

## The Poor House "Rock me to Sleep."

A LADY of a wealthy Eastern family, through some estrangement, left her home and went to the West. Misfortune and ill-luck swept away her little all, and in her distress she found a home in the poor-house. One evening shortly after she was found sitting by her bed, reading the poem, "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," and weeping. That night the death angel came, and the tired feet rested on "the echoless shore."

"Rock me to sleep, mother rock me to sleep."

Why does the reader pause? Why does she weep?

Wither'd the quivering lips, head bowing low;

Care worn the wrinkled face where the tears flow;

Far from her childhood home, old and alone,  
No one, and nothing, to claim as her own;  
Fortune and friends all we lost in the past,  
Found, in her old age, the poor house at last.

"Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep,"

Trembles the voice, for the memories that sweep

Far from the sunny land when she was young,

Hushed o'er her heart as a harp long unstrung,

Musical that once has charmed, chords lost so long,

Love's sweetest harmonies, joy's happy song,

Come from the silence so long and so deep—

"Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep."

"Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep,"

Just as when weary of playing "Bo-peep"

Long, long ago, she would turn to her breast,

Ye anin: for love words and kisses and rest,  
Turns she to night, a child now once more;

"Mother, come back from the echoless shore!"

What do her dim eyes see, what does she hear?

Why does she linger where tear follows tear?

Over and over in sobs low and deep—

"Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep."

Morn came, the sun like a fond mother's face

Waked earth with a kiss from night's still embrace;

Hushed were those lips in that peaceful repose

Only the friendless who finds it o'er knows,  
Mother had come from "the echoless shore,"

Clasped her again in her arms as of yore;

Open the book lay beside the lone dead,  
Tear-marked the lines o'er and o'er she had read,

Nevermore here o'er to wake or to weep—

"Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep."

"Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep."

Oh! when the night shadows round the heart creep,

When all the strife and the toiling are done,

Empty and prizeless the fame we have won;

Friends whom we loved passed away from our sight,

Hopes we have cherished all buried in night,  
Fondly we turn to our childhood again,  
Languishing for love and caresses, as then;

Once more the works from the weary heart leap—

"Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep."

LABOR is preferable to idleness, as brightness is to rust.

## "I WANT TO GO TO JESUS."

I AM going to tell you about a little girl who is in one of the mission-schools in India, whom we will call Lachme. She was only about six years old when it happened.

The teacher of her school was a kind lady who had left her home to go out to India and tell the children there about Jesus Christ. She was very fond of little Lachme, who loved the teacher dearly. Little girls in India are very quick in finding out if the missionaries who come to teach them really love them or not; and if they find they do, they love them very much in return.

Little Lachme had been in school about a year when her kind friend and teacher was taken ill. She was very unhappy, and I have no doubt prayed to God to make her well. But for some good reason God did not see fit to restore her to health.

When the teacher knew she was dying, she called little Lachme to her.

"My child," she said in a very weak voice, "I am going to Jesus."

The little girl looked at her friend's face in astonishment. Could it be that she was going away from them all? That would be very dreadful.

Seeing she did not speak the teacher said again:

"I am going to the good Jesus I have told you about. You must learn to love him and come too, Lachme."

The child threw herself on the bed, and bursting into tears, cried:

"Oh! take me with you now; I will be so good, Miss Sahiba."

The teacher was too weak to say any more, so little Lachme was taken away. Her heart seemed bursting. Every one was so occupied, no one thought especially of her. She was one among many. Soon afterwards came the news that the kind friend and teacher was dead. Many were the heavy hearts and weeping eyes, but little Lachme seemed to have lost her very best friend. Who would ever be so kind to her again?

Presently a sudden thought struck her—why should she not go to Jesus too? Had not her teacher told her to come? She had been too ill to understand what she meant when she had asked to go with her. It was too late for that, but she would go by herself.

Drying her eyes, she got a clean, white chuddar (the large piece of cloth the girls in India wear instead of a hat) and started off upon her journey.

Nobody saw her, and so she got safely out of the school-room and out of the compound. Now her heart began to fail her, for she had never been outside the school gates alone before, but she drew her chuddar tightly around her and started off for the railway station. Of course she must go in a train. Everybody did that if they wished to go anywhere, and of course she must go to the station first.

When she came to the station she

found a train just going off. There were a lot of people coming and going. She got pushed on the platform, and then she shrank away into a corner. She saw the train move off and wondered if that was the right one for her to go in. It didn't matter much; she would be sure to get to the right place some time or other.

By and by the station became empty, and as the station-master came up the platform, he caught sight of a little, white-veiled figure standing all alone.

"Who is this?" he asked in surprise, for in India it is very strange for little native girls to be seen at railway stations, especially alone.

Lachme began to feel very much frightened, the gentleman spoke in such a big voice. However, she gathered up her courage and raised her dark eyes to the station-master's face. Perhaps he did not look very severe, for she found voice to say in very weak tones:

"Please, I want to go to Jesus."

"Where?" the station-master asked in surprise.

"To Jesus," said the child, her eyes fast filling with big tears, and her little chest heaving with sobs. "The Miss Sahiba has gone and she said I might go, but she hadn't time to take me."

Then the poor child's courage gave way. I don't think the station-master's eyes were quite dry as he tried to comfort the child; I only know that he soon found out where she came from, and sent a message to the school (where she had already been missed), and poor little Lachme, to her great disappointment, found that she could not go to her friend who was with Jesus, after all, not until Jesus called her himself.

She could not understand this at first, but other kind Christian teachers at the mission-school are teaching her more about Jesus every day. Let us hope she will grow up to be a good Christian worker, and that before she receives her own call to go to Jesus, she may have told the wonderful story of Christ's love to many of the women and girls in India, and have led them to him for their Saviour.—*Indian Female Evangelist.*

## FRED AND THE MICE.

Fred was a little five-year-old boy. Everybody loved him, for he was a contented and happy child. He thought himself a little hero, and often, armed with a stick, made war on the chickens and the geese. Although Fred thought himself so brave, there was one animal of which he was much afraid. What do you think it was? Well, it was a mouse. Such a little animal could make our young hero tremble and cry.

In the evening when Fred went to bed he was obliged to go through an unused room where the mice seemed to hold possession. When he saw them running over the floor or heard them

gnawing, he would cry in a cowardly way for his mamma to come to him.

One evening his mamma was sick, and his nurse was away from home. There was no one there but his papa, who was in the sitting-room reading his paper. He told Fred it was time for him to go to bed.

"Oh, papa, will you not take me to bed? I do not like to go through that room alone."

"What do you fear?" asked his father.

"I am afraid of the mice, and I believe there are rats too."

"If that is all," answered his father, "I can soon help you."

He took pen, ink and paper, and quickly wrote the following: "To all the rats and mice in this house: I hereby command you to let my little son go through all the rooms of this house unmolested. Any rat or mouse that does not obey will be dealt with according to law."

The father signed and then read the paper to his son. Fred took it, thanked him, said "Good night" very prettily, and went to bed. He was no longer afraid. He had often seen his father give passes to people who wished to make a railroad journey, so he had a high opinion of passes written by his father.

When he came to the door of the room he stopped and said in a loud voice, "Rats and mice, you cannot hurt me, for here is my pass." And so he did every night afterward until he became a large boy and was no longer afraid of rats and mice.

Cannot our little readers have faith in their heavenly Father as this little boy had in his father?—*From the German.*

## THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

SIAM is sometimes called the "land of the white elephant," because that animal is looked upon with so much reverence by the people; even their flag has a picture of one of these animals upon it. They think all white animals purer and better than others, but a "chang phooak," or white elephant, is particularly sacred. These elephants are not really white, but of a much lighter colour than ordinary ones, and they are very rare. When the governor of a province of Siam is notified of the appearance of one in his domain, he commands that prayers shall be made in all the temples, while he sends out an expedition of hunters and slaves to capture the animal. Then he despatches a messenger to inform the king of its sex, probable age, size, complexion, looks and ways. For this good news the king stuffs the mouth, ears and nostrils of the messenger with gold, and he has the elephant brought to the city with as much pomp as if he were some great man. The king usually has a number of white elephants, and the stables he builds for them are almost like palaces.