

The Exile of Patmos.

PAUM IGO, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow;
Be like the night dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast;
Boothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm
Let Thine outstretched wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm
Beside her desert spring.

Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet;
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street,

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain.

Calm me in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame;
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng
Who hate Thy holy name;

Calm when the great world's news with power
My listening spirit stir;
Let not the tidings of the hour
E'er find too fond an ear;

Calm as the ray of sun or star
Which storms assail in vain,
Moving untroubled through earth's war,
The eternal calm to gain.

Gough's Boyhood.

The early life of Gough had been a peculiarly bitter one. Born in a very humble home at Sendgate, on the English coast, gleaning with his mother and sister after the reapers that they might have bread to eat, or cleaning knives and shoes in the gentleman's house where his father was a servant, there was little to make a boy's life bright. When he was twelve a family offered to bring him to America if his parents would pay fifty dollars for his passage. It was difficult to earn this; but his mother thought, after the manner of mothers, "Perhaps in the New World our John will be somebody." So, with tears, she packed his scanty clothing, putting in a little Bible, and pinning these lines on a shirt:

Forget me not when death shall close
These eyelids in their last repose;
And when the murmuring breezes wave
The grass upon your mother's grave,
Oh, then whate'er thy age or lot
May be, my child, forget me not.

JANE GOUGH.

Then again and again she pressed her only boy to her heart, then stood out behind the garden-wall, that, unobserved, she might cast a last look at the stage which carried him to London.

The voyage was a long one of nearly two months. The little lad often cried in his cabin; and he wrote back, "I wish mother could wash me to-night," showing what a tender "mother's boy" he was. When New York harbour was entered, and he was eager to see his adopted country, he was sent below to black boots and shoes for the family.

His school-days were now over. After two years of hard work in the country, he sold his knife to buy a postage-stamp, and wrote to his father asking his permission to go to New York and learn a trade. Consent was given, and in the middle of the winter our English lad of fourteen reached the great city, with no friends, and with only fifty cents in his pocket. Hundreds passed by as he stood on the dock, holding his little trunk in his hands, but no one spoke to him. But at last, by dint of earnestness, he found a place to enter as errand-boy and learn

book-binding, receiving \$2.25 a week and paying \$2.00 out of this for his board. How his employer thought he could live on one dollar a month for clothes and washing has never appeared.

The first night he was placed by his boarding-mistress in an attic with an Irishman who was deadly ill. The second night the man died, and the horror-stricken young boy staid alone with the dead until morning.

Nearly two more painful years went by. Finally, though he earned but three dollars a week, he sent to England for his mother and sister. When they arrived two rooms were rented. The girl found work in a straw-bonnet factory; and, poor though they were, they were very happy. John was now sixteen, devoted to his mother, and still a noble, unselfish, persevering boy.

At the end of three months, through dulness of business, both children lost their places. And now began the struggles which the poor know so well in our large cities.

They left their two decent rooms and moved into a garret. Winter came on, and they had neither fuel nor food. John walked miles out into the country and dragged home old sticks which lay by the roadside. He pawned his coat that his mother, who had now become ill, might have some mutton-broth.

One day he left her in tears, and went sobbing down the street.

"What is the matter?" asked a stranger.

"I'm hungry, and so is my mother," the boy answered.

"Well, I can't do much, but I'll help you a little;" and the man gave John a three cent loaf of bread.

When the boy reached home the good woman put the Bible on the rickety pine table, read from it, and then knelt and thanked God for the precious loaf.

In the spring he obtained employment at four dollars and a half a week. But poverty and privation had fallen too heavily and rested too long upon the mother. One day while preparing John's simple supper of rice and milk she fell dead. All night long the desolate boy held her cold hand in his; then, in that Christian city, she was put in a pine-box, and, without shroud or prayers, carried in a cart, her two children walking behind it, and was buried in potter's field.

For three days afterward John and his sister never tasted food. Probably the world said, "Poor things!" but it is certain no one offered to help them. —Sarah K. Bolton, in *Home Gazette*.

The Labour of Authorship.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE said: "Those who have never carried a book through the press can form no idea of the amount of toil it involves. The process has increased my respect for authors a thousand-fold. I think I would rather cross the African continent again, than undertake to write another book."

"For the statistics of the Negro population of South America alone," says Robert Dale Owen, "I examined more than a hundred and fifty volumes."

Another author tells us that he wrote paragraphs and whole pages of his book as many as fifty times.

It is said of one of Longfellow's poems that it was written in four weeks; but that he spent six months

in correcting and cutting it down. Bulwer declared that he had re-written some of his briefer productions as many as eight or nine times before their publication. One of Tennyson's pieces was re-written fifty times. John Owen was twenty years on his "Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews;" Gibbon on his "Decline and Fall," twenty years; and Adam Clark, on his "Commentary," twenty-six years. Carlyle spent fifteen years on his "Frederick the Great."

A great deal of time is consumed in reading before some books are prepared. George Eliot read one thousand books before she wrote "Daniel Deronda." Allison read two thousand before he completed his history. It is said of another that he read twenty thousand, and wrote only two books.

Are all the Children In?

THE darkness falls, the wind is high,
Dense black clouds fill the western sky,
The storm will soon begin;
The thunders roar, the lightnings flash,
I hear the great, round rain-drops dash—
Are all the children in?

They're coming softly to my side;
Their forms within my arms they hide—
No other arms so sure;
The storm may rage with fury wild,
With trusting faith each little child
With mother feels secure.

But future days are near—
They'll go from this warm shelter here
Out in the world's wide din;
The rain will fall, the fierce winds blow;
I'll sit alone and long to know;
Are all the children in?

Will they have shelter then secure,
Where hearts are waiting strong and sure,
And love is true when tried?
Or will they find a broken reed,
When strength of heart they so much need
To help them brave the tide?

He knows it all—His will is best,
To yield them now and yield them rest
In His most righteous hand,
Sometimes souls He loves are riven
By tempest wild and thus are driven
Nearer the better land.

If He should call us on before
The children go on that blessed shore,
Afar from care and sin,
I know that I shall watch and wait
Till He, the keeper of the gate,
Lets all the children in.

Taught by a Flower.

I ONCE knew a gentleman who was turned from infidelity by a flower. He was walking in the woods, and reading the writings of Plato. He came to where the great writer uses the phrase, "God geometrizes." He thought to himself, "If I could only see plan and order in God's works, I could be a believer." Just then he saw a little Texas star at his feet. He picked it up, and then thoughtfully began to count its petals. He found there were five. He counted the stamens; there were five of them. He counted the divisions at the base of the flower: there were five of them. He then set about multiplying these three fives, to see how many chances there were of a flower being brought into existence without the aid of mind, and having in it these three fives. The chances against it were one hundred and twenty-five to one. He thought that very strange. He examined another, and found it the same. He multiplied one hundred and twenty-five by itself, to see how many chances there were against there being two flowers, each having these exact relations of numbers. He found the chances against it were thirteen thousand six hundred and twenty-five to one. But all around

him were multitudes of these little flowers, and they had been blooming there for years. He thought this showed the order of intelligence, and that the mind that ordained it was God. And so he shut up his book, picked up the little flower, kissed it, and exclaimed: "Bloom on, little flowers; sing on, little birds! you have a God, and I have a God; the God that made these little flowers made me."

Amusements.

THE grounds on which the permission of some amusements and the prohibition of others have been rested have often been inconsistent and irrational; and the following general principles in regard to them may be recommended:

1. Amusement is not an end, but a means—a means of replenishing the mind and body. When it begins to be the principal thing for which one lives, or when pursuing it the mental powers are enfeebled and the bodily health impaired, it falls under just condemnation.

2. Amusements that consume the hours which ought to be sacred to sleep are, therefore, censurable.

3. Amusements that call away from work which we are bound to do are pernicious just to the extent to which they cause to be neglected or unfaithful.

4. Amusements that arouse or stimulate morbid appetite or unlawful passions, or that cause us to be restless or discontented, are always to be avoided.

5. Any indulgence in amusements which has a tendency to weaken our respect for the great interests of character, or to loosen our hold on the eternal verities of the spiritual realm, is, so far forth a damage to us.

"Home, Sweet Home."

IN the spring of 1863, two great armies were encamped on either side of the Rappahannock River, one dressed in blue, the other in gray. As twilight fell the bands of the Union side began to play "The Star-Spangled Banner," and "Rally Round the Flag;" and the challenge of music was taken by those upon the other side and they responded with "The Bonnie Blue Flag," and "Away Down South in Dixie." It was borne in upon the soul of a single soldier in one of those bands of music to begin a sweeter and more tender air, and slowly as he played there joined in a sort of chorus of all the instruments upon the Union side, until finally a great and mighty chorus swelled up and down our army "Home, Sweet Home." When they had finished there was no challenge yonder, for every band upon that farther shore had taken up the lovely air, so attuned to all that is holiest, dearest, and one great chorus of the two great hosts went up to God; and when they had finished, from the boys in gray came a challenge, "Three cheers for home!" and as they went resounding through the skies from both sides of the river, "something upon the soldiers' cheeks washed off the stains of powder."

THE British and Foreign Bible Society during the past year published a Penny Testament, in neat form and legible print, immense numbers of which have been sold. Statistics from colporteurs show that there never was a time when in Great Britain so many of the poor and the labouring classes were seeking admission to Bible classes and were buying Bibles and Testaments.