

Silently through the darkening  
In our trusty boat we glide.

Home to the busy city,  
To its ceaseless din and strife,  
Where complex shuttles weave  
Dark threads in the web of life.

But with hearts so full of joyance,  
That shadows of pain and loss,  
Of weary, futile longings,  
Whatever may be the cross.

Drift softly into the sunlight,  
Perchance but to come again,  
But life has been freed for a time  
From the tension of toil and pain.

EMILY A. SYKES.

### A CLOSE-FISTED ECONOMIST.

The farmer sat in his easy chair  
Between the fire and the lamplight's glare;  
His face was ruddy and full and fair;  
His three small boys in the chimney nook  
Conned the lines of a picture-book;  
His wife, the pride of his home and heart,  
Baked the biscuit and made the tart,  
Laid the table and drew the tea,  
Deftly, swiftly, silently;  
Tired and weary, weak and faint,  
She bore her trials without complaint,  
Like many another, household saint—  
Content all selfish bliss above  
In the patient ministry of love.

At last, between the clouds of smoke  
That wreathed his lips, the farmer spoke:  
"There's taxes to raise, and int'rest to pay,  
And if there should come a rainy day,  
'Twould be mighty handy, I'm bound to say,  
'T have something put by. For folks must die;  
An' there's funeral bills, and gravestones to buy—  
Enough to swamp a man, purty nigh;  
Besides, there's Edward an' Dick an' Joe  
To be provided for when we go;  
So, if I were you, I'd tell you what I'd do,  
I'd be savin' of wood as ever I could;  
Extra fires don't do any good;  
I'd be savin' of soap, an' savin' of ile,  
And run up some candles once in a while;  
I'd be rather sparin' of coffee and tea,  
For sugar is high,  
An' all to buy,

And cider is good enough drink for me;  
I'd be kind of careful 'bout my clo'es,  
And look out sharp how the money goes—  
Gawgaws is useless, nater knows;

Extra trimmin'  
'S the bane of women.

I'd sell the best of my cheese an' honey,  
And eggs is as good, nigh 'bout, as money,  
An' as to the carpet you wanted new—  
I guess we can make the old one do;  
An' as to the washer an' sowin'-machine.

Them smooth-tongued agents, so pesky mean,  
You'd better get rid of 'em slick an' clean.  
What do they know 'bout women's work?  
Do they kalkilate women was make to shirk!

Dick and Edward and little Joe  
Sat in the corner in a row;  
They saw their patient mother go  
On ceaseless errands to and fro;  
They saw that her form was bent and thin,  
Her temples gray, her cheeks sunk in;  
They saw the quiver of lip and chin—  
And then, with a wrath he could not smother,  
Outspoke the youngest, frailest brother:  
"You talk of savin' wood an' ile  
An' tea an' sugar all the while,  
But you never talk of savin' mother!"

—Selected.

### REST.

My feet are wearied and my hands are tired—  
My soul oppressed,  
And with desire have I long desired  
Rest—only Rest.

'Tis hard to tell, when toil is almost vain,  
In barren way;  
'Tis hard to sow and never garner grain  
In harvest day.

The burden of my days is hard to bear,  
But God knows best;  
And I have prayed, but vain has been my prayer,  
For Rest, sweet Rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring and never reap  
The autumn yield;  
'Tis hard to till, and when 'tis tilled, to weep  
O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry, a weak and human cry,  
So heart-oppressed;  
And so I sigh, a weak and human sigh,  
For Rest, for Rest.

My way has wound across the desert years,  
And cares infest  
My path, and through the flowing of hot tears  
I pine for Rest.

'Twas always so; when still a child, I laid  
On mother's breast  
My weary little head—e'en then I prayed,  
As now, for Rest.

And I am restless still; 'twill soon be o'er,  
For down the West  
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore  
Where I shall rest.

—Father Ryan.

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