

SOONER OR LATER

SOONER or later the storm shall beat  
O'er my slumbers, from head to feet;  
Sooner or later the wind shall rave  
In the long grasses above my grave.

I shall not heed them where they lie—  
Nothing their sounds shall signify;  
Nothing the head-stone's frot of rain;  
Nothing to me the dark day's pain.

Sooner or later the sun shall shine  
With tender warmth on that mound of mine;  
Sooner or later in summer's air  
Clover and violets blossom there.

I shall not feel in that deep-laid rest  
The sheeted light fall over my breast,  
Nor oven note in those hidden hours  
The wind blown breath of the tossing flowers.

Sooner or later the stainless snows  
Shall add their hush to my mute repose—  
Sooner or later shall slant and shift  
And heap my bed with their dazzling drift.

Chill though that frozen pall shall seem,  
Its touch no colder can make the dream—  
That wrecks not the sacred dread  
Shrouding the city of the dead.

Sooner or later the bee shall come  
And fill the noon with its golden hum;  
Sooner or later, on half poised wing  
The bluebird above my grave shall sing—

Sing and chirp and whistle with glee,  
Nothing his music can mean to me;  
None of those beautiful things shall know  
How soundly their lover sleeps below.

Sooner or later, far out in the night,  
The stars shall over me wing their flight;  
Sooner or later the darkening dews  
Catch the white spark in their silent ooze.

Never a ray shall part the gloom  
That raps me 'round in the silent tomb;  
Peace shall be perfect to lip and brow  
Sooner or later; oh, why not now?

PROFITABLE POLITENESS.

A BOSTON paper tells an incident which took place a number of years ago in that city, which ought to hold a valuable lesson for the young folks of our day. Politeness of the heart makes no account of outward appearances:

There was a very plainly-dressed, elderly lady who was a frequent customer at the then leading drygoods house in Boston. No one in the store knew her even by name. All the clerks but one avoided her, and gave their attention to those who were better dressed and more pretentious. The exception was a young man who had a conscientious regard for duty and system. He never left another customer to wait on the lady, but when at liberty he waited on her with as much attention as if she had been a princess.

This continued a year or two till the young man became of age. One morning the lady approached the young man, when the following conversation took place:

Lady—"Young man, do you wish to go into business for yourself?"

"Yes ma'am," he replied, "but I have neither money, credit, nor friends."

"Well," continued the lady, "you go and select a good situation, ask what the rent is, and report to me," handing the young man her address.

The young man found a capital location and a good store, but the landlord required security, which he could not give. Mindful of the lady's request, he forthwith went to her and reported.

"Well," she replied, "you go and tell Mr. — that I will be responsible."

He went, and the landlord or agent was surprised, but the bargain was closed.

The next day the lady called again

to ascertain the result. The young man told her, but added, "What am I to do for goods? No one will trust me."

"You may go and see Mr. —, and Mr. —, and Mr. —, and tell them to call on me."

He did so, and his store was soon filled with the best goods in the market. There are many in this city who remember the circumstances and the man. He died many years ago, and left a fortune of \$300,000. So much for politeness, so much for treating one's elders with the deference due to age, in whatever garb they are clothed.

THE HOMELESS SINGER.

ON a cold, dark night, when the wind was blowing hard, Conrad, a worthy citizen of a little town in Germany, sat playing his flute, while Ursula, his wife, was preparing supper. They heard a sweet voice singing outside—

"Foxes to their holes have gone,  
Every bird into its nest;  
But I wander here alone,  
And for me there is no rest."

Tears filled the good man's eyes, as he said, "What a fine, sweet voice! What a pity it should be spoiled by being tried in such weather!"

"I think it is the voice of a child. Let us open the door and see," said his wife, who had lost a little boy not long before, and whose heart was opened to take pity on the little wanderer.

Conrad opened the door, and saw a ragged child, who said, "Charity, good sir, for Christ's sake."

"Come in, my little one," said he; "you shall rest with me for the night."

The boy said, "Thank God!" and entered. The heat of the room made him faint, but Ursula's kind care soon revived him. They gave him some supper, and then he told them that he was the son of a poor miner, and wanted to be a priest. He wandered about and sang, and lived on the money people gave him. His kind friends would not let him talk much, but sent him to bed. When he was asleep, they looked in upon him, and were so pleased with his pleasant countenance that they determined to keep him, if he was willing. In the morning they found that he was only too glad to remain.

They sent him to school, and afterward he entered a monastery. There he found the Bible, which he read, and from which he learned the way of life. The sweet voice of the little singer learned to preach the good news, "Justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Conrad and Ursula, when they took that little street singer into their house, little thought that they were nourishing the great champion of the Reformation. The poor child was Martin Luther.

GLADSTONE ON BIBLE STUDY.

ON William E. Gladstone, having been consulted by a gentleman having in charge an adult Bible-class, sent the following reply:—

"I will not dwell on the need of light from above, or the duty of seeking it, of being vigilant against the excuses of the private spirit, of cultivating humility, of bearing in mind that God has through all these long ages had a

people whom he has led, that we are the first who come to the wells of salvation opened by Christ and his apostles. I will also assume that you are strict adherents of method in this great study, so as to make your results comprehensive.

"Two things, however, I especially commend to your thoughts. The first is this—Obristianity in Christ, the nearness to Him and His image, is the end of all your efforts. Thus the Gospels which continually present to us one pattern, have a kind of precedence among the books of the Holy Scriptures. I advise you remembering that the Scriptures have two purposes—one to feed the people of God in "green pastures," the other to serve for proof of doctrine. These are not divided by a sharp line from one another, yet they are provinces on the whole distinct, and in some ways different. We are variously called to various works. But we are all required to feed in the pastures and to drink in the wells. For this purpose the Scriptures are incomparably simple to all those willing to be fed. The same cannot be said in regard to the proof or construction of doctrine. This is a desirable work, but not for us all. It requires to be possessed with more of external helps, more learning and good guides, more knowledge of the historical development of our religion, which development is one of the most wonderful parts of all human history, and, in my opinion, affords also one of the strongest demonstrations of its truth and of the power and goodness of God."

LITTLE TIM.

WARM hearts are sometimes found under ragged jackets, as is shown by the following incident:—

A kit is a box of tools of whatever outfit is needed in any particular branch of business.

It surprised the shiners and newsboys around the post-office the other day to see "Little Tim" coming among them in a quiet way, and hear him say: "Boys, I want to sell my kit. Here's two brushes, a hull box of backing, and a good stout box, and the outfit goes for two shillings."

"Goin' away, Tim?" inquired one.

"Not 'actly, boys, but I want a quarter the awfulest kind just now."

"Goin' on a skursion?" asked another.

"Not to-day, but I must have a quarter," he answered.

One of the lads passed over the change and took the kit; and Tim walked straight to the counting room of a daily paper, put down the money and said, "I kin write if you give me a pencil."

With slow moving fingers, he wrote a death notice. It went into the paper almost as he wrote it, but you might not have seen it. He wrote:—

"Died—Lital Ted—of Scarlet fever, aged three years. Funeral to-morrow, gone up to heaven, left one brother."

"Was it your brother?" asked the cashier.

Tim tried to brace up, but couldn't. The big tears came up, his chin quivered, "I—I had to sell my kit to do it, but he had his arms around my neck when he d—died."

He hurried away home, but the news went to the boys, and they gathered into a group and talked. Tim had not been home an hour before a

barefooted boy left the kit on the doorstep and in the box was a bouquet of flowers, which had been purchased in the market by pennies contributed by the crowd of ragged but big-hearted boys. Did God ever make a heart which would not respond if the right chord were touched?

TO AVOID DROWNING.

IT is a well known fact, says the *Scientific American*, that any person of average structure and lung capacity will float securely in water if care is taken to keep the hands and arms submerged and the lungs full of air. Yet in most cases people who are not swimmers immediately raise their hands above their heads and scream, the moment they find themselves in deep water. The folly of such action can be impressively illustrated by means of a half empty bottle and a couple of nails, and the experience should be repeated in every household, until all the members—particularly the women and children—realize that the only chance for safety in deep water, lies in keeping the hands under, and the mouth shut.

Any short-necked, square-shouldered bottle will answer, and the nails can easily be kept in place by a rubber band or string. First ballast the bottle with sand, so that it will just float with the nails pointed downwards, then by turning the nails upward the bottle will be either forced under the water at once, or will be tipped over so that the water will pour into the open mouth, and down it will go. To children the experiment is a very impressive one, and the moral of it is easily understood. It may prove a life-saving lesson.

CURING A BAD MEMORY.

YOUR memory is bad, perhaps, but I can tell you two secrets that will cure the worst memory. One—to read a subject when strongly interested. The other is not only read, but think. When you have read a paragraph or a page, stop, close the book, and try to remember the ideas on that page, and not only recall them vaguely in your mind, but put them into words and speak them out. Faithfully follow these two rules, and you have the golden keys of knowledge. Bending inattentive reading, there are other things injurious to memory. One is the habit of skimming over newspapers, all in a confused jumble, never to be thought of again, thus diligently cultivating a habit of careless reading hard to break. Another is the reading of trashy novels. Nothing is so fatal to reading with profit, as the habit of running through story after story, and forgetting them as soon as read. I know a grey-haired woman, a life-long lover of books, who sadly declares that her mind has been ruined by such reading.

WHEN Sir George Rose was dining on one occasion with the late Lord Langdale, his host was speaking of the diminutive church in Langdale, of which his Lordship was patron. "It is not bigger," said Lord Langdale, "than this dining room." "No," returned Sir George, "and the living is not half so good." — *London Society.*