



OLD RIGGING LOFT, NEW YORK.

The Stars are in the Sky all Day.

THE stars are in the sky all day,
Each linked coil of Milky Way,
And every planet that we know,
Behind the sun are circling slow;
They sweep, they climb with stately tread,
Venus the fair and Mars the red;
Saturn engirdled with clear light,
Or Jupiter with moons of white,
Each knows his path and keeps due tryst,
Not even the smallest star is missed
From those wide fields of deeper sky
Which gleam and flash mysteriously,
As if God's outstretched fingers must
Have sown them thick with diamond dust;
There are they all day long, but we,
Sun-blinded, have no eyes to see.

The stars are in the sky all day,
But when the sun has gone away,
And hovering shadows cool the west,
And call the sleepy birds to rest,
And heaven grows softly dim and dun—
Into its darkness one by one
Steal forth those starry shapes all fair—
We say steal forth, but they were there!
There all day long, unseen, unguessed,
Climbing the sky from east to west
The angels saw them where they hid,
And so perhaps, the eagles did,
For they can face the sharp sun-ray,
Nor wink, nor need to look away,
But we, blind mortals, gazed from far,
And did not see a single star.

I wonder if the world is full
Of other secrets beautiful,
As little guessed, as hard to see
As this sweet starry mystery?
Do angels veil themselves in space,
And make the sun their hiding-place?
Do white wings flash as spirits go
On heavenly errands to and fro,
While we, down-looking, never guess
How near our lives they crowd and press?
If so, at life's set we may see
Into the dusk steal noiselessly
Sweet faces that we used to know,
Dear eyes like stars that softly glow,
Dear hands stretched out to point the way—
And deem the night more fair than day.

—Congregationalist.

A Huge Wave.

THE White Starline steamer *Germanic* encountered a terrific wave in a gale about 500 miles from the coast of Ireland on her way to New York, April 5, and was obliged to put back. Had she not been a staunch vessel she would never have been heard from again. Capt. Kennedy gives the following thrilling account: "The air was so filled with flying spray that I could not see a hundred yards. When the water appeared like a wall as high as the tops of our smoke-stacks, right in the course of the ship, it was not more than a hundred feet away. We

pointed right into it, and the boat was buried from stem to stern. The winch for hoisting was wrenched out and dashed down through the deck. It weighs a ton, and stove a big hole in the deck. A sailor was washed overboard. The life-boats were swept away, and the iron railing around the deck was torn up and twisted like twine. I was in the wheel-house when it was stove in, and was unconscious for a minute or so. The vessel was trembling all over when I recovered, but was riding the sea well; but my compasses were gone, and the ship was stripped. Heavy seas were still running, and it took three hours to get turned round and pointed to the shore. The cabin was full of water, waist deep, and many passengers and sailors were hurt. If the bulwarks had been solid instead of railings which let the water off more rapidly, we should have been swamped.

"Good Enough for Home."

"LYDIA, why do you put on that old forlorn dress!" asked Emily Manners of her cousin, one morning, after she had spent the night at Lydia's house.

The dress in question was spotted, faded, old, summer sick, which only looked more forlorn for its once fashionable trimmings, now crumpled and frayed.

"O, anything is good enough for home!" said Lydia, hastily pinning on a soiled collar; and twisting up her hair in a ragged knot, she went down to breakfast.

"Your hair is coming down," said Emily.

"O, never mind; it's good enough for home," said Lydia, carelessly. Lydia had been visiting at Emily's home, and had always appeared in the prettiest of morning-dresses, and with neat hair and dainty collars and cuffs; but now that she was back home again, she seemed to think that anything would answer, and went about untidy and in soiled finery. At her uncle's she had been pleasant and polite, and had won golden opinions from all; but with her own family her manners were as careless as her dress. She seemed to think that courtly and kindness were too expensive for home wear, and that anything would do for home.

I HAVE found it an interesting thing to stand on the edge of a noble, rolling river, and to think that, although it has been flowing on for six thousand years, watering the fields and slaking the thirst of a hundred generations, it shows no signs of waste or want. And when I have watched the rise of the sun as he shot above the crest of the mountain, or, in a sky draped with golden curtains, sprang up from his ocean bed, I have wondered to think that he has melted the snow of so many winters, and renewed the verdure of so many springs, and painted the flowers of so many summers, and ripened the harvests of so many autumns, and yet shines as brilliantly as ever, his eye not dim, nor his natural strength abated, nor his flood of light less full, for centuries of boundless profusion. Yet what are these but images of the fulness that is in Christ? Let that feed your hopes, and cheer

your hearts! For when judgment-flames have licked up that flowing stream, and the light of that glorious sun shall be quenched in darkness, the fulness of Christ shall flow on through eternity in the bliss of the redeemed. Blessed Saviour, Image of God, Divine Redeemer! in Thy presence is fulness of joy, at Thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore.—*Guthrie*.

BARBARA HECK

A STORY OF THE FOUNDING OF
UPPER CANADA.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER III.—OLD COLONY DAYS.

CAPTAIN WEBB was serving as barrack-master at the quaint old town of Albany, where there was a considerable body of British troops, when he first heard of the little band of Methodists at New York. He sought an early opportunity of aiding, by his presence and influence, the struggling religious community upon which the more aristocratic portion of society looked down with a haughty disdain. In his scarlet coat and sash and gold epaulettes, he often stood behind the little wooden desk that served as a pulpit, and laying his sword across the open page of the Bible, preached with an energy and an eloquence that soon crowded the house.

So greatly did the congregations increase, that it shortly became necessary to seek a larger room. An old rigging loft in William Street was therefore engaged and roughly fitted up for worship. The naked rafters of the roof still remained uncovered. A somewhat tarry smell clung to the walls. An old ship's figurehead—a "gypsy king" with gilded crown, supposed to represent one of the Eastern Magi—supported the pulpit and formed an excellent reading desk. When Captain Webb stood behind it in full regimentals, he looked not unlike an admiral standing in the bow of his ship, or a warrior riding in a triumphal car. This unwonted state of affairs was the occasion of no small comment in the gossiping old town.

"They do say," said Squire Blake, the rather pompous Custom House officer of the port of New York, to Captain Ireton, a Boston skipper, for whom he was writing out the clearance papers of the good ship "Betsey Jane," bound for Barbadoes—"They do say that an officer of the King's army preaches for those Methody people up there at the Rigging Loft. Well! well! Wonders will never cease. I must go and hear for myself; though I would hardly like to be seen encouraging such schism if it were not that the presence of an officer of Captain Webb's well-known loyalty really makes it quite respectable."

"Well, neighbour," replied the gallant skipper, who had imbibed the democratic notions which were even then floating in the atmosphere of Bunker Hill, "if the thing is not respectable in itself, all the King's horses and all the King's men won't make it so."

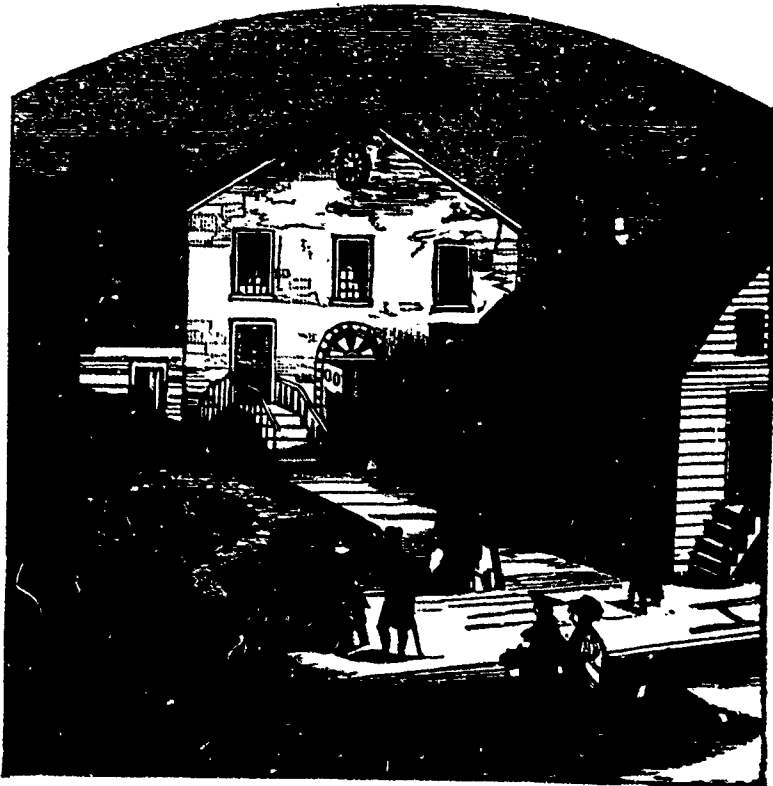
"Perhaps not, in the abstract; but for all that it makes a good deal of difference to loyal subjects whether this new-fangled religion is prosecuted by the bailiffs or patronized by gentlemen in the King's livery;" and here the worthy Custom House officer smiled somewhat grimly, as if the skipper's speech were half treason.

"The King may want some more active service than that from his officers before long, if all I hear in the port of Boston is true," replied the skipper, picking up his papers.

"They always were a stiff-necked set of rebels in Massachusetts colony, I will say to your face, even if you do hail from there. I hope this is no new treason they are hatching."

"Oh, I'm not in any of their secrets," said the honest captain; "but you know that these absurd Navigation Laws hamper trade sadly, and there are loud murmurs at all the sea ports about them. I'll venture to say that unless our ships get a better chance to compete for the West India trade, there'll be flat rebellion or wholesale smuggling before long."

"Have a care, Skipper Ireton," answered the Tory officer, shaking his head with an air of menace. "The

OLD JOHN STREET METHODIST CHURCH, NEW YORK.
First Methodist Church in America.