

to forward to you. Awaiting your instructions. We are yours faithfully,
"REID, MOWATT & REID."

The enclosed letter the minister took in his trembling fingers, and read with great wonder and thanksgiving in his heart, yet it rebuked him for his momentary lack of faith.

"DEAR MR. GILRUTH,—Perhaps you have forgotten Wat Syme, but he has not forgotten you, nor the fact that you paid twenty pounds out of your own pocket once to save him from disgrace and give him another chance. I never forgot the words you spoke to me that day at the Broomielaw, and though I have made money out here, it is clean money, and you need not be afraid to spend it—every penny is my own honest earning. It seems hard to die when a man is in his prime, but somehow I'm not afraid. Since the day I parted from you I have been able to believe that there is a merciful God. And that is another and the greatest service you did to the wastrel everybody had a bad word for, and nobody a good one. So good-bye till we meet again.—Your grateful
"WALTER SYME."

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall return after many days," said the old man with the glow of a renewed faith in his weary heart. After a moment he clasped his hands in the attitude of prayer, and these words fell tremblingly from his lips. "Lord, help Thou mine unbelief."

THE HOME CIRCLE.

KIND WORDS.

'Tis such a little while we walk together
Along life's way.
Some weary feet that march beside us falter
Each passing day.
Dear friends that greet us in the morning vanish
Ere it is noon,
And tender voices melt away in silence—
A broken tune.
'Tis such a little while for loving kindness,
Or cold disdain;
To smooth the way for weary feet that falter.
Or chide and blame;
A little while, and it were unavailing
Kind words to say,
For those that walked but yesterday beside us
Have passed away.

AUNT JERUSHA'S MEDITATIONS.

"If folks could have their funerals when they are alive and well and struggling alone, what a help it would be!" sighed Aunt Jerusha, folding her paisley shawl with great care.

"Now, there is poor Mis' Brown," she added, as she pinned her Sunday bonnet into her green barege veil. "How encouraged she'd have been, if she could have heard what the minister said to-day! I wouldn't wonder one mite if she'd have got well."

"And Deacon Brown a-wiping his eyes and all of them taking on so! Poor soul, she never dreamed they set so much by her!"

"Mis' Brown got discouraged. Y'er see Deacon Brown, he'd got away of blaming every thing onto her. I don't suppose the Deacon meant it—'twas just his way—but it's awful wearing. When things wore out, or broke, he acted just as if Mis' Brown did it herself on purpose. And they all caught it, like the measles or the whooping-cough."

"And the minister a-telling how the Deacon brought his young wife here when 'twa'n't nothing but a wilderness; and how patiently she bore hardship and what a good wife she'd been! Now the minister wouldn't have known any thing about that if the Deacon hadn't told him. Dear! dear! If he'd only told Mis' Brown herself what he thought, I do believe he might have saved the funeral."

"And when the minister said how the children would miss their mother, seemed as though they couldn't stand it, poor things! Well, I guess it is true enough; Mis' Brown was always doing for some of them. When they were singing about 'sweet rest in heaven,' I couldn't help thinking that that was something Mis' Brown would have to get used to, for she never had none of it here."

"She have been awful pleased with the flowers. They were pretty, and no mistake. Y'er see the Deacon wa'n't never willing for her to have a flower-bed. He said 'twas enough prettier sight to see good cabbage a-growing; but Mis' Brown always kind of hankered after sweet-smelling things, like sweet peas, and such."

"What did you say, Levi? Most time for supper? Well, land's sake, so it is! I must have got to meditating. I've been a thinking Levi, you needn't tell the minister any thing about me. If the pancakes and the pumpkin pies are good you just say so as we go along. It ain't best to keep every thing laid up for funerals."—*Zion's Herald.*

THE UNIVERSAL POET.

An incident described in *The Independent* by Prof. E. A. Grosvenor gives a striking illustration of the fact that Longfellow's poems have sung themselves into the hearts of men and women of many nationalities. The incident occurred in 1879 on board the French steamer "Donai," bound from Constantinople to Marseilles. We condense the description:

One evening, as we were quitting the strait of Bonifacio, someone remarked at dinner that though Victor Hugo was born in Paris, the earliest impressions of his life were received in Corsica, close to which we were passing. One of the party spoke of him as the exponent of what is best in humanity.

The Russian lady exclaimed in English to the gentleman who had last spoken:

"How can you, an American, give to Hugo the place that is occupied by your own Longfellow? Longfellow is the universal poet. He is better known, too, among foreigners than anyone, except their own poets."

Than she began repeating:

"I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city
Behind the dark church-tower."

She added: "I long to visit Boston that I may stand on that bridge."

In the company was an English captain returning from the Zulu War, a typical British soldier, with every characteristic of his class. As soon as the Russian lady had concluded, he said: "I can give you something better than that," and he began in a voice like a trumpet—

"Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream."

His recitation of the entire poem was marked by the common English upheaval and down-letting of the voice in each line; but it was evident that he loved what he was repeating.

Then a tall, lank, grey-haired Scotchman, who seemed always communing with himself, suddenly commenced—

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there."

He repeated only a few stanzas, but apparently he could have given the whole poem had he wished.

For myself, I know that my contribution was "My lost Youth," beginning—

"Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought I go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town;
And my youth comes back to me."

A handsome, olive-cheeked young man, a Greek, educated and living in England, said: "How do you like this?" Then he began to sing:

"Stars in the summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!"

The captain of the "Donai" was not her regular commander, but an officer of the national French navy, who was in charge only for a few voyages. To our astonishment in accents so Gallic that one discerned with difficulty that he was attempting English, he intoned:

"Zee seeds of neet fair valeeng faat,
Von trough an Alpen veeleago past
A yout, who bore meed snow and coce
A bannair veed deca atrango doveeco:
'Evelsiar-r-r!"

None of the other passengers contributed, but already six nationalities had spoken—Scotch, Russian, Greek, French, English, and American. As we rose from the table and went up on deck to watch the lights glimmering in Napoleon's birthplace, Ajaccio, the Russian lady, said: "Do you suppose there is any other poet of any country, living or dead, from whom so many of us could have quoted? Not one. Not even Shakespeare or Victor Hugo or Homer."