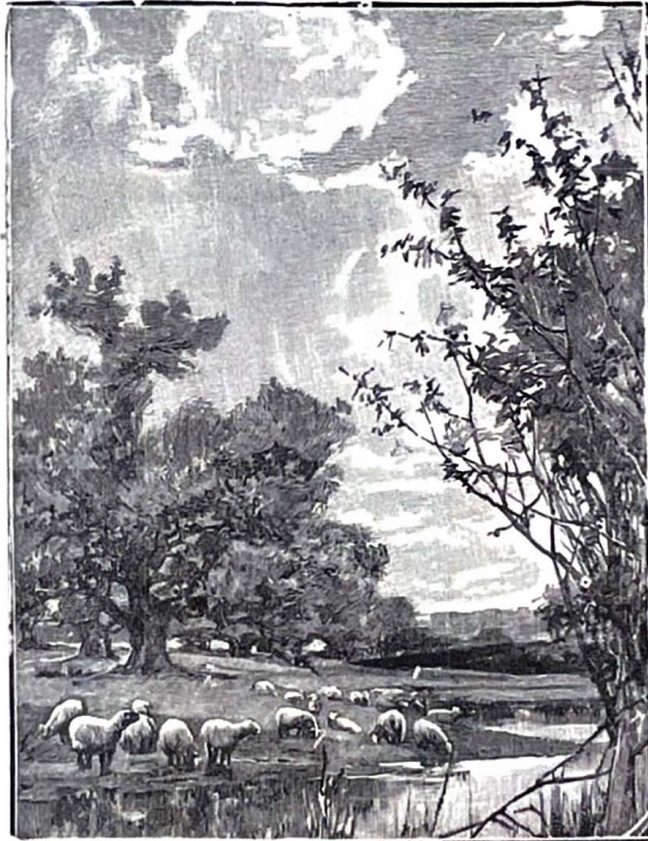
Unseen came the Good Shepherd,
And took His lamb away;

With Him in His sweet pastures
For evermore to stay!

Oh, happy are the humble
Who in the Lord believe!
Who Him and His salvation
With simple trust receive!

They say and mean it truly,
Inspired with faith divine!

"I am the Lord's for ever,
And He, I know, is mine!" E.A.W.



And on the blest Redeemer,
Desires to fix his eye.

"A sheep you minded, laddie,
Could it but speak would say,
'Yon is my shepherd! kindly
He led me every day.'

"So you may say, believing,
'The Lord my Shepherd is!
My very own! and truly
I know that I am His.'

"See here," and on his fingers
The kind man marked each word:

THE GRAND OLD BOOK. (With apologies to the Author of)

"The Old Arm Chair."

I LOVE it, I love it, who dare me rebuke
For loving, still loving the grand old Book?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed
it with sighs.



'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would you know the spell? For a Saviour I look,
And Him I have found through the grand
old Book.
T.N.

COMFORTING MOTHER.

"MOTHER," a little girlie said,
As she stroked her mother's low-
bent head,
"Mother, darling, why do you cry?
Has somebody hurt you? Tell me why."



YOU HAVE HELPED TOO

The scene was in China, the mother dear,
One who had toiled for many a year,
And now was feeling a little spent,
Though still on the Master's work intent.
She had striven to tell of His boundless grace
To the women and girls of that ancient race,
But felt how little 'twas she could do,
With husband and children to care for, too.
A while ago she had written home,
Praying some other friend might come

To help undertake the work she knew
Would more than fill the hands of two.

The reply was just to hand, and fell
On her heart as might a tolling bell
Recording the passing of one beloved—
For a while she neither spoke or moved.

Her little daughter, running that way,
Stopped in the midst of her merry play,
Astonished at the unwonted sight,
For "Mother" was always cheery and bright.

The childish voice brought some relief,
For part of the weight of that speechless grief
Lay in the fact that those who *should* care
Were all unwilling her burden to share.

The little voice said, "What can I do?
Do let me help you, or I'll cry, too;
Where is Father? I'm sure he'd try
To do anything, so you shouldn't cry."

It made her remember—she knew not why—
That *love* was enthroned above the sky;
And *love* would always *help*. She knew
Somehow *that* love would see her through.

And, turning from those who so little knew
Him that they cared not His work to do,
She directed her prayer in Jesus' name,
To the Lord of the harvest, and caught the
flame

Of His love-light shining in that dark place;
And holding her daughter in close embrace,
She whispered, "*God* has helped me, dear,
And you have helped, too, there is naught
to fear."

M. C.

WHAT THE MINUTES SAY.

WE are but minutes: little things;
Each one furnished with sixty wings
With which we fly on our unseen track,
And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but minutes when we bear
A burden of sorrow, pain, and care;
We are but minutes when we bring
Dewdrops sweet from pleasure's spring.

We are but minutes: use us well;
For sure our use we must one day tell.
Who uses minutes, has hours to use;
Who loses minutes, years must lose.

A WORTHLESS WAIF.

A STORY which I read in prose
I give to you in verse;
Nor will the truth it shall disclose
Be liked one bit the worse.
No tragic deed by pirates done
My story shall relate;
No battle fought nor victory won
By slaying small or great.
But of a little nine-year-old
Who had been taught to pray;
Of truth his lips had taken hold,
He walked "the narrow way."
Of earthly comforts he had few,
Kind words he seldom heard;
No loving father's care he knew,
His hope was in the Lord.
A worthless waif just in the way,
So his step-father thought,
Forthwith I'll send him far away,
Nor shall it cost me aught.
A vessel lying in the dock
For Halifax is bound,
I'll bide him underneath the deck,
Nor care if he gets drowned.
When four days out the boy was found,
And brought before the mate;
Then he, to those who gathered round,
His story did relate.
The mate would not believe his tale,
And very angry grew:
"Who brought you here? say without fail,
Which of this vessel's crew?"
These stern demands were often made
Upon the friendless youth;
"I know not one on board," he said,
"I've told you all the truth."
At length the angry mate resolved
He'd know the real truth;
The mystery strange, it should be solved,
Or he would hang the youth.
With iron grip he seized him firm,
The crew his orders wait
To hang him to the ship's yard-arm,
And thus to seal his fate.
Once more the stern demand was made,
"Who brought you here, my boy?"
"I've told the truth," he calmly said,
"I dare not tell a lie."

With watch in hand the mate stood forth,
And thus addressed the youth:
"Ten minutes respite you shall have,
Be wise, and speak the truth."
All eyes were turned upon the lad
To hear what he would say,
In simple, touching words he said,
"Please, will you let me pray?"
The mate consented with a nod,
Then, kneeling on the deck,
The boy prayed fervently to God
That He his soul might take.



In simple, earnest words he prayed
(His cry reached up to heaven)
That God would grant, for Jesus' sake,
The mate might be forgiven.
The mate broke down, he seized the lad,
And clasped him in his arms;
He owns the truth of all he said,
The prayer of faith disarms.
Now may our little hero's God
Pour grace into our hearts;
Implant within each girl and lad
"Truth in the inward parts."
The full results of steadfast faith,
Nourished by grace divine,
As in this story true set forth,
Through endless years will shine.

"TO STOP THE TRAIN, PULL DOWN THE CHAIN."

"To stop the train, pull down the chain."
 We read it as we go;
 But what the little message means,
 We scarcely care to know.
 Out from the crowded platform slowly
 Moved the long night train,
 And friends waved fond adieus to friends
 They ne'er might see again.
 Another year, a long farewell
 To sea-breeze, sand, and shore;
 Sun-browned and tanned, back from the land,
 To city smoke once more.

Farewell to hill,
 and glen and
 vale,
 Farewell to field
 and foam;
 Though but a
 crowded city
 court,
 Home still was
 "home, sweet
 home."

"To stop the
 train, pull
 down the
 chain,"
 Sung out a little
 child,
 And everybody
 looked and
 laughed,
 And everybody
 smiled.

It climbed the
 seats, pulled
 down the
 blinds,
 And aye from
 time to time,

"To stop the train, pull down the chain,"
 It sung its little rhyme.

Ah, little dreamt they as they laughed—
 It never crossed their brain—
 What that same child that night would do,
 By pulling down the chain.

Down came the rain, no star-gleam pierced
 The dark sky overhead,
 As through the air, with smoke and glare,
 The night train onward sped.

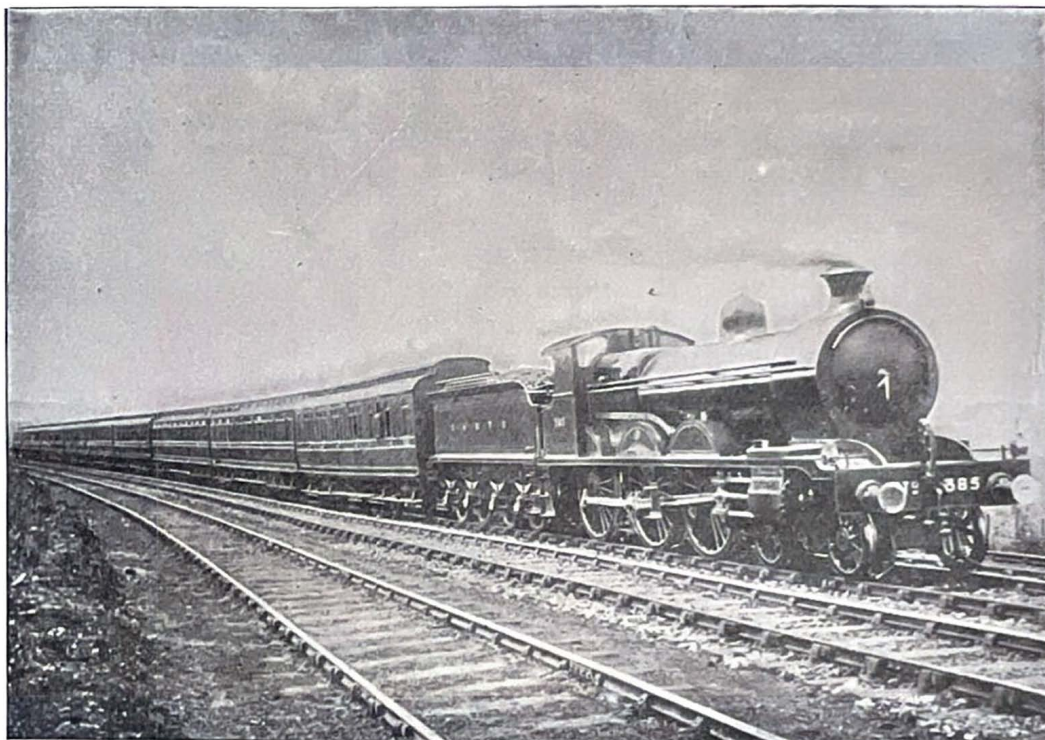
Fed by the showers that ceaseless fell,
 Far up among the hills,
 Broad rivers grew from little brooks,
 And brooks from little rills.

On sped the long train through the night,
 With jolt, and clank, and din.

Though wet and cold was all without,
 'Twas warm and dry within.

The buzz of conversation ceased,
 The last old tale was told;
 Then night's still calm brought peace and balm
 Alike to young and old.

That strange, soft, dreamy nothingness,
 That o'er the senses creep
 Touched all, save that wee, wilful thing
 That would not go to sleep.
 And weary lids dropped one by one.
 Till all seemed in the power
 Of slumber's sweet and soothing chain
 When, lo! at midnight hour,
 Unseen, unknown by any one
 In all that slumbering train,
 That same, wee, wilful, wayward hand
 Reached up and pulled the chain.



GLASGOW AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY EXPRESS TRAIN.

Quick rasped the brakes, but quicker still
 Broke through the startled air
 The deep-toned whistle's eerie scream,
 And roused each slumberer there
 Off went the steam, down came the smoke
 Till train and engine stood
 Right on the first end crossbeam where
 The great bridge spanned the flood.
 "Who pulled the chain?" the question vain
 Was asked by one and all;
 But none thought of that childish band,
 So feeble and so small.
 No drawhook broke, no buffer lock,
 No fault at all they see.
 Lamps all alight, connections right,
 Doors shut, as doors should be.
 Nor front, nor back, nor wheel, nor track,
 Nor valve, nor gearing wrong.
 When sudden, through a broken cloud,
 The moon shone clear and strong.
 That moon-streak, bright as noonday's light,
 Lit up the black unseen,

"TO STOP THE TRAIN, PULL DOWN THE CHAIN."

And showed a yawning chasm wide,
Where once the bridge had been.

A moment more, five hundred souls
Had plunged where help was vain,
Had not that feeble childish hand
Reached up and pulled the chain.

And many a year has passed away,
And times have changed, and men;
And many a heart is cold to-day
That beat with vigour then;

And many a moon has come and gone,
With changing ebb and flow;
And many a summer's sun and rain;
And many a winter's snow.

That huge grey pile of logs and beams
Has long since passed away,
And great steel arms stretch, each to each,
Across the flood to-day.

How often, in the rush of life,
Some trifle brings us to—
Some little word, or look, or deed
A little child may do;

Some little empty cradle cot,
Some little vacant chair,
Some soft spot in our stony heart
We never knew was there.

On goes life's brakes; we slow, we stop,
Our wakened souls respond;
Then streams the light from God that shows
The yawning "gulf" beyond

Man cannot tell, God only knows,
Some day He'll make it plain
Who moved that feeble, childish hand
That night to pull the chain.

There are little hands up yonder
In the Glory-land to-day,
There are little fingers pulling,
Though long gone from earth away.

Ah! I would not give one sparkle
From yon baby girl's blue eyes
For all the lights that ever shone
In all those starry skies.

In Rama still the voice is heard,
The young, the bright, the fair
Is not, and many a Rachael weeps
Because they are not there.

Oh! mother do not yet give up
That wild and wayward son,
Though hope has fled, and life seems dead,
God still is God; pray on.

He sees your tears, He hears your prayers,
He makes your grief His own;
There never failed a harvest yet
Where seed in tears was sown.

There is a chain that never breaks,
'Twas forged through blood and love,
To draw the lost from death and sin
To life and God above.

When earthquakes rock and tempests shock,
And fire and wind are vain,
Your still, small voice though hushed in death
Will draw him like a chain.

G. & S.-W. R., Greenock.

INSPECTOR AITKEN.



"NOTHING NEW TO TELL."

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ" (Gal. 6. 14).

WHEN summer comes, the leaves we see
Are just the same old colour
As they have been, as they will be;
I'm sure we want no other.
The flowers and birds are just the same,
And yet we love them dearly;
The sun is just the same old sun
That has been shining clearly
For years and years, and we are glad
To hail him in the morning;
The sky in his old way he paints,
His glowing path adorning.
So we have nothing new to tell,
It's just the same old story:
How Jesus died to save the lost,
And take them home to glory.
It is our theme, it is our song—
No other we desire;

We'd listen to it all day long,
And never, never tire.
'Twill be our song in heaven above,
This same old Gospel story;
The story of God's wondrous love
Will be our theme in glory.
Now, boys and girls, tell me the truth,
Do you love Christ the Saviour?
'Tis good to love Him now in youth,
And show by your behaviour
That you are His, bought with His blood,
To please and serve Him ever;
With disobedient, sinful ways,
To grieve Him never, never.
The old, old story of the Cross,
Received will bring you gladness;
Rejection means eternal loss,
And everlasting sadness.

R.J.M.

THE TWO SWEEPS.

IN Yeovil town a fair was held
Each year as it came round,
And there the folk from far and near
In hundreds could be found
Revelling in drunkenness and sin,
And vice of every kind,
So that some godly people near,
Were troubled much in mind.
They talked it over, and resolved
To preach the Gospel there;
And they a known converted sweep
Invited to the fair.

There lived in Yeovil at that time
Another sweep, named Bill,
A man whom Satan led about,
A captive, at his will.

One night when boon companions
In a favourite haunt were met,
In swaggered Bill, in sweep's attire,
A sight few could forget—
All black with soot, from curly head
To hob-nailed boots was he.
A bill about the preaching sweep
His comrades let him see.
"Converted sweep! I'll soon sweep him,
Disgracin' thus our trade;
Our honourable profession
I can't let him degrade."

The fair arrived, the preacher went
To an adjoining field,
Trusting that some poor, weary souls
To Christ that day would yield.
The preacher had not long commenced,
When he observed some men
Come sauntering up outside the crowd—
They halted, looked, and then
One who appeared their leader came
Right up to where he stood,
His angry look quite plainly showed
His presence meant no good.

God's servant turned his thoughts to heaven,
And quickly asked for aid;
Asked God to give a message clear
To guide each word he said.

They thought some fiery thunderbolt
From God's Word he would give—
But no, 'twas just that sweet, old word,
"Believe, and thou shalt live."

"For God so loved this sinful world,
His only Son He gave,
That whosoever will believe,
Eternal life should have."

He shouted out this wondrous truth;
Bill faltered, stopped, looked round;
The preacher saw this, and again
Gave forth the joyful sound.
Bill turned and walked out through the crowd,
And disappeared from view;
Oh, what is equal to God's love
The wildest to subdue.
On Friday morn at breakfast-time,
A knock came to the door,

And there stood Bill, subdued and meek,
An enemy no more.

The preacher kindly said, "Well, Bill,
Tell me now what is wrong."

Bill's eyes could only fill with tears,
While sobs came deep and strong.

He on his shoulder laid his hand,
And said, "Bill, don't despair,

There's mercy for the likes of you,
For Christ your sins did bear."

He shrank back sobbing still, and said,
"Oh, sir, you'd not touch me



"HE CALLS HIMSELF A SWEEP."

If you but knew just who I am,
And what a wretch I be.

"I to the preachin' went that night
To throw you from the cart;

But, oh, those words, those words you spoke,
Have touched my hardened heart.

"Those words that told how God loved me
So much that He could give
His only Son—all that He had—
That such as I might live.

"Rough as I am, I dearly love
My children, and depend
I'd never part with one of them,
Not e'en to save a friend.

"I would have laughed defiance, sir,
If you had told of hell;

But, oh, His love quite broke my heart,
His praises I would tell."

And now Bill Catchpole, who once served
The devil well and long

Lives with the One who loved him so,
And sings the sweet new song.

E. J. M.

THE FALL OF THE ROSSBERG PEAK.

'TIS years ago since Goldau stood
Mid gardens broad and wide,
Protected from the tempests rude
That swept the country side.

On Righi's sloping side it lay,
Free from all fear or dread ;
Beneath, the sweet lake sleeping lay,
The Rossberg peak o'erhead.

The glorious azure sky above
The lake reflects below ;
The sunshine tips with silver gleams
The Rossberg's cap of snow.

They watched him climb the sunny slope,
Like one in study deep,
And, passing thro' the village, climb
Toward the Rossberg peak.

'Twas sunset ere he could return :
The news like wildfire flew,
Till round him pressed an eager
To hear the tidings new. [crowd

He told them that the towering crag,
That seemed so safe and strong,
Must yield at last to heavy rains—
Their village crush ere long.

No rest that night the people knew,
They spent the night in tears,
Until the morning dawned and chased
Away their night of fears.

The brilliant sun shone forth again,
The Rossberg frowned no more ;
The women smiled, and children played
Around each chalet door.

The sun shone joyously on all,
O'er mountain, lake, and hill ;
The night was past, the terror gone,
The warning voice was still.

Nigh twenty years had passed away
Since that dark night of woe,
And still the Rossberg calmly stood,
Capped with eternal snow.

And many who the warning heard
Had gone from earthly care ;
The children now to manhood grown,
Laughed at the "Rossberg Scare."

Till one dark night when all seem'd well,
And heaven and earth were still,
A distant thund'ring broke their rest,
And shook the Righi hill.

The stranger's warning *then* came
The Rossberg peak did fall, [true,
And crashing from its giddy height,
In death o'erwhelmed them all.

Not one escaped. Death was too swift
Its victims to o'ertake :
Sweet Goldau now lies buried deep,
And choked the deep blue lake.

They laughed at warning, scoffed at fear,
No thought of danger nigh,
Till death itself forced them to hear,
Nor gave them time to fly.

And do you thus despise the call
That Christ Himself doth give,
And heedless of a deathless soul,
In careless folly live?

Escape, "escape *thou* for thy life,"
A danger yet more dread
Than that which hung o'er Goldau
Unheeded o'er thy head. [hangs

Let Goldau's fate a warning be,
And cease your sinful strife ;
To Jesus Christ for refuge flee,
"Escape *thou* for thy life." J. A. W. H.



"THE ROSSBERG PEAK O'ERHEAD."

The people loved their simple home,
And watched with glad delight
The sun rise o'er the mountain peak
With shafts of rosy light.

No dark foreboding filled the breast,
No thought of danger near,
Till one bright day a stranger came,
And filled their hearts with fear.

He told them that the stones and soil
Were surely loosening fast,
And bidding them escape for life,
The stranger onward passed.

What consternation fills each heart,
The strong man's cheek grows pale,
While little children sob and weep,
And women mourn and wail.

THE SAWBATH SCHULE SOIREE.



AMONG the joys o' early days
 When we are young and
 sma',
 There's ane o' them we'll no forget,
 I think it beats them a';
 It made us gey an' prood indeed,
 And filled oor herts wi' glee,
 When the teacher said, "On Fri-
 day nicht
 Is the Sawbath Schule Soiree."
 'Twas then we had the visions
 Of the sweeties, nuts, and buns;
 'Twas then we dreamt we saw them
 Bringing oranges by the tons;
 And teachers rinnin' up and doon
 Wi' kettles fu' o' tea
 To try and serve us a' at ance
 At the Sawbath Schule Soiree.
 Before I left the hoose this nicht
 Here's whit ma mither says:
 "Noo mind, ma boy, behave yersel'

And watch your Sunday claes;
 I'm gaun to keep ma e'e on you,
 So dinna let me see
 You moving, passing hauf-an-inch,
 At the Sawbath Schule Soiree."
 Then frae the platform, 'mang the rest,
 The speaker he'll stand fòrth
 To tell us o' the love of God,
 And speak the Saviour's worth.
 Salvation gives us peace and joy,
 From sin Christ sets us free,
 And helps us to enjoy oorsel's
 At the Sawbath Schule Soiree.
 Behold the prizes! see the lot!
 There's books o' every kind;
 I'm telt I've got to get ane tae
 For, as lang as I can mind,
 I never missed a single day,
 But tried my best to be
 The laddie that would tap the pole
 At the Sawbath School Soiree. D.A.

THE INQUIRY.

For four boys or four girls, or two of each. ALL uniting in the replies; emphasising "NO" and "YES;" or one could say verses, two others join in response, or one could say whole piece.

1st. TELL me, ye winged winds,
 That round my pathway roar,
 Do ye not know some spot
 Where mortals weep no more?
 Some lone and pleasant dell,
 Some valley in the west,
 Where free from toil and pain
 The weary soul may rest?

ALL.

The loud wind dwindled to a whisper
 low,
 And sighed for pity as it answered—NO!

2nd. Tell me, thou mighty deep,
 Whose billows round me play,
 Knowest thou some favoured spot,
 Some island far away
 Where weary man may find
 The bliss for which he sighs;
 Where sorrow never lives,
 And friendship never dies?

ALL.

The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
 Stopped for a while and sighed to answer
 —NO!

3rd. And thou, serenest moon,
 That with such holy face
 Doth look upon the earth
 Asleep in night's embrace;
 Tell me, in all thy round,
 Hast thou not seen some spot
 Where miserable man
 Might find a happier lot?

ALL.

Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
 And a voice, sweet but sad, responded—NO!

4th. Tell me, my secret soul,
 Oh, tell me, hope and faith,
 Is there no resting place
 From sorrow, sin, and death?
 Is there no happy spot
 Where mortals may be blest,
 Where grief may find a balm
 And weariness a rest?

ALL.

Faith, hope, and love, best boon to mortals
 given,
 Waved their bright wings and whispered
 —YES, IN HEAVEN! Copied by J. A. F.

THE LIBERATED SPARROW.

A BOY, within his hand secure,
A struggling sparrow held;
His prize, it was caught by his lure
In trap by leaves concealed.

He and his comrade talked how best
The bird to feed and tame;
While in his grasp, so tightly pressed,
More frightened it became.

A tradesman, standing at his door,
Beheld the scene awhile,
Then beckoning the couple o'er
The street, with winning smile,

He said, "My lads, what have
you there?"

"A sparrow," they replied.
"How did you catch it?" "In
my snare,"
The youthful captor cried.

"What will you do with the poor
bird?"

Inquired the tradesman, kind;
Deeming the question quite
absurd,

"A cage," said he, "I'll find
To put it in." "But will it
live?"

"Oh, yes, no fear of that;
For food in plenty I will give,
And keep it from the cat."

"But," said the friend, "just
listen now,
And counsel from me take;
By past experience well I know
Your plan is a mistake.

"The sparrow never will survive
The loss of liberty,
'Twould only live four days or five,
So let it fly away."

"No, sir, I will not let it fly,
Much trouble it has cost;
Were I to do your bidding, why
My skill would all be lost."

The friend then from his pocket drew
Three pennies, and proposed
To buy the bird; the boy said, "Whew,"
And with the bargain closed.

The little prisoner was transferred
Into the tradesman's hand,
Who stroked awhile the fluttered bird,
And freedom for it planned.

One moment on his friendly palm
It stood, then swiftly flew,
Seeming to chirp, in joyful psalm,
"A thousand thanks to you."

Dear children, have you ever thought
Your souls are like that bird,
In Satan's trap securely caught,
Bound by the law's strong cord.



"HOW DID YOU CATCH IT?"

As helpless as its struggles were,
As impotent are yours;
While caught and held in sin's dark snare
God's law your death ensures.

But Jesus came the captive soul
To liberate and save;
He paid the awful price in full,
HIMSELF the ransom gave.

Believe in Jesus Christ the Lord;
Think thus, "HE DIED FOR ME;"
Loosed then will be the law's strong cord,
This truth shall set thee free. A.W.P.S.

WHAT IS COURAGE ?



I'M but a small boy, slim
and slight, you don't
know much about me,
And yet it seems as if to-
night you could not do
without me ;

You ask me what is
courage? Well, just
let me think a
minute ;

Its very name its
worth may tell,
there's something
noble in it.

It's bravely doing all
you can, whate'er
your duty may be—

A boy that's not a
little man is still a
little baby ;

Courage is just a thing,
indeed, without more
explanation,

I must have had when I
agreed to give this
recitation.

It is not fighting, not a
bit ; a dog can fight,
and does it—

The coward is oft the first to hit, and
everybody knows it.

It is not brave words high and loud, when
once the fight is started ;

The biggest boaster in the crowd is oft the
faintest hearted. [flash and rattle ;

It is not on the field alone where weapons
The home has many a hero known who
never saw a battle.

The giant still may boast his skill, and
David's might disparage ;

With sling the stone can still be thrown by
boys of grit and courage.

That boy has naught of courage, no, who
will persist in flinging

His hymn and text books to and fro the
time he should be singing ;

Nor is there aught heroic shown, 'tis just
a silly show-off

To tamper with the super's bell as some
boys do we know of.

Beware the lad with smirk and smile, who,
more inclined for playing,

Makes mirth, and giggles all the while the
superintendent's praying ;

That boy is just a little fool, whose only
aim and work is [it was a circus.

To act the clown and treat the school as if

Have courage then to stand up straight, act
straight, speak straight, for, mind you,

Your actions now will fix the fate of many
a boy behind you ; [another did it

The boy that says I did this wrong because
Will never rise above the throng or ever
come to credit.

From all that's good, and wise, and great,
his soul will soon be sundered,

He'll never reach to man's estate though
living to a hundred.

He'll be a nothing all life through, not
worth his morning's porridge—

Avoid all such, trust God, and you will be
a boy of courage.

They are the brave whose shields are bright
they are the heroes truly,

Who "trust in God and do the right" in
spite of sneer and bully ;

From those who evil do and say, God in
His goodness free them,

There still are lions in the way for those
that want to see them.

Have courage, then, press on like men,
yield not when evil doers

Entice and plot, regard them not, the
prize will soon be yours ;

Thoughts schoolmates sneer and scoff and jeer,
though friend may frown and foe rage,

Stand fast, be bold like Paul of old, who
thank'd God and took courage.

INSPECTOR AITKEN.

A GENTLE HINT.

It is not so much what we say,
As the manner in which we say it ;
It is not so much the language we use,
As the tone in which we convey it.

The words may be mild and fair,
And the tones may pierce like a dart ;
The words may be soft as the summer air,
And the tones may break the heart.

GRANNY'S FAREWELL TO THE BAIRNS.

I CANNA' bide lang noo, my bairns,
For I maun gang awa'
Tae my ain hame, whaur everything
Is pure an' white an' braw.
There's streets o' gowd, there's scroonso' gowd,
There's harps o' gowd an' a'.

No muckle o't I
had, bairns,
Though I hae
lang been here;
Yet a' my needs
hae been aye
met
This three an'
eichty year.
O' want or poverty,
thank God,
I never hae a
fear.

Lang syne, when I
was young,
bairns,
I learned tae trust
the Lord;
An' I hae proved
the promises
He's gi'en us in
His Word.
Tae lose the riches
o' this warl'
Rael weel I could afford.

I hae had joy an' peace, bairns,
That this warl' canna' gie;
The Lord has been my guide an' help,
My comfort, an' my stay;
He's never, never failed me yet
Up till this verra day.

I've had my sorrows tae, bairns
An' mony a bitter tear
Has trickled slowly doon my cheek
When naebody was near.
But aye the Lord gied timely help
My droopin' hert tae cheer.

He saved my soul
when young,
bairns,
He gied His
grace tae me;
An' He has kept me
till this day—
I'm noo near
eichty-three.
I ken He'll keep me
safe an' soun'
Until His face I
see.

Oh! come tae Him
while young,
bairns,
Tae Him wha
lo'es ye best;
He'll save ye, an'
preserve ye aye,
An' ye'll be truly
blest.
An' when he comes
He'll tak' ye
[hame

Tae His eternal rest.

Guid-bye! an' don't forget, bairns,
What I hae tae ye said:
It's through the blood o' Jesus
That peace wi' God wis made.
Trust in the Lord at a' times,
An' never be afraid.

E. J. M.



THE TWO BOXES.

IF I knew a box where the SMILES were
kept,
No matter how large the key,
Or strong the lock, I would try so hard—
'Twould open, I know, for me.
Then over the land and sea, broadcast,
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That children's faces might hold them fast
Throughout the livelong day.

If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the FROWNS I meet,
I should like to gather them one, by one,
From nursery, school, and street;
Then folding and holding I'd pack them
in,
And, turning the monster key,
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
In the depths of the deep, deep sea.

MINNIE, THE MINISTERING ANGEL.

HER mother had sung at her cradle
 Sweet songs of the heavenly shore ;
 Now mother had passed to its glory,
 Returning to Minnie no more.
 But Minnie had beautiful fancies,
 And dreamed of the angels in white ;
 And read in her mother's worn Bible
 Christ's story with childish delight.
 Then father forbade her its
 pages, [faith,
 And laughed at her innocent
 Till Minnie would silently
 wonder [at death.
 Where mother had gone to
 She thought how her mother
 had whispered [bed ;
 To Someone unseen at her
 Had sung about "going to
 Jesus ;" [ing," she said.
 He called her—"I'm com-
 Minnie sometimes would sing
 about heaven, [had sung,
 Sweet songs that her mother
 Till father would bid her be silent,
 And hold her wild, wandering tongue.
 She heard father swear, and she shuddered,
 'Twas mother's best Friend that he named ;
 She looked at him, silent and saddened,
 And the scoffer felt cowed and ashamed.
 Did he really believe that her mother
 Had died like her own little bird ?
 She knew that he loved her and missed her,
 Perhaps she might venture a word.
 "Dear father, you will not be angry,
 Oh, tell me where mother has gone ;
 Can we never find her, or see her ?
 I wonder so oft as I mourn.
 "She said she was going to Jesus,
 Where sorrow and sin never come ;



You told me such things were but fancy,
 That mother was in the cold tomb.
 "I wish it was true what she whispered,
 For then I should see her some day ;
 Shall I, too, have to die and be buried
 In that dark, dreadful hole in the clay ? "
 Could father now scoff at his darling,
 And say it was fable or dream ?

Would he not rejoice in be-
 lieving [stream ?
 In glory beyond the dark
 "And father," the talker con-
 tinued, [tear,
 Encouraged to see a bright
 "She said it was all in her
 Bible : [hear."
 Do read it, while I sit and
 He took the old family
 treasure, [place,
 The lesson-string still in its
 And read of the mansion in
 heaven, [hard face.
 Till clouds gathered o'er his

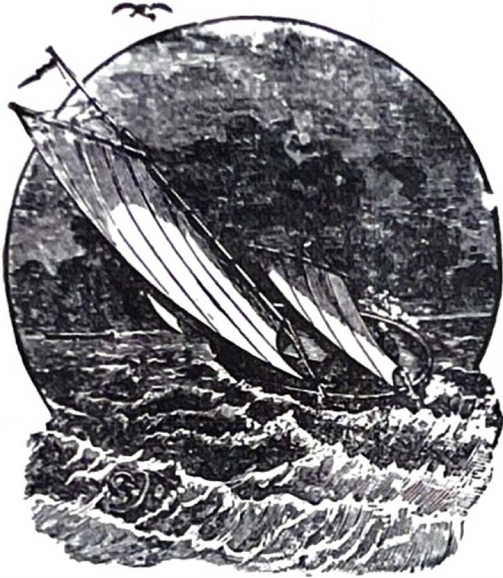
"And is it all false, father ? tell me,
 Was mother deceived when she died ? "
 And Minnie's heart nestled up nearer,
 Pressed close to her dear father's side.
 She waited with trustful uplooking,
 He felt his dead conscience astir ;
 "No, darling, your mother's in heaven,"
 He could not deny it to her.
 "And shall we not both seek to join her ? "
 He answered her not ; but that night
 He knelt by the bed of his loved one,
 And angels rejoiced at the sight.
 And Minnie might read mother's Bible,
 And Minnie might sing mother's song ;
 For Minnie and father were going
 To meet her in heaven's bright throng.
 W. LUFF.

GOD WANTS THE CHILDREN.

GOD wants the boys, the merry, merry
 The noisy boys, the romping boys, [boys,
 The thoughtless boys ;
 God wants the boys, with all their joys,
 That He as gold may make them pure,
 And teach them trials to endure ;
 His heroes brave He'll have them be,
 Fighting for truth and purity.
 GOD WANTS THE BOYS.

God wants the happy-hearted girls,
 The loving girls, the best of girls,
 The worst of girls ;
 God wants to make the girls His pearls,
 And so reflect His holy face,
 And bring to mind His wondrous grace,
 That beautiful the world may be,
 And filled with love and purity.
 GOD WANTS THE GIRLS.

"STEER STRAIGHT FOR ME."



THE night was dark, the sea was wildly dashing,
Till every billow wore a crest of foam,
So dense the fog, no light of heaven could penetrate,
To guide a lonely fisherman in safety home.
In vain he strove to pierce the gloom before him,
To find a waymark that should guide aright;
The objects that he knew so well by daylight
Were hidden in the fog of such a night.
He thought of home, and loved ones fondly cherished,
Perhaps he ne'er might see them any more;
And something like a sob escaped his bosom,
As once again he tried to steer for shore.
His little son, who loved his father dearly,
And knew 'twas getting time for him to come—
Ran to the beach, and patiently he waited
To catch the sound of "father coming home."
But hark! What's that? He holds his breath to listen;
He could not see a yard before his face.
"Is that you, father?" sounded o'er the waters.
"It is, my son; but where's the landing-place?"

The boy held fast the rock to keep from falling,
His voice rose high above the stormy sea,
"Father, I'm on the rock, and waiting for you,
Steer straight for me, dear father, straight for me."

The father knew his troubles now were over,
Although his little guide he could not see,
Yet he could hear the childish voice repeating—
"Father, steer straight for me, steer straight for me."

And soon the boat was safely brought to anchor,
The father clasped his darling to his heart.
"You've saved my life, dear boy," he whispered, sobbing,
"From this day forward we will never part."

Alas! poor father, soon will come the parting,
The loving Jesus wants your little boy,
And so He gently laid him on His bosom,
And took him to His home of light and joy.

He caught a cold whilst waiting for his father,
And though they nursed him with hearts full of love,
Yet they could see the little flower was fading,
Until it went to bloom in heaven above.



"THE LITTLE FLOWER WAS FADING."

But still the broken-hearted father fancies
He hears a voice come to him o'er the sea,
"I'm on the Rock Christ Jesus waiting for you,
Steer straight for me, dear father, straight for me." D

IF AND PERHAPS.

Can be repeated by one, or boy might say first verse and girl second, both unting in the italic lines.

IF every one were wise and sweet,
And every one were jolly;
If every heart with gladness beat,
And none were melancholy;
If none should grumble or complain,
And nobody should labour
In evil work, but each were fain
To love and help his neighbour—
*Oh, what a happy world 'twould be
For you and me—for you and me!*

And if, perhaps, we both should try
That glorious time to hurry;
If you and I—just you and I—
Should laugh instead of worry;
If we should grow—just you and I—
Kinder and sweeter-hearted—
Perhaps in some near by-and-by
That good time might get started;
*Then what a happy world 'twould be
For you and me—for you and me!*

Mrs. GEORGE O. STEBBINS

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

A fairly large old Bible should be held in hand whilst repeating.

THIS book is all that's left me now!
Tears will unbidden start—
With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hands this Bible clasped;
She, dying, gave it me.
Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear,
Who round the hearth-stone used to close
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still.

My father read this Holy Book
To brothers, sisters, dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who loved God's Word to hear!
Her angel face—I see it yet!
What thronging memories come;
Again that little group is met
Within the walls of home!
Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all was false I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasure give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die. G.P.M.

"WITS' END CORNER."

ARE you standing at "Wits' End Corner,"
Pilgrim, with troubled brow?
Are you thinking of what is before you,
And all you are bearing now?
Does all the world seem against you,
And you in the battle alone?
Remember—at "Wits' End Corner"
Is where God's power is shown.
Are you standing at "Wits' End Corner,"
Blinded with wearying pain,
Feeling you cannot endure it,
You cannot bear the strain,
Bruised through the constant suffering,
Dizzy, and dazed, and numb?
Remember—to "Wits' End Corner"
Is where Jesus loves to come!
Are you standing at "Wits' End Corner,"
Your work before you spread,
All lying begun, unfinished,
And pressing on heart and head,

Longing for strength to do it,
Stretching out trembling hands?
Remember—at "Wits' End Corner"
The Burden-Bearer stands.
Are you standing at "Wits' End Corner,"
Yearning for those you love,
Longing, and praying, and watching,
Pleading their cause above?
Trying to bring them to Jesus,
Wond'ring if you've been true?
He whispers, at "Wits' End Corner,"
"I'll win them, as I won you!"
Are you standing at "Wits' End Corner?"
Then you're just in the very spot
To learn the wondrous resources
Of Him who faileth not!
No doubt to a brighter pathway
Your footsteps will soon be moved,
But only at "Wits' End Corner"
Is "the God who is able" proved. A.W.

"YOU NEVER TOLD ME SO."

TRUE STORY OF THE CONVERSION OF AN INFIDEL IN WALTHAMSTOW, LONDON.

A MAN who was an infidel went for a walk one day,
And took with him his little boy as company by the way;
They hadn't gone so very far before thus spoke the child:
"Here, daddy, Jesus died for us!" in tones so meek and mild.

Not four years old the little chap, yet unto him was given
The words that made his father think of God, of Christ, and heaven;
The man was startled at the words, and roughly answered, "What!"
His boy had often said strange things, but never words like *that*.

Then answered right the little chap, in measured tones and slow,
"Yes, daddy, Jesus died for us, *but you never told me so!*"
The anxious parent then inquired, "Who has been speaking thus?"
"Why, teacher in the Sunday school said Jesus died for us."

So came the speedy answer from his little fair-haired boy,
The one whose prattle pleased his ears, and filled his heart with joy:
The words had fallen into ground by God Himself prepared,
For up till now for all such things the man had never cared.

But the words, "*You never told me so!*" were ringing in his ears,
And there arose before his mind the sins of bygone years;
He thought of Sunday afternoons, alas! so oft misspent—
His child sent off to Sunday school, and he on pleasure bent.

He realised as ne'er before a sinner vile was he,
And through the boy's remarks was led from coming wrath to flee;
He went into the Gospel hall; heard more about the One
Who died that he might be forgiven, e'en God's beloved Son.

One night the preacher spoke of wrath, that awful place of woe,



Where hope is never known to come, where Christ-rejecters go;
But he spoke as well of precious Blood, God's remedy for sin;
That night our unbelieving friend through faith had peace within.

He "came to Jesus as he was, quite weary, worn, and sad,
He found in Him a resting place, and he was made so glad;"
Now, day by day he seeks to spread the blessed news around,
That *others* may be led to know the Saviour *he* has found.

Encouraging it is to know God's Word is true to-day;
"A little child shall lead them," doth the blessed Scripture say;
But for his child, who knows, that man might probably have been
A Christ-rejecter to this day, and living still in sin.

But for the faithful teacher, too, the child might not have known
Of Calvary and Jesus' love, such grace to sinner's shown;
Then, teachers, tell to children all, again and yet again,
That "*Jesus died for us,*" and know your work is *not* in vain.

W.T.R.

THE THREE BIDDERS.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF ROWLAND HILL, THE FAMOUS PREACHER.

WILL you listen, kind friends, for a moment,
While a story I unfold;
A marvellous tale of a wonderful sale
Of a noble lady of old:
How hand and heart, at an auction mart,
And soul and body she sold!

'Twas in the king's broad
highway,
Near a century ago,
That a preacher stood,
though of noble
blood,
Telling the fallen and
low
Of a Saviour's love, and
a home above,
And a peace that they all
might know.

All crowded around to
listen;
And they wept at the
wondrous love
That could wash theirs in,
and receive them in
His spotless mansions
above;
While slow, through the
crowd, a lady proud
Her gilded chariot
drove.

"Make room!" cried the
haughty outrider,
"You are closing the
king's highway;
My lady is late, and their
Majesties wait,

Give way there, good
people, I pray!"

The preacher heard, and his soul was stirred,
And he cried to the rider, "Nay!"

His eye like the lightning flashes;
His voice like a trumpet rings;
"Your grand fête days, and your fashion and ways,
Are all but perishing things.
'Tis the king's highway, but I hold it to-day
In the name of the King of kings."

Then, bending his gaze on the lady,
And marking her soft eye fall,
"And now in His name, a sale I proclaim,
And bids for this fair lady call.
Who will purchase the whole—her body and soul,
Coronet, jewels, and all?"

"I see already three bidders:
The World steps up as the first—
'I will give her my treasures, and all the pleasures
For which my votaries thirst; [gay,
She shall dance through each day, more joyous and
With a quiet grave at the worst.'

"Then out spoke the Devil, boldly:
'The kingdoms of earth are mine.
Fair lady, thy name, with an envied fame
On their brightest tablets shall shine;
Only give me thy soul, and I give thee the whole,
Their glory and wealth, to be thine.'



"The preacher heard, and his soul was stirred,
And he cried to the rider, 'Nay!'"

"And pray what hast
Thou to offer,
Thou Man of Sorrows,
unknown?
And He gently said, 'My
blood I have shed,
To purchase Her for
Mine own.
To conquer the grave,
and her soul to save,
I trod the winepress
alone.

"I will give her my
cross of suffering,
My cup of sorrow to
share;
But with endless love, in
My home above
All shall be righted
there:
She shall walk in light,
in a robe of white,
And a radiant crown
shall wear.'

"Thou hast heard the
terms, fair lady,
That each hath offered
for thee.
Which wilt thou choose,
and which wilt thou
lose, [to be?
This life, or the life

The offer was mine, but the choice is yet thine,
Sweet lady, which of the three?"

Nearer the stand of the preacher
The gilded chariot stole;
And each head was bowed, as over the crowd
The thundering accents roll;
And every word, as the lady heard,
Burned in her very soul.

"Pardon, good people," she whispered,
As she rose from her cushioned seat;
Full well, they say, as the crowd made way,
You could hear her pulses beat;
And each head was bare, as the lady fair
Knelt at the preacher's feet.

She took from her hand the jewels,
The coronet from her brow;
"Lord Jesus," she said, as she bowed her head,
"The highest bidder art Thou:
Thou gav'st, for my sake, Thy life, and I take
Thy offer—and take it now.

THE THREE BIDDERS.

"I know the World and her pleasures—
At best they but weary and cloy;
And the tempter is bold, but his honours and gold
Prove ever a fatal decoy;
I long for Thy rest—Thy bid is the best;
Oh, Lord, I accept it with joy!
"Give me Thy cup of suffering;
Welcome, earth's sorrow and loss;
Let my portion be to win souls to Thee,
Perish her glittering dross!
I gladly lay down her coveted crown,
Saviour, to take Thy cross!"
"Amen!" said the holy preacher;
And the people wept aloud.
Years have rolled on—and they all have gone,

Around that altar who bowed.
Lady and throng have been swept along
On the wind, like a morning cloud.
But the Saviour has claimed His purchase,
And around His radiant seat
A mightier throng, and an endless song,
The wondrous story repeat;
And a form more fair is bending there,
Laying her crown at His feet.
So now, in eternal glory,
She rests from her cross and care;
But her spirit above, with a longing love,
Seems calling on *you* to share
Her endless reward, in the joy of her Lord,
Oh! will you not answer her—there?

THE BOY MARTYR OF ROME.

O'ER Rome's fair city
long ago [morn,
There dawned a dreaded
When many Christians from
the mines [torn,
Would limb from limb be
Come back with me through
all those years,
And gaze with bated breath
Upon the noble ones who
loved
Their Saviour unto death.

Bright banners wave trium-
phantly, [gay
Each arch and door are
With garlands of the sweet-
est flowers—
It is a gala day!

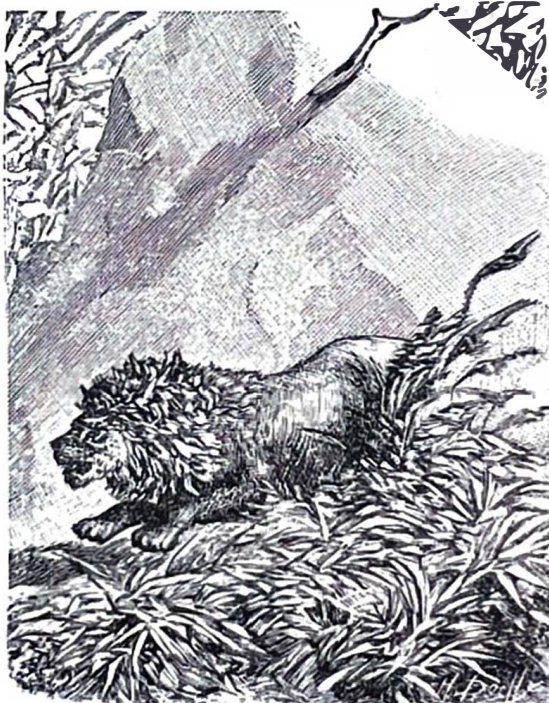
Bright groups of people crowd
the streets,
Sweet music fills the air,
And children with their
chubby feet [bare.
Dance on the flagstones

The time wears on, 'tis noonday
The Colosseum grand [now,
Is filled from floor to ceiling, till
There's scarcely room to stand.

The Emperor and all his court,
There ladies fair and gay,
Have come to see the Roman sport
And patronise the play.

The minstrels with a flourish
cease,
The ladies smile no more,
As from the cages far below
The hungry lions roar.

For one brief moment all is still,
When, lo! a song is heard
Rise sweet and clear upon the air
Like note of singing bird.



AFRICAN LION.

Then into the arena file
Men, women, children, too,
With footsteps firm and eyes
serene,
Upraised to heaven's blue.

And singing still their grand, sweet
Of Jesus and His love, [song
They do not hear the lions roar,
Or see them nearer move.

The ladies hold their breath to
gaze
And watch the beasts of prey,
The Emperor smiles excitedly,
And bends to note the play.

Then, crouching low, the hungry
beasts
Upon the martyrs spring;

A short, sharp struggle, and
these souls
In happy Canaan sing.
The crowd now draws its
breath and smiles,
The splendid sight is o'er,
When, lo! a boy steps in the
ring
Of fourteen years or more.
Of noble birth, as all could
see,
His robes are rich and rare,
A handsome boy with fore-
head high,
And dark, Italian hair.
In vain the Emperor has tried
To shake the brave boy's
faith; [ing steps
And now with firm, unflin-
He goes to meet his death.
He sings, his noble head
thrown back,
His bright face to the sky,
Alas! that one like he, so
young,

So bright, and brave, should die.
A tiger creeps with stealthy steps
Towards him as he sings,
Then with an angry glare and
growl
Full at his throat it springs.
His rich blood dies the sanded
floor,
The dark eyes close in pain;
His sweet song will be heard no
more
On this dark earth again.
But far above that cruel scene,
Beyond the pain and blood,
The martyr boy is welcomed
home
To Paradise and God. J.A.W.H.

WHERE DO YOU LIVE ?

I KNEW a man, and his name
 was Horner,
 Who used to live on Grumble
 Corner; [Town,
 Grumble Corner in Cross-Patch
 And he never was seen without a
 frown. [at that;
 He grumbled at this; he grumbled
 He growled at the dog; he growled at the
 cat; [night;
 He grumbled at morning; he grumbled at
 And to grumble and growl was his chief
 delight.

He grumbled so much at his wife that she
 Began to grumble as well as he;
 And all the children, wherever they went,
 Reflected their parents' discontent.
 If the sky was dark and betokened rain,
 Then Mr. Horner was sure to complain;
 And if there was never a cloud about
 He'd grumble because of a threatened
 drought.

His meals were never to suit his taste;
 He grumbled at having to eat in haste;
 The bread was poor or the meat was tough,
 Or else he hadn't had half enough.
 No matter how hard his wife might try
 To please her husband, with scornful eye
 He'd look round, and then, with a scowl
 At something or other, begin to growl.

One day as I loitered along the street,
 My old acquaintance I chanced to meet,
 Whose face was without the look of care
 And the ugly frown that it used to wear.

"I may be mistaken, perhaps," I said,
 As, after saluting, I turned my head;
 "But it is, and it isn't, the Mr. Horner
 Who lived so long on Grumble Corner!"

I met him next day; and I met him again,
 In melting weather, in pouring rain,
 When stocks were up, and when stocks
 were down;

But a smile somehow had replaced the
 frown.

It puzzled me much; and so, one day
 I seized his hand in a friendly way,
 And said: "Mr. Horner, I'd like to know
 What can have happened to change you so?"

He laughed a laugh that was good to hear—
 For it told of conscience calm and clear—
 And he said, with none of the old-time drawl:
 "Why, I've changed my residence, that is
 all!"

"Changed your residence?" "Yes," said
 Horner,

"It wasn't healthy on Grumble Corner,
 And so I moved; 'twas a change complete;
 And you'll find me now on THANKSGIVING
 STREET."

Now, every day as I move along
 The streets so filled with the busy throng,
 I watch each face, and can always tell
 Where men and women and children dwell;
 And many a discontented mourner
 Is spending his days on Grumble Corner,
 Sour and sad, whom I long to entreat
 To take a house on THANKSGIVING
 STREET.

THE LOWLY MAN OF SORROWS.

For little boy or girl who can speak Scotch clear and plain.

THE Lord laid doon his golden croon,
 And left His nice bricht hame,
 Whaur pain an' sin ne'er gangs therein,
 Whaur rich and puir's the same.

He cam' tae earth in lowly birth,
 He in a manger lay;
 Nae room for Him was in the inn,
 His bed was made o' strae.

He grew a boy, His mither's joy,
 A winsome, bricht, young lad;
 For He aye did what he was bid,
 An' never did ocht bad

In Him nae sin e'er entered in,
 His he'rt was fu' o' grace;
 He was a freen tae a' He seen,
 When gaun frae place tae place.

He healed the sick, and made the weak
 Anes strong tae rin again;
 He raised the deid, and aften freed
 The sufferer frae his pain.

In sinners' stead His bluid was shed
 That a' micht be set free,
 An' saved frae sin, an' ta'en abune,
 For ave wi' Him tae be. W.M.

THE IRISH MILKMAN AND THE PARISH PRIEST.

THERE was once an Irish milkman,
Whose name was Mick M'Gill,
Who came across a Bible,
Which shows to man God's will.
He read, and read, and read again,
Until the light he saw,
Then bade farewell to pope and priest,
And all the Romish law.

The parish priest soon
heard of this,
And down to Mick
he sped;
"I hear you read the
Bible, surr!"
Was what his re-
verence said.
"And shure it's true,"
then Mick re-
plied;
"I'll tell the truth
to thee:
I've found the pre-
cious Christ of
God,
His blood has made
me free."

The priest, with angry
mien, replied,
"Oh, thou pre-
sumptuous fool;
Thou hast a heretic become
Of hated Protestant school.
Give me the Book, no more it read;
No ignorant man can know,
Nor even we, who are the guides,
Can tell where we shall go."
"But your riverence now must reason give
Why I give up the Book,
And why in such a volume good
I never more must look;
For as I read the Book alone,
The Book itself reads me;
And in its pages comfort find,
If I in trouble be."

The priest replied, "The Book itself
Has placed it on record:
'Like as young babes we should desire
Sincere milk of the Word.'

And you, an ignorant man, yea, babe,
On the Church true should rely,
And suck the milk she gives to you,
That you may grow thereby."

"Be aisy, now," then Mick replied,
As high he raised his brows.

"I once took ill, and a neighbour got
To watch and milk
my cows.
Mavourneen, what do
you think he did?
As sure as the
queen wears silk,
If he didn't steal half
the 'sincere,'
And water up my
milk.

"From that I learned
a lesson.
As the Book's upon
my shelf,
I keep and read it
daily,
And I get the milk
myself—
Lest you do as my
neighbour did,
And the Word
should water
down,

And keep the cream unto yourself,
And never make a sound."

"You're not so ignorant after all,"
The parish priest replied.

"But listen to my last advice,"
As Mick he fully eyed:

"Just keep the Book, and read yourself,
But let none living know,
Lest they might learn, as you have done,
And from the Church should go."

"Ah, naw, asthore," brave Mick replied,
"That same would selfish be;

I know the way of truth and life,
And must let it go free.

I, through the Book, salvation found,
And, no matter when nor where,

I'll to my neighbours all around,
The Grace of God declare." T. D.



"GIVE ME THE BOOK, NO MORE IT READ."

NONE OF OUR BUSINESS.

Suggested by the story of a little girl who, herself never having known what it was to suffer from cold and hunger, offered this prayer in regard to one less fortunate than she: "O Lord, I saw a poor little girl on the street to-day, and her feet were all bare, and she looked awfully cold; but it's none of our business; is it, dear Lord?"



THERE are thousands and thousands, so thoughtless and gay,
Going farther and farther in sin every day,

Who will never return to the straight narrow way;

"But it's none of our business; is it, dear Lord?"

"There are unnumbered hosts that have never yet heard

Of a Saviour from sin—no, not even a word;

And their hearts by His love will never be stirred;

"But it's none of our business; is it, dear Lord?"

Ah! those unnumbered hosts of the dark,
heathen lands, [stands,
Know nothing of Jesus, who, waiting there,
Seem piteously stretching towards us their hands;

"But it's none of our business; is it, dear Lord?"

There are some who are patiently doing their best

To spread the glad tidings north, south, east, and west,

And often for help they are most sorely pressed;

"But it's none of our business; is it, dear Lord?"

But hark! 'tis to us that Master says, "Go, Sound the good news o'er earth, that all men shall know,

May obey, and be saved from their sins;" and so

This business is really our business, dear Lord. S.

THE DEAR OLD HYMNS.

AN AGED PILGRIM'S LAMENT FOR DAYS LONG GONE BY.

THERE'S lots of music in them, the hymns of long ago,
And when some grey-haired brother sings the one I used to know,
I often want to take a hand—I think of days gone by,
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, and cast a wistful eye.

There's lots of music in them—those dear, sweet hymns of old,
With visions bright of lands of light and shining streets of gold;
And I hear them ringing—singing where memory dreaming stands,
From Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strands.

They seem to sing for ever of holier, sweeter days,
When the lilies of the love of God bloomed white in all the ways;

And I want to hear their music from the old-time meetings rise,
Till I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies.

We never needed fancy choirs in those old days; we knew

The words, the tunes, of every one the dear old hymn-book through!

We didn't have loud trumpets then, nor organs built for show;

We only sang to praise the Lord, *from whom all blessings flow.*

And so I love the dear old hymns, and when my time shall come—

Before the light has left me, and my singing lips are dumb—

If I can only hear them then, I'll pass without a sigh,

To Canaan's fair and happy land, where my possessions lie! S.

THE DRUNKARD'S DARLING.

I HAVE had a deal of trouble,
And the most of it, I know,
Was brought on by my folly:
Sin had brought me very low.

And what grieves me most is knowing,
Should my life be e'er so long,
I can never, never, never,
Put right what I've put wrong.

I was once a clever work-
man,
And I got good work
to do;
When we first went up to
London
Everything looked bright
and new.

In the workshop drink
was plenty,
Soon I took it like the
rest,
I became to all around me
Nothing but a drunken
pest.

Though I never, never
meant it,
Yet a drunkard I became.
Wife and children were
neglected,
Trembling at my very
name.

My dear wife, with
tears, oft pleaded
With me, but 'twas
all in vain;

Oh, the madness of the drunkard,
Sowing seeds of grief and pain.

For his reaping in the future,
In this world, and that to come,
If he turn not to the Saviour,
Heaven can never be his home.

Trouble came, my children sickened,
One by one they passed away,
Only one was left, poor darling,
Just a little while to stay.

In the home by me made wretched,
I had killed them, this I knew,
Soon my dear wife, broken-hearted,
Sickened, died, and left me, too.

Left alone with one wee maiden,
I began my ways to mend,
For I loved her very dearly,
But I loved a jovial friend.

For a time I came home early,
But the "tap-room" I missed sore;
Soon I was as bad as ever,
If not worse than e'er before.

Then my darling also sickened,
Sickness caused by want of care;
Soon I saw that I must lose her,
How was I my grief to bear?

Ah! I never can forget her
Sweet and loving little face,
As in bed she sat up, gasping,
On her features I could trace

Marks of my neglect so
cruel. [ing then,

Oh, my heart was break-
Would I ever hear my
darling [again?

Speak one word to me
Soon she whispered,

"Good-bye, father,
I will never see you more,
God's Book says no
drunkard ever [shore."

Reaches heaven's happy
Then she closed her weary
eyelids, [sleep,

And she gently went to
She, the only one who
loved me, [weep.

Now had left me 'lone to
O, themisery of those hours
As I sat beside her bed;
I can't tell how I bore
them, [dead.

How I wished that I was
But we can't die when we
wish it,

So I lived, enduring pain,

Hearing always "Good-bye, father,
I will ne'er see you again."

Often at my work I heard it,
That faint voice repeating o'er,
"You can't come to heaven, father,
I will never see you more."

Never more the drink I tasted,
And her words did more for me;
They have led me to my Saviour,
And His grace has made me free.

As a guilty one, repenting,
To Him I have truly come;
He has welcomed and received me,
Heaven is my eternal home.

I rejoice that each day brings me
Nearer to my loved ones there;
I shall soon be with them yonder,
Free from sorrow, sin, and care.

Oh, the joy to get a welcome
When this life on earth is past,
And to hear my darling saying,

"Father, you have come at last." E.J.W



"DOES YOUR BOOK SPEAK OF BLOOD?"

A VISITOR in London slums,
Among the very poor,
One day climbed up a broken stair,
Stopped at a garret door;
His interest was arrested by
A ruffian strong and tall,
Who stood with folded arms right there,
Against the broken wall.

Ferocious and repulsive, both,
His gloomy countenance;
The Christian worker shuddered 'neath
His furtive, angry glance.

He first thought of re-
treating quick,
Instead, his ground
he stood,
And told him kindly
that he had
Come there to do
him good.

He told him that the
Book he held
Contained the secret
grand
Of happiness — 'twas
there so plain,
That all might under-
stand.

The ruffian only shook
his fist,
And bade him to
be gone,

Or he would fling him down the stair;
He wished to be alone.

Just at this point the visitor
Was startled much to hear
A feeble voice speak soft and low
Behind a door quite near.

The feeble voice said: "Tell me, sir,
Does your Book speak of *blood*
That cleanses sinners from all sin,
And brings them nigh to God?"

Again the voice more loudly spoke,
In thrilling, anxious tone:
"Tell me, oh, tell me, does your Book
Speak of the *work that's done*?"

The Christian opened then the door,
And walked into the room—
A place of misery and filth,
Of wretchedness and gloom

For there, upon a bed of straw,
An aged woman lay,
With wrinkled face, and wasted form—
Life fading fast away.

He sat down on a broken stool,
And said, "My dear old friend,
What do you want to know of Blood,
That makes of sin an end?"

With energy she raised herself,
And said, "Man, can't you see
I'm dying, and my soul must pass
Into Eternity!

Before God's throne I soon must stand,
Naked, all covering gone;
I'll have to answer there to Him,
For all that I have done.

"I've been a wicked
woman, sir,
But once, long, long
ago,

I heard of Blood that
cleanseth souls,
And maketh them white
as snow.

If I could hear those
words once more,"
She cried, with an-
guished look,

"Oh, is there ought
about that *blood*
Within your little
Book?"

The Christian opened
God's own Word,
And read a portion
there,

That told of God's great love to man,
How Christ our sins did bear;
And when he paused she cried, "Read on,
I want to learn still more."
Just then a movement made him look,
And there, inside the door,

Stood quietly the savage man,
While down his cheeks there rolled
Great tears, that told of feelings moved,
Which could not be controlled.

The aged one his mother was,
And he had listened too
To that sweet story, which has power
All rebels to subdue.

GOD SAVED THEM BOTH. The aged one
Is now in heaven above;
The son still lives, and seeks to tell
Poor sinners of God's love.
He seeks to spend his life down here,
In leading souls to God;
He longs for every one to know
Of Jesus' precious Blood.

E.J.M.



"JESUS CAN" AND "JESUS WILL."

I CANNOT make this black heart white,
 But Jesus can.
I cannot make my life a light,
 But Jesus can.
I cannot beat back every foe,
 Nor make my naughty temper go,
 Nor wash my robes "whiter than snow,"
 But Jesus can.

Not only "Jesus *can*," we say,
 But "*Jesus will*."
 Jesus *can* wash my sins away,
 And Jesus *will*.
 This heart I ask Him to renew,
 And fill with all that's good and true.
 More than I ask Jesus *can* do,
 And Jesus will! N. L. ELEV.

THE CLOWN'S WARNING.

BY foolish jokes amused they sat,
 Intent on the words of a clown,
 One moment his face was wreathed in smiles,
 The next with a solemn frown.

They were all well pleased with his empty jest,
 Their minds were filled with fun,
 And when the time was fleeting past,
 They thought it scarce begun.

But suddenly, another change,
 The jester's face stole o'er;
 They thought his actions very quaint,
 And did with laughter roar.

"Fire! fire!" he said, but one and all
 Clapped hands in great delight,
 They thought him performing part of the play,
 To be acted before them that night.

"Fire! fire!" re echoed again, again,
 Through that densely-crowded place,
 But they laughed once more in their foolish
 At the solemn look on his face. [glee.

They heeded not his warning words,
 Thrice sounded in their ears;
 The curtain then was pulled aside,
 Their laughter turned to fears.

Behind the stage was all in flames,
 They saw with looks of awe;
 Every one thought of their own escape,
 And made a rush for the door.

Oh! that awful rush! that terrible crush!
 What numbers came to harm!
 They were crushed, and burnt, and all who
 Had laughed at the warning alarm. [died,

What a change! but a few brief moments
 They sported in folly and glee, [before,
 Their only care for the pleasure of sin,
 And thought nought of eternity.

O sinners! be warned, while yet there is
 time,
 Believe what the Scripture saith,
 Oh! laugh not at its warning notes,
 Before you lies endless death!



But God in His love, calls to sinners now,
 From coming wrath to flee,
 To trust to the One who in boundless love,
 Gave His life on Mount Calvary.

Oh! come to Him now, then from all your sins
 For ever you will be free,
 No judgment, sorrow, curse, nor wrath,
 Will ever your portion be. A.G.

THE BOOKS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.



IN *Genesis* the world began;
'Twas then that God created man.

In *Exodus* the law was given,
As Israel's guide from earth to Heaven.

Leviticus, from Levi's name,
The tribe from which the priesthood came.

Then *Numbers* teaches to obey,
And walk in God's most holy way.

Deuteronomy, which means "twice told,"
The truth, once learned, must ne'er grow old.

Then *Joshua* came, in Moses' place,
When law had failed, God brought in grace.

He next by *Judges* Israel ruled;
His love toward them never cooled.

And then, the story sweet of *Ruth*,
Foreshadows very precious truth.

In *Samuel First* we read of Saul—
The people's king—his rise and fall.

In *Second Samuel* then we hear
Of David—man to God so dear.

In *First of Kings* the glory filled
The temple Solomon did build.

And *Second Kings* records the lives
Of prophets, kings, their sons and wives.

In *First of Chronicles* we're shown
The house of David and his throne.

And *Second Chronicles* records
King Solomon's good deeds and words.

Then *Ezra* builds God's house again,
Which nad for long in ruins lain.

And *Nehemiah* builds the wall
Round Judah's city, great and tall.

Then *Esther*, Jewish maid and wife,
Raised up to save her people's life.

And *Job*—his patience sorely tried—
At last God's dealings justified.

Then come the *Psalms*, whose sacred page
Is full of truth for every age.

The *Proverbs*, which the wise man spake,
For all who will their teaching take.

Ecclesiastes shows how vain
The very best of earthly gain.

The Song the Spirit has applied
To Christ, and to His chosen Bride.

Isaiah, first of prophets, who
Foretells the future of the Jew.

Then *Jeremiah*, scorned by foes,
Yet weeps for faithless Israel's woes

The *Lamentations* tell, in part,
The sadness of this prophet's heart.

Ezekiel shows, in mystic story,
Departing and returning glory.

Then *Daniel*, from the lions' den,
By power divine, is raised again.

Hosea shows the Father's heart
So grieved for sin on Ephraim's part

And *Joel* tells of judgment near;
The wicked nations quake and fear.

Then *Amos*, from the herdmen sent,
Calls hardened sinners to repent.

In *Obadiah*, Edom's fall
Contains a warning word to all.

Jonah, though prophet of the Lord,
Yet fled to Tarshish from His word.

Then *Micah* sings in sweetest lays
The glory of millennial days.

And *Nahum* tells the fear and gloom
Of Nineveh and of her doom.

Habakkuk—though the fig-tree fail,
His faith and trust in God prevail.

Then *Zephaniah* tells of grace,
And love that comes in judgment's place.

And *Haggai* in the latter days,
Repeats: Consider well your ways!

In *Zechariah's* wondrous book,
We find eight visions, if we look.

Then *Malachi*, the last of all,
Speaks sadly still of Israel's fall. E.J.C.

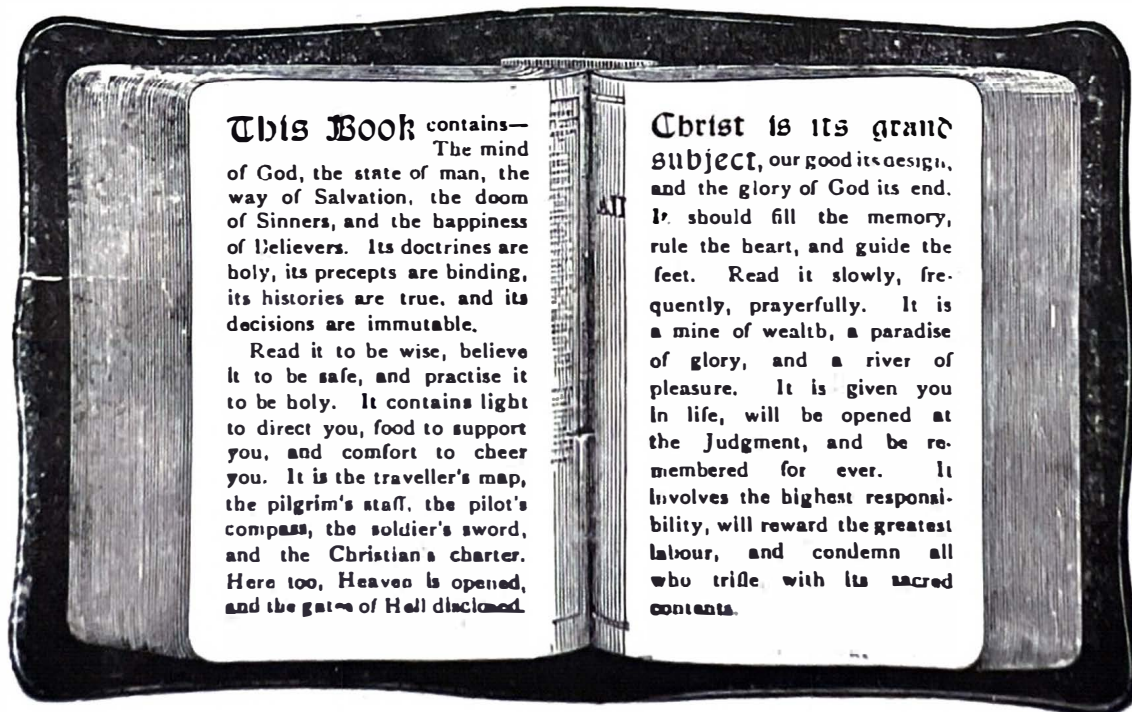
THE BOOKS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

FIRST *Matthew* tells of Jesus' birth—
 As King of Jews He came to earth.
 And *Mark*, how patiently He bore
 The yoke of service which He wore.
 Physician *Luke* then sounds His praise,
 In all His human acts and ways.
 And *John*, the one whom Jesus loved,
 His heavenly birth and being proved.
 The *Acts* record the Spirit given,
 And Christ ascended into heaven.
 The *Romans*, written by Saint Paul,
 Shows all have sinned—Christ died for all.
Corinthians First, the Church with gifts
 Forgets its grace, and pride uplifts.
Corinthians Second, where the Lord
 Had dealt in judgment, grace restored.
Galatians, when the law had failed, [vailed.
 Tells how that faith, through Christ, pre-
Ephesians—Christ our Head above :
 His members here must walk in love.
Philippians—joy and oneness, too,
 Will make poor sinners know 'tis true.
Colossians—we, Christ's members here,
 Must show His love to us so dear.
 The *First of Thessalonians* paints
 The hope of dead and living saints.
 And *Second Thessalonians*, when
 The judgment falls on sinful men.

First Timothy, young, good, and just,
 Had much committed to his trust.
 In *Second Timothy* Paul writes :
 The soldier never flees, but fights
 To *Titus* then : Be sound in speech,
 Hold fast the faithful Word, and teach.
Philemon, to his erring slave,
 At Paul's entreaty all forgave.
 Next, *Hebrews* shows the shadows fled,
 And Christ, the Substance, come instead.
 Then *James* in order next succeeds,
 Now show your faith is real by deeds.
 And *Peter*, in experience versed,
 Says, Glory *then*, but suffering first.
 In *Peter's Second* letter see
 What holy persons we should be.
The First of John we read therein,
 The blood of Jesus cleanseth sin.
Second, a lady is addressed,
 Who, with her children, Christ confessed.
 And *Third*, he writes to Gaius then,
 And longs for more than "ink and pen."
 Next *Jude* in his epistle tells
 Of raging waves and empty wells.
 Last, *Revelation* judgment shows,
 But Christ comes quickly at the close.

E. J. C.

WHAT IS THE BIBLE?
 Recite with pocket Bible held up.



THIS BOOK contains—
 The mind
 of God, the state of man, the
 way of Salvation, the doom
 of Sinners, and the happiness
 of Believers. Its doctrines are
 holy, its precepts are binding,
 its histories are true, and its
 decisions are immutable.
 Read it to be wise, believe
 it to be safe, and practise it
 to be holy. It contains light
 to direct you, food to support
 you, and comfort to cheer
 you. It is the traveller's map,
 the pilgrim's staff, the pilot's
 compass, the soldier's sword,
 and the Christian's charter.
 Here too, Heaven is opened,
 and the gates of Hell disclosed.

CHRIST is its grand
 subject, our good its design,
 and the glory of God its end.
 It should fill the memory,
 rule the heart, and guide the
 feet. Read it slowly, fre-
 quently, prayerfully. It is
 a mine of wealth, a paradise
 of glory, and a river of
 pleasure. It is given you
 in life, will be opened at
 the Judgment, and be re-
 membered for ever. It
 involves the highest responsi-
 bility, will reward the greatest
 labour, and condemn all
 who trifle with its sacred
 contents.

A boy could repeat first leaf, a girl the second; two
 boys or two girls, or as desired.

LITTLE GRACIE'S CHRISTMAS.

IT was a peaceful Christmas eve
A few short years ago,
And all the city's dirt and filth
Was hid in spotless snow.

Bright from each cheerful
window streamed
A flow of glowing light,
And on the frosted casements
gleamed
Like thousand diamonds
bright.

From each glad home the sounds
of mirth
With sweetness filled the air;
And children sang of Jesus' birth,
Who came our sins to bear.

A little, weary, pale-faced child
Crept sadly o'er the snow,
And gazed with shadowy, wistful
eyes
On joys she ne'er could know.

She wondered what the children sang,
And why they seemed so glad;
And as their voices clearer rang,
The child became more sad.

She wandered on, and then once more
Sweet music made her stand,
For round a lighted, open door
Stood children in a band.

A pretty carol rose and fell
Upon the frosty air;
But what they sang she could not tell—
Oh, how she longed to share!

The singing o'er, the children flocked
In through the open door;
One little look, and then 'twas closed.
And Gracie saw no more.

"Will you come in?" a sweet, young voice
Is whispering in her ear;

"Do come and hear how Jesus died;
Come in, you need not fear."

Five little fingers clasped her own
And gently drew her in,



Where holly gleamed and ~~gaze~~
shone,
Amid the children's din.

And then, oh, what a tale ~~she~~
heard

Of Jesus and His love;
Of how He came and *died* on
earth

That we might *live* above.

She heard how many years ago
A little babe was born,
And in a manger cradled low
That first glad Christmas
morn:

How angel choirs were singing
far

Above the sleeping earth;
And brilliant rose the morning star
To hail the Saviour's birth.

She heard how Jesus lived, and died
On Calvary's cruel tree;
Of wounded hands and riven side
That bled to set her free.

That night her little heart was filled
With perfect peace and rest;
Her tears were dried, her sorrows stilled
Upon her Saviour's breast.

Then followed days and nights of pain,
And Grace unconscious lay;
And when a New Year dawned again
Her spirit passed away.

Saved just in time—she found a Friend
To bear her sin's dark load;
And, sheltered 'neath His precious blood,
She found a home with God. J. A. W. H.

NEVER QUARREL.

NEVER let a thing of doubt
Cause suspicion of a friend,
Rather search the matter out,
Probe and quiz it to the end.

Ask the reason, find the "why,"
Never mind a little snub;

When the time of trouble's by,
Friendship's brighter for the rub.

If you smile and get a frown,
You are not the one to lose;
Blessing will good-nature crown,
Peace to sulkiness refuse. J. A. W. H.

"GIVE THE CHRISTIAN TO THE LION!"

"GIVE the Christian to the lion!"

Wildly cry the Roman throng;
"Yes, to Afric's tawny lion!"
Shout the warriors bold and strong.

"Let the hungry lion tear him!"
Echoed back the laughing crowd;
"Fling him—fling him to the lion!"
Shrieked the noble matron loud.

"Do not spare him—let him tear him!"
Cried the fair patrician girls,
With their dark hair softly braided,
Underneath a band of pearls;
With their small feet purple sandall'd,
And their arms with bracelets dight;
And their robes of Indian tissue;
And their black eyes flashing light.

"Give the Christian to the lion!"
Spake, in accents grave and slow,
From their haughty seats of honour,
Senators in goodly row.

Then, from flight to flight, redouble,
Shout, and cheer, and laughter peal,
Till the giant Colosseum
'Neath the tumult seemed to reel.

And the clamours of the people
Through the arch of Titus roll,
All adown the Roman forum,
To the towering Capitol.
Then a pause. But, bark! and listen

Whence that wild and savage yell?
'Tis the lion of Sahara
Raging in his grated cell!

Fierce with famine and with fetter,
Showeth he his tawny mane!
For his living prey impatient,
Struggling 'gainst his bar and chain.

But a voice is stealing faintly
From the next cell, chill and dim;

'Tis the death-doomed Christian chanting
Soft and low his dying hymn!

With uplifted hands he prayeth
For the men that ask his blood!
With a holy faith he pleadeth
For that shouting multitude.
They are waiting: lift the grating—
Comes he forth serene to die.

With a radiance round his forehead,
And a lustre in his eye.

Never! when midst Roman legions
With the helmet on his brow,
Pressed he to the front of battle
With a firmer step than now.
Lift the grating! He is waiting;
Let the savage lion come!
He can only rend a passage
For the soul to reach its home!

"Brother, thou art gone before us,"
Sung the martyr's funeral band,
Pacing slowly—pacing slowly—
(With the torchlight in their hand),

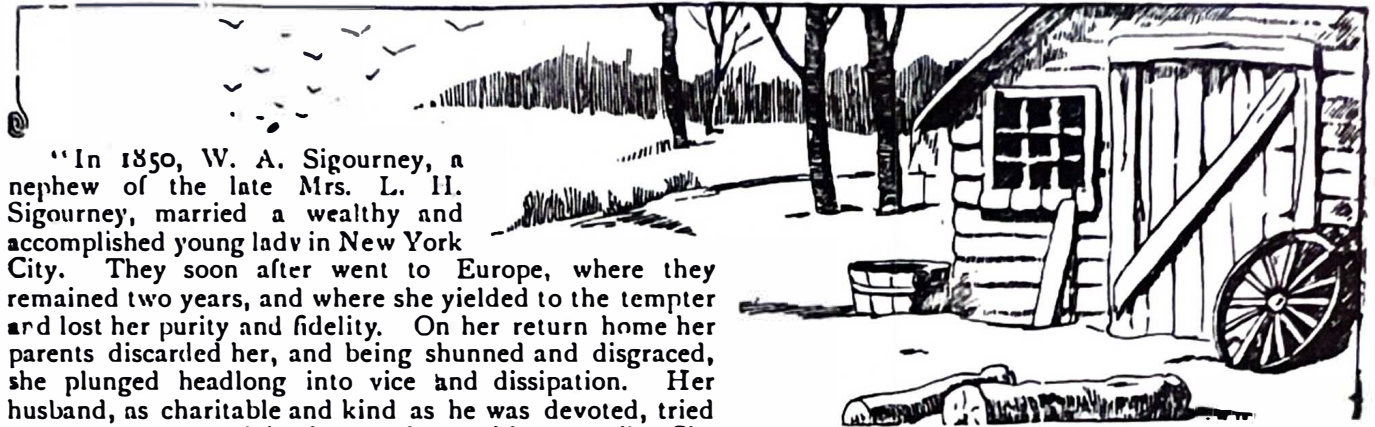
Through the dark and winding chambers
Of the ancient catacombs,
Where the children of the Saviour
Had their hiding-place and tombs.

Little knew they as they whispered,
Low and sad, the burial psalm—
And as Christ's dear name was graven,
And a little branch of palm—
That this tombstone, rude and rugged,
Should be deemed a precious gem—
Ages hence, when crushed and shivered
Is the Caesars' diadem.



TWIN SISTERS, RUODA AND OLIONE, THROWN TO THE LION AT EPHESUS.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.



"In 1850, W. A. Sigourney, a nephew of the late Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, married a wealthy and accomplished young lady in New York City. They soon after went to Europe, where they remained two years, and where she yielded to the tempter and lost her purity and fidelity. On her return home her parents discarded her, and being shunned and disgraced, she plunged headlong into vice and dissipation. Her husband, as charitable and kind as he was devoted, tried every means to reclaim her to duty, without avail. She sank deeper and deeper in vice, until she was arrested as a common outcast, and sent to the workhouse. Being liberated by a well-known magistrate, she promised to reform, and for a short time lived with her husband; but in the autumn of 1853 she returned to her old haunts of vice and dissipation, and thus continued until one stormy night of December, when she died in White Street, and was found in the morning nearly covered with snow. She was buried by her husband in Greenwood."

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and earth below;
Over the housetops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet:

Dancing—flirting—skimming along—
Beautiful snow! it can do no wrong;
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in frolicsome freak;
Beautiful snow, from heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow;
How the flakes gather, and laugh as they go,
Whirling about in maddening fun;

Chasing—laughing—hurrying by,
It lights on the face, and it sparkles the eye;
And the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals as they eddy around;
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How wild the crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humour and song;
How the gay sleighs like meteors flash by,
Bright for the moment, then lost to the eye:

Ringling—swinging—dashing they go,
Over the crust of the beautiful snow;
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled and tracked by thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as snow, but I fell,
Fell like the snowflakes from heaven to hell;
Fell to be trampled like filth in the street,
Fell to be scoffed, and spit on, and beat;

Pleading—cursing—dreading to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy;

Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead;
Merciful God, have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like a crystal, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved of my innocent grace—
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face!

Fathers—mothers—sisters—all—
God and myself I have lost by my fall.
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by
Will make a wide sweep lest I wander too nigh;
For all that is on or above me I know,
There is nothing so pure as the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it should be when the night comes again,
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain!

Fainting—freezing—dying alone,
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan
To be heard in the streets of a crazy town,
Gone mad in the joy of snow coming down;
To be and to die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

Helpless and foul as the trampled snow,
Sinner, despair not: Christ stoopeth low
To rescue the soul that is lost in sin,
And raise it to life and enjoyment again.

Groaning—bleeding—dying for thee,
The Crucified hung on the cursed tree;
His accents of mercy fall soft on thine ear—
"Is there mercy for me? Will He heed my weak prayer?"

Oh God! in the stream that for sinners did flow,
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. W. A. S.

MARY ; OR, OUT OF THE SLUMS.

EAST of London! do you know it?
Have you seen its alleys dim?
Have you heard the moan of anguish
Rising from its depths of sin?
Have you seen its gaunt-eyed children?
Heard the starving babies weep;
Mothers, heedless of their wailing,
Lying in a drunken sleep?
You may know these slum-born children,
Hollow cheeks and sunken eyes,
While, amid the rush of London,
Stifled are their feeble cries.
Such a child was little Mary,
Delicate, and pale, and small,
Living in a dingy alley,
In a building grim and tall.
One day little Mary ventured
From the slum she called her home,
Wandering on in childish wonder,
Heedless where her feet might roam.
In a large, well-lighted chapel,
As the clock points to the hour,
Hundreds sit in breathless silence,
Spellbound 'neath the preacher's power,
When a slight disturbance rises;
Some within the audience smiled

As the door was partly opened
To admit a little child.
Up the aisle she crept in wonder,
Strange the little figure seemed—
Boots too big and clothes in tatters,
Round, blue eyes with terror gleamed.
And the preacher—God directed—
Meets the dear child's earnest gaze,
Reads the mute appeal for blessing,
Filled with pity, he obeys.
From his lips the sweet, old Story,
Simply, grandly, clearly flows—
Message of God's love, good tidings
Of the One who died and rose.
Little Mary listens breathless
To this story strange and new,
And her earnest gaze of wonder
Thrills the preacher through and through.
Grandly from the people rises
Sweetest strains to Jesus' praise;
Mary stands in silence spellbound,
Joy and wonder in her gaze.
Slowly all disperse and leave her
Standing rooted to the spot;
All save *one*—the earnest preacher—
Have the little child forgot.
So he came, like Christ his Master,
To the lowly little child,

And with tender love and sweetness
On the little wand'rer smiled.
"Well, my little one?" he asked
her—
And his voice her heart did win.
Gazing eagerly, she whispered:
"Will your Jesus take *me* in?"
Blessed news! this full salvation
Is for any, great or small,
Rich or poor, the mean or noble—
Pardon free to one and all.
Slowly little Mary grasped it
As she wondered could it be—
Peace and pardon through believing
Jesus died to set *her* free.
"I believe, dear Lord," she murmured;
And the angel hosts in heaven
Sang their sweetest songs of triumph
O'er this precious soul forgiven.
Is that all? Ah, no; next evening,
To the preacher's glad surprise,
In a pew beneath the pulpit
Little Mary he describes.
Not alone; a pale, gaunt woman
Sat on one side of the child;
On the other, shamed, uneasy,
Sat a strong man, rough and wild.
Faithfully the Gospel story
God's true servant told again,
And the tears of deep repentance
Fell like sweet, refreshing rain.
God was moving midst the people—
All could feel the Spirit's power;
Many in that crowded building
Date conversion from that hour.
But what peace and true rejoicing
Filled dear Mary's trembling heart
As first father, then the mother
Chose that night the better part,
Little ones, this sweet, true story
Shows what Jesus Christ can do;
He who saved dear little Mary
Waits to-day to welcome *you*.
Why delay? for Christ is coming—
None may know the day or hour;
Coming, not as homeless Stranger,
But in majesty and power.
Are you ready *now* to meet Him?
Do you long His face to see?
Do you know Him, trust Him, love Him?
What is Jesus Christ to thee?
Seek the Saviour, rest not, pause not
In your eager, anxious quest
Till you find in the Redeemer
Everlasting peace and rest. J. A. W. H.



THE SLAVE BOY'S PRAYER.

THINK, children, of a foreign land,
With clear and cloudless sky,
And sights and sounds on every side,
To please the ear and eye.

Think of the forest's deep recess,
The river's murmur low ;
Think of the birds of paradise,
The firefly's vivid glow.

Think of the birds that sweetly sing,
Of beasts that prowl and glare ;
Think of a little negro child,
The central figure there.

His face is dark as deepest night,
His eyes are black as coal,
But through them shines with
softened light
A pure and noble soul.

He kneels—and from the rising sun
A few, rich, shining rays
Fall on his upturned face, and rest
Upon him as he prays.

"*Father,*" his voice comes low and sweet,
"*And Jesus Christ, who died,*
Oh, be a Lamp unto my feet,
My Helper, Friend, and Guide."

He does not hear a hasty step,
Or see his master there
With smiling lips and cruel whip
Hung o'er him in the air.

And still he prays, "Oh, Father, bless
My master ; make him good,

For though he whips me, yet he gives
Me shelter, clothing, food.

"Forgive him, though he beats me when
I sing aloud to Thee ; [he'll sing
But save him, Lord, and then
Thy praise along with me."

The angry face has ceased to smile,
The threatening whip sinks low,
And in the hard man's cruel eyes
The tears are gathering slow.

A moment's struggle ; two now
kneel—
The master and the slave ;
And from a broken heart there
comes
A cry to God to save.

The stately trees wave calmly on,
The river murmurs by,
The sun bursts forth in glory bright,
And floods the earth and sky.

The birds thrill forth their notes of praise,
The wild deer lifts its head,
While in the deep, mysterious wood
A soul comes from the dead.

A soul lost, fettered, and undone,
Defeated in the strife,
The mighty arm stretched forth to save
And bring it back to life.

And far above the earth and trees,
Above the sun and skies,
The glad bells ring, and seraphs sing,
There's joy in Paradise. J.A.W.H.



THE LITTLE BOY FROM BARRHEAD.

Original Poetry concerning a Boy from Bourack Sunday School, Barrhead, admitted into Glasgow Royal Infirmary.

THE day of trouble comes apace,
To every child of Adam's race ;
None may its advent shun.
The light of life's bright morning-tide,
Its heavy shadows oft times hide,
Obscuring childhood's sun.

So was it with a suffering boy,
Life yielded him but little joy,
For health and strength had fled.

Pale and emaciated he,
To all appearances to be
Soon numbered with the dead.

To an infirmary at length
In pain, and quickly ebbing strength,
The sufferer was brought.
The doctors, and the nurses too,
With all that skill and care could do,
His restoration sought.

THE LITTLE BOY FROM BARRHEAD.

But all in vain ! from day to day
He still in pain and weakness lay,
One only hope remained.
An operation he must bear,
Which, if performed with greatest care,
And by him well sustained,

Might conquer his disease, and bring
Back once again health's long lost spring,
And o'er his face once more
The ruddy hue of roses spread,
Joy on his youthful spirit shed,
Strength to his limbs restore.

But should his little strength give way
Beneath the shock, that very day
Would be to him the last.
For death would claim him as his own,
His icy arms be round him thrown ;
All hope for him be past.

The dreaded day at length had come.
They bore him gently to the room,
And set him in a chair,
Until each instrument was placed,
That not a moment they might waste ;
The case required such care.

The lad looked round in helplessness,
And then, in tones of deep distress,
He to the students said,
Who, ranged in two's, sat looking on,
Engrossed in what was being done,
"Oh, I am sore afraid !"

"I feel such trouble and distress,
Will one of you ask God to bless,
And bring me safely through?
A wee bit prayer would do for me,
I'm such a wee bit boy, you see,
And God might answer you."

Alas ! No praying heart was there,
He looked in vain for one to share
The sorrows of that hour.
So, turning from them all away,
He bent his head, they heard him pray
With pathos and with power.

"Oh, Jesus ! I have heard and read
That Thou dost love wee boys," he said,
"I now would call on Thee.
Oh ! hear me when to Thee I cry,
Be with me now, and stand close by,
Oh ! help and succour me."

The chloroform was then applied,
And on the table he was tied,
Unconscious now he lay
All ready for the doctor's knife ;
Hung in a balance was his life—
How would it turn that day ?

The doctor feared his hand might shake,
So moved he was, yet he must make
All haste, and quick perform
That work which needed nerve and skill,
To do it while the lad was still
Asleep in chloroform.

But, as he went along, he felt
All nervous hesitation melt
Away ; and ne'er before
Had he been able with such speed
And skill to do so great a deed.
He knew that it was more



Than merely human skill : that One
Stood by him until all was done,
And guided him through all.
He knew, in answer to that cry,
That Jesus had been standing by ;
Had heard that feeble call.

The boy awoke and all was well ;
He rose up, by-and-bye, to tell
How God sustained his soul.
How graciously He bent His ear,
And whispered gently, "Do not fear,
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

Dear boy or girl, whose bright eyes look
Upon the pages of this book,
Who may this story read,
May you know Jesus as your Friend,
To save and keep you to the end,
And help in time of need. A.W.P.S.

THE MUSTER ROLL: A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

A BATTLE had been fought,
And on the plain, unmindful of defeat
Or victory, the slain and wounded lay.
Grim death was busy, still unsatisfied,
Gathering the remnants of that sad day's
 spoil.

As night drew on,
Two men of God were seen
 moving amid
Those scenes of death and
 dying agony,
As, nerved by heavenly strength
 and tender care
For souls, they sought to com-
 fort dying saints
By whispering in their ears
 His promises,

For whom nor life nor death can separate;
And to the Lamb of God, whose precious
 blood
Can cleanse from every sin, to point the
 Of those whose day of life was almost past,
Their sins yet unforgiven.

And now they stand
Beside a manly form, outstretched, alone.
His helmet from his head had fallen. His
 hand
Still firmly grasped his keen but broken
 [sword.
His face was white and cold; and thinking
 he was gone
They were just passing on, for time was
When a faint sigh caught their attentive ears.
Life was still there; so, bending softly down,
They whispered in his ears most earnestly,
Yet with that hush and gentleness with
 which
We ever speak to a departing soul,
"Brother, the blood of Jesus Christ, God's
 Son,
Cleanseth from every sin!"

"DO YOU WISH FOR THE CLUE?"

THERE'S a sweet little pathway that
 leads up to God, [have trod:
Where none but His own blessed people
Where the waters of life everlastingly flow
By the pleasantest tracks which a sinner
 can go.

Every step of the way is with blood sprinkled
 o'er;
The traces of One who has gone on before

The pale lips moved,
And gently whispered, "Hush!" and then
 they closed,
And life again seemed gone.

But yet once more

They whispered those thrice-
 blessed words, in hope
To point the parting soul to
 Christ and heaven,
"Brother, the precious blood
 of Jesus Christ

Can cleanse from every sin!"

Again the pale lips
 moved;

All else was still and motion-
 less, for death [half done;

Already had his fatal work

But gathering up his quickly failing
 strength,

The dying soldier—dying victor—said,
"Hush! for the Saviour calls the muster
I wait to hear my name!" [roll;

They spoke no more.

What need to speak again? For now full
 well [fixed,

They knew on whom his dying hopes were
And what his prospects were; so, hushed
 and still,

They, kneeling, watched.

And presently a smile,
As of most thrilling and intense delight,
Played for a moment on the soldier's face.
And with his one last breath he whispered,
 "HERE!"

Oh, grand
And blessed death! Quite ready for the
 call, [fought—

He heard his Captain's voice. Life's battle
Life's victory won—the soldier thus received
His welcome and his crown!



To open the way. Do you wish for the
 clue?

'Tis faith in a Saviour who suffer'd for you!
There's an opposite way—'tis a terrible road!
Which leads to destruction, to Satan's
 abode;

Then haste thou to Jesus, His promise is
 true; [the clue.

Put faith in His precious blood—this is

"WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN PROVIDED FOR."

"For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee" (Isaiah 54. 10).



"GOOD wife, what are you singing for?

You know we've lost the hay,
And what we'll do with horse
and kye

Is more than I can say;

While like as not, with storm and rain,
We'll lose both corn and wheat."

She looked up with
a pleasant face,
And answered low
and sweet:

"There is a Heart,
there is a Hand,
We feel, but cannot see;
We've always been
provided for,
And we shall always be."

He turned around
with sullen gloom.
She said: "Love,
be at rest;

You cut the grass,
worked soon and
late— [best.

You did your very
That was your work,
you've naught
at all

To do with wind
and rain,
And do not doubt but
you will reap

Rich fields of golden grain;
For there's a Heart, and there's a Hand,
We feel, but cannot see;
We've always been provided for,
And we shall always be."

"That's like a woman's reasoning—
We must, because we must."

She softly said: "I reason not;
I only work and trust;

The harvest may redeem the day—
Keep heart what'er betide;

When one door shuts, I've always seen
Another open wide.

There is a Heart, there is a Hand,
We feel, but cannot see;
We've always been provided for,
And we shall always be."

He kissed the calm and trustful face—

Gone was his rest-
less pain;

She heard him
with a cheerful
step

Go whistling down
the lane,

And went about
her household
tasks

Full of a glad
content,

Singing to time her
busy hands

As to and fro she
went:

"There is a Heart,
there is a Hand,
We feel, but cannot see;

We've always been
provided for,
And we shall always be."

Days come and go
—'twas winter
tide;

The fire burned bright and clear.
The farmer said: "Dear wife, it's been
A good and happy year;

The fruit was gain; the surplus corn
Has bought the hay, you know."

She lifted then a smiling face,
And said: "I told you so!

For there's a Heart, and there's a
Hand,

We feel, but cannot see;
We've always been provided for,
And we shall always be."

N.B.



THE WRECK OF THE "HURON."

FORTH from the docks at the close of the day
The good old ship *Huron* steamed,
The sky still looked wild, but yet through the grey
A young moon's soft crescent gleamed.

The wind blew strong, but the ship was so good
And staunch as an old oak tree,
The captain skilful, and guided so swift
From the river out to sea.

So onward she goes till the harbour
far
Is gone, and Atlantic's breast
Now doth bear the good old ship
Huron on
Once more with the waves to
wrest.

The east wind sweeps on with an
awful hiss,
And tears o'er the angry deep,
While the waves leap high ere they
sink in foam
To rise in a longer leap.

Still onward she goes, and the
moon is set,
The wind with increasing roar
Doth challenge the sea to a greater
feat,
And higher the billows soar.

The ship holds on with a staggering pace,
She reels like a drunken man,
The sailors look up with an anxious eye,
And pale 'neath their ruddy tan.

This ship with her freight of three hundred
souls
And crew too anxious to sleep,
With the lives of men and the fate of homes,
Tosses like a toy on the deep.

Woe to the wives who are list'ning that night
While the storm shrieks o'er the sea,
Woe to the babes in their innocent sleep,
"Father" no more shall they see.

The wind sweepeth on with quickening speed.
The waves hiss, gurgle, and roar,
The ship—can it be? whatever is wrong?
Seems not to rise as before.

And wave after wave breaks over her side,
Pray for them now with all speed,
For somewhere below a leak has sprung,
Pitiful now is their need.

The men to the pumps—ah, yes, but alas!
The sea doth steadily gain;
They work on like slaves, their sinews stand out
Like cord, with tension and strain.

No hope! at last with a lingering sigh
The men are forced to give o'er,
The lifeboats are out, and sailors stand near
Ready the women to lower.

The order is given, and now from below
Pale creatures crowd on the deck;
O God, who could depict such a scene,
Depict the woe of a wreck?



One boat is now filled, alas and
alas!
'Tis only a hastened doom,
For down she goes with her pale
shrieking crew,
Stern foremost 'mid ocean's
gloom.

Another is filled, and another
lost,
Till all the lifeboats are gone;
Hopeless and helpless the few who
remain
Cling close to wait for the dawn.

Still sinking! though now the wind
is at rest,
Slowly the sea going down,
Out on the dull, heaving billows they
gaze,

'Tis hard after all to drown.

She suddenly gives a quick, forward lurch,
There's a rush, a shriek, a roar;
Now, not a trace of that pale sad-eyed crew—
Crew! wreck! gone! waves rolling o'er.

None left of them all to tell this sad tale,
But the heaving billows bore
Some wreckage and a few dead bodies back.
And cast them up on the shore.

"Gone down out at sea," the newspapers ran,
Three hundred souls have been lost,
But *souls* we know are not easily thus
Recorded as saved or lost.

And doubtless some there in all that sad crowd,
Though meeting this sudden death,
Would enter heaven in this sudden way
On Jesus, their Saviour's worth.

And some, who doubtless had often been
warned,
Yet scoffed at the Saviour's grace,
Did find in sorrow and unending pain
The poor Christ-rejector's place.

But had *you* been there, I ask you when rose
That lone and sad dying wail,
Would you have sunk *deeper* than deepest sea,
Or risen *above* the gale?

J. A. W. H.

WHO PULLED THE CORD?

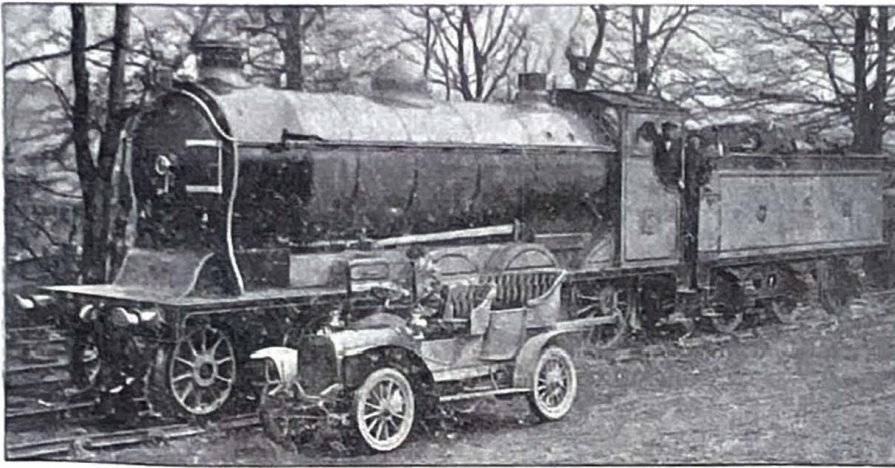
A newspaper report of this remarkable occurrence appeared some years ago.



THE darkness fell on the railroad track,
Nor star nor moon there shone,
And all around the tempest raged
As the night express rushed on.
"We're behind our time," the driver said,
"But we'll soon make it up," quoth he;
"On this gradient steep we'll downward
Till we fly right merrily." [sweep,
Then the engine throbbed like a thing of life,
And its fiery breath came fast;
"Oh, this is the pace," said the foot-plate
"To make the miles go past; [men,
"We've only to cross the river down here,
And then a straight run for home."
Through storm and rain went the shrieking
Was it rushing to its doom? [train—
Fast comes the bridge, and soon they'll be
Safe on the other shore;
They are so near that they can hear
The river's thundering roar.
But suddenly the danger-cord
Is pulled with might and main,
That tells the driver at his post
At once to stop the train.
The railroad men shut off the steam,
And put the brakes down tight;
"Now, what delay is this?" they say,
"We shall be late to-night."
But when the train drew up they looked,
And, lo! no bridge was seen;
A yawning chasm at their feet
Showed where the bridge had been.
The raging waters told the tale
Of havoc and dismay;
The river in its mighty flood
Had swept the bridge away.

And if no hand had pulled the cord
That death-bound train to
save,
Then surely every soul aboard
Had found a watery grave.
The passengers came crowding
round,
And heard, with bated breath,
How the train was stopped, and
its living freight
Escaped an awful death.
"But where's the man that pulled the cord?
We must thank him ere we go;
Conductor, was it you?" they said,
But he only answered "No."
At once they sought through all the cars
To find who it could be,
That they might bless his name and say,
"Our lives we owe to thee."
Yet they found him not although they
Until the morning light; [sought
And then they said, "Shall we ever know
Who pulled the cord last night?"
But one in touch with things unseen,
Who travelled by that train,
Was at no loss to understand
What seemed both clear and plain.
He told the secret of the cord,
So puzzling at the time:
"The man who saved the train," said he,
"Came from a distant clime."
"But no one saw him board the cars,
And no one saw him go,
And none beheld his shining robe
That was as white as snow."
"Twas the Angel of God that came and rode
With the train in its headlong flight;
'Twas an Angel hand from Glory's land
That pulled the cord that night."
And though the years have come and gone
Since the bridge was swept away,
Yet all around, as I have found,
They tell it to this day:
How in that hour of Death's dark power
The Angel of the Lord,
With might to save from the swelling wave,
Came down and pulled the cord! W.S.

THE GREATEST WONDER OF TO-DAY.



OH, the world is full of wonders !
 Little bright eyes, dark or blue,
 Come and sit beside me, darlings,
 And we'll talk of just a few.

There's the snorting "railway engine,"
 One would think it was alive,
 As it rushes on its journey—
 Hurry, scurry, curve, and dive.

Yet more wondrous are the "motors,"
 Without rail or steam they go ;
 You just see them in the distance,
 And they're past before you know.

There is something yet more wondrous,
 'Tis the "ships" that really "fly"
 Like a bird with outspread pinions
 Sailing swiftly through the sky.

They can really carry people,
 And can really cross the sea,
 Oh, 'tis wonderful, dear children,
 It is wonderful to me !

Then there's "wireless telegraphy,"
 'Tis more wonderful than all
 The great wonders yet discovered—
 Truly what is it at all

That can take a message safely
 For so many miles away
 Without wire or ought to guide it
 In the night or in the day ?

Listen, darlings, there is something
 Yet more wonderful by far
 Than the snorting "railway engine,"
 "Flying ship," or "motor car."

Oh ! of all the wondrous wonders
 That one e'er can see or know,
 It is this—"a careless sinner,"
 In this world of sin and woe.

A poor sinner hastening
 onward, [fly,
 Just as fast as Time can
 Unconcerned, and yet
 knowing [surely die.
 That some day he'll

He must meet God, and
 he knows it, [day
 Yet he lives from day to
 Just as if no God existed,
 Driving from his mind
 away

Thoughts of God, of
 death, or judgment—

Satan binds him to his fate.
 He is pleased with his condition,
 Is not his a dreadful state ?

Oh ! how can he live without Him ?
 Jesus Christ, who to him gives
 All things which he now possesses,
 E'en the breath by which he lives.

Oh ! how can he e'er be merry ?
 How can he rejoice and sing ?
 Never knowing what to-morrow
 To his guilty soul may bring.

Do not be like this, my darlings,
 Come to Jesus, trust Him now ;
 Come before earth's cares and sorrows
 Cast their shadows on your brow.

He once gave His life for sinners,
 Even little ones like you ;
 All your sins were laid upon Him,
 Oh, believe it, it is true.

Come to Him while golden tresses,
 Or dark braids your heads adorn,
 Little cheeks and lips all rosy,
 Like the flush of early morn.

While your little hearts are beating,
 With sweet childhood's trusting love,
 Then throughout life's toilsome journey
 All His kindness you shall prove.

Give your lives to Him, my darlings,
 He deserves your very best,
 He will keep and guide you always
 Safe to His eternal rest.

Then you'll not be this "great wonder,"
 Sinners careless, without God ;
 You will be God's "little children,"
 Spotless through the Saviour's blood.

E. J. M.

THE GREATEST WONDER EVER KNOWN.

MOTHER'S MESSAGE TO HER DARLINGS. COMPANION TO FORMER PIECE.

NOW listen, my darlings, I have not forgotten
The greatest of wonders we ever can know ;
I spoke of the things in the world all
around us—
Discoveries, inventions of men here below.
I spoke of a sinner to death rushing onward,
Oft singing and dancing along life's short
way,
Shutting out from his heart thoughts of
God and the judgment—
'There are many like this all around us to-day.
'Tis a far greater wonder than engine or
motor,
Than X-rays, or airships that can swiftly fly,
Or wireless telegraph sending a message
Hun dred of miles on the waves of the sky.

There's a wonder far greater than these I
have mentioned,
The greatest of wonders that ever was
known—
God's own Son descending to this world of
sorrow,
And leaving His heaven, His glory, and
throne.
The worlds and all things by His word were
created,
Possessed of all riches, for us became poor ;
He humbled Himself, became Man, e'en a
Servant—
All glory and honour to Him evermore.
He stooped lower yet, unto death was
obedient,
Yea, even the death of the Cross with its



OH, WHY DID HE DO IT? I'LL TELL YOU, MY DARLINGS.

shame ;
He offered Himself in the stead of the
guilty,
He died for lost sinners— all praise
to His Name.
Oh, why did He do it? I'll tell you,
my darlings :
'Twas love, wondrous love, all for
you and for me ;
No love is like His, no, not even a
mother's—
Our sin's awful judgment He bore
on the tree.
He rose from the dead, and He now
is exalted,
God raised Him on high, and He
gave Him a Name ;
Every knee shall yet bow at the sweet
Name of Jesus,
The sweetest that human tongue
ever can frame.
Oh, trust Him, my darlings, none ever
can perish
Who trust in the Saviour and His
cleansing blood ;
For the greatest of wonders, through-
out endless ages,
All angels and saints shall give
glory to God. E. J. M.

DON'T BEGIN.

DON'T begin to grumble,
Don't begin to fret ;
Things may be all tangled,
They'll be brighter yet.

Don't begin to fancy
Yours a grievous load,
There's a bigger burden
Just across the road.

Don't begin to worry
Over what "they say;"
Take your task and do it,
'Tis the better way.

Don't begin to trifle
O'er your little things ;
Bees sound pretty buzzing,
But their tails have stings.



Don't begin to chatter
Of the last strange news ;
Time is only lent you!
Why a moment lose ?
Don't begin to whisper
That your way seems best ;
"Come to Me," says Jesus,
"I will give you rest."

Don't begin to weary
O'er your lot alone,
If you love the Saviour,
He and you are one.
Downward ever downward
Falls the slope of sin,
Stopping is not easy,
Therefore DON'T BEGIN. J.

THE LAY OF A DISCONTENTED CHRISTIAN.

NOTHING to eat but food,
Nothing but clothes to wear,
Nothing to warm but heat,
Nothing to breathe but air.
Nowhere to live but home,
Nowhere to sleep but bed,
None to love but friends,
Nothing but good to dread.

Nothing but daily grace,
And a Father's constant love,
And a life of prayer and faith,
And a home prepared above.
Was ever a life so tried ?
Was ever a heart so riven ?
With nothing on earth but good,
And nothing at last but Heaven.

GOD IS LOVE.

A recitation for nine little ones, each turning an appropriate letter to view on coming to the letter named. Any printer or ticket-writer would supply the cards at a moderate cost. Initials could be red letters, others black.

MY little friends and schoolmates
dear

To-day have met with me,
To spell for you a pleasant line,
Which I'll begin with **G**.

And I will do my little mite
The precious words to show ;
And for this worthy purpose I
Will lend my great round **O**.

My letter ends the holy Name
Of Him we love and fear ;
Tis **D**—I'll turn it round to view,
And you will see it here.

My mission is a humble one,
Yet to do good I'll try
To help all when I'm needed, so
I now will furnish **I**.

My little aid is needed now
To give this piece success,
So joyfully I bring to view
My crooked letter **S**.

And now another word we spell—
A word endeared to all,
And as I see my turn has come
The letter **L** I'll call.
Although my letter you have seen
Upon the platform here,
Still our sweet word, without an **O**,
You could not tell, I fear.
As no one in our little band
Has brought the letter **V**,
I hope it will not come amiss
If now supplied by me.
I will close the joyful tidings,
Soon our motto you will see,
All can read it very plainly
When I add the letter **E**.

All join and say, or sing :

"**GOD IS LOVE**," His mercy brightens
All the paths in which we rove ;
Grace He gives, our pathway lightens,
"**GOD IS LIGHT**" and "**GOD IS LOVE**."

THE BOY OF NAZARETH.



UNDER the spreading
olive's shade,
Where vines in wild
luxuriance strayed,
With brothers and with
sisters played
A little Boy in Nazareth.

With them in happy,
childish glee,
Culled lilies from the
grassy lea ;

And yet the mighty God was He,
Although a Boy in Nazareth.

He won the love of all around,
In Him young hearts a solace found,
With tender skill their wounds He bound,
No boy like Him in Nazareth.

The sight and sound of pain or sigh
At once would dim His lustrous eye ;
A heart of truest sympathy
Was His—that Boy of Nazareth.

The timid creatures, beast or bird,
His footstep without tremor heard,
For nought but kindest feelings stirred
That gentle Boy of Nazareth.

God's Word He studied with such care
That in the temple cloisters where
Great doctors met, none could compare
With the young Boy from Nazareth.

His parents' wish to Him was law,
He mingled filial love with awe,
In Him His playmates ever saw
The Subject Boy of Nazareth.

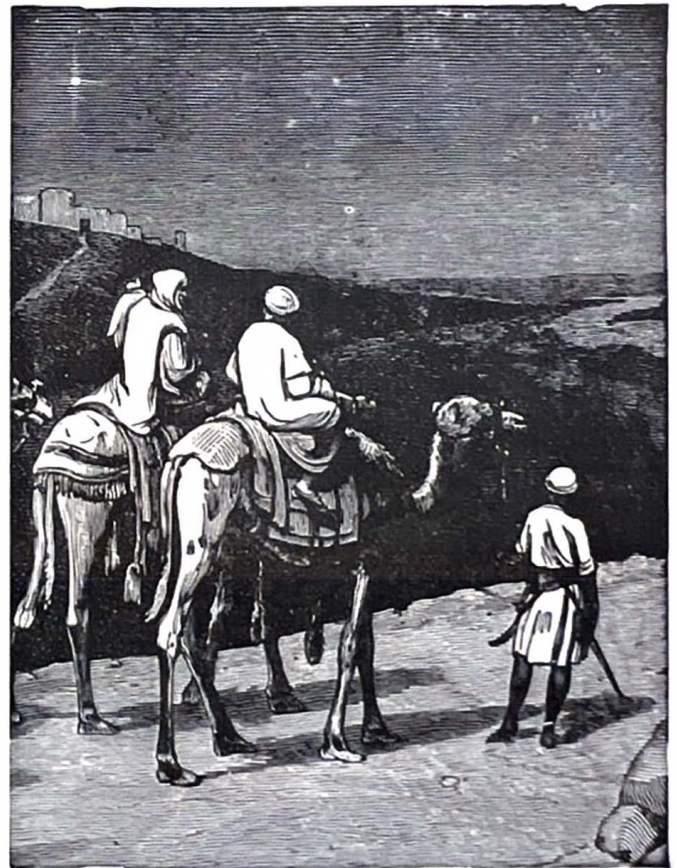
No unkind word His lips expressed,
Nor thought of sin was in His breast ;
He was "the Son of God" confessed,
Although a Boy in Nazareth.

Unseen the holy angels gazed
Upon Him, and were sore amazed
That He, whose throne with splendour blazed,
Should be a Boy in Nazareth.

No wonder boys and girls oft sigh
And say in heart, "I wish that I
Had seen those days and lived close by
That wondrous Boy in Nazareth."

His heart of love is still the same
As when in lowly guise He came,
And you may all His fulness claim,
Though now no more in Nazareth.

Go to Mount Calvary and see
One pale in death, dear child, for thee ;
Read that inscription ; yes, 'tis He
Whose home was once in Nazareth.



"I wish that I
Had seen those days and lived close by."

Believe in Him that so His blood
May be to thee a cleansing flood,
For thou canst know true peace with God
Alone through Him of Nazareth.

Though now enthroned in glory bright,
He still remembers 'mid the light
Of heaven, Gethsemane's dark night,
And Boyhood's days at Nazareth.

WITH THE LOWESTOFT LIFEBOAT.

THE sun had passed the western gate,
The golden porch grew dark;
The stars beheld the boatmen wait,
And watch a struggling bark.
Those boatmen marked the shadows fall,
The last gray streak had gone:
While, like a battle-crested wall,
The sea rolled madly on.

The ship bore up,
though masts were lost,
Though hope had all but fled,
Though battered, beaten, swept, and tossed,
On with a fearful dread.
Though higher rose the angry waves,
Still fiercer tempests blew,
That hollowed in the deep the graves
Of many a gallant crew.

But as that vessel rose and sank,
Borne wildly on her way,
She neared a bank, a fearful bank,
Beneath the boiling spray.

All saw the peril! anchors fell
Down, down into the main—

And gripped—but, in that awful swell,

Say, will they bear the strain?
A rocket rose! "Distress!" it cried,

And from the shore there shone
The welcome signal that replied,
"Help comes! wait bravely on!"
It came! for there were heroes there,

Who well the danger knew,
Prepared at once to do and dare—
The noble lifeboat crew.

They grasped the oars, and through the storm
Pulled sternly on their way,

As if but eager to perform

The rescue of the prey.

They crossed the threatening bank! nor stayed

Till at the vessel's side—

"A tug! a tug!" the captain said;
"Ay! ay!" the men replied.

Again they crossed the surging bank,

The billows dashing o'er,
Lost in the darkness, void and blank,

Back to the distant shore.

The tug was sent: but not till day
Could she perform her part;

So once again, through blinding spray,

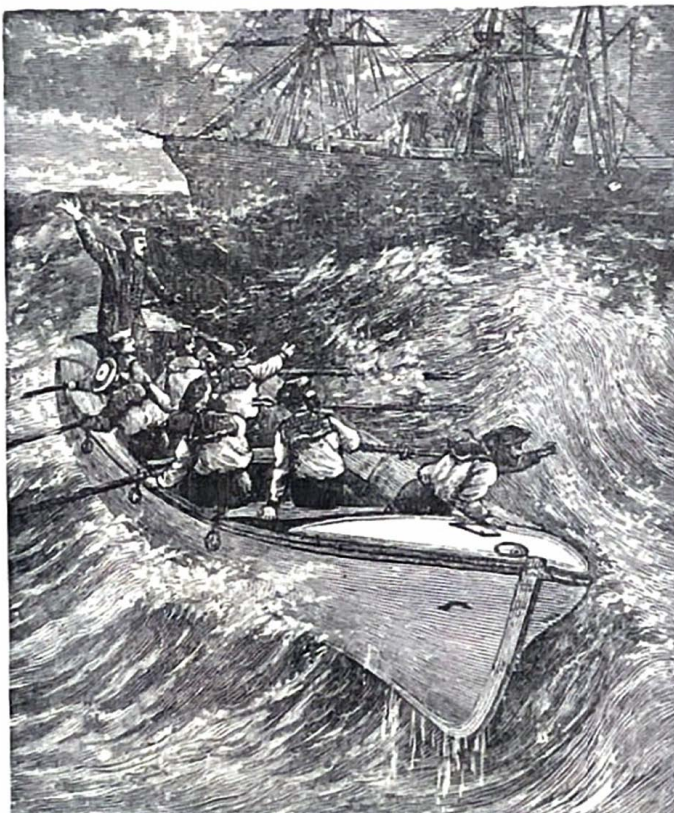
The boat was seen to start.

The sea may toss them to and fro,
And drench them through and through,

The storm may beat, the tempest blow:

Their hearts are brave and true,
And often through the night will ring,

As hour by hour goes past,
The old sea-songs they love to sing
Who face the raging blast.



Twelve hours have fled! they linger yet

Beneath the biting cold—

In winter, in a storm, and wet,

But gallant, fearless, bold.

Another hour, another still,

And yet two more they stayed,

Fighting with dauntless strength and skill,

And with Almighty aid.

For oft that anxious captain cried,

"God help the lifeboat crew!"

"I will," a still small voice replied,

"And bring them safely through."

At last they hail the lingering sun,

And with the sun they see

The steaming tug—their task is done—

A cheer, and they are free!

O ye who man the Boat of Life,
Leave not the sinking soul

Amidst the tempest's raging strife,
When billows round him roll.

Keep near him till the morning breaks,

Watch through each lonely hour,

Until the gracious Saviour takes
And draws him by His power.

And, if upon the troubled sea,
Some brother in distress

Should in the darkness signal thee,

Launch, and the Lord will bless
Go to him: cheer him with thy song,

Keep near him to the end;
The light will come again ere long.

But never leave thy friend. W. L.

Again upon the breakers tossed,
By turns they rise and fall;

Again that shallow sea is crossed—

The shipwrecked hear their call.

The night wears by, while on the shore

The watchers wait in vain,
As louder still the wild winds roar,

And lash the foaming main.

But still they wait; and through the gloom

Peer out with anxious eyes,
Fearing they've found an ocean tomb

Where many a hero lies.

Tell it, ye winds—"They live! they live!"

And, hovering near that wreck,
With cheer on cheer, new courage give

To those who tread its deck.

"HE DIED FOR ME."

Illustrating the text: "The Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me" (Gal. 2. 20).

WITHIN the churchyard's
grassy mould

There stands a little cross,
Its epitaph, long since grown old,
Half hidden by the moss.

And underneath the sleeper's name
Four little words I see;
No record of a bygone fame,
But just—"He died for me."

I asked of one who came with
flowers

To deck that lonely grave
Why here he spent so many hours
Beside the sleeping brave.

"Ah, sir," he said, "'twas long ago,
When cannons thundered far,
And men went marching to and fro,
To join the deadly war,

"That from the front came high
command

To send some troops away,
And I was chosen with that band
To join the deadly fray.

"But one there came—I see him still,
So noble and so true—



He volunteered my place to fill,
Said he, 'I'll go for you.

"For you have children and a
wife—

They look to you for bread;
But I—well, I will give my life,
If needs be, in your stead.'

"They marched away, that gallant
few,

And one went forth to die;
With smiling face he waved adieu,
A happy, brave good-bye.

"But, ah! no more we meet again,
Redeemed he went to God;
A braver heart was never slain
Than this beneath the sod.

"My hair is grey, my steps are
slow,

My eyes are growing dim;
But at the close, 'tis sweet to know,
I'm going home to Him."

I turn aside my dimming eyes,
Another Cross I see;
And, looking upward to the skies,
Repeat—"HE DIED FOR ME." L.F.

THE MEASURE OF LOVE.

Illustrating the text: "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us" (1 John 3. 1).
In repeating, hands and arms should be extended to suit the action to the words.

"HOW much do you love SISTER?
Come, Bertie, let me see;"
The hands were held a foot apart,
"I love her that," said he.

"How much do you love BROTHER?"
The merry eyes grew dim;
The hands were held an inch apart,
"That is my love for him."

Tom was not always loving,
As brothers ought to be;
And so an inch of love was all
Bert. had for him, you see.

"How much do you love MOTHER?"
And there wee Bertie stood,
And stretched his hands as far apart
As e'er our darling could.

"That is how much I love her,"
Said he. "I love dear mother
Far more than sister, brother,
Far more than any other."

"How much does JESUS love you?"
Look to the cross and see
His tender hands stretched far apart,
Nailed to the cursed tree.

His loving heart was pierced,
His back with scourging torn,
And on His head He wore for you
A crown of cruel thorn.

"How much do you love Jesus?"
I ask each girl and boy;
To love Him who has first loved you
Is everlasting joy. E. J. M.

THE LIVING BRIDGE.



WO little boys like nestlings lay
In slumber side by side ;
The children of one father they,
His treasure and his pride.

For them he toiled from early morn
Until the hush of night ;
Then, though by daily labour worn,
His heart with love was light.

Theirs was a humble house, 'tis true,
Dull looked the walls, and bare ;
Yet to that tender father's view,
None might with it compare.

It was his home, his darlings' nest,
His castle and retreat ;
To him the place on earth most blest,
Though in a narrow street.

Ah, love, how potent is thy spell,
What power can equal thine ?
Thy radiant presence makes a cell
Like sparkling gems to shine.

They slept on peacefully,
those two,
Locked in each other's
arms.

If dreams of danger o'er
them threw
Dark shadows of alarms,

We know not ; or if shout-
ing crowd
Or falling timber broke
Upon their ears like
thunder loud ;
But suddenly they woke

To find the tenement on fire,
And all escape in vain ;
The flames, each moment mounting higher,
Their chamber soon would gain.

With trembling hands the window sash
They quickly open threw ;
Behind them, crash was heard on crash,
Their danger deeper grew.

They lifted up their voice and cried ;
But though the shout was heard,
No reassuring voice replied,
None spoke a hopeful word.

There was no ladder that could reach
That window sill so high ;
And the outspoken thought of each,
Was that those boys must die.

Was there no loving arm to save ?
No daring heart to do ?
None that could snatch them from the grave,
Or bring them safely through ?



Yes, suddenly a man was seen
Amidst the staring crowd ;
One moment he surveyed the scene,
Then groaned, with grief, aloud.

He ran toward the burning door,
But strong hands held him fast ;
Soon from their grasp himself he tore,
And from their gaze he passed

Into the house across the street,
And up the stairs he flew ;
As the wild roe his step was fleet,
Brave was his heart to do.

The window sash he open threw,
Right opposite he stood
To his dear boys. Ah, well he knew,
Most fully understood,

In that dread moment that their life
Or his must be the choice.
Love faltered not in nature's strife,
Self lifted not her voice.

He threw his manly form
athwart,
Bridging the narrow street!
Right well did he perform
his part,
Holding with hands and
feet.

"Now, boys, you must be
saved, make haste ;
This is the only way :"
Not one brief moment did
they waste,
But hastened to obey.

First one, and then the other, passed
In perfect safety o'er ;
But when they gained the ground at last,
Their father was no more.

Himself and them he could not save,
But love the victory won ;
Himself for them he freely gave,
For them the deed was done.

Sure, till the pulse of life stands still,
That sacrifice of love,
The mind and heart of each will fill,
And deep emotion move.

But greater love than this was seen,
Upon it fix *thine* eyes ;
When Christ, God's Holy Son, for sin
Became a sacrifice.

He could not save Himself and thee ;
Consider this full well—
His blood was shed on Calvary's tree,
To rescue thee from hell.

He is the only, *only* way,
The bridge of life to heaven ;
Come to Him, trust Him now, to-day,
Then know thy sins forgiven.

A. W. P.

IN FATHER'S ARMS.

An incident in the life of Gipsy Smith, related by himself.

A GIPSY camp, a gipsy tent,
A gipsy's canvas home,
Perched lightly on the soft green
sward

Beneath Heaven's vault'd dome.

Behind them stretch the
shady wood

With trees of every green,
Where sings the thrush and
nightingale, [stream.
And flows the limpid

Far in the distance lies the
town

Asleep in sunlight fair ;
The blue smoke curls from
chimneys tall

But floats in breathless air.

Calm though it seems, that
busy town

Is scene of toil and strife,
Were we but near enough
to hear

The groan of struggling
life.

But in the peaceful gipsy
home

No groans of striving
come,

No sound but Nature's
whispering voice

Or honey-bees' soft hum.

Their music is the wild bird's song,
The wood and glen their home ;
The wide world their inheritance
And liberty to roam.

Four dark-eyed children played
this day

Within and round the tent ;
Though poor their dress and scant
their fare

Yet rich in sweet content.

Their pleasures few, and yet they
For very little more ; [seek

Their treasures few, and yet they
In nature richest store. [find

They climb as light as any squirrel,
They mock the song-birds' notes ;
And merry laughter gaily peals
From joyous little throats.

Three days had father been from
home,

And now the fourth had come,
The day he bade them watch and
For his returning home. [wait

And so to-day those little limbs
Are not a moment still.

I cannot tell how oft that day [hill,
They climbed the neighbouring

I cannot tell how eagerly
They watched each distant form,
Or how they hoped each hour
would bring

Their father's safe return.



And so they watched, dear trustful
hearts,

The lovelight in their eyes
Confirmed that father would come
home

Ere night o'ercast the skies.

And as they watched, the glorious
Rose higher overhead ; [sun
Then as the hours crept on it sank
'Mid clouds of gold and red.

When, hark ! a step, a shout of joy,
The children flock around ;

A tall man stoops and lifts a child,
The youngest, from the ground.

He folds her in his loving arms
Close to his rough clad breast,
And there the trustful little child
Lies still in perfect rest.

Yes, she is safe in father's arms,
And well the maiden knew

That loving was her father's heart,
And father's love was true.

Then came another suppliant
With eager, wistful face [had

That showed he thought his sister
Too long usurped that place.

"Come, sister," said the little lad,
A frown upon his brow,

"You have been in there long
enough,
It must be my turn now "

But listen to her answer sweet :
She closer to him creeps,

While round her form the
loving arms

A closer circle keeps.

With tiny hands clasped
round his neck, [eyes

She turned her jet-black
Full on her brother's wist-
ful face

And laughingly replies :

"Yes, take me out of father's
arms,

Just take me if you can."

But at the thought a few
quick tears

Beneath her lashes ran.

"I can't, I am not strong
enough,

But still, I think, there's
room [you,

For me in there as well as
Say, father, may I come?"

And into that safe sheltering
place

The little brother creeps,
While round them both the
tender arms

A loving circle keeps.

Oh ! struggling soul, if tempest-
If weary are thy feet, [tossed,
Or if the world has lost its charm
And bitter marred the sweet ;

If there is naught in all this world
To give thy spirit rest,

Why longer as an alien roam ?
Come, seek the Father's breast.

There's room in His great heart of
For all, and room for thee. [love
There's "rest" within His loving
If to that rest thou'lt flee. [arms

Come saying, "To Thine arms I
come,

Close to Thy tender breast,
Within the circle of Thy love
I fain would seek my rest."

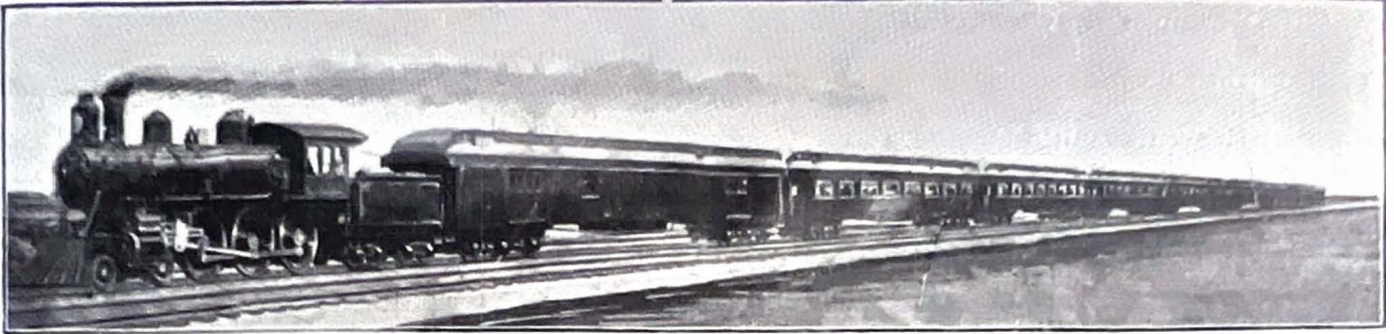
Then, safely kept, no power on
In hell, or Heav'n above, [earth,
Could draw thee from thy Father's
heart,

Or wrench thee from His love.

There like a little child to rest
Safe from the world's alarms,
Safe, tho' the earth's foundations
rock,

In His eternal arms. J.A.W.H.

"JESUS PAID HER FARE."



ONE summer's evening, ere the sun went down,
When city men were hastening from the town
To reach their homes—some near at hand, some
far—

By snorting train, by omnibus, or car,
To be beyond the reach of city's din—
A tramcar stopp'd, a little girl got in.
A cheery-looking girl, scarce four years old ;
Although not shy, her manners were not bold ;
But all alone! one scarce could understand.
She held a little bundle in her hand,
A tiny handkerchief with corners tied,
But which did not some bread and butter hide ;
A satin scarf so natty and so neat
Was o'er her shoulders thrown. She took her seat,
And laid her bundle underneath her arm,
And smiling prettily, but yet so calm,
She to the porter said, " May I lie here ? "
He answered instantly, " Oh, yes, my dear."
And there she seem'd inclined to make her stay,
While once again the tram went on its way.
The tall conductor—over six feet high—
Now scanned the travellers with a business eye ;
But in that eye was something kind and mild
That took full notice of the little child.
A little after, and the man went round,
And soon was heard the old familiar sound
Of gathering pence, and clipping tickets too—
The tram was full, and he had much to do.
" Your fare, my little girl," at length he said.
She looked a moment, shook her little head :
" I have no pennies ; don't you know," said she,
" My fare is paid, and Jesus paid for me ? "
He look'd bewildered ; all the people smiled.
" I didn't know ; and who is Jesus, child ? "
" Why, don't you know He once for sinners died,
For little children, and for men beside,
To seek and save and wash us from our sin.
Is this His railway I am travelling in ? "
" Don't think it is ! I want your fare you know."
" I told you Jesus paid it long ago.
My mother told me just before she died
That Jesus paid when He was crucified ;
That at the cross His railway did begin,
Which took poor sinners from a world of sin.
My mother said His home was grand and fair ;
I want to go and see my mother there."
The poor conductor's eyes felt rather dim,
He knew not why—he fumbled at his coat,
And felt a substance rising in his throat.
The people listened to the little child,

Some were in tears, the roughest only smiled ;
And some one whisper'd, as they looked amazed,
" Out of the mouth of babes the Lord is praised."
" I am a pilgrim," said the little thing ;
" I'm going to heaven. My mother used to sing
To me of Jesus and His Father's love ;
Told me to meet her in His home above,
And so to-day when aunt went out to tea,
And looking out I could not father see,
I got my bundle—kissed my little kit,
(I am so hungry—won't you have a bit ?)
And got my hat, and then I left my home,
A little pilgrim up to heaven to roam ;
And then your carriage stopp'd, and I could see
You looked so kind. I saw you beckon me,
I thought you must belong to Jesus' train ;
And were just going home to heaven again ! "
The poor conductor only shook his head ;
Tears in his eyes—the power of speech had fled.
Had conscience by her prattle roused his fears,
And struck upon the fountain of his tears ;
And made his thoughts in sad confusion whirl ?
At last he said, " Once I'd a little girl,
I loved her much ; she was my little pet,
And with great fondness I remember yet
How much she loved me ; but one day *she died*."
" *She's gone to heaven*," the little girl replied ;
" *She's gone to Jesus—Jesus paid her fare*.
Oh, dear conductor, won't you meet her there ? "
The poor conductor now broke fairly down.
He could have borne the harshest look or frown,
But no one laughed ; yet many sitting by
Beheld the scene with sympathetic eye.
He kissed the child, for she his heart had won.
" I am so sleepy," said the little one,
" If you will let me, I'll lie here and wait
Until your carriage comes to Jesus' gate.
Be sure you wake me up, and pull my frock,
And at the gate *give just one little knock*,
And you'll see Jesus there ! " The strong man wept.
I could but think, as from the car I stept,
How oft a little one has found the road,
The narrow pathway to that blest abode ;
Through faith in Christ has read its title clear,
While learned men remain in doubt and fear.
A little child ! the Lord oft uses such
To break or bend, the stoutest heart to touch,
Then by His spirit bids the conflict cease,
And once for ever enter into peace.
And then along the road the news we bear,
We're going to heaven—*Jesus paid our fare!* s.

"LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

IT was Saturday
 night, and two
 children small
 Sat on the stairs in a
 lighted hall,
 Vexed and troubled
 and sore perplexed,
 To learn for Sunday
 the memory text ;
 Only three words on a
 gilded card ;
 "Love, that is easy
 —it means, why
 this
 (A warm embrace and
 a loving kiss) ;
 But *one another*, I
 don't see who



Is meant by *another* ;
 now, May, do you?"
 Very grandly she raised
 her head,
 Our thoughtful darling,
 and slowly said,
 As she fondly smiled on
 her dear little brother:
 "Why, I am *one*, and
 you are *another* .

And this is the meaning,
 don't you see ?
 That I must love you,
 and you must love me."
 Wise little preacher !
 Could any sage
 Interpret better the
 sacred page ?

THE WRITING ON THE SAND.

I READ one morning on the sand,
 And written by a childish hand,
 A truth the billows cannot teach,
 A truth past human wisdom's reach—
 GOD IS LOVE.

It seemed a very angel's trace,
 God's footprint in that lonely place ;
 It brightened up the sea and sky,
 And glad I was I could reply,
 GOD IS LOVE.

And much I thanked my little friend,
 Who thus her joyous creed had penned ;
 And may she know for evermore
 The truth she wrote upon the shore,
 GOD IS LOVE.

The tide will come again to-day,
 And wash that lovely print away ;
 But death and hell cannot erase,
 The charter of that child of grace,
 GOD IS LOVE.

G. S. O.

A PARABLE WITH A PRINCIPLE.

Copied from the Chinese by T. Baird.

A BLIND man and a lame man once
 on a time did meet
 In a very busy city, in a very crowded
 street ; [each other near,
 They both seemed quite delighted to have
 For one touch of suffering sympathy makes
 other sufferers dear.
 First salutations over, they asked each
 other's way, [part of the day ;
 And found that they could travel a good
 But the blind man could not see, and the
 lame man could not walk,
 And so their little conference could only
 end in talk.
 But the blind man slowly said, "Look
 here! I have a plan, [can:
 To which, if you agree, we help each other

If you lend me your eyes, then I lend you
 my feet, [cross the busy street."
 And with you upon my shoulders we can
 'Twas instantly agreed upon by compact
 firm and sure,
 The blind man bending low enough to
 make the lame secure ;
 And so these two men, joined in one, a
 combination sweet, [crowded street.
 Were soon in safety over that busy,
 Now in this little parable a lesson deep I
 read, [each other's need ;
 It tells us how the *weakest* may relieve
 Thus bearing others' burdens our own
 more light become,
 Until, with burdens lifted, we rest in
 "Home, sweet home."

"WHEN I'M A WOMAN!"

Should be said slowly and clearly by a girl.



WHEN I'm a woman, you'll see what I'll do:
I'll be great and good, and noble and true,
I'll visit the sick, and relieve the poor;
No one shall ever be turned from my door.

But I'm only a little girl now.

And so the years pass on.

When I am older I'll have more time
To think of my soul and things divine;
My time is now full of studies and play
But I really mean to begin some day.

But I'm only a growing girl now.

And so the years pass on.

When I'm a woman, a fair maiden said,
I'll try to do right, and not be afraid;
I'll be a Christian, and give up the joys
Of the world, with all its dazzling toys.

But I'm only a young maiden now.

And so the years pass on.

Now I'm a woman, the years as they go
Are fraught with a measure of weal and woe;
The world with its cares and pleasures fill
My life, but leave me unsatisfied still.

But I hope to get saved some day.

And so the years pass on.

* * * * *

Ah me! sighed a woman grey with years,
Her heart full of cares, and doubts and fears,
I've kept putting off the time to be saved,
Allured by the future, and hopes that she waved.

But I'm an old woman now.

And so the years pass on.

A woman lay dying, each labouring breath
Bringing her nearer the gates of death;
She has lived for the world, and self and sin,
But life eternal has failed to win.

And, alas! it is too late now.

When the years have all passed on.

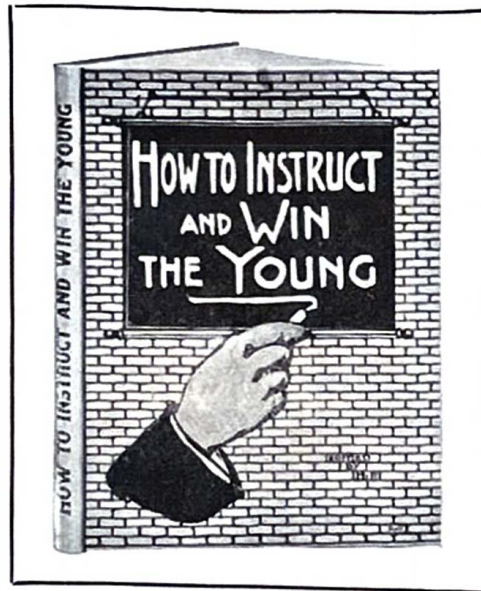
"NOW" is the time, declared by the Lord;
"TO-DAY," saith the Holy Ghost in the Word.
Welcome you are to bathe in His love,
Come, then, to Jesus, the Saviour above,

And then you'll be happy NOW

And as the years pass on.

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