

Stream from the shores of Florida, or of Cuba, to be turned into a crystal of ice beside the precipices of Spitzbergen. It may have hovered over the streets of London, and have formed a part of murky fog, and have glistened on the young grass blade of April in Irish fields. It has been lifted up to heaven and sailed in great wool packed clouds across the sky, forming part of a cloud mountain echoing with thunder. It was hung in a fleecy veil many miles above the earth at the close of long seasons of still weather. It has descended many times over in showers to refresh the earth and has sparkled and bubbled in mossy fountains in every country in Europe. And it has returned to its native skies, having accomplished its purpose, to be stored once again with electricity to give it new life producing qualities and equip it as heaven's messenger to earth once more.

THE FAILURES THAT PAY.

Who, upon reading this article, taken from an exchange, can ever call any act a failure in which faith in God is an element?

When the noble-hearted Christian, Captain Allan Gardiner, was dying of slow starvation on the desolate shores of Pictou Island, he yet painted on the entrance of the cavern which was his only shelter, a hand pointing downward to the words "My soul, wait thou still upon God, for my hope is in Him." Near that mute, pathetic symbol of unshaken trust his skeleton was found. To die of hunger on an Antarctic shore among savages, not one of whom he had succeeded in converting—could anything look like a deadlier failure? And yet from that heroic death of faithful anguish has sprung the great American mission. If Allan Gardiner's death was a failure, it was one of those failures which are the seed of the most infinite, of the most transcendent successes. For such men the world is waiting. "For such men and women God seeks." Rivers of living water "flow from them." Their lives illustrate to us the meaning of the words, "The obedience of faith."

THE SONG OF THE STREAM.

BY CYNTHIA DEAN.

In the early, early springtime,
When the leaves were young and green,
I sat me down in a meadow,
The fairest ever seen.
Right through that lovely meadow
Ran a stream like a silver thread,
Over its path of pebbles
With bubbling laugh it sped.

"Oh, stream!" said I to the brooklet,
"We are both so young and gay
We may surely bask in the sunshine
And be happy all the day."
"Ah no!" said the little streamlet,
And it laughed and sang again,
"My work is to water the meadow,
Yours, to help your fellow-men."

Full many a year had vanished,
And I, to a woman grown,
In the heart of the golden summer
Sat by the stream alone.
The brook had grown to a river,
On its bosom broad and free
The ships went ever sailing
Down to the restless sea.

"Oh river! oh mighty river!
'Tis the summer time of life;
Let us rest with those that love us,
Let us bid farewell to strife."
"Oh, no!" said the flowing river,
"It may not, it cannot be,
I must journey ever onward
Till I reach the open sea."

Many a bitter winter
Has left its snows on my hair,
And I stand at the mouth of the river
Under trees all brown and bare.
Cold is the flowing river,
And the plash of waves on the shore
Bids farewell to the drops that leave it,
To return to it nevermore.

"Oh river, oh sad! sad river!"
I cry with a shuddering moan,
"Must I go out on the boundless sea
And be lost there all alone?"
"I fear not," said the river,
"God knows where I shall be;
And He who cares for the sparrow
Will care for you and me."

—Parish Visitor.

A USEFUL LIFE.

One hundred years ago, in the town of Portsmouth, England, a tall man, named John Pounds, with shaggy eyebrows and a kindly face, sat in his chair in a little house which he occupied by himself, with a cobbler's awl in his hand. The world was not so good as he wished to see it. Children were allowed to grow up

uncared for and untaught, with very little happiness in their lives. We can fancy him saying to himself—for he had no one else to talk to—"What can I do? I was once a lad overflowing with fun; but I was carried home from the dockyard 'a heap of broken bones.' When I got to be as well as ever I expect to be, there was nothing for me to do but to learn to be a cobbler. I have just this awl in my hand; I may be able to earn my bread with hard work, but I shall never be able to do aught else."

One day he offered to take charge of an invalid child, who was a year old, and whose mother was not tender enough toward him. The offer was accepted and the child was committed to his care. Some other children were invited to look into the house by day and keep the little one company. He began to play with them himself, and to amuse them by cutting out toys, telling stories, and amusing them with his cat and cage-birds—in fact, establishing a kindergarten on a humble scale. He then proceeded to teach them to read from pieces of newspapers, handbills and from his Bible. He never kept them long at one kind of work, but as soon as they showed any signs of being tired he would allow them to return to play. Before long the neighbours would come to his door, one after another, and say—"Johnny, would you mind taking my little ones with your own?" "Johnny, I am away from home all day, shall I bring mine?" Johnny would say, "Yes, bring them all, until the shop is full." And the shop was soon filled, and remained filled; and over the threshold of that humble little home in thirty six years one thousand little feet passed, making music to the shoemaker as they pattered on the floor, and bringing joy to his heart as they learned to read and write and cast an account, while he worked with his awl, or prepared something for them to eat. On memorable occasions the children took pleasure in listening to him pointing out the beauty of a flower, directing their ears to the sweetness of the song of the birds, or their eyes to the grandeur of hill and sky and sea, reminding them of the goodness of God, the Maker and