

The Inglenook

Just Be Glad.

O heart of mine, we shoul'dn't
Worry so.
What we've missed of calm we couldn't.
Have, you know,
What we've met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain
We can better meet again.
If it blow.
We have erred in that dark hour
We have known,
When the tears fell with the shower,
All alone.
Were not shine and shower blent
As the gracious Master meant?
Let us temper our content
With his own.
For we know not every morrow
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad.

James Whitcomb Riley.

Rubbing up The Diamond.

BY EDWARD A. RAND.

"Well, Miss Fanny, what did I see you doing yesterday noon, Sunday?" Arthur Mildmay asked one Monday of his neighbor, Fanny Prince. "I thought you made a vigorous application of soap-suds to a youthful face."

Fanny Prince laughed and replied—"Oh, that was a candidate for my Sunday school class, and I must say I never found such an uncleanly child, and I was in plain language, washing her face."

"I should say you were. From Poverty Lane, and a gypsy, I dare say?"

"You guessed right about Poverty Lane, for the girl came from there, almost the last house before you got to the river. The child's name is Mignon, and while of foreign birth, I don't think she is a gypsy."

"Hopeful case?"

"I should say it was, though a dirty one. You see I was just rubbing up the diamond."

"Polishing were you?"

"Trying to do so."

"Well, I don't know about such cases. How old is the child?"

"Seven about."

"Well, you may like the work, and I have a great respect for your motive, but I don't feel so confident about such cases, I shake my head at them. I am very fond of the water, you know, and like to be out on our river and take a row beyond the harbor's mouth, but if I had such a case I should make a more extensive application of water than you favour. More dirt than diamond in this case, I am afraid. However if I have occasion to change my opinion, you shall know about it. Good-bye." "Good bye," she said aloud. Inwardly she told herself, "We shall see about the diamond part. Now I believe something is there worth rubbing."

Arthur Mildmay was a young man who

did not have much faith in the hopefulness of Poverty Lane. "Diamonds, diamonds there?" he asked himself. "All dirt! It is a low class, and they will stay down. They don't want to come up."

Fanny took her diamond to that gem-case, the Sunday-school, and Mignon was enrolled as a member of the primary department. To the teachers great satisfaction, the new scholar showed much quickness of mind, and a deep interest in the new Sunday-school world opening about her, not only interest in the teacher but the teachings, in the studies as well as the scholars.

She found a special charm in the Bible stories that the teacher told, and of these her great favorites were the stories that had a boat in them, for Poverty Lane knew all about boats. These fisherman stories attracted her, for Poverty Lane abounded in such men of the sea. Then she loved to hear about Jesus at or upon the waters of Galilee. His walking on the little sea, one wild, wild night, how it impressed her. It was a theory the teacher cherished that in the telling of a story, impressive lessons could be stamped on the young mind, and that of all Bible characters none could make so great an impress on the class as the character of Jesus.

So Fanny prepared herself to tell about the wonderful story of Jesus walking on the sea. The night was so dark, the wind was so wild, the waves were so violent, and the disciples in the boat were so full of fear, when, lo, a light came moving toward them. With the light came a form. And the form was Jesus. He stilled the storm. He entered the boat. He comforted the disciples.

The teacher tried to print deep this lesson upon each heart—that we could not walk upon the sea as did Jesus, but we might in some other way help those in need upon the water, and Jesus would be pleased to have us do so.

All this effected deeply the youthful Mignon. What could she do for those upon the river, when the bad nights came on? She might take a lantern out upon the shore, which was near her home. There might be somebody on the water in need of a guiding light.

There soon came a very provoking night. It was not a cold, dreary, ocean-blast that swept up the river. It was only a soft curtain of fog that dropped its folds upon the river and refused to lift them at the wish of anybody on the water who sought the shore. There was only one such seeker that night. It was a young man, alone, in a big, old-fashioned dory. He had gone to "the other side" of the river, and now wanted to get back again, but how bewildered he was!

"Never had such a time in my life," he declared, resting on his oars and looking up into the mass of fog hanging all about him. He finally decided to row

"up stream." He quickly stopped. "What do I hear? Dead Man's Rocks, the tide about them? Oh, dear, I must get out of this."

Then he rowed back, but his course was checked by the sound of a suspicious whistle, sh—sh—sh! He rested again on his oars. "Oh, dear! I do believe that I am near that ugly current which flows about the ledges they call the 'Graves.' Ugly place! I think they have the most horrid, most frightful names ever invented to scare folks. The names though are no worse than the reality, if you run upon those rocks. What next? Oh, I have it."

He felt a light wind blowing in his face. He remembered that the wind had been blowing in gentle fashion from the west. "Well," he reasoned, "if I go with the wind, it will take me to the side of the river I want to reach."

He kept on rowing, and three strokes took him to a spot where he caught the hoarse, ghostly sound of water running about rocks. "Another cemetery, another attractive name, I suppose," he exclaimed, backing water.

Where would he go next? He could not say how long he kept on pulling in various directions, till at last he declared that one could not be more confused if set down in the centre of the great African desert, and told to make his way home. The wind though began to blow, and this change he welcomed.

"Anything," he said, "to break up the monotony. A volcano in the sea would be a relief, provided it did not swallow—" he stopped wishing for volcanoes, and gave his thoughts to the fact that a wind was blowing. It kept on blowing, blowing and had it broken a hold in the fog's dreary curtain? He saw a light. He pulled eagerly toward it. He quickened his stroke, and pushing harder—he heard something that sounded humin.

"Come this way," cried a voice.

"It couldn't sound sweeter if an angel's voice," he declared. "Somebody has heard the sound of my rowing, and thinks I need guiding."

"Coming," he shouted, eagerly in response. "Coming!"

When he had beached his boat, he saw a child holding a lantern, and near her was a young woman.

"You here, neighbor Fanny?" he asked.

"Yes, Arthur, just by chance. I was going home, and at the head of Poverty Lane, I heard voices calling and they seemed to be on the river, and I came down to see what the matter was. I found somebody with the lantern I knew, and now you turn up."

"I was shouting, and I expect my yell frightened the neighborhood. Yes, I have turned up. I have been bothered in that fog fearfully. This lantern guided me." He turned to the lantern bearer. "Let me see your face, dear. I want to know my benefactor."

He was speaking to Mignon.

"Hold up your lantern. Oh, what eyes! Like diamonds."

"Arthur, that is the diamond you saw me with one Sunday."

"Indeed! This is the diamond that was polished and I did not speak appreciatively of? Well, well, I did make a big mistake."—New York Observer.