

"GOOD MORNING."

"Good morning, world!" On the window seat
She balanced her two little timid feet;

She clung with her dimpled hands, and stood
Framed in like a picture of babyhood.

The clambering vines hung low and green
Round the sunniest curls that e'er were seen,

As she stood with beauty and light imperaled,
And bade "good morning" to all the world.

"Good morning, world!" and the great world
heard;

Each rustling tree and each singing bird,

The dancing flowers and the fields of grass,
Nodded and waved at the little lass;

And the far-off hills and the sky o'erhead,
Listened and beamed as the word was said;

And the old sun lifted his head and smiled—
"Good morning, world!" "Good morning, child!"
—Unidentified.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

"O Father-Eye, that hath so truly watched;
O Father-Hand, that hath so gently led;
O Father-Heart, that by my prayer is touched—
That loved me first, when I was cold and dead;
"Still do thou lead me on, with faithful care,
The narrow path to heaven, where I would go:
And train me for the life that waits me there;
Alike through love and loss, through weal and woe!"

Now at the end of this valley was another, called the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and Christian must needs go through it, because the way to the Celestial City lay through the midst of it. Now this valley is a very solitary place. The prophet Jeremiah thus describes it: "A wilderness; a land of deserts and of pits; a land of drought, and of the shadow of death; a land that no man (but a Christian) passed through, and where no man dwelt."

Now here Christian was worse put to it than in his fight with Apollyon; as by the sequel you shall see.

I saw then in my dream, that, when Christian was got to the borders of the shadow of Death, there met him two men, children of them that brought up an evil report of the good land, making haste to go back; to whom Christian spake as follows:

Whither are you going?

They said, Back! back! and we would have you to do so, too, if either life or peace is prized by you.

Why? what's the matter? said Christian.

Matter! said they, we were going that way as you are going, and went as far as we durst; and indeed we were almost past coming back; for had we gone a little further we had not been here to bring the news to thee.

But what have you met with? said Christian.

Men. Why we were almost in the valley of the shadow of Death; but that by good hap we looked before us, and saw the danger before we came to it.

But what have you seen? said Christian.

Men. Seen! why the valley itself, which is as dark as pitch; we also saw there the hobgoblins, satyrs, and dragons of the pit; we heard also in that valley continual howling and yelling, as of a people under unutterable misery, who there sat bound in affliction and iron; and over that valley hang the discouraging clouds of confusion; death also does always spread his wings over it. In a word, it is every whit dreadful, being utterly without order.

Then said Christian, I perceive not yet, by what you have said, but that this is my way to the desired haven.

Men. Be it thy way; we will not choose it for ours.

So they parted; and Christian went on his way, but still with his sword drawn in his hand, for fear lest he should be assaulted.

I saw then in my dream, so far as this valley reached, there was on the right hand a very deep ditch; that ditch is it into which the blind have led the blind in all ages, and have both there miserably perished. Again, behold on the left hand there was a very dangerous quag, into which if even a good man falls he finds no bottom for his foot to stand on. Into that quag king David once did fall, and had no doubt therein been smothered, had not he that is able plucked him out.

The path-way was here also exceeding

narrow, and therefore good Christian was the more put to it; for when he sought in the dark to shun the ditch on the one hand, he was ready to trip over into the mire on the other.

About the midst of the valley I perceived the mouth of hell to be, and it stood also hard by the way-side. Now thought Christian, what shall I do? And ever and anon the flame and smoke would come out in such abundance, with sparks and hideous noises (things that cared not for Christian's sword, as did Apollyon before), that he was forced to put up his sword, and betake himself to another weapon, called "All-prayer": so he cried, in my hearing, "O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul!" Thus he went on a great while; yet still the flames would be reaching towards him: also he heard doleful voices, and rushings to and fro, so that sometimes he thought he should be torn in pieces, or trodden down like the mire in the streets. This

voice. And thus I perceived it: just when he was come over against the mouth of the burning pit, one of the wicked ones got behind him, and whisperingly suggested many grievous blasphemies to him; which he verily thought had proceeded from his own mind. This put Christian more to it than anything that he had met with before, even to think that he should now blaspheme him that he loved so much before. Yet if he could have helped it, he would not have done it: but he had not the discretion either to stop his ears, or to know from whence those blasphemies came.

When Christian had travelled in this disconsolate condition some considerable time, he thought he heard the voice of a man, as going before him, saying, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me."

Then was he glad, and that for three reasons; first, because he gathered from

it lost heart and sank down, down, down, till it fell softly on a tiny wee flower—wee, wee, and drooping and dried; for the sun had been very scorching all that day. It should have been a beautiful flower for all that it was so wee; for its eye was as blue as the summer sky, and its lips were dainty and soft, but it was shrivelling up and withering, and not looking well at all. Oh, how it kissed the dewdrop, and kissed it again and again, till it "kissed it all done," as you sometimes hear mother say she could do with baby, but takes good care not to! And so the dewdrop was lost, but not quite. It had only taken an inside place, so to speak, instead of an outside; for it had gone right into the little flower and given it strength—as love always does. And the wee, wee flower held up its head again, and was bright.

And a poet came along that way and saw the flower, and he knew its name—it was Forget-me-not. And he fell a-thinking and a-wondering how it got that name; and at last, being a poet, he found it out, for poets see further than other people, and know more, and understand better. And he wrote it all down, and I think you would like to know what he wrote. It was this:—

When to the flowers so beautiful
The Father gave a name,
Back came a little blue-eyed one
(All timidly it came):
And standing at its Father's feet,
And gazing in his face,
It said, in low and trembling tones,
"Dear God, the name thou gavest me,
Alas! I have forgot."
Kindly the Father looked him down,
And said, "Forget Me not."

Nice words, these, are they not? Yes, and they were printed in a book, and a man who had a big trouble at his heart read them there. He had once had God's name upon him, had once been a Christian; but he had forgotten God and forgotten the Name by which he had been named, and he couldn't get the little poem out of his mind—

Dear God, the name thou gavest me,
Alas! I have forgot.

The words seemed to have wings, for they flew with him, and followed him everywhere: he couldn't get away from them. But he couldn't remember the other part, and he tried not to think about it at all; but his trouble got bigger, bigger, and heavier—

Dear God, the name thou gavest me,
Alas! I have forgot.

And, hardly knowing what he was doing, he opened the book again, and read—

Kindly the Father looked him down,
And said, "Forget Me not."

And it all came home to him: it was like an angel's message for him, and he bowed his head on his hands for a while, and then glided down to his knees, and lifted his face to God in prayer, and his face was wet with tears, and

Kindly the Father looked him down,
And said, "Forget Me not."

There was sunshine on that man's face when he rose up, and there has been sunshine in his heart ever since; for he has never since then forgotten the Name by which he was named—a Christian—Christ's man. There was a soul saved from its sins. And, yet—what began it all? It was the little dewdrop which said "I'm no use!"—
Sunday Magazine.

THE CHILDREN.

They are such tiny feet!

They have gone so short a way to meet
The years which are required to break
Their steps to evenness and make
Them go.
More sure and slow.

They are such little hands!

Be kind; things are so now and life but stands
A step beyond the doorway. All around
New day has found
Such tempting things to shine upon; and so
The hands are tempted off, you know.

They are such fond, clear eyes,

That widen to surprise
At every turn! They are so often held
To sun or showers, showers soon dispelled
By looking in our face.
Love asks for such much grace.

They are such fair, frail gifts!

Uncertain as the rifts
Of light that lie along the sky;
They may not be here by-and-by.
Give them not love, but more, above
And harder, patience with the love.
—Selected.



frightful sight was seen, and these dreadful noises were heard, by him for several miles together: and coming to a place where he thought he heard a company of fiends coming to meet him, he stopped, and began to muse what he had best to do. Sometimes he had half a thought to go back; then again he thought he might be half way through the valley: he remembered also how he had already vanquished many a danger, and that the danger of going back might be much more than for to go forward. So he resolved to go on; yet the fiends seemed to come nearer: but when they were come even almost at him, he cried out with a most vehement voice, "I will walk in the strength of the Lord God!" so they gave back, and came no further.

One thing I would not let slip; I took notice that now poor Christian was so confounded that he did not know his own

thence, that some who feared God were in this valley as well as himself: secondly, for that he perceived God was with them, though in that dark and dismal state; and why not, thought he, with me, though by reason of the impediment that attends this place I cannot perceive it? thirdly, for that he hoped (could he overtake them) to have company by-and-by. So he went on, and called to him that was before: but he knew not what to answer; for that he also thought himself to be alone. And by-and-by the day broke: then said Christian, "He hath turned the shadow of death into the morning."—*Pilgrim's Progress.*

NO USE.

"I'm no use!" said a little dewdrop that came floating up from the misty lake. "I'm so small and so weak and so light, it's not much good I can do in the world." And so