

## SOME TIME.

Last night, my darling, as you slept,  
I thought I heard you sigh,  
As to your little crib I crept,  
And watched a space thereby;  
And then I stooped and kissed your brow,  
For, oh! I love you so—  
You are too young to know it now,  
But some time you shall know.

Some time, when in a darkened place,  
Where others come to weep,  
Your eyes shall look upon a face,  
Calm in eternal sleep.  
The voiceless lips, the wrinkled brow,  
The patient smile shall show—  
You are too young to know it now,  
But some time you may know.

Look backward, then, into the years  
And see me here to-night—  
See, oh my darling! how my tears  
Are falling as I write,  
And feel once more upon my brow  
The kiss of long ago—  
You are too young to know it now,  
But some time you shall know.

## "JACK'S GRANDMA"

Did you ever have a grandma,  
With her dear and wrinkled face,  
And her smile so bright and nappy  
That you felt the dearest place  
Was to sit right close beside her,  
And to drink in every word,  
For she told such wondrous stories—  
Such as I had never heard.

If I wanted any goodies  
She was sure to be around,  
And she'd say, "Why, Jack is hungry."  
And those cookies would be found.  
If I tore my pants or jacket,  
First to grandma I would go;  
She would mend them, oh, so nicely,  
And dear mother never knew.

'Tis so sweet to have a grandma,  
And to her your secrets tell,  
As she knits the baby's stockings  
In her rocker by the well;  
Every one that passes loves her.  
I can tell it by their smile.  
Oh, my dear, old darling grandma,  
May you live a long, long while.  
—J. W. Bolton, in *Christian Work*.

## THE PARSON'S EXPERIMENT.

The small parish at Fallowdale had been for some time without a pastor. The members were nearly all farmers, and they had not much money to bestow upon the support of a clergyman; yet they were willing to pay for anything that could promise them any due return of good. In course of time, it happened that the Rev. Abraham Surely visited Fallowdale, and as a Sabbath passed during his sojourn, he held a meeting in a small church. The people were pleased with his preaching, and some of them proposed inviting him to remain with them, and take charge of their spiritual welfare.

Upon the merits of this proposition, there was a long discussion. Parson Surely had signified his willingness to take a permanent residence at Fallowdale, but the members of the parish could not so readily agree to hire him.

'I don't see the use of hiring a parson,' said Mr. Sharp, an old farmer of the place. 'He can do us no good. If we've got any money to spare, we'd better lay it up for something else. A parson can't learn me anything.'

To this it was answered, that stated religious meetings would be of great benefit to the younger people, and also a source of real social good to all.

'I don't know 'bout that,' said Sharp, after he had heard the arguments against him. Sharp was one of the wealthiest men in the parish, and consequently one of the most influential. 'I've hearn tell,' he continued, 'of a parson that could pray for rain, and have it come at any time. Now if we could hit upon such a parson as that, I would go in for hiring him.'

This opened a new idea to the unsophisticated minds of Fallowdale. The farmers often suffered from long droughts, and after arguing awhile longer, they agreed to hire Parson Surely upon the condition that he should give them rain whenever they wish for it, and, on the other hand, that he would also give them fair weather when required. Deacons Smith and Townsend were deputized to make this arrangement known to the parson, and the people remained in the church while their messengers went upon their errand.

When the deacons returned, Mr. Surely accompanied them. He smiled, as he entered the church, and with a graceful bow, saluted the people there assembled.

'Well, my friends,' he said, as he ascended the platform in front of the desk, 'I have heard your request to me, and strange as it may appear, I have come to accept your proposal; but I can do it only on one condition; and that is, that your request for a change of weather must be unanimous.'

This appeared very reasonable, since every member of the parish had a deep interest in the farming business, and ere long it was arranged that Mr. Surely should become the pastor of Fallowdale, and that he should give the people rain whenever they asked for it.

When Mr. Surely returned to his lodgings, his wife was utterly astounded upon learning the nature of the contract her husband had entered into; but the pastor only smiled, and bade her wait for the result.

'But you know you cannot make it rain,' persisted Mrs. Surely; 'and you know, too, that the farmers here will be wanting rain very often when there is none for them. You will be disgraced.'

'I will teach them a lesson,' quietly returned the pastor.

'Ay—that you cannot be so good as your word; and when you have taught it to them, they will turn you off.'

'We shall see,' was Mr. Surely's reply, as he took up a book and commenced reading.

This was a signal for his wife to desist from further conversation on the subject, and she at once obeyed.

Time flew on, and at length the hot days of midsummer were at hand. For three weeks it had not rained, and the young corn was beginning to curl up beneath the effects of the drought. In this extremity, the people bethought themselves of the promise of their pastor, and some of them hastened to his dwelling.

'Certainly,' returned Mr. Surely. 'If you will call for a meeting of the members of the parish, I will be with you this evening.'

With this the applicants were perfectly satisfied, and forthwith they hastened to call the flock together.

'Now you'll see the hour of your disgrace,' said Mrs. Surely, after the visitors had gone. 'O, I am very sorry you ever undertook to deceive them so.'

'I did not deceive them.'

'Yes, you surely did.'

'We shall see,' responded the pastor.

'So we shall see,' added the lady.

The hour for the meeting came around, and Parson Surely met his people at the church. They were all there—most of them anxious, and the remainder curious.

'Now, my friends,' said the pastor, arising upon the platform, 'I have come to hear your request. What is it?'

'Ay—rain—rain,' repeated half a dozen voices.

'Very well. Now when will you have it?'

'This very night. Let it rain all night long,' said Sharp, to which several others immediately assented.

'No, no, not to-night,' cried Deacon Smith. 'I have six or seven tone of well made hay in the field, and I would not have it wet for anything.'

'So I have hay out,' added Mr. Peck.

'We won't have it rain to-night.'

'Then let it be to-morrow.'

'It will take me all day to-morrow to get my hay in,' said Smith.

Thus the objections came up for the two succeeding days, and at length, by way of compromise, Mr. Sharp proposed that they should have rain in just four days. 'For,' said he, 'by that time, all the hay which is now out can be got in, and we need not cut any—'

'Stop, stop,' uttered Mrs. Sharp, pulling her worthy husband smartly by the sleeve. 'That is the day we set to go to Snowhill. It *must* rain then!'

This was law for Mr. Sharp, so he proposed that the rain should come in one week, and then resumed his seat. But this would not do. Many of the people would not have it put off so long. 'If we can't have rain before then, we'd better not have it at all,' said they.

In short, the meeting resulted in just no conclusion at all, for the good people found it utterly impossible to agree upon a time when it should rain.