

The Chimes of Amsterdam.

BY MINNIE E. KENNEY.

FAR up above the city,
 In the gray old belfry tower,
 The chimes ring out their music
 Each day at the twilight hour ;
 Above the din and the tumult,
 And the rush of the busy street,
 You can hear their solemn voices
 In an anthem clear and sweet.

When the busy day is dying,
 And the sunset gates, flung wide,
 Mark a path of crimson glory
 Upon the restless tide,
 As the white-winged ships drop anchor,
 And furl their snowy sails,
 While the purple twilight gathers,
 And the glowing crimson pales.

Then from the old gray belfry
 The chimes peal out again,
 And a hush succeeds the tumult,
 As they ring their sweet refrain :
 No sound of discordant clangor
 Mars the perfect melody,
 But each, attuned by a master hand,
 Has its place in the harmony.

I climbed the winding stairway
 That led to the belfry tower,
 As the sinking sun in the westward
 Heralded twilight's hour ;
 For I thought that surely the music
 Would be clearer and sweeter far
 Than when through the din of the city
 It seemed to float from afar.

But lo, as I neared the belfry,
 No sound of music was there ;
 Only a brazen clangor
 Disturbed the quiet air !
 The ringer stood at a keyboard,
 Far down beneath the chimes,
 And patiently struck the noisy keys,
 As he had uncounted times.

He had never heard the music,
 Though every day it swept
 Out over the sea and the city,
 And in lingering echoes crept.
 He knew not how many sorrows
 Were cheered by the evening strain,
 And how men paused to listen
 As they heard the sweet refrain.

He only knew his duty,
 And he did it with patient care ;
 But he could not hear the music
 That flooded the quiet air ;
 Only the jar and the clamor
 Fell harshly on his ear,
 And he missed the mellow chiming
 That everyone else could hear.

So we from our quiet watch-towers
 May be sending a sweet refrain,
 And gladdening the lives of the lowly,
 Though we hear not a single strain.
 Our work may seem but a discord,
 Though we do the best we can ;
 But others will hear the music,
 If we carry out God's plan.

Far above a world of sorrow,
 And o'er the eternal sea,
 It will blend with angelic anthems
 In sweetest harmony ;
 It will ring in lingering echoes
 Through the corridors of the sky,
 And the strains of earth's minor music
 Will swell the strains on high.

LITTLE Ina, nearly five years of age, set out to visit school the other day, gay as a lark ; but returned after the session with rather a careworn expression on her countenance. When asked how she liked school, she said : " I did not like it. " " Why not ? " " Oh ! I had to work awful hard. " " What did you have to do ? " " I had to keep still like everything. "

HOW BENNIE CAME HOME.

BENNIE'S mother was dead, and his father, a " ne'er-do-well, " was off somewhere, no one knew where, and no one seemed to care. Bennie lived with his grandmother, his maternal grandmother, a dear old lady, whom to know was to love. He and grandma and old Dolly, the coloured servant, had the little cottage all to themselves, and they had a very cosy time of it. Bennie had his pets—a large, beautiful dog, some guinea pigs, and a brood of chickens. One day when he was feeding them he heard a strange voice calling him. Looking up, he saw a man leaning over the fence.

" Does Mrs. Drummond live here ? " asked the man.

" Yes, sir, " answered Bennie ; " Mrs. Drummond is my grandmother. "

" Then you are Bennie Holt, are you ? "

" Yes, sir. "

" Then I am your father. How do you do, my son ? " advancing to the boy and extending his hand.

Bennie, for good reasons, did not seem overjoyed to see his father, whom he could not remember, and gave his hand in a very limp, reluctant way, as he answered :

" I'm very well, sir, " adding, by way of escape, " do you want to see grandma ? "

" Can't say I have a hankerin' to see her, but I want you—I need you. Come, boy, pack up your duds and come along with me. "

Bennie looked distressed. He did not like the looks of this man, even if he was his father.

" I couldn't leave grandma, sir ; she needs me to see to things. "

" And I need you to see to things ; and, what's more, I'm going to have you. "

The result of a talk with the old lady was that Bennie must go with his father. It grieved her sorely, but she felt powerless to prevent the man from " taking his own, " as he expressed it.

The weeks and months " dragged by, " so Dolly said, for they seemed so lonely without sunny-faced Ben. Summer came with its birds and flowers ; its warm, soft winds and glowing sunshine. One lovely day, while grandma sat on her pleasant verandah, knitting and thinking of Bennie, a tired bruised boy staggered up the walk, and threw himself at her feet. It was Bennie.

" Don't think I've been drinking because I stagger so, grandma, " he said, throwing his arms upon her knees with a clinging clasp, " it was because I wouldn't have anything to do with the cursed stuff, that I've been knocked around so. "

" My poor boy ! my little Bennie ! " grandma said compassionately, stroking the boy's head lovingly. " Tell grandma the whole story. Has your father been cruel to you ? "

" Cruel is no name, " he said, his eyes flashing as he threw off his coat and bared his arms. " Look there, grandma. He did that and that, " showing great purple welts. " Why, my body is covered with such marks. "

" My poor boy ! " Grandma could hardly speak ; her voice was heavy with tears, but she held Bennie's hands in a close clasp of love and sympathy.

" Don't cry, grandma, " he said ; " don't worry over the way I've come home, but just know that I am home, and I'll never leave you again. Never mind if that man is my father. I don't have to mind him, when he orders contrary to my Father up there, and that's what he does. He wanted me to tend bar. He said if I didn't he'd break every bone in my body, and I honestly believe he tried to. I wish there was no bar in the wide, wide world. It used to make my heart ache to see the

boys no bigger than I am come in and take a drink. Oh ! I couldn't live with father, grandma—not unless I was willing to sell myself to the devil by tending bar, and I'll never do that—never ! "

" Thank God ! " grandma said.

WHAT BECAME OF THE STONE JUG.

A MINISTER in America, who was always hard at it, trying to persuade men to be among those whom God saves by Jesus Christ, was much interested in a farmer who came to his church.

The man seemed much interested, but did not decide to become a Christian. One day, when the minister was out visiting, he met the farmer driving his little cart toward the town, and noticed that he had a big stone jug in the cart. He guessed that he was going to have the jug filled with whiskey, and thought he could see why the man had never decided to yield to the claims of God, and become a pronounced Christian.

" I wonder, " said he, " that you have never become a Christian ? "

" Yes, minister, and I wonder too. "

" You feel a great deal—don't you—when the service is going on ? "

" Yes, sir, and I think I will have to give in, but somehow I don't. "

" You come home feeling sad ? " " Yes. "

" And then you just go to the cupboard, and have a drink of whiskey, don't you ? "

" Yes, sir. "

" And then you feel better ? "

" Yes, minister. "

" And that is how you lose all the good desires. You find comfort out of Christ. "

The farmer lifted up the jug, and then threw it out and smashed it. He turned his horse round, and did not go to the town at all. The result was that the desires which were awakened, were not quenched by the drink, and that led him to go to the One who was slain for his offences, and there he found more than comfort ; he found abiding peace.

BEAUTIFUL ANECDOTE OF A GREAT MAN.

UPON KEEPING ONE'S WORD.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER was one day taking a long country walk near Freshford, when he met a little girl about five years old sobbing over a broken bowl. She had dropped and broken it in bringing it back from the field to which she had taken her father's dinner in it, and she said she would be beaten on her return home for having broken it ; then, with a sudden gleam of hope, she innocently looked up into his face and said : " But ye can mend it, can't ye ? " My father explained that he could not mend the bowl, but the trouble he could, by the gift of a sixpence to buy another. However, on opening his purse, it was empty of silver, and he had to make amends by promising to meet his little friend in the same spot at the same hour the next day, and to bring the sixpence with him, bidding her meanwhile tell her mother she had seen a gentleman who would bring her the money for the bowl next day. The child, entirely trusting him, went on her way comforted. On his return home he found an invitation awaiting him to dine in Bath the following evening to meet with some one whom he specially wished to see. He hesitated for some little time, trying to calculate the possibility of giving the meeting to his little friend of the broken bowl and of still being in time for the dinner party in Bath ; but finding this could not be, he wrote to decline accepting the invitation on the plea of a " pre-engagement, " saying to us : " I cannot disappoint her, she trusted me so implicitly. "