

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### NOT LOST.

The look of sympathy, the gentle word,  
Spoken so low that only angels heard;  
The secret act of pure self-sacrifice,  
Unseen by men, but marked by angels' eyes—  
These are not lost.

The sacred music of a tender strain,  
Wrung from a poet's heart by grief and pain,  
And chanted timidly with doubt and fear,  
To busy crowds, who scarcely paused to hear—  
These are not lost.

The silent tears that fall at dead of night  
Over soiled robes that were once pure and white;  
The prayers that rise like incense from the soul,  
Longing for Christ to make it pure and whole—  
These are not lost.

The happy days that gladdened all our youth,  
When dreams had less of self and more of truth;  
The childhood's faith so tranquil and so sweet,  
Which sat like Mary at the Master's feet—  
These are not lost.

The kindly plan devised for others' good,  
So seldom guessed, so little understood;  
The quiet, steadfast love that strove to win  
Some heedless wanderer from the ways of sin—  
These are not lost.

Not lost, O Lord! for in Thy city bright,  
Our eyes shall see the past by clearer light,  
And things long hidden from our gaze below  
Thou wilt reveal, and we shall surely know  
These are not lost.

### THE BRIGHT SIDE.

LET me tell you of a little sermon I had preached to me the other day. I had stopped for a moment's chat with a friend on the street, and as she turned away she said, with a beautiful smile illuminating her sad, patient face, "I am so glad I met you. It will be something pleasant to tell Bessie when I get home. *'There is always something pleasant,'* Bessie says."

That smile, those cheerful words, looked at against the background of her darkened life, filled the heart with unspeakable reverence. As this is a true sketch I may not lay bare to you the story of her sorrows; enough that all the world could give her she had once enjoyed: all that the world could take from her she had lost—husband, health, beauty, station, wealth, and friends; and even while in her only child her love found its one solace, it was a love made holier by tears, for not only was Bessie's early girlhood blighted by a painful spinal disease, but God had laid on her that sorest chastening of His hand—she was blind. Yet "there was always something pleasant," Bessie said.

Well, that was my text; and, to tell you the truth, my sermon began where our minister's usually leaves off, with a bit of application, and I told myself right heartily that it was a shame when Bessie was so easily pleased, and I could, therefore, many a time, even with my limited capacity, give her little pleasures, I so seldom remembered to do it, and that it would be still more of a shame if, after this, I did not do better.

Just at first a great tide of pity swelled into my heart to think how barren of joy those lives must be in which such atoms of pleasure could be so eagerly picked up and made much of; yet it was not, I knew, the emptiness of their cups which had taught them so deeply to appreciate whatever drops of balm God let fall into them. The secret lies in the heart more than in the circumstances. If dear blind Bessie has the spiritual vision to see "some-

thing pleasant" in every day of her darkened life, I think you and I might almost envy her; at least we might learn of her. For it is so gloriously true, when one comes to think of it; there is "always something pleasant." I do not mean on those rare days of blessedness when "the cup runneth over," but on those we are apt to call commonplace and dull, if not dreary. If, as we wake each day, we could take directly and freshly from God's hand the quick pulse of health with which we go forth to the day's labour, and the sight which revels in His wonderful blue sky and beautiful familiar daylight—in fact, every one of the common comforts of life, one by one, as they come to us, we would learn to feel that "His goodness is new every morning," while along the day's walk little blessings, like violets, will shed their sweetness on our way, and we will always meet their glad blue eyes when we stoop to look for them under the leaves. Even if the waking be one of pain, and languishing, and weariness, cannot you remember some time when

"An early flower, unasked, bestowed;  
A light and cautious tread;  
A voice to gentlest whispers hushed  
To spare an aching head,"

has given you "something pleasant" to think about all day?

Once, after a very painful illness, I tried to note down the purely pleasant things of those weary days, and after filling three great pages, left off tired, not having told half; and another time I can remember being refreshed and helped through the slow watches of a fever-stricken night by just looking at a great white tea-rose glimmering in a tumbler on the windowsill, sent by a thoughtful friend. These are all little things, to be sure; but I think, if we oftener brought the magnifying-glass to bear upon our pleasures, and more seldom upon our trials, we would be happier, and God would be more glorified. I very much doubt if any of us are as happy as we might be.

Even in lives left bare by some great desolation I think it is still true that there is "something pleasant." Do you not remember in the grand mountain places, where riven rocks betrayed the footsteps of the storm, how the delicate ferns and pretty little wild flowers filled up the ghastly rents, and how tender lichens and mosses covered over the scars?

If God does not "shew forth His loving-kindness in the day-time" then "He giveth songs in the night." "When God takes away the sunshine He giveth us the stars." The great secret is in *being willing* to be pleased with trifles when God has put the great joy out of our reach.

Yes, there is "always something pleasant," and God ever present in all, and through all, and above all, and the hope of heaven, like a day-star, giving us promise of a glorious dawn.

One afternoon a teacher was returning, sick in heart and body, from a day of joyless work, and on her way she passed a little shop kept by an old negro woman, who was just then standing on the sidewalk arranging some of her wares, carrying on at the same time, in the easy, unembarrassed manner of her race, a religious conversation with some one inside. As the weary feet toiled slowly past, the ach-

ing heart caught just these homely words:—"De Massa mighty good to His suffrin' people. Nebber min', honey, He'll gib you heben bymeby." *But they healed the ache.*

### LOVE.

Kind hearts are the gardens,  
Kind thoughts are the roots,  
Kind words are the blossoms,  
Kind deeds are the fruits;  
Love is sweet sunshine,  
That warms into life;  
For only in darkness  
Grow hatred and strife.

### FUN WITH A SPIDER.

SPIDERS in many respects are just like other animals, and can be tamed and petted and taught a great many lessons which they will learn as readily as a dog or cat. But you must take the trouble to study their ways and get on the good side of them. One day I had been reading in a book how spiders managed to get their webs across streams and roads, and from the top of one tall tree to another. I went out and caught a large garden spider, one of those blue-gray sprawling fellows, and fixed him up for my experiment.

I took a stick about eighteen inches in length and fastened a piece of iron to one end of it so that the stick would stand up on that end of itself. Then I put this stick in the centre of a large tub half full of water, and placed the spider on top of the stick. I wanted to see if he could get to the "land," which was the edge of the tub, without any help. He ran down first one side of the stick and then the other; each time he would stop when he touched the water, and shaking his feet as a cat does, he would run up again. At last he came to the conclusion that he was entirely surrounded by water—on an island, in fact. After remaining perfectly quiet for a long while, during which I have no doubt he was arranging his plans, he began running around the top of the stick, and throwing out great coils of web with his hind feet. In a few minutes, little fine strings of web were floating away in the slight breeze that was blowing. After a little, one of these threads touched the edge of the tub and stuck fast, as all spider webs will. This was just what Mr. Spider was looking for, and the next minute he took hold of this web and gave it a jerk as a sailor does a rope when he wishes to see how strong it is, or make it fast. Having satisfied himself that it was fast at the other end, he gathered it in till it was tight and straight, and then ran on it quickly to the shore; a rescued castaway, saved by his own ingenuity. Spiders are not fools, if they are ugly, and He who made all things has a thought and care for all. The earth is full of the knowledge of God.

SPIRITUALITY is no adequate security for sound moral discernment.

MOST of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by standing in our own light.

A MAN may see every figure upon the dial, but he cannot tell how the day goes unless the sun shines. We may read many truths in the Bible, but we cannot know them savingly until God shine into our hearts.