

A STRUGGLING HEART.

"But I am poor and sorrowful: let thy salvation O God set me up on high."—Psalm lxxii. 29.
Your needs, O Psalmist, all are mine,
My base estate feels regal woe,
The steps down from your august throne,
Lead to my level far below.
I cannot trust my best resolves;
They part like wax in sin's fierce flame;
My heart deceives me—when I call
No voice within its name God's name.
Sometimes I fain would rise and mount,
Where light is, and the land of rest;
Then false paths lure me till I tire
And sink content to be unblest,
And wildly reacting out hot hands,
Fill them straightway with noxious flow-
ers.
And weave me garlands for my wine,
Seeming to cheat the lagging hours,
Vain are these tricks against remorse
Which cools the fever of my blood,
And thrusts me into deeper dark,
And further from the perfect good.
I hear your harp, O Royal Bard,
And I take courage—for its strings
Wail with your agony, and tell
By whose dear aid you rose again
When stumbling from your throne you fell.

YEDDIE'S FIRST AND LAST SACRAMENT.

A poor idiot, who was supported by his parish in the Highlands of Scotland, and passed his time in wandering from house to house. He was silent and peaceable, and won the pity of all kind hearts. He had little power to converse with his fellow-men, but seemed often in loving communion with Him who, while He is the high and Holy One, condescends to men of low estate. Yeddie, as he was called, was in the habit of whispering and muttering to himself as he trudged along the highway, or performed the simple tasks which any neighbour felt at liberty to demand of him. The boys, while they were never cruel to him often got a little fun out of his odd ways. He believed every word they said to him; and because he had been told in sport that if he once rode over the hills to kirk in a donkey-cart, he would never be heir to the Earl of Glen Allen, he refused all the kind offers of farmers and cotters, and replied always in the same words:—

"Na, na; ill luck falls on me the day I mount a cart: so I will a gang on my ain feet up to the courts of the Lords house, and be talking to himsel' as I gang."

Once when a merry boy heard him pleading earnestly with some unseen one, he asked:

"What ghost of goblin are you begging favours of now, Yeddie?"

"Neither the one nor the tither, ladie," he replied. "I was just having a few words wi' Him that neither yerseel nor I can see and yet wi' Him that sees baith o' us!"

The poor fellow was talking to God, while the careless wic-ones laughingly said, "He is talking to himself."

One day Yeddie presented himself in his coarse frock and his hobnailed shoes before the minister, and making a bow much like that of a wooden toy when pulled by a string, he said:

"Please, minister, let poor Yeddie eat supper on the coming day wi' the Lord Jesus."

The good man was preparing for the observance of the Lord's Supper, which came half-yearly in that thinly settled region, and was celebrated by several churches together, when the concourse of people made it necessary to hold the service in the open air. He was too busy to be disturbed by the simple youth, and strove to put him off as gently as possible. But Yeddie pleaded:

"Oo, minister, if ye but kened how I love Him, ye wud let me go where He's to sit at table!"

This so touched his heart, that permission was given for Yeddie to take his seat with the rest. And although he had many miles to trudge over hill and moor, he was on the ground long before those who lived near and drove good horses.

As the services proceeded, tears flowed freely from the eyes of the poor "innocent," and at the name of Jesus he would shake his head mournfully, and whisper:

"But I dinna see Him."

At length, however, after partaking of the hallowed elements, he raised his head, wiped away the traces of his tears, and looking in the minister's face, he nodded and smiled. Then he covered his face with his hands, and buried it between his knees, and remained in that posture till the parting blessing was given, and the people began to scatter. He then rose, and, with a smiling face lighted with joy and yet unaltered with solemnity, he followed the rest.

One and another from his own parish spoke to him, but he made no reply until pressed by some boys. Then he said:

"Ah, lads, dinna bid Yeddie talk to-day! He's seen the face of the Lord Jesus among His ain ones. He got a smile fra' His eye and a word fra' His tongue; and he's afa'el to speak lest he lose memory o't; for it's but a bad memory he has at best. Ah, lads! lads! I ha' seen wi' these dull eyes yon lovely Man! Dinna ye speak, but just leave poor Yeddie in His company."

The boys looked on in wonder, and

one whispered to another, "sure he's noe langer daft. The senses ha' come into his head, and he looks and speaks like a wise one."

When Yeddie reached the poor cot he called "home," he dared not speak to "granny" who sheltered him, lest he might, as he said, "lose the bonny face." He left his "porritch and treading" untasted; and after smiling and patting the faded cheek of the old woman, to show her that he was not out of humour, he climbed the ladder to the loft where his pallet of straw was, to get another look and another word "fro' yon lovely Man." And his voice was heard below, in low tones:

"Ay, Lord, it's just poor me that's been sae lang seeking Ye; and now we'll bide together and never part more. Oh, ay! but this is a bonny loit, all goold and precious stones! The hall o' the castle is a poor place for my loit this bonny night!" And this voice grew softer till it died away.

Granny sat over the smouldering peat below, with her elbows on her knees, relating in loud whispers to a neighbouring crone the stories of the boys who had preceded Yeddie from the service, and also his own strange words and appearance.

"And besides all this," she said in a hoarse whisper, "he refused to taste his supper—a thing he had never done before since the parish paid his keep- ing. More than that he often ate his own portion and mine too, and then cried for more—such a fearful appetite he had! But to-night when he cam' in faint wi' the long road he had come, he cried, 'Noe meat for me granny; I ha' had a feast which I feel within me while I live. I supped wi' the Lord Jesus, and noo I must e'en gang up to the loit, and sleep wi' Him.'"

"Noo, Molly," replied granny's guest, "doesna that remind ye o' our Lord Himsel, when he tell'd them that bid Him eat, 'I ha' meat to eat that ye not of?' Who'll dare to say that the blessed Hand that fed the multitude when they were set upon the grass, hasna' been this day feeding the hungry soul o' poor Yeddie as he sat at His table? Ah, Molly, we little know what humble work He will stoop to do for His ain puir ones who cry day and night to Him! We canna tell noo but this daft laddie will be greater in the kingdom of heaven than the Earl himsel'—puir body—that looks very little noo as if he'd be able to crowd in at the pearly gate!"

"And oh, Janet, if ye could ha' seen the face of yon puir lad as he came into the cot! It just shone like the light, and at first—even afore he spoke a word—I thoct he was carrying a candle in his hand! I believe in my soul, good neebour, that Yeddie was in great company to-day, and that the same shining was on him as was on Moses and Elias when they talked with Jesus on the Mount. I e'en hope he brocht the blessing home wi' him to bide on the widow that was too auld and feeble to walk to the Table, but who has borne with him and toiled patiently for him, because he was one of the Lord's little and feeble ones."

"Oo, ay, doubtless he did bring hame the blessing and that ye'll get the reward o' these many cups o' cold water ye've given him; for what's the few pence or shillings the parish grants ye, compared wi' the mother's care ye gave him?" said Janet.

"Aweel, aweel," replied granny, "if I get the reward, it will not be because I wrought for that; I seemed ne'er to ken, syne the day I took the daft and orphaned lad, that I was minding and feeding and clothing one o' these little ones, and I ken it better to-night than ever. I ha' strange new feeling mysel' too, neebour, and I am minded o' the hour when our blessed Master come and stood among his faithful ones, the door being shut, and said, 'Peace be unto you.' Surely this strange, heavenly calm canna be o' earth; who shall say that Himsel' is not here beside us twa—come to this place more for the daft lad's sake than our ain?"

And thus these lowly women talked of Him whom their souls loved, their hearts burning within them as they talked.

When the morrow's sun rose, granny, unwilling to disturb the weary Yeddie, left her poor pillow to perform his humble tasks. She brought peat from the stack and water from the spring. She spread her humble table and made her "porritch;" and then remembering that he went supperless to bed, she called him from the foot of the ladder. There was no reply. She called again and again, but there was no sound above the wind whirling through the openings in the thatch. She had not gone up the rickety ladder for years; but anxiety gave strength to her limbs, and she soon stood in the poor garret which had long sheltered the half-idiot boy. Before a rude stool, half-stuffed half-kneeling, with his head, resting on his folded arms, she found Yeddie. She laid her hand upon his head, but instantly recoiled in terror. The heavy iron crown had been lifted from his brow, and while she was sleeping, had been replaced with the crown of the ransomed, which faded no away. Yeddie had caught a glimpse of Jesus, and could not live apart from Him. As

he had supped, so he had slept—with Him.

A deep awe fell on the parish and the minister at this evident token that Christ had been among them; and the funeral of the poor lad was attended from far and wide. A solemnity rarely seen was noticed there, as if a great loss had fallen on the community instead of the parish relieved of a burden. Poor "granny" was not left alone in her cot; for He who had come hither after that last supper with Yeddie was with her to the end.

ST. JOHN AND HIS KITTEN.

AN OLD CHURCH LEGEND.

By Mrs. H. C. CONANT.

St. John had travelled through many lands, and had converted multitudes to the Gospel. And everywhere he went he taught love to God, and pity and compassion for all his creatures. Once as he was passing through a heathen country, he saw a cruel sight. A crowd of blind heathen were amusing themselves with the torments of a poor kitten, which they had fastened to a tree, as a mark for their arrows. St. John hastened into the midst of them, crying, "Stop this wicked sport! Know that all creatures have their share in nature as well as man. They came from God; each in its way, reveals to us his face; and all shall one day return to their eternal source. Your own wise men have so taught, as well as we, who are the followers of Christ."

When they saw that he spoke reverently of their wise men, they gathered round him, and listened willingly to his words. He cast a joyful look to heaven, and gives free course to his speech. He tells them of the Word foretold by Plato, who has reconciled man to God; who, by his holy crimson blood, has quenched the flames of wrath; and to whom a second divine world has sprung from the Virgin's womb. The heathen gazing on the countenance of John, behold it beaming with the pure light of heaven; and falling on their faces the whole great multitude receive baptism at his hands.

One only remains unbelieving. "Why dost thou not work a miracle?" he asks. "Let me see thee like a prophet awaken the dead; then shall I know that thou art a true messenger of God." The apostle stretches out his hand toward the poor animal which lies dead against the tree, pierced by a hundred arrows, and with a touch restores its life and heals its wounds. Then the scoffer becomes a Christian and cleaves to John as his disciple.

But now, wherever St. John goes, the kitten follows him. Night and day she stays close by his side, rubs herself fondly against him, leaps into his lap, and mews coaxingly for notice. The saint well pleased, returns her caresses strokes her arched back, and smiles to hear her contented purr. To him, embracing all things in his love, the love of no creature is worthless. Thus many a leisure moment is spent away with his dumb companion. This greatly afflicts the new disciple, and he chides the apostle ironically. "Master," he says, "the people count thee a saint, and yet thy mind cleaves to such childish things. It passes my thoughts how such a wise, thinking man, to whom is given the vision of heavenly glory, can stoop to befriend himself with a stupid cat."

"My son," replies John, "what hast thou there in thy hand?"

"It is my bow," said the youth, "wherewith I slay the beasts of the forest in the chase, and the whizz of its string calls down the birds of the air."

"String thy bow," says John.

Quickly was the bow strung; but when the youth had gazed round, far and near, and perceived no beast or bird, he again slipped off the string.

"Wherfore do you that?" as St. John.

"Because, master it is necessary to success in the chase. The string soon grows weak when stretched, and the bow itself loses its spring. Should the hunter carry his bow always strung, it would fall him in time of need."

"Look you now, my son," says John, "the spirit of man is like the bow and string. Nature limits us on every side. Without sleep can nothing living live; without rest no soul can raise itself to heaven. All things subsist by the alternation of day and night, of light and darkness. The flowers which charn thee by day, at evening bend their heads to the earth. Yea, the sun which in the morning climbs the sky like a giant in his strength, sinks downward to the earth at night. So is it with the human spirit. The divine spark cannot be ever glowing; for whatever weds itself to the earthly, must be weakened in heavenly splendor. Therefore has God imaged his glory to us in a thousand forms, that we may rejoice in his works, and in love to his creatures, and then turn from them strengthened to the holy mystery of worship. He would not that in the Master we should forget the Master's works; since it is through his works we learn to know the Master. And he who learns them rightly, beholds his power in the kitten not less than in behemoth; he who seeks him only in the stars of heaven, shall never see the glory of his face."

A Story for our Young People.

TRUST AND WAIT.

"Why was I ever brought here?" cried a wild-rose stock, as it stood bare and leafless among a dozen or more beautiful trees of the same species, whose flowers, of every size and hue, breathed fragrance on the air of the bright summer morning. "Why was I ever taken from my native hedge-row, where the bees sipped honey from my blossoms, and the butterflies sunned themselves among my branches?"

"And who are you?" said a beautiful white rose, as she bent gracefully forward. "I am now a dried-up, useless stick," replied the stock; "I was the beauty and pride of a country lane, my flower, the delight of the village children, and many a tired traveler as he passed by was refreshed by my soft fragrance. Those happy days are over forever; my leaves, my flowers, my branches, all are torn from me; and to aggravate my troubles, I am placed here to be reminded by your life and beauty of what I was and what I am."

After the stock ceased speaking, there was a sorrowful pause among her hearers; then the white rose said:

"Do not be cast down my poor friend; you are not the only one thus afflicted. Look at me; I was once as you are; I am what you may be."

The stock only answered, sadly:

"It is impossible that your sorrows can have been as great as mine; I cannot think that my troubles make me any better, but worse."

"Then trust," said her companion; "trust and wait."

"Trust and wait!" echoed they all, and richer perfume seemed breathed from their many-colored flowers; and the breeze caught up the sound, and bore it over hill and dale to a lovely wood, where a nightingale sat silent; and so beautiful seemed the words to the bird, that, springing upward to the oft-kept bough of a stately elm, he turned them into music, and the sounds floated back again to the garden, and were echoed in the songs of the thrush, and the linnet, till "Trust and wait!" seemed whispered and warbled all round the stock.

"Do they all say so?" thought she; "then I will try to do it."

By and by a tiny craft was inserted by the gardener into her stem; but she scarcely noticed it.

"It makes little difference what they do with me now," she thought; "the old days can never return. Still, I will trust and wait."

And so she did, till summer faded into autumn, and winter laid his icy hand upon the garden. The flowers hung their heads when they felt his cold breath, and the leaves fell sadly from the trees as the autumn wind warned them of his approach. The thrush and the nightingale were heard no more; but from the bare branches where they used to sing, the same words of hope came to the rose stock in the shrill tones of the robin; for "Trust and wait!" was the burden of its song also.

At last winter's icy reign was over; from the hard ground the snowdrop raised its modest head, and the pale, sweet faces of the primroses smiled among their broad leaves. To the stock, too, a change came; leaves decided her once bare stem, and new life seemed to thrill through every fibre.

"But my sweet blossoms are gone for ever!" she thought.

Still the returning swallows brought the same message as the nightingale and robin had before, for they twittered "Trust and wait!" as they sported in the sunshine above her. All her companions sprang into flower at the musical call of June, but no bud appeared among her leaves; yet the stock was content, for she had almost learnt her lesson; and once more summer was succeeded by autumn, and autumn by winter. Winter fled at the approach of spring, and again all things were: awaking into life. The rose-stock was covered with large beautiful leaves, and among them, unknown to any but the dew-drops and the sunbeams, a tiny bud was growing. Each day it became larger and stronger, and yet so gradual was its growth, that the stock hardly knew of its existence. But one morning, when the sun was taking his first peep through the parted curtains of the east, she woke, and there, among her leaves, rested a lovely flower of deepest crimson, bathed in dew-drops, which the morning sunbeams were turning into a cluster of gems. For some minutes the tree (a wild-rose stock no longer) gazed in wondering delight at her beautiful offspring; then she turned towards her friend, the white rose, and whispered softly:

"Look at the end of all my waiting, the reward of all my trust!"—Early Days.

The observant "small boy" went to church and heard the minister repeatedly say in his prayer, "Grant us, O Lord." He reported at home that the minister had "come out strong for Grant."

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA. No 18.

55 LETTERS.

- My 4, 54, 12, 36, 43, A Jew, father of sev- eral sons.
My 8, 19, 38, 33, 48, is a small plant.
My 45, 13, 19, 1, 34, a measure.
My 27, 11, 40, 11, a prophet.
My 37, 55, 2, 10, 19, a city where the ark of God was sent.
My 44, 17, 43, 18, 30, 10, 26, what Judas was.
My 15, 50, 54, 23, 31, 22, 12, 27, is veget- able.
My 16, 53, 39, a tree mentioned in Scrip- tures.
My 14, 30, 9, 21, 3, 49, 29, a city of Had- crezer the king.
My 51, 6, 24, 32, 35, 47, a faith spoken of by Paul.
My 25, 46, 5, 23, 4, a book in the Bible.
My 41, 39, 6, 42, 1, 28, 18, 28, 40, are musi- cal wind instruments.
The whole is a verse in the New Testa- ment. D. C. P.
Halifax.

We will hereafter give two weeks, in- stead of one week, for receipt of answers to Enigmas. The answers to former enigmas will not, therefore, appear until next week.

HUMAN LUCIFER-MATCH.

Lighting gas with the finger is a feat anybody may perform. Let a person, in his slippers, walk briskly over a woolen carpet, scuffing his feet thereon, or stand upon a chair, with its legs up on four tumbler to insulate it, and be there rubbed up and down on the body a few times with a muff, by a second individual, and he will light his gas by simply placing his finger to the tube. It is only necessary to take the precau- tion not to touch anything, or be touch- ed by anybody, during the trial of ex- periment. The shock of electricity acquired by the process we have de- scribed is discharged by contact with another object. One person must turn on the gas while the other fires it.— Baptist Weekly.

A college romance is told by The Atlanta Constitution. Many years ago a young fellow went to Yale College. The father was very rich and the young- ster lived in grand style at the univer- sity. Suddenly the old gentleman failed and had to withdraw his son from college. The boy, however, felt the necessity of an education, and deter- mined to have one anyhow. He, therefore, went to work and learned a trade as a machinist. While he was at his work his old associates cut him and re- fused to have anything to do with him. The young ladies which whom he had been a great favorite failed to recognize him when they met him. One day while going from his work he met a wealthy young lady who had been his friend. He had his tin dinner-bucket over his arm, and supposed she would cut him as all the rest had done. She smiled pleasantly, addressed him as "Tom," and insisted that he should call and see her as he had always done. She said: "There is no change in you, as far as I am concerned." The years rolled on. The young workboy became wealthy, and owner of a factory in which 1,500 men and women are employed. The young girl grew to womanhood and married. Her husband borrowed a large sum of money from the rich man and died before he had paid it, leaving his family with but little property. The capitalist sent her, with his condolence, a receipted note for her husband's in- debtedness; and now the son of the millionaire, is going to marry the daughter of the one woman who was faithful and true to the young workboy at Col- lege.

DEAFNESS IN CHILDREN.

The ear is subject to affections that impair its functions at the earliest period of life; indeed, it is frequently found to be defective at birth. Children are exposed to influences from which they seldom entirely escape with- out more or less aural disease. Such are the consequences of colds, which, when of long continuance, are produc- tive of enlarged tonsils, chronic catarrh of the mouth, throat, and nose, the resulting sympathetic deafness in some instances being so great that instruction is impossible, and the child is unable to learn to talk. It is then a deaf-mute.

The fact should not be lost sight of that at this early period of existence the function of hearing is crude, and re- quires gradual cultivation for its de- velopment, and that any deafness should be promptly met. Thus the hearing of children ought to be often tested, and although accurate results may be difficult of obtainment, the knowledge gained is advantageous.

Should an infant escape all other causes of aural disease, it encounters at the seventh month a physiological process in development; that is frequently the source of great irritation in the mouth, and of sympathetic irritation in the ears. I refer to the cutting of teeth, which usually begins at this age. That this period is fraught with special danger to the organ of hearing is well recognized by both mothers and nurses who have long considered teething as in some way connected with the ear- ache. Every one of the first twenty teeth in perforating the gum is liable

to be thus heral- for is the infant second year, the dentition is con- experienced and These first te- ject to premature natural absorp- the sixth year, cond dentition cause sympathy arises, and treat the second teeth About the six- second or per- make their app- tenth year they the exception. These second even more distu- the first; the are persistent, tial more grave, the third is ir- irritation, altho changes from the time on making

The foregoing draw attention in youth to fre- lack of curat leaves the con- worse condition invasions in- dicate a jury, when compar- respects pain, to be too early ob- they are neglect- to treatment the Certain disea- frequently affect scarlet fever, me- bro-spinal men- and mumps. I these diseases, a sence has been etrauche may be amputation of the in order that, if ceive early atten- erally an early e- affections; but, c instances very e- of the drum ca- mechanism exist- ble impairment of It is believed, a centage of the ad- normal hearing, pends on the neg- which allusion ha- DR. SAMUEL SEX- azine for March.

DIPL- The following BOARD OF HMA SQUARE, The following the purpose of the the knowledge facts concerning minding all per- should be exer- spread of this Diphtheria is a ius, and may be either directly or son to person. It may be con- act of kissing, con- ing; or indirectly used, as towels, etc.

The person elu- to rooms, houses and clothing, and disease even after Diphtheria at- ages and at all s- preference it att- who are debilita- filth, dampness, ever source. When a case of any family, the placed in a room- inates of the h- nured, as far as only.

The sick cham- warned, exposed aired; its furnit- will permit of clea- and all extra arti- and table drapery- bolstered furnit- should be re-mov- the sickness. The physician- should be the only- the room. Visitors to the- be warned of the- ous disease therei- ally should not b- All clothing rou- or bed should be- ing water or in a- fluid, (8 oz. sulph- acid, and 3 gallon- before being carri- or handled by any- may be soaked in- and then placed- boiling. It is better not- for cleansing the- the patient, but r- should be imm- burned. All vessels for re- of the patient sh- tain some of the d-