

though the former may be fleet of foot,
as Asabel upon the mountain of Israel.

SINGING IN THE RAIN.

Hear my happy little bird
Singing through the rain—
Singing with the fitful showers
Dash against the pane.
"Blue sky somewhere," carols he
From his fearless heart.
Though the clouds are gathering thick,
And the chill winds start.

Sweet and shrill the silver notes
Weave a wordless strain;
"Blue sky somewhere," in my thought
Is their glad refrain.
Always sunshine just beyond,
Brief the present ill,
Trouble never long to last,
Is their meaning still

Sing thy sweetest, merry bird,
Comforter of mine,
Bringing, in thy little way,
Help from Love divine.
Thou hast given me the clasp
Of a golden chain,
Let from heaven into my hand,
Through the clouds and rain

What though all my way be hedged,
Love shall open a door
For the feet that follow faint
His that went before
What though trials test my faith,
Peace shall yet maintain
Right to rule in one who walks
Singing in the rain

More than I can count of good
Aye has been my share.
Dearest hands to help me on
Having all my care.
Blessings marking every day,
To the latest one,
And the shadow only proof
Of the glowing sun

Therefore, with undaunted front,
Trusting in my King,
Shall I face whatever foe
In the path may spring.
So I hear a note of cheer
In the brave refrain
Of my merry little bird,
Singing in the rain.

CHARLIE'S GOOD DAY.

"It is too bad, Charlie, but mother has not another cent, else you should have it, for this will be a good day for the newsboys."

Charlie's face brightened at once. He must leave a ray of sunshine to enliven his mother's dull day, so he spoke up cheerily:

"Never mind, mother, I am going to have a lucky time anyway," and off he hobbled on his little crutch, leaving the mother to turn back to her sewing-machine. There could be no holiday for her, when she got but fifty cents for stitching a dozen pairs of boys' pants. It seemed as if every other person in the great city was to have a holiday, for flags and bunting and crowds were everywhere.

"Hellow, Charlie! where to? I've fifteen cents," and Len Roes jingled three nickels in his pocket; "and I'm bound for the park to see the fun."

"Oh! why don't you sell papers,



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Len? There's money in it to-day," said Charlie, eagerly.

"Poh! Not unless I had more to start with. If I had a half a dollar, now—how much you got, Charlie?"

The lame boy showed the lone copper held tightly in his one free hand.

"A cent? One cent! O, ho, ho, ho!"

And Len fairly doubled with laughter.

Charlie hurried on to the *Daily Sun* office. The single copy his penny bought, he sold at once, and returned for three more. These soon put nine cents into his joyful clasp, and the next nine papers melted away just as fast. How the little crutch flew through that office door, back and forth! The clerk smiled as he counted out twenty-seven copies.

"Doing a rushing business? Good for you!"

The crutch was tied to his right shoulder, so it would not fall when he let go of it to hand out a paper or take the three cents. Twenty-seven were as many as he could hold, and, when eighty-one copies loaded him down, he took a position by a stone stairway, and rested his stock on a step.

The newspaper men became interested in him, and sent a porter to carry the boy's later investments. The little crutch began to move painfully, but his eyes burned with excitement and pleasure. His mother was folding the last pair of pants when he reached their attic room that night.

"Mother," said Charlie, and he looked taller and very proud, though tired, "it was a good day for the newsboys." And he laid out his earnings upon the sewing-machine—fifteen dollars!

KNOWS HIS BIBLE BY HEART.

"While visiting an old friend on the Tennessee river, near where Shannon's Creek empties into the largest stream, not long since," said a country minister, "I saw a negro lad of twelve who is as great a wonder to me as Helen Keller, the world-famous blind girl and deaf-mute. He lives in a typical Kentucky backwoods community, and has had no advantages. My friend asked me if I would like to see the youth, and I assured him I would. We went to the child's home, if the little hut might be termed home, and before I left it I had opened my eyes wide in astonishment. The boy was born deaf and blind and with one arm. He was for years, while a mere tot, called 'the freak' by the negroes, who unfeelingly poked fun at the unfortunate. This child was given a raised letter Bible by an old nomadic missionary who happened to see the pickaninny while preaching to the negroes, and from it the boy learned every chapter in the Bible. He can quote any verse in the Scriptures, and do it quickly. He spends every hour

of his time in studying God's Word, and says he is going to teach the blind children of his race. The lad's name is Harry William Balaam Freeman, and he is a good looking mulatto. I am going to get some friends of mine to join me in a collection to be sent the boy to further his studies. His mother works in the field and his father is a steamboat roustabout."

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Two little boys were having a discussion about the need of their saying their prayers every day. The youngest one said it did not matter if you missed sometimes. The eldest of the two, only just nine, said, "how can you say so? I would not like to begin a day without my prayers. The other day I was in a hurry starting for school, and as I rode along on my pony, I remembered I had not said my prayers; and I jumped off my pony's back, and knelt down under a tree and said my prayers. And I am sure God heard them."

"Waiting" is the stumbling-block of progress and reform. Doing is the lever that moves the world.

Holiness is a very spacious thing, and God always fills in all hearts all the room which is left Him there.

Politeness is the outward garment of good-will. But many are the nutshells in which, if you crack them, nothing like a kernel is to be found.

The man who spends his life in "getting even" for real or supposed injuries, is a torment to himself, and a bore to his friends as well as his enemies.

One great trouble in doing a mean action is that you are compelled to associate with yourself afterwards. If you could only have nothing to do with a man who was guilty of such meanness, it would be a relief.

Look upon the bright side of your condition, then your discontent will disperse. Pore not upon your losses, but recount your mercies.

When it is a duty to do a thing, it ought to be done; whether it can be done or not. Simply because a duty is impossible is no excuse for refusing to do it. A large share of a man's best work in life consists in accomplishing the impossible when it must be done.

A little girl who had mastered her catechism confessed herself disappointed "because," she said, "though I obey the fifth commandment and honour my papa and mamma, yet my days are not a bit longer in the land, because I am put to bed at seven o'clock."

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