

Cowper's Grave.

BY ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

It is a place where poets, crowned,
May feel the heart's decaying;
It is a place where happy saints
May weep amid their praying.
Yet let the grief and humbleness
As low as silence languish;
Earth surely now can give her calm
To whom she gave her anguish.

O poets! from a maniac's tongue
Was poured the deathless singing?
O Christians! at your cross of hope
A hopeless hand was clinging!
Men! this man in brotherhood
Your weary paths beguiling,
Grown'd only while he taught you peace,
And died while he was singing.

And now what time ye all may read
Through dimming tears his story,
How discord on the music fell
And darkness on the glory,—
And how when, one by one, sweet sounds
And wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face
Because no broken hearted.

With sadness that is calm not gloom
I learn to think upon him;
With meekness that is gratefulness,
On God whose heaven has won him;
Who suffered once the madness-cloud
Toward His love to blind him,
But gently led the blind along
Where breath and bird could find him;

And wrought within his shatter'd brain
Such quick poetic senses
As hills have language for, and stars
Harmonious influences!
The pulse of dew upon the grass
His own did calmly number,
And silent shadow from the trees
Fell o'er him like a slumber.

But while in blindness he remained
Unconscious of his guiding,
And things provided came without
The sweet sense of providing,
He testified this solemn truth,
Though frenzy desolated—
Nor man nor nature satisfy
Whom only God created!

"What More do I Want?"

BY FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.

A FEW years since, as I was returning
weary from a long walk, I saw,
seated on the marble steps of an elegant
dwelling, a very aged woman. Her
dress was old and faded, though neither
torn nor soiled; by her side was a
small basket, the contents covered by a
paper; and the attitude of the owner
was so like that of the street mendicants
one sees constantly in large cities that,
tired as I was, I hurried past the poor
sufferer without even a second glance.
Mentally I excused myself on the
ground that probably the woman was
an impostor; but conscience whispered
reprovingly, "Inasmuch as ye did it
not to one of the least of these my
brethren, ye did it not unto me." So
I retraced my steps, placed my mite in
the poor woman's hands, and seeing
now what I had before failed to observe,
that she was unable to walk without
the aid of a crutch that lay at her side,
I enquired the nature of the sufferer's
affliction. It was "partial paralysis,"
she said, in rather broken English, "of
more than thirty years' standing," and
she lived "at the Point," some three
miles or more from the section of the
city where I met her. She dwelt alone,
but for the companionship of a lame
son, who could do but little in the way
of earning a support for either of them.

"But the dear Lord be so good to
me," she said in tremulous tones, "so
good that I never can thank him half-
enough."

"Then you know Jesus, and love
him!" I said in surprise; "and can

you trust him always, even though the
path be dark and thorny?"

"Know Jesus!" was the eager
response, as the faded eyes lighted up,
and the whole countenance seemed
aglow; "know my Lord and Master,
who has walked by my side for forty
years, and never once has suffered me
to come to want! He be with me all
the time, and make my heart glad with
His presence, no matter how dark the
clouds. If I don't see the way, He
see, and He hold my hand and suffer
not my feet to slip, and I trust His
own dear words, that none shall ever
be able to pluck me out of His hand.
Is this not enough—safety now and
glory hereafter? What more do I
want?"

"But how do you manage to live
from day to day?" I asked.

"My dear Lord is so good to me,"
she said; "He always gives me some-
thing; never beforehand, not much at
a time; but always something, just as
we need it; and not often do I ask any
but Him. My eyes are yet good enough
to do coarse sewing; and of nights we
knit. When Jamie is strong enough,
he carries 'round papers, and calls at
the market on his way back, while I
stay home and do our housework. I
was not begging, as, perhaps, you
thought I was when you stopped and
spoke to me just now. A German
man, a butcher that my husband used
to deal with, has always some pieces
for us when we can go for them. As I
told you, my son does this when he can
walk; but now his rheumatism is very
bad, and so he stays in and does our
housework, while I go for the meat the
dear Lord sends us through our good
countryman. He filled my basket this
morning, and I sat down on the steps
just to rest a while before starting again
on my long walk. I felt so glad and
grateful as I thought of a little stock
of wood and coal my boy brought in
the last day he was able to be out, and
of the food in our basket—enough to
last until more comes—that I wanted
to fall on my knees and thank the good
Father right here, when you stopped and
spoke to me; and with your kind gift
I shall buy some little milk; that was
all we lacked. I know the dear Lord
sent you; and so, you see, we have
always something. What more do I
want here? Up there is the home, and
the blessed Saviour waits to welcome
even me. It is evening already; my
day is nearly done; and by-and-by, the
Master will say, 'Come home.' What
more do I want? 'Surely goodness
and mercy shall follow me all the days
of my life, and I will dwell in the
House of the Lord for ever.' Good-by,
dear lady, I must get along now.
Jamie will be wanting his dinner, and
you see I can't walk so fast as I used
to do. Good-by; we'll meet up yonder
and talk over all His goodness, and not
be in a hurry then."

She shook my hand, and was gone,
while I stood pondering her words,
"What more do I want? always some-
thing, here and up there, home and
happiness, Jesus and His glory, for
ever and for ever!"—*American Mes-
senger.*

A SCHOOL TEACHER asserts that
scholars who have access to newspapers
at home outstrip those in their studies
who do not see the papers, becoming
better readers and spellers, writing the
best compositions, besides learning
geography and history quicker.

My First Sunday-School.

BY W. ORMISTON, D.D., LL.D.

I SPENT several years of a healthy,
happy, merry, and mischievous boy-
hood amid the enchanting, beautiful
scenery of Habbie's Howe, a locality
celebrated in the dramatic pastoral
—"The Gentle Shepherd," by Allan
Ramsay.

The nearest church was at West
Linton, a distance of three miles, and
few of the villagers attended it. The
general character of the population in
that rural district was the reverse of
devout. Drunkenness and Sabbath
desecration prevailed to a lamentable
extent; and the religious training of
the children was, with few exceptions,
almost entirely neglected. The shoe-
maker of the hamlet, or, as he was
called, the "souter," and frequently,
by way of ridicule, the "cantin' cob-
bler," was a Methodist,—the only
person of that persuasion I had then
ever seen, and, so far as I know, the
only one nearer than Edinburgh. He
was an earnest, zealous Christian, and,
though markedly illiterate, well ac-
quainted with the Scriptures and the
way of life. He resolved to attempt
something in behalf of the neglected
children who were growing up utterly
regardless of religion and religious
ordinances. Aided by my mother, the
only person willing to work with him,
he opened a Sunday-school in his small
workshop, which he had cleaned and
fitted up as well as he could every
Saturday night for the purpose. The
entire scene is indelibly engraved on
my memory. I was at that time in
my eleventh year, and I can still recall
with vivid, distinct exactness the place,
the teachers, and the pupils. The
flavour of leather filled the entire room
then, and it seems to fill my nostrils
now as I write; and I see, with closed
eyes, the bright brass-headed nails
which surrounded the circular piece of
leather on which the shoemaker sat at
work during the week, and on which I
had sometimes the honour of sitting on
Sabbath; and I remember my mother
once kindly rebuked me for counting
the nails while the good man's eyes
were closed in prayer. At first the
number of scholars was very small, but
soon rose to thirty or forty; as many
as the small room could hold, or the
two faithful, conscientious teachers
could instruct. I was one of the oldest
of the scholars, and was frequently
employed to hear the others recite
their catechism, and verses of Scripture,
and hymns. Thus early did my training
for my life's work begin.

The exercises of the school were the
reading of a short passage of Scripture,
and prayer offered by that good man,
or by my mother; sometimes by both.
I remember with deep unfeigned
gratitude to God and with feelings of
reverent tenderness for the memory of
those dear servants of God, sainted and
rewarded now, how earnest, fervent,
and yearning were their pleadings for
the souls of the children. Not un-
frequently the good man would take
me all alone with him, and prayed for
me by name. This deeply affected me,
and touched my heart, and filled my
eyes. The scholars were encouraged
to "get by heart" as many verses as
they could, by giving them reward
tickets, which were exchanged for
picture cards and little books when a
sufficient number had been obtained.
My memory at that time was ready
and retentive, and some weeks I would

commit whole chapters, amounting to
two hundred verses or more. On one
occasion I repeated the whole of Psalm
119. Before dismissing the school our
teacher gave us a brief, simple, affec-
tionate address, telling us about the
love of Jesus, and the way of salvation
through Him. The seed thus sown
and watered did not, could not, fail of
producing fruit; to what extent the
day will reveal when that reviled and
taunted follower of the Lamb shall
stand before Him, surrounded by those
whom his untiring, unwearied, and un-
appreciated labours led to the Saviour.

A Touching Incident.

WHEN Mrs. Mary A. Livermore
lectured in Albion, Michigan, recently,
at the close of the lecture, an elderly
white-haired woman approached her
with the following inquiry:—

"Do you remember writing a letter
for John — of the 12th Michigan
volunteers, when he lay dying in the
Overton hospital, at Memphis, during
the spring of 1863, and completing the
letter to his wife and mother after he
had died?" Mrs. Livermore replied
that she wrote so many letters during
the war, under similar circumstances,
that she could not recall any particular
case. The woman drew a letter from
her pocket, that had been torn into
pieces in the folds of the note and was
then stitched together with fine sewing
cotton. "Do you remember this
letter?" she asked.

Mrs. Livermore recognized her pen-
manship and admitted her authorship
of the letter. The first four pages
were written to his mother, at the
dictation of a young soldier who had
been shot through the lungs, and was
dying of the wound. Then she had
completed the letter by the addition of
three pages written by herself, beside
the dead husband and son, in which
she sought to comfort the lonely and
bereaved relatives.

"I think my daughter-in-law and I
would have died when we heard that
John was dead, but for this letter,"
said the worn and weary-looking
woman. "It comforted us both, and
by-and-by, when we heard of other
women similarly afflicted, we sent
them the letter to read, till it was
worn to pieces. Then we sewed the
pieces together and made copies of the
letter, which we sent to those of our
acquaintance whom the war bereft.

"But Annie, my son's wife, never
got over John's death. She kept about,
and worked and went to church, but
the life had gone out of her. Eight
years ago she died of gastric fever.
One day, a little before her death, she
said, 'Mother, if you ever find Mrs.
Livermore, or hear of her, I wish you
would give her my wedding-ring,
which has never been off my finger since
John put it there, and which will not
be taken off till I am dead. Ask her
to wear it for John's sake and mine,
and tell her that this was my dying
request.' "I live eight miles from
here," continued the woman, "and
when I read in the papers that you
were to lecture here to-night, I decided
to drive over and give you the ring, if
you will accept it." Deeply affected
by this touching narrative, not a
particular of which she is unable to re-
call, Mrs. Livermore extended her hand,
and the widowed and childless woman
put the ring on her finger with a fer-
vently uttered benediction.—*Yonkers
Companion.*