

## THE PILGRIM SONG.

PSALM 121.

The tribes went up towards Jerusalem  
From cottage homes amid green villages,  
Where olive trees made pleasant shady  
spots,  
And where the bright flowers threw their  
sweetness out.  
The father and his sons came forth to join  
The ever-growing crowds that pressed along  
The roads, and up the hills, with hopeful  
hearts,  
To keep the solemn festival. From homes  
Within the cities all the men came out  
And swelled the number. Men with whiten-  
ing heads,  
And strong young men all swift to run life's  
race,  
And even the glad boy, pressed gaily on  
Along the roads, and by the green-clad  
fields,  
And where the merry music of the brook  
Thrilled to their answering hearts, with  
eager steps  
They went, for every league was so much  
gain  
To those who, longing for the house of God,  
Had left their homes. And as they marched  
they sang  
The pilgrim song, which rose on the pure  
air  
And woke the echoes, so that other bands  
Caught up the glad and solemn words, and  
sang  
Responsively, and so the winding ways  
That led to the fair city were all moved  
With sacred music as the travellers went,  
With steadfast faces to the Temple turned;  
Resolved to keep once more God's holy  
feasts  
Within His courts. And thus the pilgrims  
sang:—  
I lift mine eyes unto the hills  
From whence my help is given;  
For my help cometh from the Lord,  
Who made the earth and heaven.  
He suffers not thy foot to move,  
In danger He will keep;  
For He that guardeth Israel  
Will slumber not nor sleep.  
Jehovah is thy Keeper still—  
O, be not thou afraid:  
The Lord is near at thy right hand,  
O, rest thee in His shade.  
The sun shall smite thee not by day,  
Nor the moon hurt by night;  
He makes a quiet resting-place,  
And gilds the dawn with light.  
Jehovah shall preserve thee from  
All evil, every day;  
His mercy shall preserve thy soul,  
And He shall bless thy way.  
Thy going out, thy coming in,  
Till the pilgrimage is o'er,  
The Lord shall bless, and shall preserve  
Even for evermore.  
I lift my eyes unto the hills,  
Strong in His strengthening word,  
Help cometh with the pilgrim's song,  
O, let us bless the Lord.  
And so they cheered the way, as by degrees  
Nearer they came to Zion; and the hills  
Welcomed them ever, drawing their quick  
feet  
On and still on, until they stood within  
The gates of fair Jerusalem, and changed  
The pilgrim for the worshipper's good song,  
And found the rest they sought within the  
house  
Of God.  
To-day, in other lands and scenes,  
The pilgrims start upon their untried ways,  
Some at the call of duty, other some  
For rest and recreation, and the air  
Is full of music: for these travelling hosts  
Of modern times love well the dear old  
strain  
That made God's Israel glad; and as the  
words  
Arise from trustful lips and thankful hearts,  
We say, "O God, be praised for the sweet  
song  
Of Israel's poet seer; and for all  
Jehovah's faithful mercy, that to-day  
We go out and come in, and still are safe,  
Lifting our eyes unto the heavenly hills,  
Because our Keeper slumbers not nor sleeps.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

## Our Story.

## ONLY A FARE.

"Fare, ma'am," said the conductor.  
The passenger took no notice. She  
was a shabby-looking old woman, in

rather rusty-looking black, with a frayed  
lace scarf around her neck, and an old-  
fashioned, heavily-worked lace veil fasten-  
ed about her bonnet-brim.

"Fare!" repeated the conductor.

The passenger looked at him, dipped  
her hand into her pocket, rummaged in  
a queer little reticule she carried, and  
after exhausting all the patience of which  
a car conductor is supposed to be pos-  
sessed, said, slowly:

"I haven't got a penny. I suppose I've  
lost the change, or else I've had my  
pocket picked, and I'm going to --  
street, too."

There was a pause. The conductor  
looked at the passenger and hesitated. It  
was a damp, misty evening. The streets  
were and deep with mire. It was three  
miles to the street, and the car was not  
half full. It seemed only common human-  
ity to permit an old woman to ride to  
her destination, whether she had her  
fare or not. But there on the platform,  
staring through the glass door, our con-  
ductor saw the face of a car spy—a spot-  
ter, the man called him—who was watch-  
ing him with eager, green eyes, anxious  
to catch him tripping.

Poor as his place was, twenty men  
were waiting for it. His receipts must  
tally with the number of passengers re-  
corded on the dial provided by the com-  
pany for that purpose, or off went his  
head on Saturday night. Still he could  
not put the old woman off his car; only  
one alternative remained—he could pay  
her fare.

Now, a fare on the road was only five  
cents, but 6 o'clock was coming and he  
was hungry, and the supper he would  
have just time to snatch before his even-  
ing trips began would cost him ten cents  
— five cents for bread and cheese, five  
cents for a cup of coffee. He gave up  
one of these if he paid that old woman's  
fare. You see there was another old  
woman whom he called Granny to be  
cared for, and clothes of some sort must  
be worn, and there were no pennies to  
spare. But it was the memory of old  
granny that arose in his heart as he  
dropped in the coin, touched the bell,  
and nodded "all right" to his passenger,  
and, as he stepped from his car to take  
his brief rest, he handed the old woman  
to the curbstone, and saw her safe upon  
her way.

"No, I don't want anything but the  
coffee," he said, waving away the restau-  
rant-keeper's boy, as he pressed the basket  
of rolls and sandwiches upon him. "Take  
that stuff away."

The bread was out of reach before he  
felt quite safe, he was so very, very hungry.  
At that moment an old woman touch-  
ed the car starter upon the arm.

"Tell me the name of the conductor  
on car No. 5?" she said. "There he sits  
under the shed, drinking some coffee."

"That's Varnham Tom Varnham,"  
replied the starter, rather eagerly, for he  
had a relative waiting for a place. "If  
you have any complaint to make, there's  
the office." But the old woman toddled  
away.

Oh, the long, long winter, cold and  
cruel—a winter full of terrible storms of  
snow and sleet. Two drivers on the  
line were badly frozen. Many died of  
lung complaints. The conductors suffer-  
ed, too, though not so terribly, and  
Granny had been sick, and there was  
money to be spent for medicine and  
nourishing luxuries, and Tom Varnham's  
old great coat was stolen one night by a  
thief who made his way into the crowded  
lodging-house.

After that he went without it, and he  
often wondered what it would be to be  
warm, and to sit at a satisfying meal.  
Life seemed very hard, but to give up  
that poor situation and seek for better  
was not to be thought of, with Granny  
on his hands.

The passengers that rode in car No 5  
often snubbed their conductor, took him  
to task for the inconveniences they suf-

fered, and abused him at their dinner  
tables, or as they sat before their warm  
grates, toasting their toes, while he  
shivered on the car platform. Perhaps  
the shabby old woman with the worked  
veil may have done it also, for she rode  
in the car very often, though she never  
found herself again without a fare.

"What's the matter?" asked a passen-  
ger.

"Three cars ahead stopped—some one  
hurt," replied the other. "What is it,  
conductor?"

"Conductor of No. 5 dropped down,"  
was the response. "Some say he's dead."  
Tom Varnham lay in the midst of a  
little crowd, quite senseless and very  
pale.

The men were talking about him.  
"He's been starving himself and freez-  
ing, too," said one. "A sick old grand-  
mother on his hands; and he was clerk  
or something, never used to out-of-door  
work. I've seen this coming for days."

"You are not the doctor, sir?" asked a  
shabby old woman, laying her hand on  
the arm of a gentleman who knelt beside  
poor Tom. The gentleman looked up.

"You said last week that I did not  
deserve to be called one, Madam Hov-  
er," he said, demurely.

"Oh! Dr. Jones! Well, that was when  
you couldn't cure me of the neuralgia,"  
replied the old lady. "But I want you  
to do something for me. Have this  
young man brought to my home; he did  
me a favor once, and do your best for  
him, and send the bill to me."

The doctor nodded, and when Tom  
Varnham came to himself he lay in a  
great old-fashioned feather bed, in a  
room he had never seen before, and the  
old woman whose fare he had paid,  
rocked to and fro beside his bed. "You  
are not to talk," she said, waving a black  
fan at him, "but every thing is all right.  
Your grandmother's board is paid to that  
rapacious old woman, and you needn't  
trouble your mind about anything. Go  
to sleep. You went without your bread  
and butter to give me a ride once, and I  
shan't forget it, though I happen to be a  
rich old woman instead of a poor one, as  
you'd thought me."

Tom listened, found himself incapable  
of making any remark, and fell asleep  
again. But hard times were over for the  
poor fellow. When he was able to work  
again there was a fine position open for  
him in a great wholesale house, and he  
was able to keep a pretty suite of rooms  
and a servant for old Granny, and to  
live with her, to her great joy. And  
moreover, it is well known that old Mad-  
am Hoyer, who has neither relative nor  
hobby, has made her will, leaving her  
great fortune to Tom Varnham.

"Don't ask me why," she said to the  
lawyer. "Perhaps you wouldn't think it  
much to go hungry on a stormy winter  
evening for the sake of a poor old woman.  
I could have called a coach, and I'd only  
lost my purse, but he didn't know that,  
and I always remembered just how he  
looked when he sent that bread away. I  
knew he was a good fellow, and so he is,  
and I've a right to leave my money ac-  
cording to my fancy."

## THE MONKEYS AND THE BABY.

The following is a story which the writer  
represents herself as relating to her child-  
ren, and is taken from a volume called  
"Childhood in India:"

"When I was on my way to India, we  
put in for a few days at the Cape of Good  
Hope, and there I heard of the occurrence  
I am going to tell you of.

"In a village, some distance from Cape  
Town, lived a poor man and his wife.  
They had a neat little cottage and garden  
in which they planted all sorts of vege-  
tables to sell in the town. Near the cot-  
tage was a forest, in which numbers of  
birds and animals of all kinds lived, and  
especially numbers of monkeys.

"The woman's name was Else, and she  
had a baby, a nice fat little thing, a few

months old, of which she was very fond;  
and she washed and dressed this baby  
every day, and carried it about in her  
arms in the garden in the cool of the eve-  
ning.

"One morning, when baby had gone  
to sleep, she laid him down in his little  
bed, and took a basket on her head, and  
started off to town to buy some things at  
the shops.

"I shall be back," she thought to her-  
self, 'by the time he wakes, and then we  
can go into the garden and sit under the  
trees.'

"So off she went and bought the tea  
and sugar and rice that she needed, pack-  
ed them in her basket, and returned to  
her cottage. She put the basket down  
and went up to the baby's bed. No  
child was there! She thought he must  
have rolled off the bed, and looked under  
it; but no child was there. She rushed  
about the house calling 'Baby! baby!'  
No little voice answered her. She ran  
into the garden, crying and calling out  
for her baby; but all was silent; and, at  
last, the poor woman in despair sat down  
on the ground, rocking herself backward  
and forward, and weeping violently.

"After some time her husband, Klaas,  
came in, and was much surprised to see  
his wife in such great trouble.

"What is the matter?" he said;  
'where's the child?'

"He's gone!—my baby's gone!  
What shall I do? Oh, my baby! Oh,  
my darling! sobbed out poor Else.

"Gone!" said Klaas, 'he can't be  
gone! What do you mean?'

"So poor Else told him how she had  
left baby asleep in his bed, and went to  
the town, and how, when she came back,  
the child was nowhere to be seen.

"Then he began to look about, and  
call baby all over the house and garden,  
but could find nothing of him. And  
then the two poor parents both cried for  
their dear little baby; the house seemed  
so dull and sad to them. The morning  
came, but no news or sign of the child.  
Poor Else said to Klaas:

"I shall put away all baby's things  
the towel I dried him with, the little tub  
and sponge for his bath, his frock and  
cap, are no use now, and so she went to  
find and put these things away. She came  
back directly to her husband.

"Klaas," she said, 'they are gone too.  
The tub and sponge, the towel and frock  
all are gone! Who can have taken  
them? First the baby, and then the  
things; who can it be?'

"They could not imagine. At last,  
poor Klaas took up his axe and started  
off to the forest to cut wood. As he en-  
tered the forest, the monkeys, as usual,  
began chattering at him, and jumping  
from branch to branch, but he took no  
notice of them.

"Presently, however, a strange com-  
motion among the monkeys arrested the  
attention of Klaas. What could it be?  
Klaas looked up, peered among the  
branches, and was horror-stricken at the  
sight which met his view.

"There, seated on the ground at no  
great distance from Klaas, was his little  
lost babe, with a troop of monkeys around  
it.

"Klaas stood some time watching, but  
he dared not go at once and take the  
baby. The wood was full of monkeys,  
and if he had made them angry, they  
would all have attacked him together,  
and, if they had not killed him, would  
not have suffered him to get the child.

"So, after looking for a long time, he  
went on to his work, and then hastened  
home to tell his wife what he had seen.

"The next morning, Klaas and two  
other men set off, each carrying a heavy  
stick and a gun. When they came to  
the place where Klaas had seen his child,  
they stood still and looked on. The  
monkey stood with the baby in her arms,  
and two other monkeys were seen com-  
ing up from a stream near, with a tubful  
of water carried between them. The