

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 ope a door
For the feet that follow fain
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 en-
liven 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,

"Hello, 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 cop-
per 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 inter-
ested 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 fold-
ing 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 news-
boys." 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 Shan-
non'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 commu-
nity, 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 un-
fortunate. 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 discus-
sion 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 nut-
shells 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 as-
sociate with yourself afterwards. If
you could only have nothing to do with
a man who was guilty of such mean-
ness, 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 accom-
plishing the impossible when it must
be done.

A little girl who had mastered her
catechism confessed herself disap-
pointed "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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