

THE VISIT TO THE KING.

I came from very far away to see
The king of Salem; for I had been told
Of glory and of wisdom manifold
And condescension infinite and free.
How could I rest when I had heard his fame
In that dark lonely land of death from whence I came.

I came (but not like Sheba's Queen) alone!
No stately train, no costly gifts to bring:
No friend at court, save One, that One the king.
I had requests to spread before his throne,
And I had questions none could solve for me,
Of import deep, and full of awful mystery.

I came and communed with that mighty king,
And told him all my heart,—I cannot say
In mortal ear what communings were they,
But would'st thou know, go too, and meekly bring
All that is in thy heart, and thou shalt hear
His voice of love and power, his answers sweet and clear.

O, happy end of every weary quest!
He told me all I needed, graciously—
Enough for guidance and for victory
O'er doubts and fears, enough for quiet rest,—
And when some veiled response I could not read,
It was not hid from him—this was enough indeed.

His wisdom and his glories passed before
My wondering eyes in gradual revelation;
The house that he had built, its strong foundation,
Its living stones, and brightening more and more,
Fair glimpses of that palace far away,
Where all his loyal ones shall dwell with him for aye.

True the report that reached my far-off land
Of all his wisdom and transcendent fame;
Yet I believed not until I came—
Bowed to the dust, till raised by royal hand.
The half was never told by mortal word:
My king exceeded all the fame that I had heard.

O, happy are his servants! happy they
Who stand continually before his face,
Ready to do his will of wisest grace!
My king! there is such blessedness to-day!
For I, too, hear thy wisdom; line by line
Thy ever brightening words in holy radiance shine.

O, blessed be the Lord thy God, who set
Our king upon his throne! divine delight
In the Beloved, crowning thee with might,
Honor and majesty supreme; and yet
The strange and godlike secret opening thus—
The kingship of his Christ ordained through love to
us.

—F. R. Havergal.

The price of the TEACHERS' MONTHLY in future will be 50 cents per year. School orders, of four or more, 40 cents each. This increase of price has been rendered necessary by the additional twelve pages and the insertion of a colored map. It is now better worth fifty cents than hitherto thirty-five. We are determined that it shall be second to no teachers' help published. If sufficiently patronized, it will be still further enlarged and improved.

A brick, from the wall of Babylon, has been exhumed, which bears the inscription of one of its mighty kings, and in the centre of the inscription, is a foot print of a dog that once wandered about the crowded streets of that city. It is evident enough, that when the brick was lying in its plastic state, it was trodden upon by a vagrant cur. Time has obliterated the name of the king but the "sign pedal" of that dog is perfectly distinct. How important to guard the plastic nature of childhood from evil influences so that the name of the KING may never be obliterated.

Deep on thy soul before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved
Be thy Creator's glorious name
And character engraved.

A gentleman in Philadelphia, who has a golden-haired little daughter three years of age, took her to church for the first time the other day. At home she causes much amusement by attempts in cunning baby fashion to do just as her father does. It was an Episcopal church, and she sat through the service and sermon with mature gravity and sedateness. It happened to be communion Sunday, and being a communicant, her father went with others toward the chancel, unconscious that his little daughter was following him. As he knelt and bowed his head, she took her place beside him, and bowed her head upon her tiny hands. Those who saw the sweet and touching sight, it is said, were very much affected by it. Why a spectacle of this kind, or of a child taking upon herself the vows of the church, should always cause a suffusion of the eyes, we do not know, unless the hearts of those who behold it