

Literary Department.

THE CHURCH SWALLOWS.

BY F. C. ARMSTRONG.

Where did you spend the winter, Swallow,
When all the hills were piled with snow,
And the cruel winds, with shout and hallo,
Came and beat at my window so?

The trees were wrecked, for the fierce winds
Caught them,
And wrestled with them the live-long day;
Now they are budding; for spring has sought
Them;
Winter is over and gone away.

Back you come, you faithless rover!
To your cozy nook in the church-roof high,
Just when the snow and the rain are over,
And the angry wind and frost gone by.

The poor little sparrows forgot to be merry,
And fluttered around us all forlorn,
For the frost ne'er left them a single berry
On holly-bush, rowan-tree, or thorn.

And gay Cock-robin was doleful and dreary,
With feathers stuck out in a brown puff-ball;
And the thrushes forgot their carol cheery;
The blackbirds sang never a song at all.

But you flew away, when winter came near you,
To some bright country over the sea,
Where golden fruit and gay flowers cheer you.
Swallow! Swallow! what say you to me?

Yours is a merry life, new-comer,
Never a snow-shower troubleth you;
Your years are all one perpetual summer,
The skies above you are always blue.

Answer me Swallow! flitting and flying
Hither and thither all the long day—
Why do you go when summer is dying?
Where do you fly to? why don't you stay?

Child, we fly as our instinct leads us;
Whither, we dare not answer to-day;
Why, we know not; some strong Power speeds
Us.

We question not, reason not—only obey.

Not at our will is our journey taken;
Not at our pleasure we cross the sea;
'Tis the instincts within which ever awaken
The restless longing, whither it be.

It leads us on—we follow, follow,
O'er wastes of waters, o'er deserts bare.
Oh, human child! said the litting swallow,
We travel beneath the Father's care!
—From Sunday.

FROM SHADE INTO SUNSHINE.

(Continued).

"Stay here," she gasped, "don't follow me," and giving the frightened boy one convulsive clasp, she turned and began to descend the steps. How slowly, ah! how slowly! though she strained every nerve, and bruised her feet and hands against the rock—was she under a dreadful spell?—Wore the moments turned into years until she reached the bottom?—And then—there would be none remaining to save him. At last! her feet were on the sands, already moist and heavy with the approaching water. It was some distance—ah! if her strength could but hold out to reach it. A passionate, voiceless prayer went up from her pale lips—"Christ, help me to save him!" She was beside him on her knees, he lying with his rosy face resting on his arm, and a little heap of shells and seaweed beside him. Already, the sea was dashing against the rocks a few yards further. "Come, Frankie, quick—this instant." The child rubbed his eyes, and looked sleepily, half frightened into her face. "What's the matter, Lottie? You frighten me—why do you want to carry me?" "Run, then run, the waves are close—God help us!" Roused now, and understanding it all, Frankie caught her hand, and keeping close to the foot of the cliffs they fled with all the speed they could in the direction of the steps.

On came the waves triumphantly, rolling their masses nearer and nearer, filling the air with snowy showers of spray, and with the tumult of their voices. On came one, like the leader of the rest, greater than any that had gone before, rising into an awful curve of darkness, edged with dazzling white, swelling more and more, and then breaking into sullen thunder. They were wet to the skin with the heavy spray and knee-deep in water, but it had fallen short of them. A few yards more; Frankie's strength was gone; Charlotte seized him in her arms, struggled forward, and reached the foot of the steps just as another great wave gathered, and was about to discharge itself against the rocks. With one last effort, she pushed the child before her, and, still

holding fast, grasped the iron rail which was at her side, and fell forward while the water broke over her. It drew back to collect its strength for another onslaught, and Charlotte struggled to her feet, and, almost fainting from prostration, surmounted four or five steps more, dragging Frankie after her. Here Charlie met them, wild with excitement and alarm. Charlotte clasped the children to her breast, and kneeling down, strove to utter in broken words her thankfulness. When they had gained the little platform they rested for a while, and then again set forward. It was past sunset when they reached the cottage, Charlotte utterly exhausted, with aching limbs and throbbing head, and shivering with cold. Not even her anxiety not to alarm her mother could enable her to utter more than a few faint words in explanation of their late arrival, and for the first time for years she suffered Mrs. Power to put her in bed like a child.

The next morning Frankie was almost himself, but Charlotte's lustreless eyes and flushed cheeks alarmed her mother. As the day wore on, her lassitude increased, struggle as she would against it, and, on the following day she was unable to rise. Charlie was sent to Bayonne, for the doctor, who pronounced that nervous fever had set in, and that a nurse must be procured immediately. He would himself send a sister of charity from the city. It is needless to dwell upon the distress of the poor mother, distressed which did not vent itself in tears, of incapacity to her, delicate as she was, from doing all that could be done for her child, for she was very strong in her love and endurance. The nurse came, and all was hushed at the cottage. Their kind old friend, the curé, had insisted upon the boys accompanying him to his house, where they should remain, he said, until Charlotte was up again, and where Mrs. Power knew they would be well cared for, and happy. The old man said he would himself come each day to enquire for *cette chère et bonne fille*, and would always have a messenger at hand to send to Bayonne, if needful. Mrs. Power's eyes thanked him more than words could have done, and he brushed a tear from his own as he left her. He was a simple old man, a kindly soul, and "heretics or not, he loved them."

The fever continued its course. Weary days and nights followed with a terrible unreality about them which made them appear like an oppressive dream. Who has not passed through such? when excessive anxiety brings its own antidote and seems to blunt the watcher's consciousness of him or herself. Terrible they are to remember even though the watching has not been in vain, and the loved patient has lived to make up for them by his presence. It was hard for the mother to see her child's strength failing day by day under the hold of the fever; or to see the fictitious strength which came in its place, brightening the eyes, dying the cheek crimson, making the pulse fly, putting strange words upon the tongue. Hardest of all to see that she did not know her, that she had passed into a strange land of dreams and fancies and had lost consciousness of the love that watched beside her pillow.

Yet the doctor told Mrs. Power that, at her daughter's age and with her constitution there was good hope of her recovery. The strength did not fail too rapidly, and he had no fear but that the crisis would bring a favorable turn. She would of course be terribly prostrated and need great care for some time, but he had no fear as to the result. And so indeed it came to pass. Three dreadful weeks went by; the crisis was over and Charlotte after a deep sleep which had lasted for hours awoke to the consciousness of her mother's presence. The last flush of sunset rested on Mrs. Power's face as she sat near the window beside the bed; her hands were clasped, her lips moving in prayer. "Mother," said a soft, faint voice in a tone the mother's ear had not heard for weeks, "have I been very ill?" and Mrs. Power sank on her knees beside her child in speechless gratitude. The doctor had prophesied rightly. Charlotte's strength was terribly prostrated and for many weeks she was quite unequal to the smallest exertion. She could scarcely recognize her own white face, so delicate in outline and with such dark shadows round the hollow eyes when she first saw its reflection after her illness, and could have almost doubted her own identity when she compared her present helplessness with the strength and energy which she had possessed a couple of months before. Then, long before she was equal to it, came the

feverish longing to be at work again. How were the expenses of her illness to be met? How were they to live if she did not work? She told the doctor that he must give her leave to recommence her lessons. He replied that if she wanted to be a confirmed invalid for the rest of the winter she might attempt it, to which Charlotte in an unnerved state replied by a flood of tears. These were indeed dark days, days of the heaviest trial which Charlotte had ever known, for to have lost the power of exerting herself on her mother's behalf, was to be poor indeed. But it was now that Mrs. Power's gentle fortitude and unwavering trust wore of such infinite service to them both, for Charlotte could not suffer herself to repine when that serene face rebuked her for so doing, and during her tedious convalescence she learnt a lesson of the truest and highest patience and "how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong."

At length with early Spring Charlotte was able to resume her lessons, but, alas, many of her pupils had deserted her for a new master who had settled in the town. This was bad news indeed, but, though with a sense of deep discouragement, she set to work once more and found some compensation in the warm reception which she met with from some of her old pupils who thought there was no one to equal *cette chère demoiselle* who had always been so unwearied in her endeavors to improve them. It must not be supposed that Charlotte had forgotten her manuscript. One of her first inquiries after her illness had been whether there were no letters for her. But none had come and as time went on she felt that it was hoping against hope to suppose that the editor had accepted it. Surely she would have heard long since to that effect. Yet whenever a letter from England chanced to come, which was not of frequent occurrence, her heart beat quick with a vague expectation which was destined again and again to disappointment.

(To be Continued).

TO TEACHERS.

Do you appreciate the fact that men and women frequently have their whole lives moulded in childhood?

Do you know that possibly all the religious instruction a child gets he receives from you?

Do you know that most children believe what their teacher says as much as what their parents say, and that, therefore, you are having a very large share in moulding the religious and moral character of even those children who enjoy pious surroundings at home?

Do you know that none of us are sufficient to perform the office of a teacher without Divine help?

Do you consider these matters while preparing your instruction?

Do you care as much as you ought for the salvation of the souls of the children committed to your care?

Do you know whether they all have been baptized?

What are you doing to bring the unbaptized to receive that sacrament?

What are you doing to induce the children to attend the services of the Church?

How often do you remember that the Church requires that children hear sermons, as well as learn the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments?

What are you doing to induce the children to live soberly, honestly and purely?

What are you doing to bring the children to Confirmation and the Lord's Supper?—Exchange.

AN EXAMPLE.

WHEN Vidal, now one of the most distinguished sculptors of France, became suddenly blind, he refused to credit the assertion of his physician that the terrible affliction must be a permanent one. For awhile he fought the disease and the doubt with the most heroic determination; and when at last he was obliged to accept the medical diagnosis as correct, he gave in like a brave man.

"You will find," said the doctor, "that your other senses will gradually become more acute, especially the sense of feeling. If you persist in your art with half the courage and resolution that you have shown in fighting me, you will become as famous without your eyes as you would have been with them."

So Vidal, gratified and soothed, went to work, and kept to work. The educa-

tion of the sense of feeling, even quickened as it was by the destruction of the optic nerve, was a most difficult undertaking and to a man of less patience and courage would have been impossible. When after considerable practice he found that he could "see a little with his fingers," his delight was unbounded.

"Perhaps," he said, "the good God is to give me ten eyes instead of two, and if this is so, what will I not do to deserve them?"

Time that tries all things, and settles all things, proved that this hope was not unfounded, and it came to pass that Vidal could not only do better work than he ever did, but was a more competent critic of his neighbor's work than when he could use his eyes.

"Keep still, now," the artists say, "Vidal is about to feel of my statue," and this means to bring them everything that is correct in art judgment.

Vidal's favorite subjects are animals, and since his blindness he has received more than one medal from the Salon for his wonderful power and skill in modeling.

Vidal's labors and experience should be a comfort to his blind brothers and sisters all over the world. Like him they should say thankfully, "Perhaps the good God will give me ten eyes instead of two."—Selected.

DISCIPLINE OF THE YOUNG.

The oldest son of President Edwards, congratulating a friend for having a family of sons, said to him with much earnestness, "Remember, there is but one mode of family government. I have brought up and educated fourteen boys, two of whom I brought up, or rather suffered to grow up, without the rod. One of these was my youngest brother, and the other Aaron Burr, my sister's only son, both of whom had lost their parents in their childhood; and from both my observation and experience, I tell you, sir, a maple sugar government will never answer. Beware how you let the first act of disobedience in your little boys go unnoticed, and, unless evidence of repentance be manifest, unpanished."

Of all the sermons I have ever heard long or short, this has been the most useful, so far as the world is concerned. It is a salutary lesson, to be prayerfully pondered by all parents and guardians. The Bible lays down four great rules, involving the four great elements of the successful training of children—prayer, instruction, example, and restraint. And it is doubted if a solitary case can be found where the child has not followed in the footsteps of the pious parent, when these rules have been adopted; on the other hand, if but only one has been neglected, it may have been the ruin of the child.

Remember, Christian parents, it is not enough to pray for, or even with your children, if you do not also instruct them, if your own example contradicts your teaching; and in vain will be the prayer, the instruction, the example, if, like Eli, when your children do wrong, you "restrain them not." But let all be found united, and you may trust in God that He will fulfil His promise, and that your children will grow up to serve Him, and to bless you for your fidelity to their highest interests.

HE that repents every day for the sins of every day, when he comes to die will have the sin but of one day to repent of. Even reckonings make long friends.—J. H. Evans.

IF one is far behind his work the thing to do is, not to worry or to wait longer, but coolly and resolutely to push ahead.

THE greatest enemy of religion is a cold heart in the man who professes it. And the greatest cause of a cold heart is a narrow head.

Children's Department.

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 flowers the delight of the village children, and many a tired traveller as he passed by was refreshed by my soft fragrance. These 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 loftiest 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 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 graft 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 the 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 decked 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 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 awoke, 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 my waiting, the reward of all my trust!"—Early Days.

A SCHOLAR's comment on an irregular teacher:—"I ain't a comin' no more after to-day; I ain't a goin' to be larned over to my fellow as turns up. I like to have a teacher as belongs to you."