



The Sabbath.

*Homeward we go to Heaven's thanksgiving,
The harvest-gathering of the heart. — Whittier.*

"FROM ABOVE."

BY MARION BOYD ALLEN.

A little child, unkempt, alone
Amid the dull disorder of a street
Within whose narrow depth no sunlight sweet
Upon the baby footsteps shone,

Bent low beside his gathered store
Of bits uncouth, from out the dusty drift
Drawn carefully, and then, with futile thrift
Set out in earnest quest of more.

A passer-by, half-pausing, gave
With gentle hand the lily that she wore,
Fresh from the winding river's reedy shore.
The childish face, absorbed and grave

Before, lit with the lily's light !
A moment lingering in shy surprise,
He hastened homeward, holding fast his prize,
His dusty hoard forgotten quite.

And will the growing Life one day
Look up and cast the sticks and straw aside,
And, trustful, take the higher things untried,
So turning from the past away ?

And, like the blossom, radiant, white,
Beneath its weight of troubled waters deep,
Still struggling, climbing up the pathway steep,
Press through the darkness to the Light ?

DIP AND DRINK.

I wonder if all of you have heard the story of the sailors who were in a ship off the east coast of South America when their water gave out. Nothing more terrible can happen on board ship, except fire.

The men made all sail they could, and steered due west. Their thirst became fiercer every hour. The hot, tropical sun beat down upon the deck until it blistered their bare feet to walk upon it. Their throats became parched, and when the second morning of this dreadful suffering dawned they could barely speak.

Suddenly one of the crew, staggering to the bulwarks, pointed and cried hoarsely, "A sail !"

Oh, how they watched that speck of gleaming white, growing larger and larger. They hoisted their flag "union down," as a signal of distress.

At last the strange ship came near enough to speak to them. "What's the matter ?" called out the captain of the newcomer, when he had thrown his vessel up into the wind to stop its headway.

The poor, thirsty, dying fellows could not answer. They tried in vain with their swollen tongues to call out "Water !" They could only show by desperate motions of their hands to their lips what they wanted.

And then — how cruel it seemed ! — the other ship braced her yards and sailed away on her course again. But as she passed the stern where the staring, despairing sailors were gathered, the captain called out once more, pointing downward to the sea as he did so :

"Dip and drink !"

It sounded like terrible mockery. Drink the salt sea itself ! One of the sailors, with a bitter laugh, let down a bucket, and drawing it up full, placed it recklessly to his lips.

Then what a cry of joy he gave ! The water was as sweet as that which used to come dripping up from the mossy well on the old home farm. The others crowded around, hauled up gallons of the glorious dancing water, and drank again and again, until life, and strength, and hope came back.

Without knowing it, their ship had brought them into the mouth of the mighty Amazon, so wide that its banks were out of sight on either hand, like the shores of the ocean. The fresh water was all around them, and they were saved.

So do people find themselves weary and distressed and perplexed in this life, until God calls to them :

"Poor little child ! My love is what you are thirsty for ! The happiness of knowing you are my child, and of doing my will, is what you need. Lo, it is all about you. Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."

And then we hear the sweet words of Christ echoing down through all the centuries :

"Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst ; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life. — W. B. A.

HIS MOTHER'S SONG.

Beneath the hot midsummer sun
The men had marched all day,
And now beside a rippling stream
Upon the grass they lay.

Tiring of games and idle jests,
As swept the hours along,
They called to one who mused apart,
"Come, friend, give us a song."

He answered, "Nay, I cannot, please ;
The only songs I know
Are those my mother used to sing
At home, long years ago."

"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried,
"We all are true men here,
And to each mother's son of us
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly sang the strong, clear voice,
Amid unwonted calm :
"Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb ?"

The trees hushed all their whispering leaves,
The very stream was stilled,
And hearts that never throbbed with fear
With tender memories thrilled.

Ended the song, the singer said,
As to his feet he rose,
"Thanks to you all ; good night, my friends ;
God grant you sweet repose."

Out spoke the captain : "Sing one more."
The soldier bent his head ;
Then, smiling as he glanced around,
"You'll join with me," he said,

"In singing this familiar air,
Sweet as a bugle-call,
'All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall.'"

Won'drous the spell the old tune wrought ;
As on and on he sang,
Man after man fell into line,
And loud their voices rang.

The night winds bore the grand refrain
Above the tree tops tall ;
The "everlasting hills" called back,
In answer, "Lord of all."

The songs are done, the camp is still,
Naught but the stream is heard ;
But, ah ! the depth of every soul
By those old hymns was stirred.

And up from many a bearded lip
Rises, in murmurs low,
The prayer the mother taught her boy
At home, long years ago.

— Mrs. E. V. Wilson.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

I say, the acknowledgment of God in Christ,
Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
All questions in the earth and out of it.

— Browning.

Sorrow and silence are strong,
And patient endurance is God-like.

— Longfellow.

The earnestness of life is the only passport to the satisfaction of life. — Parker.