

THE COMPASS

THOU art, O God, my East! In Thee I dawned;
Within me ever let Thy day-spring shine;
Then for each night of sorrow I have mourned,
I'll bless Thee, Father, since it seals me Thine.

Thou art, O God, my North! My trembling soul,
Like a charmed needle, points to Thee alone;
Each wave of time, each storm of life, shall roll
My trusting spirit forward to Thy throne.

Thou art, O God, my South! Thy fervent love
Perennial verdure o'er my life hath shed;
And constant sunshine from Thy heart above,
With wine and oil Thy grateful child hath fed.

Thou art, O God, my West! Into Thy arms,
Glad as the setting sun, may I decline;
Baptized from earthly stains and sin's alarm,
Reborn, arise in thy new heavens to shine.

III. Chris. Weekly.

THE OLD BROWN SILK DRESS.

MRS. Smith at such a grand wedding, and in her old brown silk dress! She has had it for the last six years."

"I know it. The idea of a person as well off as she is keeping a dress that length of time! But she looked well. The dress was altered to suit the present fashion."

"But such meanness? If she were not able to get a new silk, it would be different. I wish I had the money she has, I would show people how to dress."

"Girls," said grandma, "I am afraid you are not cultivating charitable dispositions. As the brown silk dress seems to interest you, let me tell you an incident connected with it."

"About two months ago I went with Mrs. Smith to purchase a new dress. While we were in the store examining some rich silks, Mrs. Winslow came in. She informed us of the destitute condition of a family she had just visited. The father had been sick and unable to work; the mother had been toiling to support her family. She was now sick, and three of her children. One was lying dead in the house. They were so poor that they had not a sufficiency of either fuel or food, and were threatened with being turned into the street that very day."

"Mrs. Smith asked if they were worthy people. Mrs. Winslow assured her they were, and, giving their address, she urged Mrs. Smith to visit them. Mrs. Smith had just decided to buy a dress from a costly piece of silk. 'I will not purchase the dress now,' she said to the shopman. And turning to me, she remarked, 'I feel it my duty to visit these people and supply their necessities before purchasing anything for myself. Will you accompany me?'

"I did so. We found the family in great distress. They were Christian people, and had been praying to God to send them help. Mrs. Smith immediately paid the rent, besides ordering fuel and food. She has since

sent them many little articles of comfort. 'I feel better,' she said, 'than if I had bought a new dress. I will remake my old one, and will wear it to the wedding.'

"And this is why Mrs. Smith wore 'that old brown silk dress.' She is not mean, but a noble, self-denying Christian woman."

"I am glad you told us, grandma. The old brown silk dress will preach me a lesson of charity—charity in judgment, and charity, which is love toward the poor."

TRAIN COMING!

HERE it is, shooting its sharp, dazzling eye around the curve suddenly, rushing toward you with a roar, then slacking its speed, halting, catching you up, and bearing you away. It was well you reached the station when you did. Perhaps you can see the train a long way off, its light at night only a spark, then a ball of flame growing steadily, yet advancing slowly, coming with apparent leisure, picking you up after this long warning, and taking you on your way. At my home, the station is near a curve, and when the train appears, it comes suddenly. I may be talking with a friend. I may be attending to some business. At some little distance from the train I may be reminded of the fact that I need a ticket, and I may start to buy one. The train, though, is inexorable. I must let go my friend's hand. I must cease my business. I must give up my purpose to reach the ticket-office. I must take my seat in the train.

How suggestive of the coming of death is this! There is a little sickness—nothing special. The doctor calls, feels your pulse, and administers medicine. He comes again, several times even. Then he shakes his head, looks grave, astonishes you with the remark that it is a serious case. If you have any affairs demanding attention, you would better care for them at once! That is the train roaring round the curve in a moment, its headlight flashing suddenly.

Death may come slowly, on the other hand. We may see the train a long way off. We linger, linger in pain, knowing we must go inevitably, and yet the departure is long delayed. Generally, though, the coming of the train is sudden, it quickly turns the curve, and you must go.

"I am not ready. I have not finished certain work," you cry. You must go.

"I have not given the subject the thought I desire." You must go.

"I would like to make restitution to some one far off." You must go.

You plead more earnestly: "If I could live, there is so much I might accomplish, and I might also be better prepared spiritually." There is no appeal; you must go.

There is nothing more impressive than this solemn voice from the Word saying: "Be ye therefore ready also; for the Son of man cometh: that an hour when ye think not."—*Rev. Edward A. Rand.*

LECTURER: "Art can never improve nature." Auditor: "Can't? Well, then, how do you think you would look without your wig?" Another auditor: "Much better than he does now."

A STRING OF PEARLS.

LET not trifles worry you. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times, twenty times will he repair it again. Make up your mind to do a thing and you will do it. Fear not if troubles come upon you. Keep up your spirits, though the day be a dark one.

"Troubles never stop forever:
The darkest day will pass away."

If the sun is going down, look at the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven. With God's promises a man or a child may be cheerful.

"Never despair
When fog's in the air:
A sunshiny morning
May come without warning."

Mind what you run after. Never be content with a bubble that will burst, or a firework that will end in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping—

"Something sterling, that will stay,
When gold and silver fly away."

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come; but resist stoutly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

"He that revengeth knows no rest:
The meek possesses a peaceful breast."

If you have an enemy, act kindly toward him and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another till you have compassed your end. By little great things are completed.

"Water falling day by day
Wears the hardest rock away."

And so repeated kindness will soften a heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy who is whipped to school never learns his lessons well. A man who is compelled to work cares not how badly it is performed. He who pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works is the man for me.

"A cheerful spirit goes on quick;
A grumbler in the mud will stick."

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers; for we may keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The heart that is full of good thoughts has no room for bad thoughts.

"Be on your guard, and strive and pray
To drive all evil thoughts away."

BABY'S GRAVE.

ONLY a baby's grave!
Some foot or two at the most
Of star-daisied sod, yet I think that God
Knows what that little grave cost!

"Only a baby's grave!
Strange how we mourn and fret
For a little face that was but such a
space—
Oh, more strange could we forget!

"Only a baby's grave!
Did we measure grief by this,
Few tears were shed on our baby dead—
I know how they fell on this!

"Only a baby's grave!
Yet often we come and sit
By the little stone, and thank God to own
We are nearer heaven for it!"

PUZZLEDOM.

ANSWERS FOR LAST NUMBER.

- I. CHARADE.—Medallion.
- II. ENIGMA.—Little girls and boys come to see the toys.
- III. ANAGRAMS.—1. Congressional. 2. Cabinet. 3. Republican. 4. Democrat. 5. Senators. 6. Representatives.

NEW PUZZLES.

I. RIDDLE.

An instrument with which to eat
Am I; and I'm the dish of meat.

Little they call me; but I boast
The force and greatness of a host.

I am the bitterest thing in life,
Poison and burning, sin and strife.

Of worst dissensions I am master,
Where foes can hate and fight the
faster.

Yet I am good and sweet also;
From me unmeasured blessings flow.

Sweet hearts, sweet music, and sweet
kisses
All claim me in ten thousand blisses.

And souls that wear affection's fetter
Wait on my ways and love the better.

Earth's woe and weal I hold as dower,
For death and life are in my power.

II. NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

A quotation from Scott, composed of 60 letters.

My 59, 55, 29, 40, 60, 21, 51, 56, 6, 57, 46, was a poet.

My 34, 36, 11, 27, 44, 7, is one of the seasons.

My 54, 9, 47, 53, is a city.

My 58, 10, 32, is a bird.

My 22, 28, 14, 38, 45, is a young person.

My 5, 29, 49, 4, 2, is something on which we live but which we do not eat.

My 47, 7, 3, 53, is a bird.

My 51, 52, 41, is the name of a poet.

My 6, 8, 16, 39, 1, 14, 18, 11, is one of the fundamental principles of arithmetic.

My 12, 19, 33, 26, is what we do with some of our food.

My 35, 22, 50, 30, 42, is the name of a poet.

My 37, 17, 29, 43, is a ruler.

My 13, 24, 48, means supplied with food.

My 28, 18, 19, 48, is a cover.

III. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

- 1. Trees.
 - 2. A larger quantity.
 - 5. A small vessel.
 - 4. Death.
 - 5. To brave.
 - 6. A measure of time.
- Primals, to form into a body.
Finals, an animal.

LAWRIE'S mother was teaching him to add, and held up two fingers. He counted. "Now," said she, "here are three more. How many does that make?" The little fellow did not quite understand. "Why, Lawrie," said she, "if you had two apples, and I should give you three more, what would you have?" Looking up with his great speaking eyes, he said: "Why, mamma, I would have the stomach-ache."