

In School Days.

STILL sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its walls;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing.

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls
And brown eyes, full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favour singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Whore pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered:
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hands light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell,—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child face is showing;
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing.

He lives to learn in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him,
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her—because they love him.

—John G. Whittier.

"Ye Did It Unto Me."

BY MRS. G. HALL.

AN INCIDENT ON BOARD A FERRY-BOAT.

It is a lovely morning in October,
With its sapphire sky overhead, and
The blue violet river far as the eye can
reach, decked with many a snowy sail.
The ferry-boat swiftly plies across the
waves, bearing its usual freight of
business men, clerks, porters and
errand boys, of every grade and nation,
to their various occupations in the
great city; while here and there are
women in silks and satins, feathers and
jewels—women only fitted to bask in
the sunshine—side by side with those
whose lives are ground out of them
day after day, by arduous labour and
inadequate pay.

Amid this motley group, a pinched
and weary woman paced the deck from
stem to stern, bearing in her arms a
child so emaciated, that were it not for
the movement of the tiny hands as it
tried to press them against the poor
mother's cheek, with an almost indis-
tinct murmur of pain, it would have
seemed the very counterpart of death.

The poor, heart-broken parent is not
thinking of the sapphire sky, nor the
river with its many sails, as she clasps
to her breast the one frail flower that
God has given her. Only a mother
could have cared much for that queer
bit of humanity, so out of proportion,
and not a feature of the little face
rightly adjusted, and yet, for this
strange little waif food and rest had
been all forgotten, if she could only
keep the flickering taper yet alive.

Backward and forward she paced,
soothing the child's restless moanings,

the great mother heart all the same,
even if the little thing is not as comely
as other children,—she is all the world
to her. What matter, too, if her gar-
ments are threadbare, or if her home is
a very desolate one. She has left it,
hoping all things from the health-
restoring breeze she is now seeking for
her child, for she has been told there is
but a single chance. Tenderly she
moves the child from shoulder to
shoulder, she kisses the thin cheek, but
still the child moans. The boat has
nearly reached the pier,—and now all
go on shore, all but the weary mother,
who is ready to sink from exhaustion
and want of food, and she is told to go,
too, by the hard-hearted ferry-master.
"Oh! good sir, you will not be so
cruel, when it may save my baby's
life!" she timidly pleads. "Will you
not let me go across once more, just
once? The doctor says it is all I can do
for my baby." Others might go, but she
cannot even go once without another
penny, he tells her, and she has not
another one.

How can she reach her home then,
wretched as it is? Again she pleads,
with all the eloquence of her mother
heart, but it is of no avail. The surly
officer assures her that she must pay
the penny at once, or be arrested as a
vagrant. The heart-broken mother
staggers, and is about to fall. She
cries in her despair to God for help,
and He who hears the lowest breath-
ing of His name, is not deaf to that
agonized call.

People crowd again into the cabin,
and like the Levite of old, all pass by,
and take no heed to the cruel words
that have fallen upon the pained ear of
love, except to gaze with curious eyes
upon her, or to be told by some impu-
dent urchin that she had better put
her baby into the menagerie for a
show.

But wait! One passenger hears the
conversation and stops,—a woman
plainly clad, with a basket upon her
arm. She has known what it is to
walk the earth with the skeleton, star-
vation at her side, and can hardly now
keep soul and body together, though
she works from dawn to dark.

Her eyes are full of sympathy as she
bends an earnest gaze upon the child.
She too has a baby, and it is sick.
How her kind, loving look stills the
poor mother's throbbing heart, and
when she places in her child's slender
fingers a little red rose she is carrying
home to her own feeble child, and
from the time-worn wallet puts a penny
in the hard ferry-master's hand, and
several more into the troubled mother's
honest palm, with a kindly pressure,
the baby looks up in her face as if it
were the face of an angel, while a
smile passes over the little wrinkled
face, and a faint flush brightens the
pallid cheek, as if it understood the
kindly deed. And grateful tears flow
down the mother's cheeks because her
baby smiles once more. What matter
now if "the barrel of meal is empty,
or if the cruise of oil has failed?"
What if the home be cheerless and
desolate, with its scanty comfort? She
will never forget the friendly act; and
though she may not again see the face
of her benefactor, life will seem ever-
more brighter, and the breeze more
life-giving for that timely aid to the
lonely woman and her suffering child.

And as the poor seamstress goes on
her way, she does not think that one
day she will find a bright, bright star
in her crown of rejoicing for those

tender offices, which resulted in the
restoration to health of the feeble
infant, with her simple, earnest words,
with the baptism of sympathetic tears,
consecrating mother and child, gave
new courage to the fainting mother, as
she too went on her homeward way.
Yes, not only the star in the crown,
but in that day when God makes up
His jewels, He will surely say to her:
"Ye did it unto Me, because ye did it
for that poor child of Mine."—Selected.

One By One.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going—
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee—
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given—
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade while others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow—
Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passion's hour despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links—God's token—
Reaching Heaven, but one by one,
Take them lest the chain be broken.
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

—Adelaide Anne Proctor.

Travelling in the West on a Dark Stormy Night.

A LAWYER was up to his saddle in
mud. He came where two roads met;
either was bad enough. The only
person he met, in answer to the ques-
tion which was the best road, said,
"Neither. If you take the one, you
will wish you had taken the other."
In a miserable hut he sought shelter.
He seated himself by the fire. The
walls were hung with bowie-knives
and shot-guns, like a banditti's den.
He wished he had braved the elements.
The old man looked like a prairie
ruffian. Soon, the son came in, looking
like a bandit. A long, low, earnest
conversation was carried on; the con-
sultation related to himself. Robbery
was expected; perhaps murder. Pale
with terror, he resolved to flee. The
old man said, "We are a rough people,
and live by hunting. We start early
in the morning. Before we go to bed,
we always read the Bible, and have
prayer. Have you any objection?"
"Oh! no," said the man. Tears came
into his eyes, for he knew those who
prayed did not cut throats. He said,
"How is this? This seemed like a
banditti's den. Yet I feel as safe as if
I was pressing the bosom of my mother.
There must be something in religion.
I will seek my mother's Saviour, and
my mother's God, and work for him
the rest of my life."

DRUNKENNESS IN LIVERPOOL.—In
Liverpool last year there were 22,000
convictions for drunkenness, of which
no fewer than 10,000 were against
women.

Water-Drops.

In one year, in the municipal labo-
ratory of Paris, 3,361 samples of wine
were examined, and more than one-
half found to be bad, while 202 were
positively dangerous.

WOMEN AND PUBLIC-HOUSES.—Arch-
deacon Farrar recently stated that in
four hours in one evening in an Eng-
lish city 36,803 women were seen go-
ing into public-houses.

AN honest old farmer once, address-
ing a school-house audience on tem-
perance, confessed that he had been a
drinker. "But, my friends," said he
in conclusion, "I never drank to suc-
cess."

WILWOOD READE, the celebrated
African traveller, says: "Brandy and
water is certainly the most prevalent
and fatal cause of disease on the West
Coast of Africa. 'Died of brandy and
water,' is a common phrase."

THE Queen of Madagascar, in a re-
cent proclamation forbidding her sub-
jects either to sell or drink rum, says:
"I cannot take a revenue from any-
thing that will debase and degrade my
people."

It is calculated that about 2,377,736
acres of land in the United Kingdom
are devoted to the reduction of the raw
material used for brewing and distilla-
tion. This is exclusive of the 60,000
acres used for hop growing, and repre-
sents nearly one-ninetenth of the acre-
age of land under cultivation.

MR. MACKAY, of the Nyanza Mis-
sion, writes: "Drink is the curse of
Africa. Go where you will, you will
find every week, and, where grain is
plentiful, every night, man, woman and
child reeling from the effects of alcohol.
The vast waste of Africa is ruined with
rum."

THREE-FOURTHS of the Bibles shipped
from New York to foreign mission sta-
tions go to Mexico and South America.
After the Bible has been so long pro-
hibited in these nominally Christian
lands, this is a great triumph.

SAID one wealthy Christian mer-
chant: "I was the son of a minister
who had never more than \$200 salary;
but I never went to the monthly con-
cert without my penny, and I have
kept up the giving habit, by the grace
of God, from that time to this."

THE female missionaries in the in-
terior of China have access to the rich
as well as the poor women. All classes
seem interested in their labours. Opium-
smoking is rare among the women of
Southern China, but is said to be more
common in other parts of the Empire.
It is reported that fifty of the students
recently recalled from America are to
be sent back to complete their studies.

BISHOP FOSTER, of the Methodist
Church, after his recent official tour
round the world, speaking of the cheap-
ness of wages in India, said that twenty-
three men servants are hired there for
what two servant girls receive in this
country. "And I often thought," said
he, "that every missionary ought to
hire twenty-three of the Hindu ser-
vants in order to bring them within
the range of Christian influence."

THE best Christian apologetics are
Christian missions. Never are the di-
vine origin and power of the gospel so
apparent as when this gospel is carried,
with the living faith and devotion, to
the sinful and benighted.