

Poetry.

Baby Thankful.

Reaming in the meadow,
Little four year old
Picking the starry daisies,
With their hearts of gold.

Fills her snowy apron,
Fills her dimpled hands;
Suddenly—how quiet
In the grass she stands!

Who made flowers so pretty?
Put 'em here? Did God?"
I half heeding, answer
With a careless nod.

Dropping all her blossoms,
With uplifted head,
Fervent face turned skyward,
"Thank you, God!" she said.

Then, as if explaining,
(Though no word I spoke);
"Always must say 'thank you'
For the things I take."

O, my little preacher,
Clad in robes of praise!
Would we all might copy
Baby's thankful ways!

Time to fret and murmur
We could never make,
Should we first say 'thank you'
For the things we take!"

Family Circle.

Led by a Little Child.

A man came home from work weary and worn by the toils of the day. He was finding his life more difficult and trying daily; and no efforts of his could make it otherwise. The keen competition, the eager selfishness, the passion for gain which were all around him, touched him, and robbed him of much of the freshness of emotion, the human kindness and sympathy which were natural to him. He had a tender heart and a mind that delighted in all beautiful objects and noble traits of character. He would, if he might have chosen for himself, have spent his hours amid the sunshine and the flowers, the fields and woods. He loved the seclusion of the country and the stillness of the forest, and there were times when he wearied of the sweet influence of nature and her many voiced teachings. But his lot was to work in the noise of machinery and move where the crowd was all ways great. High walls and windows, dust and deformity, were round about him. Men spoke in loud voices and uttered unloving thing and his heart often ached because of the ungenial scenes amid which his life was passed. He regretted it all the more because he knew that these things were not having a good effect upon him. He had not the strength to rise superior to the earth-compelling influences that were exerted upon him; he allowed himself to be drawn down lower and ever lower by the occurrences of his daily life. Yet he was not happy. He was indeed far from being satisfied: and often admitted with a sigh that he was

"Further off from heaven
Than when he was a boy."

There was, however, one source of pleasure, pure and healthful, that never failed him. His family consisted of several boys and one girl who was the youngest. This child was naturally sweet and amiable. She had a pretty face and winning manners, and was altogether the light and joy of the home. Her father loved her most fondly, and she, young as she was seemed to have more than a child's comprehension of his needs and troubles. Often with that wonderful child-wisdom which is now and then found in those little ones, "whose angels do always behold the face of the Father," she said the very words which his tired and tempted soul most needed. No preacher's finishing sentences, no author's polished thought, had power to move him like the profound yet child-like utterances of his own little daughter. And perhaps one reason for this was found in his faith that a child's thoughts were more likely to be directed of God than were those of the soiled and weary men and women of the world.

On this evening, when tired and almost hopeless, he came home, his steps were feeble and his strength exhausted. He had been obliged to use harsh words to some of his fellow-men, and to fight for his rights as a man will do, whenever the need arises; but he had disliked doing it, and felt considerably ruffled by the process. The child noticed the languor which oppressed him.

"Papa is tired," she said. Shall I sing to you papa?"

"Yes, do Birdie."

"Then I will sing the last piece mamma taught me. It is almost too difficult for me. Mamma thinks it is beyond me; but

I have learned it all, and can sing it through."

The man leaned back in his chair, expecting to hear some childless melody, and the gentle voice of his daughter sang to him these words:

"O rest in the Lord,
Wait patiently for Him
And He shall give thee
Thy heart's desire.
O rest in the Lord,
Wait patiently for Him,
And rest not thyself
Because of evil doers.
O rest in the Lord,
O rest in the Lord
And wait,
Wait patiently for Him."

Thank God for the ministry of song. As the beautiful words fell on the soul of the world-weary man, they melted him to tears, and softened, healed, and blessed him.

"Thank you, my darling," he said.

"Do you like it, papa? Then you say 'Encore.'"

"Very well, I do say 'Encore, Encore.'"

And then the sacred words were sung all over again, while the man felt an irresistible desire to fall on his knees, and pray to God for patience and rest in Him.

The prayer was answered, and ever since, when the burdens of life lie heavy upon the child's father, he goes to his Father and finds rest.

Which is Best.

"Oh, dear!"

Little Nan opened her eyes and stretched out her arm with a sleepy yawn, as the summer morning, all rosy and sweet, peeped into her garret chamber.

"I wish I didn't have to get up so soon! I wish the fire would make itself, and a Pitcher-Fairy would fetch the water from the spring, and a Broom-Fairy would sweep the kitchen and grind the coffee, and a good Brownie would bring us a lovely breakfast already cooked! I'm tired of sifting cinders, and washing dishes. I wish I was a lady, like Miss Anastasia!"

But she wasn't a lady and Pitcher-Brownies didn't grow in her neighborhood; so little Nan had to shake off her sleepiness, and jump up to her work. The sun was just coming up over the edges of the rosy clouds; the robins and the orioles were singing with all their might; the morning glories had hung out a thousand pink, and purple, and speckled bells, to welcome the sunshine; and the pinks and mignonette in the garden were sparkling with dew drops. How sweet they smelled and how lovely everything was in the cool, fresh, beautiful summer morning!

Little Nan came back from the spring with her cheeks like roses, and her eyes as bright as stars. She danced about her work as lightly as any Broom-Fairy ever did; and the fire was made, the breakfast cooked for grandmother, and the dishes washed up afterwards, long before Miss Anastasia raised her drowsy head from her great soft feather pillows. When she did, the sun was streaming across her bed, hot and bright. The flowers on her dressing table drooped in the heat; the dew was dried up on the roses outside.

Miss Anastasia yawned and stretched herself. "Oh dear! how hot it is! How tiresome to have to get up and dress one's self! I won't do it; I'll have my breakfast in bed."

And on she lounged amongst her pillows, and drank her coffee, and nibbled at her toast, and had no appetite, and complained of the heat, and sighed and fretted like a person oppressed with grief. She had nothing in the world to do but to amuse herself and take her ease, and now nothing amused her; and she tossed about on her fine bed, and did not find half the rest there that little Nan took on her hard cot in the garret.

If only she had some useful work to do, how much better she would have felt! She missed all the dew and freshness of the morning; she loses all the purest pleasures of life. For no one can be happy that walks through the world with idle hands and a selfish heart.

Little Nan had the best of it; for honest work brings a double blessing, and we serve God best when we do our duty to men.

Songs in the Night.

"He giveth songs in the night." As in nature, night as certainly follows day as day follows night, exactly so in mental and moral and spiritual things, there is a shady side alternating with the sunny side.

Songs spontaneously rise to our lips in times of exultations and fullness, and prosperity; but to have songs in the night—aye that is precious! There is the night of

pain, of sorrow, of loss, of disappointment, of melancholy, of bereavement, of loneliness, etc. Naturally there will be no songs then, but supernaturally there may—"He giveth songs in the night." "Is any one afflicted let him pray." "Call upon me in the day of trouble." "When thy father and mother forsake thee, then the Lord taketh thee up."

Oh, how many have had such a blessed song given to them in the night, that they have blessed the night that was the occasion of the songs! "All things work to gether for good to them that love God." Many have been led to exclaim, Blessed affliction! profitable loss! happy misfortune! "I'll that he blesses is my good!" "Songs in the night!" Glory be to his name! "As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." "For a small moment have I forsaken thee but with great mercies will I gather thee."

The night is always closely followed by day; so with us, if we carefully maintain our integrity. "Who is there among you, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? Let him look into the rock whence he was hewn, and unto the whole of the pit whence he was digged." Such a one cannot be very skillful in spiritual things, if he can not speedily get hold of a song, be the night ever so dark. Some may possibly mistake in looking too much for exultant, noisy song. "Quiet hallelujahs" are sweet and profitable, as well as noisy, avociferous ones, and possibly do ourselves and others as much good, sometimes.

But let us look out for some kind of a song in all our nights—it is our duty to do so! "He giveth songs in the night!" Let us see that we have them in our night: to do so we will have to be very patient and careful, and to walk as it becometh godliness, and not allow Satan or our appetites to betray us into any questionable indulgences or recreations.

How sweetly Madam Guyon could sing in the terrible night of the Bastille:

"Content a prisoner to be,
Because my God, it pleaseth thee."

And Bunyan, in the long night—twelve years in Bedford jail—what a marvellous song was given him!—a song to ring around the world; and how much further who can say? or when it shall cease ringing

"Ae giveth songs in the night!"

"Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day!"

"What though thou rodest not,
Yet heaven and earth and hell,
Proclaim God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well!"

"He giveth songs in the night." Hallelujah!

Saved in Time.

A number of years ago, a Moravian missionary was on his way to Cape of Good Hope, to labor among the Hottentots of South Africa. In consequence of storms, head winds, and calms, they made very slow progress. They were on the voyage so much longer than they had anticipated, that their water and provisions were almost gone. The whole ship's company were put upon a short allowance of biscuit and water. This was continued for a number of days. It was evident that unless speedy relief was obtained, they must all perish from hunger and thirst. The missionary, being a man of God, gave himself to earnest prayer to that great and good being, who only could relieve them. He did not call in vain. When they were reduced to extremity, God interposed for their deliverance in a most singular manner. He did not send within hailing distance another vessel from which they received supplies, neither did he blow them toward land where they obtained what they needed, but he sent them relief from above and below in an unexpected manner. He first opened his cisterns in the clouds, and commanded copious showers of rain to fall upon them. The crew lost no time in arranging their spare canvass so as to receive the falling raindrops, more precious to them than a shower of pearls. They were successful in catching as much as they needed to last till they reached the Cape. Soon after the shower, the ship's company were surprised to see a large number of flying-fish leave the water and attempt to pass over the vessel. As they flew directly toward the vessel, and as they could not change the direction of their flight after they left the water, they struck the sails, rigging, and masts, and fell in great quantities upon the deck. Shortly after another school of them rose from the water and met with a similar catastrophe. This occurred repeatedly. They were probably driven from the water by dolphins, or

some other large fish which fed upon them. As they are good for food, the sailors immediately seized, dressed and salted them, until they had secured several barrels. In this manner they were bountifully supplied with food and drink until they reached their destined port.

Cuttle-Fish Casting its Ink.

Mr. Frank Buckland, the well-known naturalist, describes, in *Land and Water*, his good fortune in seeing under favorable conditions, a cuttle-fish casting its ink. Three or four specimens of cuttles live in the Westminster Aquarium. One of them, in passing the window of his tank, evidently mistook the naturalist for a foe. "So," writes Mr. Buckland, "as he swam along he ejected from his in-bag a jet of what looked like a cloud of the most intensely black smoke that ever came forth from a factory chimney. Instantly the water lost all transparency. Mr. Cuttle-fish then went into the middle of the water he had so artfully made opaque. When there he ejected more ink, and in less than half a minute the water round him became blacker than the blackest thunder-cloud ever beheld. The ink gradually dispersed itself through the water, forming clouds of the most delicate shadings, fading off from the very black place under which the fish was concealed. Not even Turner, the great artist, ever imagined such a cloud. This ink is used in the arts; sepia being this very substance taken from the cuttle-fish and dried. Without doubt this power of shooting ink is a wonderful means of protection, to preserve the animal from being eaten by its enemies. It may not be impossible that the idea of gods and goddesses appearing from the clouds and disappearing into the clouds, so often described by Virgil, might have taken its origin from the power of the cuttle-fish to surround itself with a cloud of ink. May we not also compare this cuttle-fish to a voluninous author, who conceals his identity in clouds of ink?"

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