

"What is there ridiculous in speaking the truth?"

"Yes, it is true enough," murmured Howard. "We have all our faults; at least I am sure that I have mine."

"No one would dream of doubting

such an obvious fact," said Rushton with a laugh.

Howard felt hurt, for he liked Rushton; but he liked Frank better still, because he felt that he was in the right.—*New York Sunday School Ad.*



POETRY.

HYMN FOR AN INFANT CLASS.

A giddy lamb one afternoon
Had from the fold departed;
The tender shepherd missed it soon,
And sought it broken-hearted.
Not all the flock that shared his love
Could from the search delay him,
Nor clouds of midnight darkness move,
Nor fear of suffering stay him.

But night and day he went his way
In sorrow till he found it;
And when he saw it fainting lie,
He clasped his arms around it.
Then, safely folded to his breast,
From every ill to save it,
He brought it to his home of rest,
And pitied and forgave it.

And thus the Saviour will receive
The little ones who fear him;
Their pains remove, their sins forgive,
And draw them gently near him.
Blest while they live and when they die,
When flesh and spirit sever,
Conduct them to his throne on high,
To dwell with him for ever.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

There is a time just ere the frost
Prepares to pave old winter's way,
When autumn in a reverie's lost,
The mellow daytime dreams away;
When summer comes, in musing mind,
To gaze once more on hill and dell—
To mark how many sheaves they bind,
And see if all is ripened well.

With balmy breath she whispers low—
The dying flowers look up and give
Their sweetest incense here they go,
For her who made their beauties live,

She enters 'neath the woodland shade,
Her zephyrs lift the lingering leaf,
And bear it gently where are laid
The loved and lost ones of its grief.

At last old autumn, rising, takes
Again his sceptre and his throne,
With boisterous hands the trees he shakes,
Intent on gathering all his own.
Sweet summer, sighing, flies the plain,
And waiting winter, gaunt and grim,
Sees miser autumn hoard his grain,
And smiles to think it's all for him

MEKHEIL, A HEATHEN CONVERT ABOUT TO DIE.

"I am weary, I long to go and be with Christ."

"I am weary" of my sin,
O, I long for full release;
Savior come and take me in
With thyself to dwell in peace!

"I am weary" of my pains,
Bring me, Lord, with Thee to rest;
Change my groans to joyful strains,
Mid the concert of the blast

"I am weary" of the earth,
Where the wicked spurn Thy love;
With Thy sons of heavenly birth
Let me worship Thee above.

"I am weary" of the hate
Thousands pour upon Thy Name,
Called to enter mercy's gate
Ere they sink to endless shame.

"I am weary," while away
From the home where dwells my heart;
Take my panting soul, I pray,
Never more from Thee to part!

From the Day-Spring of Missions.