

DOE THE NEXTE THYNGE.

From an old English Parsonage,
Down by the sea,
There came in the twilight
A message to me;
Its quaint Saxon legend,
Deeply engraven,
Hath, as it seems to me,
Teaching for heaven;
And on through the hours
The quiet words ring,
Like a low inspiration:
"Doe the nexte thyng."

Many a questioning,
Many a fear,
Many a doubt,
Hath its quieting here.
Moment by moment,
Let down from heaven.
Time, opportunity,
Guidance are given.
Fear not to-morrows,
Child of the King;
Trust them with Jesus:
"Doe the nexte thyng."

Oh! He would have thee
Daily more free;
Knowing the might
Of thy loyal degree.
Ever in waiting,
Glad in His call;
Tranquil in chastening,
Trusting through all.
Comings and goings
No turmoil need bring;
His all thy future:
"Doe the nexte thyng."

Do it immediately;
Do it with prayer;
Do it reliantly,
Casting all care;
Do it with reverence,
Tracing his hand
Who hath placed it before thee
With earnest command.
Stayed on Omnipotence,
Safe 'neath His wing,
Leave all resultings:
"Doe the nexte thyng."

Looking to Jesus,
Ever serener,
Working or suffering
Be thy demeanour.
In the shade of His presence,
The rest of His calm,
The light of his countenance,
Live out thy psalm
Strong in His faithfulness,
Praise him and sing.
Then, as he beckons thee,
"Doe the nexte thyng."

THE HIDDEN CHILD.

BY REV. C. H. RICHARDS.

The air was vocal with laughter
That came like sweet music to me;
The house, from threshold to rafters,
Was ringing with innocent glee.

A face peeped out through the gloaming,
Than a vision of angels more fair,
With dark eyes that danced at my coming,
And a glory of golden hair.

But the music was hushed on my entry,
The beauty had vanished from sight;
And she who had stood as a sentry
To await me, had taken her flight.

I called, but no voice came replying;
I hunted the whole house o'er;
Till a soft laugh, the silence defying,
Rippled out through a half-closed door.

Like a chirp telling where the bird hovered,
Was this tinkle of love's sweet alarms;
And I found the darling safe cover'd
In the nest of her mother's arms.

By the side of a crib I linger,
Where a little form lies so still;
But brow, and bosom and finger
Are motionless, white and chill.

No cry of my love can wake her,
Re-kindling her eye's bright flame;
No kiss on those lips can make her,
As yesterday, utter my name.

Oh my murmuring spirit, hush thee!
Be not with despair oppressed!
God sends not this sorrow to crush thee,
But thy love and thy faith to test.

Your darling is only hiding
In another and brighter room;
And there in sweet shelter abiding,
She will wait until you shall come.

Her beauty and gentle behavior
Shall keep for you all their charms,
And there at last with her Saviour
You shall find her at rest in his arms.

—Madison, Wis.

When all is bright and gay,
I will pray,
And foil the tempter's art,
Lest sunshine lure my heart
From the way.

When darkness follows day,
I will pray;
And my tearful eyes shall see
That love is guiding me
On the way.

Let life bring what it may,
I will pray;
If I cannot understand,
I will hold my Father's hand,
All the way.—Mrs. M. F. Butts