



Lullaby.

O hush thee, my baby, and close thy bright eyes,
And gaze not at mother with wondering surprise.

O hush thee, dear baby, the moon rises high,
And studded with stars is the beautiful sky.

—Miss A. Stetson in Good Housekeeping.

PRIZE STORY (Original).

JACK.

BY ION G. WARNER, EDGEMOND, ONT.

It was New Year's Eve, but how different everything
looked in the little Californian town at this festive season.

"Take a chair and make yourself at home," he said.
I was just about to seat myself in a comfortable-looking
chair when he stopped me.

"Thank you, Bill," says he, "you can do nothing.
"Is it the girl, Jack?"
"Yes, Bill," she says, "back on me. Leave me, Bill, I feel
as if I were going mad. Leave me alone for a while; I'll feel
better after a bit."

"I said, 'I would be better so. I left the lad and went to bed.
In the morning, I noticed all his little traps packed.
"Jack," I says, "surely you're never going to leave the
place for the whim of a girl who ain't good enough for you?"

"I tried to argue with him, but I saw it was no use, and I
had to let him go. He went off up country. The place didn't
seem the same after Jack left, and I sold out my claim and
bought the place. The town was just springing up then.

"What is it, pardner; why don't you speak? Why do you
only stand and look at me? Out with it. What is it?"

"Some city fellow," I said, "I don't know who he is, only
that he comes in here and drinks a good deal."

"He picked up his hat and rushed out of the house, and was
gone before I could stop him. What followed, I found out
afterwards through his ravings; for when he was brought in
here again, his brain had given way. He had walked out to
the house where she lived, just outside the town, and looking
in at the window, there he saw her and (with his arm round
her) the fellow she was going to marry. How long he stood
there gazing at them, I don't know; but the devil got in the
boy, and he pulled out his shooter, with murder ringing in his
brain. He took aim at the girl, but he never fired, for just
then the clock struck midnight and the bells of the old church
pealed out: "Peace on earth, good will to men;" it was the
morning of the New Year. Jack dropped his gun and turned
away; he couldn't do it. The sound of the chimes brought
back visions of parents and home; he couldn't stain their
name with murder. Some of the boys brought him in in the
early morning. They were coming home from a dance, up
country, and found him wandering about on the road, dazed
like. We put him to bed and sent for the doctor. Brain
fever, he said when he looked at him. "No, he'll hardly live,"
in answer to my question whether he'd get better or not. All
day and night he raved about the girl, calling for her all the
time. I sent down and told her the state he was in, and said
if she cared to see him alive, to come at once. She came, but
he didn't know her, or for that matter, anybody else. She
stayed right by his bed, gave him his medicine and kept ice
on his forehead. There she learned the fulness of the love she
had spurned; for in his ravings she read his very soul. After a
while he became conscious, and the look he gave her spoke
better than words of the love he had borne for years.

"He closed his eyes, and we thought he was gone; but after
a while he opened them and looked at her. Such a look!—
full of love. His soul seemed to be speaking in that look. He
tried to speak again, but was not able. She put her arm round
him and raised him a little, and quietly he passed away
his head resting on her breast—the best-hearted fellow that
ever lived."

"Did she marry the other fellow?"
"No, sir; she found out that he was given to drinking, and
discovered, too late, that she had loved Jack as something
more than a friend. If you walk out to the cemetery to-
morrow afternoon you may see her; she decorates poor Jack's
grave every New Year's day; but for the matter of that, she
always keeps it pretty, but more so on that day. No, she
never married; and I don't think she ever will. The memory
of Jack's great love is still too fresh. Now, sir, that's the reason
I don't care to see another seated in Jack's chair; it may be
foolish, but I can't help it. You see, this is the anniversary
of the last night my pardner came back, and his empty chair
brings the thing back to memory; that's why I have that
little black bow on the chair—kind of mourning like, 'cause it's
Jack's, sir."

The Cry for Rest.

REST SLEEP.

In the tropics, where no labor is required of
men, the night is scarcely divided from the day;
but in temperate climes, where man's working
powers are in the highest state of activity, the
night nearly halves the day. At the season of in-
tensest activity it does halve it. God lights His
candle late and puts it out early. All the remain-
der of the time is for rest. Then labor naturally
stops: office and shop are shut; machinery is still.
The decree goes forth that the places of business
shall be deserted. Then comes sleep the long
sleep, knitting up the ravelled sleeve of care;
pouring balm into hurt minds; immersing
Nature in her bath of oblivion; untying the knots
of the brain; sifting and disentangling the
thoughts; carrying sufferers away into the land
of dreams, and bearing the weepers off among their
loved and lost ones. Sleep, answering questions
that could be answered in the day-time; put-
ting to rest doubts that had made the mid-day
wretched; keeping all low cares and tribulations
in their place, and calling out the imagination
which revives and transports the mind.

MURDERING SLEEP.

But we murder sleep. We turn its darkness
into day; its silence into revelry; its peace into
pain. Fashion murders sleep; pleasure murders it;
yes, and work murders it. In the days of youth,
when we might cultivate the habit of long, still,
deep sleep, we scorn its heavenly privilege, and
throw its divine opportunity away; and then in
middle age too many of us cannot sleep. We are
nervous and restless; and God's great, immeasur-
able night is all in vain for us. We wake exhausted;
the night's fever spoils our day. We stumble and
bungle in all we do. That is a touching story in the
Gospel which tells how Christ was asleep in the
fishing-boat when the storm came up, and ship-
wreck seemed inevitable. His companions, who had
been watching their nets all night, were nerveless,
and had lost command of the vessel. He wakes
from slumber, rebukes the winds and seas, and
there is a great calm. The good sleeper goes safely
over life's turbulent sea. He rules the storm, for he
has rested. He is himself. We should cultivate
sleep while we can. Woe be unto us if we do not. In
sleeplessness is utter weakness; there may be mad-
ness in it at last. Get all you can of it; it is God's
daily boon of rest to the workers.

Mrs. Slimdick: "So your ancestors came over
with William Penn. By the way, have some more
dressing with your turkey. Well, as I was going
to remark, I think pride of ancestry very justifiable.
Now, I came over in the Mayflower." Tim Boarder
struggling with a drumstick: "Did you bring
this turkey with you?"

THE QUIET HOUR.

Vineyard Laborers.

Toiling among the vines one day,
In the Master's vineyard sweet,
I saw my sister bow her head
Neath the burden and the heat.
She was not weary of working,
For she loved the Master well;
And she thought of the blessed hour
When the shades of evening fell.
She portioned a task out bravely,
And thought, "He would have it so;"
Then the Master stood beside her,
And his voice was soft and low:
"I have not need of thee to-day,
In the vineyard so fair and sweet;"
And she whispered low, "My Master—
Let Him do what seemeth meet."
But her heart was sad and heavy,
As she left her work that day;
She knew not where she was going,
Or ought of that untried way.
He led her forth to the desert,
And He spoke to her of rest;
Then she smiled and whispered gladly:
"O Master, Thy way is best.
The burning blast of the desert
Made her quiver and start with pain;
She looked in His face for comfort,
Nor shrank from the dreary plain.
I watch for my sister sadly,
Will she come again to me?
He hath said that where He dwelleth
There shall His servant be.
Perhaps He will bring her, rested,
And meet for some higher toil,
To work once more in the vineyard,
Or reap the fruit of the soil.
But perhaps He will lead her onward
To His glory and His rest;
I know she will smile and whisper,
"Master, Thy way is best!"

—B. C.

Rests.

God sends a time of forced leisure, sickness, dis-
appointed plans, frustrated efforts, and makes a
sudden pause in the choral hymn of our lives, and
we lament that our voices must be silent, and our
parts missing in the music which ever goes up to
the ear of the Creator.

How does the musician read the rest? See him
beat the time with unvarying count, and catch up
the next note true and steady, as if no breaking
place had come between.

Not without design does God write the music of
our lives. Be it ours to learn the tune, and not to
be dismayed at the rests. They are not to be
slurred over, not to be omitted, not to destroy the
melody, not to change the key-note. If we look up,
God Himself will beat the time for us.

With the eye on Him, we should strike the next
note full and clear. If we say sadly to ourselves,
"There is no music in a rest," let us not forget that
there is the "making of music" in it. The making
of music is often a slow and painful process in this
life. How patiently God works to teach us! How
long he waits for us to learn the lesson!—[Ruskin.

Little Things.

I asked the Lord to let me do
Some mighty work for Him;
To fight amidst His battle host,
Then sing the victor's hymn.
I longed my ardent love to show,
But Jesus would not have it so.

He placed me in a quiet home,
Where life was calm and still,
And gave me little things to do,
My daily round to fill.
I could not think it good to be
Just put aside so silently.

Small duties gathered round my way;
They seemed of earth alone;
I, who had longed for conquests bright,
To lay before His Throne.
Had common things to do and bear,
To watch and strive with daily care.

So then I thought my prayer unheard,
And asked the Lord once more,
That He would give me work for Him.
And open wide the door;
Forgetting that my Master knew
Just what was best for me to do.

Then quietly the answer came:
" My child, I hear thy cry;
Think not that mighty deeds alone
Will bring thee victory;
Thy life-work has been planned by Me,
Let daily life thy conquests see."

E. A. Godwin.

God's presence is enough for toil and enough for
rest. If He journey with us by the way, He will
abide with us when nightfall comes; and His
companionship will be sufficient for direction on
the road, and for solace and safety in the evening
camp. [Maclaren.

There are days in our lives when our hearts seemed filled
With utter confusion and pain,
And into the darkness of heavy hearts
Comes nought but the fall of rain;
And the web of our lives stretches onward
In the tangled mass of threads;
And our God has forgotten and stoops not toward
The sad and bowed-down heads
Of His children helplessly calling, calling.

Hush! did I say forgotten?
Does the Father ever forget?
The web of our lives shall stretch onward
In perfect beauty, while yet
Sweet Faith keeps her foot on the treadle,
And Hope lifts her beautiful eyes;
For God's finger smooths out the tangles,
And lo! aloft in the skies,
Is the sun still cheerily shining, shining.