

Poetry.

JUST NOW I COME.

BY DR. GEO. E. STEVENS.

Saviour, just now I come to Thee;
Because that Thou hast died for me;
Thy precious blood, 'Sinner come,
For the Father's love there's room."

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IN THE MORNING.

"But when the morning was now come, Jesus stood on the shore."—JOHN 8:1.

They had toiled all night and caught nothing,
But Jesus stood on the shore,
In the grey light of the morning,
And His face was kind as of yore;

So all their trouble was over,
And ended the weary pain,
Of the work that was unrewarded,
And their hearts had joy again.

He looked at them all with pity,
So hungry and tired they were,
And said with the disappointment
That followed their toil and care:

But the Master gave them a morning
Sunny and glad and sweet,
With a harvest caught from the water,
And a feast spread for them to eat.

We too have our nights of darkness;
But whenever the morning breaks,
And shows us the Saviour near us,
Our life is a new gladness takes;

His coming is always sunshine,
And happiness, rest, and peace;
The burden of care is lifted,
And sorrow and sighing cease.

O Jesus, where'er we journey,
Grant that the way may end
With Thee on the shore beside us,
A pitiful, mighty Friend!

And thus, as we fight with the waters,
Our hearts shall with hope grow strong,
The morning shall bring us a respite,
With leisure for peaceful song.

We know there is yet before us
A more mysterious night,
But we safely shall pass through its shadows,
To the shore of the Land of Light.

And we cannot picture the glory
And the joy that shall be there,
But this is the best of Heaven—
That there we shall dwell with Thee.

MARIANNE FERNAND.

The Fireside.

AN APRIL-FOOL.

BY ARBY LARCH.

The last days of March had come and all the boys of Madison were fully awake to the fact that skating for that season would soon be over. Every moment that could be snatched from school or home duties was spent on some little pond about the town.

But March was almost gone and already some of the skating places were spoiled, and the milder weather threatened to ruin the rest.

Friday afternoon, March 31, Carley Sawyer with a few comrades hurried to Bramble's pond as soon as school was out, but alas! the ice was broken up.

A short consultation was held and it was decided to go over to Settles' pond, a half a mile further from the village.

"Don't believe I'll go," said Charley, who had taken no part in the discussion.

"Oh, come along," said one.

"Why not?" asked another.

"I don't care to go. It's a long walk. 'Twont pay."

He might have added also that he hoped a little to do an errand for some one before night to earn, maybe, a nickel. He had been trying hard to earn money enough to buy a book. The little things he could find to do to earn anything often took up time he would have liked to have spent in play, but he never thought of giving up.

He took what they called the "short cut" going home, passing on his way a tiny house where lived Mr. Watson and his daughter.

Miss Watson tapped on the window and beckoned Charley to come in. It wasn't a very cheerful countenance that met his eyes as he entered.

Mr. Watson, a very old and feeble man, sat in a big chair wrapped in an old comfortable. His daughter, a middle-aged woman, hobbled forward painfully to offer a chair. A very small fire burning in the cooking stove made the room look very cheerful, and the boy wondered how it could keep them warm.

"I've been sick with the rheumatism," said Miss Watson, "and I am so lame I can hardly walk."

"We're out of potatoes," she added, "and I can't go to the store for any, but I thought when I saw you comin' maybe you'd ask Mr. Maplet to send us a small measure by some one that's comin' this way."

Miss Watson took a piece of money from a small, lean purse as she spoke.

"Yes," said Charley, "I'm going to-night."

"I'll be obliged to you if you will. We've got out of most things this cold spell. It's lasted so long."

"I think the Watsons must be real poor," said Charley to his mother, "seeing how poor."

"Why, were they?" asked the mother.

Charley told her about the errand he was to do for Miss Watson.

"They had such a little fire," he added, "it's cold enough yet for a good fire, I think."

"Yes, I expect they are poor. If Miss Watson had the rheumatism she hasn't been able to go out to do anything, likely."

Mr. Maplet laughed a little when Charley gave him the small order.

"Better keep the money. I don't know when I'll have a chance to send 'em. I don't think my customers go that way much. Road's too rough."

Charley went home wondering what he would do about it. He remembered Miss Watson had said they were "out of most things." Maybe they'd starve if they didn't get the potatoes soon, and then a small measure of potatoes wouldn't last long. How nice it would be to take her a tubful instead, but he had no money to pay for them. Yes, there was his money in the box upstairs, but that he meant to save for the book. He could not expect father or mother to help, for they were working hard to pay for their home. If he spent any money now it would take him so much longer to earn enough. He had just two dollars and seventy-five cents and it would take three dollars to buy the "Young Folks' Cyclopedia," the book he wanted. He had waited for it so long, too. He wished he had it already. It told about nearly everything. It would be something to read every evening when it was cold. And how he'd hunt up answers to some of the things the teacher asked about sometimes. Then the little house and its poor folks came up before him, and after a while the generous spirit conquered.

"I thought to go down there any way to take the money back if I didn't get any potatoes, so I might as well buy some to take along. I'll take a bushel,

for they live so far from everybody maybe they'd starve before anybody else happened to go by."

Early next morning he went to Mr. Maplet's, bought the potatoes, put them on his express and started for the lonely little house at the edge of the woods.

He could not make up his mind as to the best way of giving them to Miss Watson. He was too bashful to go in and say he had brought some potatoes who had not sent for so many. At last he stopped to think.

Suddenly he remembered something and began to fumble in his pockets. In one, among other treasures, he found a piece of dingy, white paper full of creases, and in another a very small stub of a pencil. With some trouble he wrote in his large school-boy hand, "Miss Libbie Watson, April-fool."

"It is an April-fool 'cause she wanted a dime's worth and here's a bushel!"

He tucked the corner of the paper under the string that tied the bag, and, as he was near the house, shoved his express into a fence corner, took up the potatoes and put them down carefully on and step, knocked and then ran away in as much of a hurry as if he had been a naughty boy trying to play a trick on some one. Miss Watson caught sight of him he hurried down the road with his noisy little express.

That day the Watsons had enough to eat. It was the first time in many days.

Before Charley reached home a lady engaged him to go over to the station for packages she had left there the day before, for which he received a dime. Later in the day another errand took him to the store, and while there Mr. Maplet engaged him for every Saturday to do errands for him at twenty-five cents a day.

So many people needed Charley's help in the next few weeks that the little savings soon amounted to three dollars, and the longed-for book was bought.

"Mother," said Charley one day while looking at his treasure, "I think I've been real lucky lately 'bout earning money. I thought a few times I'd never get enough to buy it."

"I was at Mr. Maplet's to-day," said his mother, "Libbie Watson is there helping. She's better of the rheumatism. She was telling about an April-fool she had last month."

Charley's face turned very red. "She said it was the best April-fool anybody ever played. The dime she gave you was the last cent she had. Libbie said she really believed they would have suffered if they hadn't had those potatoes."

"How did you happen to think of taking them?"

"Oh, I don't know. They looked so uncomfortable there. She said they were out of things, and I knew not many people went by there in bad weather, and then she was too lame to walk much."

"You said just now," returned his mother, "that you had been lucky lately, but I think God remembered you and helped you to get what you have been trying for."

"It wasn't easy to do, mother," said Charley soberly, "but I'm so glad I wasn't selfish."

TAKEN CARE OF.

"Take care, darling! don't fall!"

What a sweet voice it was, and how full of love and tenderness!

The boy who noticed this, turned to look. He saw a lady, accompanied by a little girl, and a boy older than himself. The lady—with the girl's hand held fast in her own—was carefully watching every step, and guarding against danger. The child's face was full of content and happiness. She had no fear—why should she, with such guidance and care over her? She had only to be glad, and to enjoy things.

How nicely the boy helped her! He was full of stone, and how the lady watched that no vehicle ran too near, and that no mud splattered the dainty little dress!

Rhein almost forgot about his beautiful lilies, in looking and listening and wondering; until the little miss piped, and stopped to exclaim: "O, see, mamma! what lovely pond-lilies!"

And her mother quickly from the flowers in the garden to Rhein's pale face.

"Wait, Bessie, and I'll buy some for you," said the boy, taking out his pocket-book with a manly air, and then passing to draw the girl gently out of the way of the hurrying crowd.

"How every one cares for her!" thought Rhein again; and he forgot to call out, "Fresh water-lilies only five cents a bunch!" so that the boy had to ask him the price.

"O Harry! are they not beautiful! Do Rhein pick them," she asked, timidly, looking at him.

"Yes, miss; I picked them fresh, nearly every day." He glanced into the basket on his arm, with a fond look, as if he were proud of his work.

"They are beautiful, darling; yet they tell not, neither do they spin—God gives them all their sweetness and beauty. And he cares for the lilies, how much more does he care for each one of us, my children!"

It sounded strangely enough, in the midst of all the confusion and noise of the great city—this lady's gentle voice, and helpful, Christian words. But she meant to drop her little seed by the way, not knowing what good might spring from it.

They raised his sad eyes to her face, as she spoke, wondering if it could be true. Was there really some one who made his beautiful lilies, and who cared even more for "everybody" he asked, as the lady gathered the sweet flowers under the shade of her parasol.

"Yes, my boy; just the same for each one. You and I are more beautiful and precious in his sight than these lovely lilies; because we have souls that will never die."

"How nice it would be to be cared for like that!" he said to himself, as her voice came back to him.

"Keep in the shade, Bessie, dear," and he heard Harry say, "I'll buy you a basket for your lilies, if you'll like it."

He could not remember ever having any one take care of him. It had always been a struggle by himself, for himself. He had a dim remembrance of his mother's face, looking at him, full of grief and pity, as she died. And he thought, now, if she had lived, she might have called him "darling," and cared for him, as Bessie's mother cared for her!

"Hey! look out there!" "What's the fellow standing there dreaming for?" rough voices cried out suddenly, but they called too late. The great wagon-pole had struck Rhein as he was stepping from the curbstone, and knocked him down. It was just where the lady had said, "Take care, darling! don't fall!" No one said that to him; and he could not have heard it if any one had. All the world seemed to go out suddenly, and a great darkness swallowed him up!

After many hours, during which the kind hearts that had received him into the great hospital felt that he would die, Rhein opened his eyes feebly. He thought he smelt his lilies, but he could not move to find them. A kind face looked down into his, and a voice said: "Are you better?"

He tried to ask for his lilies, and the lady understood.

"They were all trampled, I guess, except this bunch, which you held so tightly in your hand."

And she held it up for him to see.

He smelt them. But what a pain there was in his head! and how could he get up if he wondered.

"Now you must go to sleep again," the kind voice said; and some medicine was given him.

"Is—anybody—taking care of—me?" he managed to ask, with his feverish eyes full of wonder.

"Yes, indeed, poor boy! We are all taking care of you, and hope to have you well again some day. But you must not try to talk any more now."

Shut your eyes, and I will say some beautiful verses to you about your lilies and about One who cares for you a great deal more than we do."

He heard her begin; but it was many days before he was able to learn and repeat after her the words:

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." "Therefore, take no thought, saying, 'What shall we eat?' or 'What shall we drink?' or 'whereof shall we be clothed?' For your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things."

"Then he will know when I'm hungry and tired, won't he?" Rhein said, one day, when he was getting better, and had been studying over the pretty illuminated text which kind hands had hung on the wall where he could see it.

"Consider the lilies," that was all; but it told the poor boy the whole glad, true story of the loving Father who makes the lilies to grow, and who cares so much more for the least little one among his children; who sees us every moment, and watches over us, and plans our lives for us.

"And he sends good people to take care of us, too, sometimes," Rhein would add, looking up gratefully at the kind faces of doctor and nurse.

"Yes, dear child, the good God lets us help in his work; and that makes our lives glad."

The boy never forgot this. He was a brave worker always. As he loved to gather the lilies, so he loved all work that was given him to do, believing that it was sent by the Father who cared for him.

This is the lesson for all of us to learn. Years afterwards, when Rheinhardt Bruner was a man, honored and happy, he thought out many a lonely little one, and taught of the Father who takes care of every one. And his favorite motto always was, "Consider the lilies."—New York Observer.

EXULTATION.

BY JOHN BARNEED.

Sing, sing about hosanna,
With joy awake the skies;
Wave, wave aloft Christ's banner,
Let sweetest anthems rise.

For Jesus, King of Glory,
Has triumphed o'er the grave;
Go, go repeat the story,
What he has done to save.

Repeat the glad hosanna,
Till all the mountains ring;
Raise high the shining banner
Of Christ, our God, our King.

Shout, shout aloud with gladness—
Let golden harps resound;
To joy is turned our sadness,
With victory Christ is crowned.

Descended He from Heaven
Our sinful souls to save;
Salvation He has given,
Turn ye from sin and grieve.

Repeat the glad hosanna,
Triumphal anthems sing,
Raise high the shining banner
Of Christ, our Lord and King.

"Take care, darling! don't fall!"

A BOY'S RESOLUTION.

BY MRS. J. E. MC CONAUGHY.

A little lad of seven stood one day and looked upon a man struggling in the grasp of delirium tremens. As he watched his contorted face and saw his hands wildly clutching the fence which seemed to be his last refuge, he was struck with a great awe and a solemn resolution never to touch strong drink.

He carried the vow with him all the way up into his manhood. There were temptations enough as he went along. A young man cannot live in society, as he would not, without meeting them. Especially in the medical college did he find many merry associates who would gladly have laughed him out of his temperance principles. Oh! how many have been laughed into a drunkard's career, and they could never be laughed out again.

Step by step the young man rose in his profession, securing the confidence and warm attachment of all to whom he ministered. No one could lay his charge that the beginning of his downward career began with the glass his physician ordered.

A few weeks since this honored physician, Dr. Edson, addressed the students at the Medical College in Indianapolis. Though ninety-one years old, he is as straight as an arrow, with sight and hearing unimpaired, and a mind clear and vigorous still. The students listened with profound respect to the story of his medical career, and perhaps some will take from it the lesson, he always so strongly impresses, that a doctor can be a temperance man.

For nearly seventy years he practiced medicine in the Genesee valley, being the oldest practitioner in the State. To his strict temperance habits he largely attributes his hale old age.

So much for a boy's resolution before he was eight years old. Who will say that a Band of Hope pledge is of no use? That children do not know what they are doing when they sign it? Can you find a child old enough to write his name who does not know what his pledge means? I have never seen one.

I know of another little lad who has adopted a very different resolution. He lives in the city, and many would think him a very favored boy. Not long ago a friend said earnestly: "I did hope, Charley, that you would grow up a good, sensible temperance boy."

"Why, Aunt E., I'm just laughing," said seven kinds of wine last New Year's day at Sister Emma's. Mamma mixed them all with water, though. But when I get bigger I'll take them all without water, as papa and grandpa do!" That boy will hardly reach his ninety-one years strong and happy and useful.—Youth's Temperance Banner.

What makes a house beautiful.

It is an excellent thing to have a well kept house, and a beautifully appointed table; but after all, the best cheer of every home must come from the heart and manner of the home-mother. If the one is cold, and the other ungracious, all the wealth of India cannot make the home pleasant or inviting. Intelligence, too, must lend its charm if we would have home an Eden. The severe style of house order nestles seldom leaves much margin for intellectual culture. Even general reading is considered as out of the question for a woman so hurried and worried with her scrubbing and polishing, and making of garments. A simple style of living and house furnishing would set many a bludgeoned slave at liberty, and add vastly to the comfort of all the household.

Hospitality rarely prevails in these spots, lined and littered houses. Company disarrange the books, and disorder the house, which had water enough in it before. The mother cannot throw off her caring cares and sit down to a real heart-to-heart converse with the old friend of her childhood. Still less can she enter into the joys and pleasures right and delightful to her own children, because of the extra work of clearing away it will be likely to make.

With all your tools to make a house beautiful, do not neglect the first element of it, to beauty yourself, body and soul. A sweet, loving word, and a warm clasp of the hand, are far more to a guest than the most elaborately embroidered lambrequins at your window, or the most exquisite damask on your table. There are bare cabin homes that have ever been remembered with pleasure, because of the beautiful, loving pleasure there; and stately palaces there, which leave the impression of an iceberg on the mind.—Selected.

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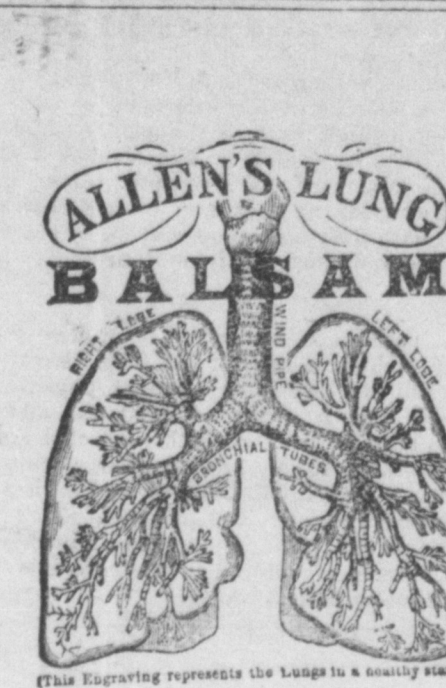
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