



The Sabbath.

As a child I could bear great pain when my father was leaning over me, or had his arm about me; how much nearer my soul cannot Thy hand come! — *Geo. MacDONALD.*

SORROW AND SIGHING SHALL FLEE AWAY.

Mourning and gladness, sorrow and giving of thanks—we shrink, even the youngest of us, from mingling these things; we do not like to look out of the window, on the day of feasting, and see the funeral carriages in the street.

Yet God is always placing these two, the dark and the light, side by side in our lives. Every day, every hour, has its joy and its sadness, in the little daily happenings of your life, in school, in the shop, at home. No day passes when we do not feel a touch of the shadow that fell upon Calvary eighteen centuries ago, and a ray of the sunlight that makes the gladness of Easter Day.

Why does our Father let us be so tossed and driven on the waves? Why do we see upon little Dot's cheek, even while her happy laugh is in our ears, the tear that has not dried since she wept over her broken doll? Why must death and sin thrust themselves into the serene pleasures of our lives? Why in a world where Christmas and Thanksgiving and Easter are so welcome, does He wish us still to take the bread and the wine, in remembrance of His body which was broken, His blood which was shed for us?

All that God thinks for us, plans for us, has in store for us, we cannot tell; but I think we may be sure of one thing: whatever seems the darkest, the saddest, the hardest to bear, is but the preparation for a greater joy; is but the shadow which promises the very light that makes it.

Golgotha, the cross, the cruel nails, the agony of Jesus through those awful hours—these sufferings were the forerunner of the world's great Easter Day. Every Golgotha has its garden of the Resurrection, every night of mourning its Easter dawn—through Him, who brought life and light into the world, who suffered on Golgotha, who rose again, who lives, and abideth with His own always, even unto the end of the world. — *W. B. A.*

THE BLIND LAMB.

'Twas summer, and softly the ocean
Sang, sparkling in light and heat,
And over the water and over the land
The warm south wind blew sweet.
And the children played in the sun-
shine,
And shouted and scampered in glee
O'er the grassy slopes, or the weed-
strewn beach,
Or rocked on the dreaming sea.

They had roamed the whole bright
morning,
The troop of merry boys,
And in they flocked at noontide,

With a clamor of joyful noise.
And they bore among them, gently,
A wool lamb, white as snow;
And, "O mamma, mamma, he's blind!
He can't tell where to go.

"Look, how he falls over everything!"
And they set him on his feet,
And aimlessly he wandered,
With a low and mournful bleat.
Some sign of pity he seemed to ask,
And he strove to draw more near,
When he felt the touch of a human hand,
Or a kind voice reached his ear.

They tethered him in a grassy space
Hard by the garden gate,
And with sweet fresh milk they fed him,
And cared for him early and late.
But as the golden days went on,
Forgetful the children grew;
They wearied of tending the poor, blind lamb,
No longer a plaything new.



And so, each day, I changed his place
Within the garden fence,
And fed him morn, and noon, and eve,
And was his Providence.
And he knew the rustle of my gown,
And every lightest tone,
And when he heard me pass, straightway
He followed o'er stock and stone.

One dark and balmy evening,
When the south wind breathed of rain,
I went to lead my pet within,
And found but a broken chain.
I called aloud and listened,
I knew not where to seek;
Out of the dark the warm wet wind
Blew soft against my cheek.

And naught was 'eard but the sound of waves
Crowding against the shore.
Over the dewy grass I ran,
And called aloud once more.
What reached me out of the distance?
Surely a piteous bleat!
I threw my long dress over my arm,
And followed with flying feet.

Down to the edge of the water,
Calling again and again,
Answered so clearly, near and more near,
By that tremulous cry of pain!
I crept to the end of the rocky ledge,
Black lay the water wide;
Up from among the rippling waves
Came the shivering voice that cried.

I could not see, but I answered him;
And, stretching a rescuing hand,
I felt in the darkness his sea-soaked wool,
And drew him into the land.
And the poor little creature pressed so close,
Distracted with delight,
While I dried the bine from his dripping fleece,
With my apron soft and white.

Close in my arms I gathered him,
More glad than tongue can tell,
And he laid on my shoulder his pretty
head,
He knew that all was well.
And I thought, as I bore him swiftly
back,
Content, close folded thus,
Of the Heavenly Father compassionate,
Whose pity shall succor us.

I thought of the arms of mercy
That clasp the world about,
And that not one of His children
Shall perish in dread and doubt;
For He hears the voices that cry to Him,
And near His love shall draw;
With help and comfort He waits for us,
The Light, and the Life, and the
Law.

— *Celia Thaxter.*

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

In confidence and quietness shall be your strength. — *Isa. 30:15.*

Every temptation to evil temper which can assail us to-day will be an opportunity to decide the question whether we shall gain the calmness and rest of Christ, or whether we shall be tossed by the restlessness and agitation of the world. — *F. W. Robertson.*

God reaches us good things by our own hand. — *Ruskin.*

We can never realize our depth in sin until we try to realize what we might have been in the Father's house if we had only stayed at home with Him. — *Phillips.*

The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. — *Por. ix. 18.*

It is sin that brings dread, and darkness, and despair; there is light and blessedness for us as soon as we cast it off. — *George Eliot.*