



THE VOICE OF THE CLOCK.

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I HEARD the old clock ticking near my
open chamber door

In a soft and sweet metallic tone I never
heard before;

It sang to me in maxim and impressed
upon my mind

This truth, that old eternity can never
leave behind—

A truth as old as Father Time, that for a
thousand years

Has fallen on a myriad of dull, unheeding
ears—

"Whether it be of happiness, or whether
it be of pain,

The hour that has passed you by will
never come again."

The old clock resurrected the dead and
buried past,

And a thousand recollections came o'er me
thick and fast.

In the varied panorama that my fitting
fancy drew

My own misspent, misguided youth was
clearly brought to view;

And springing from my restless couch I
cried, "O Time, delay!"

But the old clock seemed to answer,
"To-morrow is to-day—

Whether it be of sunshine, or whether it
be of rain,

The hour that has passed you by will
never come again."

But ambition burned within me as the
future rose to view,

With magnificent reward for perseverance
strong and true,

And with grim determination I resolved
that every day

Should record a labour well performed
—and the old clock seemed to say:

"Dwell with the resolution, and hold it
strong and fast

Till the life that is gliding from you lies
buried in the past.

For whether it be of happiness, or whether
it be of pain,

The hour that is passing by will never
come again."

THE HAPPIEST LITTLE BOY.

"GUESS who was the happiest child I
saw to-day?" asked papa, taking his two
little boys on his knees.

"Oh, who, papa?"

"But you must guess."

"Well," said Jim, slowly, "I guess it
was a very wick little boy, wif lots and
lots of tandy and takes."

"No," said papa, "he wasn't rich, he
had no candy or no cakes. What do you
guess, Joe?"

"I guess it was a pretty big boy," said
Joe, who was always wishing he wasn't
such a little boy, "and I guess he was rid-
ing a big high bicycle."

"No," said papa, "he wasn't big, and of
course he wasn't riding a bicycle. You
have lost your guesses, so I'll have to tell
you. There was a flock of sheep crossing
the city to-day, and they must have come
a long way, so dusty, and tired, and thirsty
were they. The drover took them up,
bleating and lolling out their tongues, to the
great pump in Hamilton's Court, to water
them, but one poor old ewe was too tired to
get to the trough, and fell down on the hot,
dusty stones.

"Then, Jim—then, Joe, I saw my little

man, ragged and dirty and tousled, sp
out from the crowd of urchins, who
watching the drove, fill his leaky felt
which must have belonged to his gra
father, and carry it one, two, three, of
many as six times to the poor suffer
animal, until the creature was able to
up and go on with the rest."

"Did the sheep say tank you, papa
asked Jim gravely.

"I didn't hear it," answered papa. "
the little boy's face was shining like
sun, and I'm sure he knows what a ble
thing it is to help what needs helping.

MY PAPA'S TRUE STORY.

BY JENNIE S. JUDSON.

ONCE there was a little boy nam
Willet, and he was five years old. He
mamma's only son, and she tried very h
to make him obedient, so that he wo
grow up to be a good and noble man;
Willet would not always mind.

One Sabbath day she bathed him wi
and clean, and dressed him in his li
new shoes and Sunday suit.

"Now, Willet," she said, as she g
him a good-by kiss, "come right he
from Sunday-school; do not stop upon
road to play, or look at anything, for
will make mamma very uneasy if you
late."

"I'll come right straight home, mamma
I won't forget."

But, ah! he did forget; for as he
coming home he passed near a great sh
ing river, and there he saw men fish
from the docks.

"I will watch them just one momen
he said, "and then I will go right on."

The docks were wet and slippery, and
he leaned over to see one of the men dr
in a large fish, his feet slipped, and bef
he could cry out he had fallen dow
down, down, into the dark green water.

Once he rose to the top, gasping a
struggling, then down he sank again.
second time he rose, only to sink quick
back again. A third time he rose, a
the fisherman, who had gone out quick
in a boat, caught him and drew him i
it. And it was well, for he would ne
have risen again. He was very ill
many days afterward, and all through
fever cried out that he was sinking do
into the black water.

When strong again, he thanked
heavenly Father that he had been sav
from so sad a death. From that time
he always tried to be a good, obedie
boy.