

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Gleaners.

A village on the shores of the Baltic Sea was mostly inhabited by poor fishermen. They were poor; yet in one sense they were rich, for most of them had what they desired. The deep furnished them with meat in the form of fishes, the arid shore was in many places grown over with a kind of brush-wood, much of which died every year and thus became dry, so that after gathering it they could break it into proper length to use on the hearth and burn in the chimney, or rather in a place in the chimney about two feet from the floor. This place was an opening about two feet high by two feet six inches wide out of which led a flue into the main chimney. In this 'grate' they did their light cooking, and in cool weather also it furnished a certain amount of warmth, and in the evening this faggot fire furnished light instead of the lamp usually fed with oily grease. Altogether they lived in a very primitive way, yet they were happy for they

water seemed to have a special attraction for these simple folk, notwithstanding that many of them had loved ones sleeping their last sleep beneath the waves that had swallowed them up.

As soon as they came near to the briny deep they would strike up one of their simple melodies, especially if they had been successful, and in joyous strains told the toiler of the deep as he was nearing the shore, that they had not spent their strength for naught, and if the latter had also been blest with a good 'catch,' there was rejoicing together.

To mingle with these frugal people for a time was a real privilege, for among them one could learn with how little a person can get along and still be comfortable, and also that other great lesson that a person's life-happiness—does not consist in the 'abundance of things which he possesseth.' They further show by ocular demonstration, that there is nothing useless in Nature's economy and that even the most forbidding and unin-

large clock in our office is placed just where I cannot see it without walking across the room, and I can do my work very much better for having the time before my eyes.'

'Why, Miss B——,' said a fellow office worker the next day, 'you are not so prompt as usual in getting ready to go out to lunch. Here it is twelve o'clock, and you have not taken down your hat.'

'It is five minutes of twelve by my time,' returned Miss B——, pointing with her pen to the tiny timepiece in its pigeon-hole.

'Your clock needs regulating, then,' said the other speaker, taking out his watch. 'It is one minute after twelve by the most reliable watch in this building.'

The young lady put the hands forward, and pushed the regulator as far as it would go in the required direction, but all to no purpose, for when five o'clock came by the reliable watch, her clock was found to be three minutes slow. The next day, thanks, perhaps to a vigorous shaking, it was found to be only one minute slow at twelve o'clock, but after that it began to lose from one to two minutes every hour.

'Nothing to speak of,' remarked a young lady of leisure who came in one day to call, but the young lady of business knew better. Pretty as it was, the clock was of no more value as a timepiece than if it did not go at all. And so it was removed from its pigeon-hole to a doll house in the nursery of the young lady's home, for, as the owner of that doll house remarked: 'What did it matter whether it kept good time or bad time?' This matters so much, however, to live people, big or little, that the latter cannot begin too early in life to cultivate the virtue of reliableness.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

A Question.

Where hast thou spent thy day?
Amidst the din and whirl of busy life?
Perchance in conflict with the false and bad,
Or in communion with the sick and sad,
Or 'mid rude scenes of harsh and wordy
strife?
But—hast thou been with Me?

Where hast thou spent thy day?
Out in the verdant fields or mountain side,
With loving friends and happy faces near,
Or on the wave-washed cliff, devoid of fear,
Watching the flashing spray, the rising tide!
But—hast thou been with Me?

Where hast thou spent thy day?
Upon the silver sands, where the wide sea,
Unruffled by the balmy summer air,
Blends with the dim horizon, faint and far;
The sea-worn wreck a resting-place for
thee?
But—hast thou been with Me?

Where hast thou spent thy day?
In the dark workshop, or the busy mart;
Or crowded court with careworn suitors
filled;
Or in the silent ward where voices stilled
And gentle footfalls, speak the anxious
heart?
But—hast thou been with Me?

Low at Thy feet—my Lord—
Too oft by me in daily life forgot—
I seek Thy pard'ning grace, Thy Spirit's
power
To bind me close to Thee each passing
hour;
Nor hear at last the words—I know thee
not,
Thou hast not been with Me.
—F. Gahan in 'The Christian.'



were godly and content. And the Bible says that 'godliness with contentment is great gain.'

Of course the men folk followed the water for the fish, not only to supply their own tables, but also to supply the market of the neighboring town. There they could generally dispose of what they did not need themselves, and the money thus gotten, was invested in twine from which nets were knit and with which the nets were also mended, for any vegetable substance that is alternately wet and dry does not last very long. A piece of wood, for instance, always wet will not soon decay, but if wet one day and dry the next it will not last long.

The women, and the children when out of school, gathered the faggots, a job not without its dangers, for the place where the faggots were gathered was generally full of thorns and briars, which were a constant menace to the barefooted youngsters.

But the gathering of faggots for the winter was not the only work at which the women and younger portion of the family were employed. When harvest came they went long distances to glean after the reapers of the grain. This, although not easy by any means, was considered a delightful task. Going out in search of the fields and coming home, they were wont to go in large companies. On their way home they used to strike the shore as soon as possible, for the

viting spots in God's universe can sustain life, and that it is only the blessing of the Lord that 'maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it.'—'S. S. Messenger.'

That Little Clock.

(By Clara Marshall.)

There are those who like to see their parlors filled with those useless little ornaments which polite people speak of as bric-a-brac; which the boys of the family—boys who sometimes break them—call brick bats, and which are known to the housemaids who dust them as gimcracks. There are others besides housemaids who would rather have their room than their company, but such persons usually have very little to say about parlor decorations, as the greater part of their time is spent in business offices where every article that meets the eye, from the great iron safe in the corner to the calendars hanging on the wall, is expected to have its uses. One finds no bric-a-brac in such places. Ornamental articles may be found there, but they must be useful as well. And that is why a certain fancy little clock that fitted so nicely into one of the numerous pigeon-holes of a large office desk was finally banished from its place.

'It is just what I wanted!' exclaimed the young lady who had received it as a Christmas present from a friend. 'The