

"O Lord,"

"I was a strong man—I have drawn good food
And made good money out of Thy great sea—
But yet I cried for them at night; and now,
Although I be so old I miss my lads.
And there be many folk this stormy night
Heavy with fear for their's. Merciful Lord,
Comfort them! Save their honest boys, their
pride,

And let them hear, next ebb, the blessedest,
Best sound—the boat-keels grating on the sand.
But Lord, I am a trouble! and I sit
And I am lonesome, and the nights are few
That any think to come and draw a chair,
And sit in my poor place and talk awhile.
Why should they come, forsooth? Only the
wind

Knocks at my door, O long and loud it knocks,
The only thing God makes that has a mind
To enter in."

Yes, thus the old man spake,
These were the last words of his aged mouth.—
But ONE DID KNOCK. One came to sup with
him,

That humble, weak old man! knocked at his door
In the rough pusses of the laboring wind.

What he said
In that poor place where he did talk awhile,
I cannot tell; but this I am assured,
That when the neighbors came the morrow morn,
What time the wind had bated, and the sun
Shone on the old man's floor, they saw the smile
He passed away in, and they said, "He looks
As he had woke and seen the face of Christ,
And with that rapturous smile held out his arms
To come to Him."

Can such an one be here?
So old, so weak, so ignorant, so frail?
The Lord be good to thee, thou poor old man;
It would be hard with thee if heaven were shut
To such as have not learning. Nay, nay, nay,
He condescends to them of low estate;
To such as are despised He cometh down,
Stands at the door and knocks.

—o—

A PAGE FOR SABBATH SCHOLARS.

The Secret.

There were two little sisters at the house
whom nobody could see without loving, for
they were always so happy together. They
had the same books and the same playthings,
but never a quarrel sprang up between them
—no cross words, no pouts, no slaps, no run-
ning away in a pet. On the green before
the door, trundling hoop, playing with Rover,
helping mother, they were always the same
sweet-tempered little girls.

"You never seem to quarrel," said I to
them one day; "how is it you are always so
happy together?"

They looked up, and the eldest answered,
"Oh, you know, Addie lets me, and I let
Addie."

I thought a moment. "Ah, that's it," I
said; "she lets you and you let her; that's
it."

Did you ever think what an apple of dis-
cord "not letting" is among children?—
Even now, while I have been writing, a great
crying was heard under the window. I look-
ed out.

"Gerty, what's the matter?"

"Mary won't let me have her ball," bellows
Gerty.

"Well, Gerty wouldn't lend me her pencil
in school," cried Mary, "and I don't want
she should have my ball."

"Fie, fie; is that the way sisters should
treat each other?"

"She shan't have my pencil," muttered
Gerty; "she'll only lose it."

"And you'll only lose my ball," retorted
Mary; "and I shan't let you have it."

A disabliging spirit gets a great deal of
qurelling.

These little girls, Addie and her sister, have
got the true secret of good manners. Addie
lets Rose, and Rose lets Addie. They are
yielding, kind, unselfish, and always ready to
oblige each other. Neither wishes to have
her own way at the expense of the other.
And are they not happy? Oh, yes! And
do you not love them already?

Making Tracks.

A light snow had fallen, and the boys de-
sired to make the most of it. It was too dry
for snowballing, and was not deep enough for
coasting. It did very well to make tracks
in.

There was a large meadow near the place
where they were assembled. It was proposed
that they should go to a tree which stood
near the centre of the meadow, and that
each one should start from it, and see who
could make the straightest track—that is, go
from the tree in the nearest approach to a
straight line. The proposition was assented
to, and they were soon at the tree. They
ranged themselves around it, with their backs
toward the trunk. They were equally distant
from each other. If each had gone forward
in a straight line the paths would have been
like the spokes of a wheel—the tree represent-
ing the hub. They were to go till they reach-
ed the boundaries of the meadow, when they
were to retrace their steps to the tree.

They did so. I wish I could give a map of
their tracks. Such a map would not present
much resemblance to the spokes of a wheel.

"Whose is the straightest?" said James
Allison to Thomas Sanders, who was at the
tree first.

"Henry Armstrong's is the only one that is
straight at all."

"How could we all contrive to go so crook-
edly, when the ground is so smooth, and no-
thing to turn us out of our way?" said Jacob
Small.

"How happened you to go so straight?"
said Thomas.

"I fixed my eyes on that tall pine tree
on the hill yonder, and never looked away
from it till I reached the fence."

"I went as straight as I could, without
looking at anything but the ground," said
James.