

NO TEARS THERE.

☉ NCE again the day is breaking,
And the rays of early morn
End a night of pain and wailing
To that sufferer forlorn;
Who, through months of tears and sorrow,
On the couch of sickness lay,
Wishing he might go to-morrow
Where all tears are wiped away.

All the days of merry childhood,
In his fancy passed again,
Where he wandered 'mid the wildwood,
Free from sorrow free from pain;
All the joys of youth behest him,
Came to memory as he lay,
And he felt but one hope left him—
God shall wipe all tears away.

Of he thought it hard when round him
Stood the loving, kind, and true,
That the heart-tries here which bound him
Should be severed, but he knew
Earthly joys are tinged with sorrow,
They must part who meet to day:—
There's no parting, no to-morrow,
Where all tears are wiped away.

Time rolls on, the wasted fingers
Of disease have left their trace
On that frame, yet still those fingers
Brightness o'er that pallid face—
Light that showed the end is near,
Spirit soon shall spurn the clay,
For he hears the whisper clearer—
God shall wipe all tears away.

'Mid the night, as she who lov'd him
Kissed his wan and pain-worn cheek,
There is coldness creeping o'er him,
Now he doth no longer speak.
On that face no pang of dying,
Calm as slumbering there he lay;
No more sorrow, no more sighing—
God has wiped all tears away.

A CANADIAN MISSIONARY
IN INDIA.

THE Rev. Jas. Smith writes thus
to his mother, who lives near
Woodville:

Dear Mother,—It is Sunday and I
have a day of rest. I do no preaching
on Sundays as I have school all week
and a large school on Sunday. This
is all I have strength for. School
work is much more difficult than in
Canada, for I have everything on my
hands. We started in June 1882,
with two classes and have now five.
We begun with fourteen pupils and
have to-day over one hundred. We
had room at first for only twenty or
thirty. Then we built a large school-
room to be used as a classroom.
Then we thought we were well provided
for. It cost, with furniture, etc. \$1,500,
and friends in India gave all but about
\$200, which came from Canada and
the United States. We were awfully
discouraged at the cool way our friends
in Canada used us. Many of them
never answered our letters and only a
very few gave us anything. But the
English people here did nobly, and
one whom I have never seen sent me
\$200. Two others gave \$100, etc., till
all was paid except about \$200, which
we will have to pay ourselves unless
the Government helps us a little more.
I have asked, but got no answer yet.

Last evening I went out to visit
some whom I knew to be poor—per-
haps too poor to pay their fee, fifty
cents a month, and get books, \$2 50
for the year's work. I found one
family, consisting of father, mother
and three children—one in my school,
the best of fifty-four candidates ex-
amined, the other two both in school
studying the vernacular Marathi, and
both well advanced. The father was
busy weaving with a handloom. It
was a beautiful piece of fine cotton
work—a difficult pattern. I asked
him how much he got a day for his

work. He replied that he worked by
the piece, and for such a piece would
get 25 cents, and that he would finish
it in three days! His wife helped him
a little with broken threads and in
putting up the work, and the rest of
the time she was busy with housework.
About a week before I had sold the
son books to the value of one dollar
and he had paid the cash. I was
astonished and grieved—could hardly
help crying on the spot. How many
hungry days they will spend for that
dollar! Besides, they have rent to pay
for their house. How they live is a
mystery to me.

TWO SMART GIRLS.

A LONG time ago, in the Indian
country, two little girls slip-
ped away from the fort, and
went down into a hollow to
pick berries. It was Emma, a girl of
seven years, with Bessie, her sister,
not yet six.

All at once the sun flashed on some-
thing bright, and Emma knew that
the pretty painted things she had seen
crawling among the bushes must be
hostile Indians with gleaming weapons
in their hands. She did not cry out,
nor in any way let them know that
she had seen them. But she looked
all about, saw that some of the creep-
ing Indians were already between her
and the fort, and went on picking
berries as before. Soon she called
aloud to Bessie with a steady voice,
"Don't you think it's going to rain?"
So they both turned and walked to-
ward the fort. They reached the tall
grass, and suddenly Emma dropped to
the ground, pulling down Bessie too.
"What are you looking for?" asked
the little sister, in surprise. Then
Emma whispered to Bessie, and both
stole silently and quickly on hands
and knees through the long grass until
they came to the road, when they
started up, ran swiftly to the fort,
dashed through the entrance, and had
the gate safely closed behind them!
Those girls are quite old now, but
they remember very well the day they
saved themselves, the fort, which their
father commanded, and the soldiers
and other people in it besides.—*St. Nicholas.*

WHAT WILL YOU TAKE?

HOW often this question is asked
by men accustomed to the use
of intoxicating drinks! Sup-
pose we put the question in a
more practical way? Will you take
ten cents' worth of poison? Will you
take a pain in the head? Will you
take a rush of blood to the heart?
Will you take a stab at the lungs?
Will you take a blister on the mucous
membrane? Will you take a nauseat-
ing sickness of the stomach? Will
you take a redness of eyes or black
eyes? Will you take a tint of red for
your nose? Will you take a ram-hud
for your face? Will you take an offen-
sive breath? Will you take a touch
of *delirium tremens*? Suppose we
change the question a little. Will you
take something to drink when you are
not dry? Will you take something
to drink which will not quench your
thirst when you are dry? Will you
take something to drink which will
make you more thirsty than you were
before you drank it? There would be
some sense in asking a man out at
the elbows to take a coat, or in asking

a bareheaded man to take a hat, or in
asking a shoeless man to take a pair of
boots, or in asking a hungry man to
take something to eat; but it is a piece
of insane absurdity to ask a man to
take something to drink—that will not
quench his thirst. Why should he take
something? Will it make him stronger,
wiser, better? No; a thousand times
no! It will make him weaker; it
will make him idiotic and base. What
does he take if he accepts the invita-
tion? He takes "an enemy into his
mouth which steals away his brains." He
takes a poison into his stomach
which disturbs digestion. Could he
make a telescope of the glass which he
puts to his mouth, and look into the
future, what would he see? He would
see in the distance, not far away, a
man clothed in rags, and covered with
the blotches of drunkenness. He
would see a man deserted by his
friends, and distrusted by all his kin-
dred. He would see a wife with a sad
face and a broken heart, and children
growing up in ignorance and vice.
He would see the poorhouse, the
penitentiary, the gallows, and the
grave-yard within easy approach. Take
the pledge, and keep it.—*National
Temperance Orator.*

THE GIRL EVERYBODY LIKES.

SHE is not beautiful—oh, no!
Nobody thinks of calling her
that. Not one of a dozen can
tell whether her eyes are black
or blue. If you should ask them to
describe her, they would only say:
"She is just right," and there it would
end. She is a merry-hearted, fun-
loving, bewitching maiden, without a
spark of envy or malice in her whole
composition. She enjoys herself, and
wants everybody else to do the same.
She has always a kind word and a
pleasant smile for the oldest man or
woman; in fact, I can think of noth-
ing she resembles more than a sun-
beam, which brightens everything it
comes in contact with. All pay her
marked attention, from rich Mr. Watts,
who lives in a mansion on the hill, to
negro Sam, the sweep. All look after
her with an admiring eye, and say to
themselves: "She is just the right
sort of a girl!" The young men of
the town vie with one another as to
who shall show her the most attention;
but she never encourages them beyond
being simply kind and jolly; so no
one can call her flirt; no, indeed, the
young men all deny such an assertion
as quickly as she. Girls—wonderful
to relate—like her, too; for she never
delights in hurting their feelings, or
saying spiteful things behind their
backs. She is always willing to join
in their little plans, and to assist them
in any way. They go to her with their
love affairs, and she manages adroitly
to see Willie or Peter, and drop a good
word for Ida or Jennie, until their
little difficulties are all patched up,
and everything goes on smoothly again
—thanks to her. Old ladies say she
is "delightful." The sly witch—she
knows how to manage them. She
listens patiently to complaints of rheu-
matism or neuralgia, and then sym-
pathizes with them so heartily that
they are more than half cured. But
she cannot be always with us. A
young man comes from a neighbouring
town, after a time, and marries her.
The villagers crowd around to tell him
what a prize he has won, but he seems
to know it pretty well without any

telling, to judge from his face. So she
leaves us, and it is not long before we
hear from that place. She is there,
the woman everybody likes.

"SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE."

YOU all know this rhyme; but
have you ever read what it is
meant for?

The four-and-twenty blackbirds re-
present the twenty-four hours. The
bottom of the pie is the world, while
the top crust is the sky that over-arches
it. The opening of the pie is the day-
dawn, when the birds begin to sing,
and surely such a sight is fit for a
king.

The king, who is represented as sit-
ting in his parlour counting out his
money is the sun, while the gold-pieces
that slip through his fingers as he
counts them are the golden sunshine.

The queen, who sits in the dark
kitchen, is the moon, and the honey,
with which she regales herself, is the
moonlight.

The industrious maid, who is in the
garden at work before her king—the
sun—is risen, is day-dawn, and the
clothes she hangs out are the clouds,
while the bird, who so tragically ends
the song by "nipping off her nose," is
the hour of sunset. So we have the
whole day, if not in a nut-shell, in a
pie.

BREVITIES.

FROM *Evangelical Messenger*: "Our
pastor is not as good a preacher as I
want.' Indeed! Perhaps you are not
as good a hearer as he would like to
have, but he must make the best of
you. If he can stand it, you can."

"I do not wish to say anything
against the individual in question,"
said a very polite and accomplished
gentleman upon a certain occasion,
"but I would merely remark, in the
language of the poet, that to him
'truth is strange—stranger than
fiction.'"

"I AM now writing under the cedars
where, near twenty-five years ago, I
used to sit with my bride. After
travelling all these years, I have
no parsonage, nor time to live in one."
The above is from a Methodist preacher
in Georgia. He is evidently in the
active itinerancy.

"I DON'T believe in this learning
German, Spanish, French, or any
foreign language," said a Michigan
man the other day. "Why, I lived
among a lot of Germans, and got along
with them just as well as if I knew
their language; but I didn't—not a
word of it." "How did you contrive
it?" "Why, you see, they understood
mine."

NEVER lose an opportunity of seeing
anything beautiful. Beauty is God's
hand-writing, a wayside sacrament;
welcome it in every fair face, every
fair sky, every fair flower, and thank
Him for it, the fountain of loveliness;
and drink it in, simply and earnestly
with your eyes; it is a charmed
draught, a cup of blessing.

WHEN an old backwoodsman was
about to take his first ride on a Miss-
issippi steamer, he was asked whether
he would take a deck or cabin passage.
"Well," he said, in a resigned sort of
way, "I've lived all my life in a cabin,
and I guess cabin passage will be good
enough for a rough chap like me."