

THE GLAD TIDINGS.

The child of a heathen mother
Lay dying at close of day ;
And the wail of a hopeless sorrow
Was borne on the winds away.

No gleam of a glad hereafter,—
Of a meeting ne'er to part,—
As the little life ebbed slowly,
Brought peace to the aching heart.

But a horror of endless darkness,
As the fatal hour drew nigh,
Rolled down on the stricken mother
From the black and pitiless sky.

To her god, with hands uplifted,
And breaking heart, she prayed ;
But his ear was deaf to her crying ;
His lips no word essayed.

And when on the solemn jungle
Sank down the shadow of night,
The finger of Death, outstretching,
Quenched the lingering spark of life.

'Twas only one of the millions
That teem on the Indian plain ;
'Twas only a heathen baby,
Set free from a life of pain !

Ah, yes ! but not to the mother,
Who watched him where he lay ;
For oh, 'twas her heart's one treasure
Death's hand had snatched away.

And loud and long, through the dark-
ness,
Rang out her hopeless cry,
Till the ruddy flush of the morning
Spread over the eastern sky.

Then,—then as she lay in anguish
Beside her treasured dead,
In accents gentle and winning,
A sweet voice tenderly said :

*"Arise, O daughter of sorrow ;
Lift up thine eyes ; for lo !
Though thy babe can return to thee
never,
Unto him thou mayest go !"*

And the heathen mother, rising
From her hopeless grief, found rest ;
For the news of a risen Jesus
Gave peace to her troubled breast.

Your precious soul should be your
first concern ; and if you have begun to
think about it, you will be sure to pray
about it.—*Dr. J. H. Wilson*

KIND WORDS.

A very touching incident came to my
knowledge a few days ago, and to show
the power a good man or woman may
have over those with whom they come
in contact, even with the little children,
I will relate it here :

An old clergyman over eighty years
of age, who had spent fifty years
in a parish of New England, met a little
boy on the street who had never seen
him before. "Good morning, my little
child," he said ; "what is your name ?"
As he spoke he laid his reverend hand
upon the little fellow's head. The boy
told his name, and the gentleman said
"O I am so glad to see you ! I hoped to
meet you ; and I have been looking for
you. I knew your dear mother, who is
now in heaven." The child ran home,
and entering the room, almost breath-
lessly exclaimed "O Auntie dear, I met
an angel from heaven, and he knows my
dear mamma up there, and stopped me
on the street to tell me !" The long,
silvery hair of the aged messenger of
God, and his saintly face with those
kindly words spoken, made this beauti-
ful impression upon the mind of the
motherless child.—*S. T. P.*

THE DUST AND THE SUNLIGHT.

A young girl was sweeping a room one
day, when she went to the window-blind
and hastily drew it down. "It makes
the room so dusty," she said, "to have
the sunshine coming in."

The atoms of dust which shone golden
in the sunbeams were unseen in the dim-
mer light. The untaught girl imagined
it was the sunshine which made the
dust.

Now, many persons imagine themselves
very good people. One poor old man,
who had lived all his life without a
thought of love to God, said he was all
ready to die. He didn't owe any man a
shilling. If the Spirit of God should
shine brightly into such a heart, how
would it look ? It would show them sins
enough to crush them. This light of the
Spirit is like the sunshine in the dusty
room. It reveals what was before hid-
den. When we begin to feel unhappy
about our sins, let us never try to put
away the feeling. Don't let us put down
the curtain, and fancy there is no dust.
It is the Holy Spirit's voice in our hearts.
He is showing us ourselves ; and better
still, he will show us the true way of
happiness.—*English Presbyterian Mes-
senger.*