



AN ONTARIO FARM HOMESTEAD.

In the Secret of His Presence.

In the secret of His presence
I am kept from strife of tongues;
His pavilion is around me,
And within are ceaseless songs!
Stormy winds his words fulfilling,
Beat without, but cannot harm,
For the Master's voice is stilling
Storm and tempest in a calm.
In the secret of His presence
Jesus keeps, I know not how;
In the shadow of the Highest
I am resting, hiding, now!

In the secret of His presence
All the darkness disappears;
For the sun that knows no setting
Throws a rainbow on my tears,
So the day grows ever lighter,
Broadening to the perfect noon;
So the way grows ever brighter,
Heaven is coming, dear and soon.

In the secret of his presence
Nevermore can foes alarm;
In the shadow of the Highest,
I can meet them with a psalm;
For the strong pavilion hides me—
Turns their fiery darts aside,
And I know, what'er betides me,
I shall live because He died!

In the secret of His presence
In a sweet, unbroken rest:
Pleasures, joys, in glorious fulness,
Making earth-like Eden blest:
So my peace grows deep and deeper,
Widening as it nears the sea,
For my Saviour is my Keeper,
Keeping mine, and keeping me!
In the secret of His presence
Jesus keeps, I know not how;
In the shadow of the Highest,
I am resting, hiding, now!

A Child's Heart.

THE other day a curious old woman, having a bundle in her hand and walking with a painful effort, sat down on a curbstone on Woodland Avenue to rest. She was curious because her garments were neat and clean, though threadbare, and curious because a smile crossed her wrinkled face as children passed her. It might have been this smile that attracted a group of three little ones, the oldest about nine. They all stood in a row in front of the old woman, saying never a word but watching her face. The smile brightened, lingered, and then

suddenly faded away, and a corner of the old calico apron went up to wipe away a tear.

Then the eldest stepped forward and said, "Are you sorry because you haven't got any children?"

"I—I had children once, but they are all dead!" whispered the woman, a sob rising in her throat.

"I am awfully sorry," said the little girl, as her own chin quivered. "I'd give you one of my little brothers here, but I ain't got but two, and I don't believe I'd like to spare one."

"God bless you, child—bless you forever!" sobbed the old woman; and for a full moment her face was buried in her apron.

"But I'll tell you what I'll do," seriously continued the child; "you may kiss us all at once; and if little Ben isn't afraid you may kiss him four times; for he is just as sweet as candy!"

Pedestrians who saw the three well-dressed children put their arms about the strange old woman's neck and kiss her were greatly puzzled. They don't know the hearts of children; and they did not hear the woman's words as she rose to go: "Oh, children, I'm only a poor old woman, believing I'd nothing to live for; but you have given me a lighter heart than I've had for ten long years."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Dying in the Lord.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, during her last illness, while suffering intensely from a high fever, in sweet submission said: "God's will is delicious. He makes no mistakes."

Bidding one of her physicians good-by, she asked: "Do you really think I am going?"

He answered: "Yes."

"To-day?" she inquired.

"Probably," was the reply.

Then she exclaimed: "Beautiful! Too good to be true! And, looking up with a smile, added: "Splendid! to be so near the gates of heaven!"

Later, as the time of her departure came, she nestled down into the pillows, folded her arms upon her breast, saying: "There! It is all over! Blessed rest!"

Her countenance became radiant with the glory seemingly breaking in upon her soul; and those who watched her thought she appeared as if she was conversing with the King in his beauty. She tried to sing; but, after one sweet note, her voice failed, and she was gone to be with her Lord.

Shakespeare at School.

THOUGH Shakespeare's parents were illiterate, they knew the value of a good education. The free grammar-school had been re-founded a few years before by Edward VI. And although there is no actual record of his school-days, we may take it as certain that little Will Shakespeare was sent to the free-school when about seven years old, as we know his brother Gilbert was, a little later. The old grammar-school still stands; and boys still learn their lessons in the self-same room, with the high-pitched roof and oaken beams, where little Will Shakespeare studied his "A, B, C-book," and got his earliest notions of Latin; but during part of Shakespeare's school-days the school-room was under repair, and boys and master—Walter

Roche, by name—migrated for a while to the guild-chapel, next door. This was surely in the poet's mind when, in later years, he talked of a "pedant who keeps a school 't the church." All boys learned their Latin then from two well-known books—the "Accidence" and the "Sententiæ pueriles;" and that William was no exception to the rule, we may see by translations from the latter in several of his plays, and by an account, in one of his plays, of Master Page's examination in the "Accidence."—*St. Nicholas.*

Worth Winning.

THERE was a boy who "lived out," named John. Every week he wrote home to his mother, who lived on a small farm away up among the hills. One day John picked up an old envelope from the kitchen wood-box, and saw that it was not touched by the post-master's stamp, to show that it had done its duty and henceforth was useless.

"The postmaster missed his aim then," said John, "and left the stamp as good as new. I'll use it myself."

He moistened it at the nose of the teakettle, and very carefully pulled the stamp off.

"No," said John's conscience, "for that would be cheating. The stamp has been on one letter; it ought not to carry another."

"It can carry another," said John, "because, you see, there is no mark to prove it worthless. The post-office will not know."

"But you know," said conscience, "and that is enough. It is not honest to use it a second time. It is a little matter, to be sure, but it is cheating. God looks for principle. It is the quality of every action that he judges by."

"But no one will know it," said John faintly.

"No one?" cried conscience. "God will know it, and that is enough; and he you know desires truth in the inward parts."

"Yes," cried all the best parts of John's character; "yes, it is cheating to use the postage-stamp the second time, and I will not do it."

John tore it in two and gave it to the winds. And so John won a victory. Wasn't it worth winning?—*Good Words.*

PEOPLE don't grow famous in a hurry, and it takes a deal of hard work even to earn your bread and butter.