

HAPPY DAYS

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No. 15.

SAND OF THE DESERT IN AN HOUR-GLASS.

A handful of red sand, from
the hot clime
Of Arab deserts brought,
Within this glass becomes
the spy of time,
The ministr of thought.

How many weary centuries
has it been
About those deserts
blown!

How many strange vicissitudes
has seen,
How many histories
known.

Perhaps the camels of the
Ishmaelite
Trampled and passed it
o'er,

When into Egypt from the
patriarch's sight
His favorite son they
bore;

Perhaps the feet of Moses,
buried and bare,
Crushed it beneath their
tread;

Or Pharaoh's flashing
wheels into the air
Scattered it as they sped;

Or Mary, with the Christ
of Nazareth
Held close in her caress,
Whose pilgrimage of hope
and love and faith
Illumed the wilderness;

Or anchorites beneath Eua-
gaddi's palms
Pacing the dead beach,
And singing slow their old Armenian
psalms
In half-articulate speech;

Or caravans that from Bassora's gate
With westward steps depart,
Or Mecca's pilgrims, confident of fate,
And resolute in heart!

These have passed over it, or may have
passed!



THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

Now in this crystal tower
Imprisoned by some curious hand at last,
It counts the passing hour.

And as I gaze, these narrow walls expand;
Before my dreamy eye
Stretches the desert with its shifting sand,
Its unimpeded sky.

And borne aloft by the sustaining blast,
This little golden thread!
Dilates into a column high and vast,
A form of fear and dread.

And onward and across the
setting sun,
Across the boundless
plain,
The column and its broader
shadow run,
Till thought pursues in
vain.

The vision vanishes! These
walls again
Shut out the lurid sun,
Shut out the hot, immeas-
urable plain;
The half-hour's sand is
run!

THE TURNING POINT.

Boys, never be ashamed
to pray! Never shrink from
acknowledging God. Let
not the laugh and jeer of
comrades deter you from the
path of duty. You know
not what important results
depend upon your example.

Many years ago a youth
named John was appren-
ticed in the town of Poole.
John had been piously
trained by his good parents,
but unhappily he yielded to
temptations, neglected the
reading of his Bible, disre-
garded the Sabbath and
gave up praying. John was
gradually going from bad to
worse when one night a new
apprentice arrived. On
being pointed to his little
bed the youth put down his
luggage, and then, in a very
silent but solemn manner,
knelt down to pray. John,

who was busily undressing, saw this, and
the sight troubled him. He did not raise
a titter, but he felt ashamed of himself.
Conscience troubled him, and God's Holy
Spirit strove with him. It was the turn-
ing point in John's life! He began again
to pray; he felt the burden of his sins to
be great; but he sought that Saviour who
died for poor sinners; he cast his helpless
soul, by faith, on the atonement made on
Calvary, and was enabled, at length, to
rejoice as one of God's forgiven children.