

Good Words for the Family.

THE SPRING.

The spring time, the spring time! we hail it
with glee,
When the reign of stern winter is o'er;
When his grasp is relaxing on streamlet and
tree,
And the teeming earth slumbers no more.

Now blithely the bird leaves its sheltering
nook,
To bask 'neath the warm sunny sky,
And the newly-born voice of the gay little
brook,
Tells its joy that the summer is nigh.

This pure golden sunshine, how freely it
comes,
As if glad to shed glory around,
While it wakes up the blossoms that smile
round our homes,
And enamels each grass-covered mound.

Away with these furs! winter wrappings,
adieu!
Bare your brow to this soft wooing breeze;
It will tell you of much that is tender and
true,
With a whisper of love—if you please.

It will tell you of many a spring that has
smiled,
Of many a blossom so gay,
That has lived and has died, since, a frolic-
some child,
You sported the moments away.

You sigh as it murmurs a requiem low,
O'er the hopes that lie buried so deep,
In a spot that you know, where the pale
daisies grow,
O'er the loved one you left there to sleep.

Yet the sunshine lies warm on that hillock
so green,
And the tiny blades laugh in its light—
Thus hope shall revive where our sorrows
have been,
And the tear be-dimmed eye shall grow
bright.

For life's dreary winter shall pass from the
heart,
In the warmth of the sunshine above;
And the chill mists of sin and sorrow depart
In the light of Immanuel's love.

And He who has called forth the spring time
once more,
With its life, and its fragrance, and bloom,
In the spring time of glory will surely restore
All the treasures we lay in the tomb.

MARIE.

Owen Sound, April, 1872.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

One of the many good men whose
lives and writings have been blessed of
the Lord to the Church and the world,
was Samuel Rutherford, who was born
about the year 1600, in the village of
Nesbitt, in Scotland.

One day, when he was a very little
child, it is related that as he, with some
other children, were playing together,
Samuel fell into a well.

"Into a well? How did the children
get him out?"

They did not get him out, but they
all ran away frightened, to call some one
to save him.

"Did they find any one?"

Yes; but when they got back they
found little Samuel seated on a knoll, or
hillock, near the well, cold and drip-
ping, but safe and sound.

"Why, how did he get out?"

I do not know. I think he could
hardly have climbed out alone, and if any
man had helped him out, I should not
think he would have left him there.

"What did Samuel say about it when
they asked him about it?"

He said, "A bonnie white man came
and drew me out of the well."

"What is bonnie?"

Bonnie means beautiful; so it was a
beautiful white man that drew him out
of the water.

"Were not all the men there white?"

Yes, I suppose most of them were;
but it seems that this one must have
been a very bright or beautiful one in-
deed, more bright or "bonnie" than
common men.

"Do you suppose that it was an an-
gel?"

I am sure I do not know. What made
you think of that?

"Why, because Jesus loves little
children so much, and gives his angels
charge over them to keep them in all
their ways; and they are very mighty
and noble, too, for they are allowed to
come and behold the face of our Father
in heaven, whenever they will; and
then they are bright and "bonnie," for