



PASSING AWAY.

BY ELSIE ILLISTER.

Brief, brief our journey,  
Short, short our stay;  
On all is written,  
"Passing away."  
Scarce is the flower  
Opened in bloom,  
Ere it is stricken,  
Laid in the tomb.

Hopes that are brightest,  
Soonest may fade;  
Hearts that are lightest,  
Saddest be made,  
Time knows no choosing,  
Death knows no stay—  
On all is written,  
"Passing away."

Earth groweth older,  
Seasons return,  
Friends beloved moulder,  
Come trials stern.  
Well nigh we falter,  
Till Faith's meek eye,  
Heavenward lifted,  
Sees God is nigh.

O, if our trials  
Lead us to Him,  
Blessings they'll be when  
Earth groweth dim,  
Honors, possessions,  
Never may save  
Adam's frail children  
From death, and the grave.

American News.

STAR LIGHT.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

How radiant the evening skies,  
Broad wing of blue in heaven unfurled,—  
God watching with a thousand eyes,  
The welfare of a sleeping world.

He lights the wild-flower in the wood—  
And rocks the sparrow in her nest,  
He guides the angels on their road,  
That come to guard us while we rest.

When the bee blows his tiny horn—  
To wake the sisterhood of flowers,  
So God shall kindle up the morn,  
Praise shall expand these hearts of ours.

PROVIDENCE PROSPERS HONESTY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

A poor boy, about ten years of age, entered the warehouse of the rich merchant, Samuel Richter in Dantzic, and asked the book-keeper for alms. "You'll get nothing here," grumbled the man, without raising his head from his book, "be off."

Weeping bitterly, the boy glided towards the door, at the moment Herr Richter entered.

"What is the matter here?" he asked, turning to the book-keeper.

"A worthless beggar boy," was the man's answer, and he scarcely looked up from his work.

In the meanwhile, Herr Richter glanced towards the boy, and remarked that, when close to the door, he picked up something from the ground. "Ha! my little lad, what is that you picked up?" he cried. The weeping boy turned, and showed him a needle.

"And what will you do with it?" asked the other.

"My jacket has holes in it," was the answer, "I will sew up the big ones."

Herr Richter was pleased with the reply, and still more with the boy's innocent handsome face. "But are you not ashamed," he said, in a kind though se-

rious tone, "you are so young and hearty, to beg? Can you not work?"

"Ah, my dear sir," replied the boy. "I do not know how, I am too little yet to thresh or fell wood. My father died three weeks ago, and my mother and little brothers have eaten nothing these two days. Then I ran out in anguish and I asked for alms. But, alas! a single peasant only gave me a piece of bread; since then I have not eaten a morsel."

It is quite customary for beggars by trade to contrive tales like this, and this hardens man's heart against the claims of genuine want. But this time the merchant trusted the boy's honest face. He thrust his hand into his pocket, drew forth a piece of money, and said:

"There is half a dollar: go to the baker's and with half the money buy bread for yourself, and your brothers, but bring back the other half to me."

The boy took the money and ran joyfully away, "Well," said the surly book-keeper, "he will laugh in his sleeve, and never come back again."

"Who knows?" replied Herr Richter. And as he spoke he beheld the boy returning quickly, with a large loaf of black bread in one hand and some money in the other.

"There, good!" he cried, almost breathless, "there is the rest of the money." Then, being very hungry, he begged at once for a knife to cut a piece of bread. The book-keeper reached him in silence his pocket knife.

The lad cut off a slice in great haste, and was about to bite upon it. But suddenly he bethought himself, laid the bread aside, and, folding his hands, rehearsed a silent prayer. Then he fell to his meal with a hearty appetite.

The merchant was moved by the boy's unaffected piety. He inquired after his family and home, and learned from his simple narrative that his father had lived in a village four miles distant from Dantzic, where he owned a small house and farm. But his house had been burnt to the ground, and much sickness in his family had compelled him to sell his farm. He had hired himself out to a rich neighbor, but before three weeks were at an end, he died, broken