

And I've come your little heart to cheer,  
And to wipe your tearful eyes.

"I see you in your merry play,  
Or when at mother's side  
You kneel at eve and sweetly pray  
That God your steps would guide.

"Then weep no more at my little grave,  
Where flowers bloom so fair;  
I dwell where sweeter blossoms wave,  
In a pure celestial air."

And then, dear mother, his wings hespread,  
Of shining silvery hue,  
And far away he quickly sped,  
And soon was lost to view.

I called him loud, and then awoke,  
So truthful did it seem;  
I know, dear mother, Willie spoke,  
Although it was a dream.

### THE LESSON OF PATIENCE.

"Let patience have her perfect work."—JAMES I. 4.

We ought to learn this lesson because of

#### THE GOOD THAT PATIENCE DOES.

When a ship is going to sea, you know what a good thing it is for her to be properly ballasted. If she has no ballast, she will be very unsteady, and when the sea gets rough, and the wind blows strong, she will be pretty sure to be upset, and everything on board will either be lost or damaged. But patience is to the soul just what ballast is to the ship. It steadies it, and enables it to meet the storm and billows in its way without being injured by them.

This shows us what good patience does.

You remember when the Israelites were beginning their journey through the wilderness, they came to a well of water at a place called Marah. They were very thirsty, and wanted water very much. But when they tasted the water in that well, it was so bitter that they could not drink it. Then God showed Moses a tree which he was to put into the water, and which made it sweet. How much good that tree did! And yet it was just like patience. This has the power to sweeten the bitter

waters of life, so that it becomes pleasant for us to drink them.

This shows how much good patience does.

#### PATIENCE, THE GREAT REMEDY.

Some one has tried to show the good that is done by patience in this way. He says there was a meeting called once of all the chief men in a certain country, to try and find out what was the best way of making things better in the world. It was a great meeting. Kings and princes, lawyers and doctors, and philosophers and soldiers, and men of all kinds, were there. They had a great time in consulting together. They talked, and argued, and planned; and it was curious to see how many different ways were recommended to try and remove the many troubles that they met with. One man thought the best way was to laugh at everything that happened. Another thought it would be better to cry over everything; while a third thought it was best neither to laugh or cry, or to care much about it at all. The fourth had a different plan from the other three; and the fifth had a plan which he thought was better than all the four put together. Then they got into a state of great excitement and confusion. The longer they talked, the worse things became. At last a venerable, gray-haired man, well known for his piety, arose. He said he had an herb of wonderful power, of which he wished them all to take a little. They took it, and ate of it. Presently they all became calm and quiet. "My friends," said he, "this herb is called patience. It has a wonderful power over those who use it. You see what an effect it has had here! Now take my advice. Use this herb every day. It won't save you from the troubles that are in the world, but it will help you to meet them in such a way that they will all do you good. This is the best way of trying to make things better in the world."