

But Birdie shook her head, and looking over her shoulder with a happy smile on her face, lisped out :

"Tis God makes it funder, and he'll take care of me. I a'n't a bit afraid to hear God talk, Maizy."

Was not Birdie's faith beautiful ? Mamma and sisters did not soon forget the lesson.—*Sunday-School Times.*

### IS THERE ANY MOTHER HERE ?

A little girl once followed the workmen from her father's grounds, when they went home to their dinner, because she was very fond of a kind old man who was one of them. When he looked from his door, he saw her sitting on a log, waiting for him, and invited her to go into the cottage. She looked in, saw the strange faces around the table, and hesitated. When he urged her, she raised her sweet little face and inquired :

"Is there any mother in there ?"

"Yes, my dear, there is a mother in here," he answered.

"Oh ! then I'll go in ; for I'm not afraid if there's a mother there ?"

Her child's experience had told her she could place confidence in a mother's sympathy. A home may be small and mean, but if it is the shrine of a mother's love, it is a happier place than a palace would be without this blessed presence.

### ENVY PUNISHED.

A Burmese potter, it is said, became envious of the prosperity of a washerman, and, to ruin him, induced the king to order him to wash one of his black elephants white, that he might be "lord of the white elephant," which in the East is a great distinction.

The washerman replied that by the rules of his art he must have a vessel large enough to wash him in.

The king ordered the potter to make him such a vessel. When made, it was crushed by the first step of the elephant in it. Many times was this repeated, and the potter was ruined by the very scheme he had intended should crush his enemy.—*Merry's Museum.*

### CHICAGO.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Men said at vespers : All is well !  
In one wild night the city fell :  
Fell shrines of prayer and marts of gain  
Before the fiery hurricane.

On threescore spires had sunset shone,  
Where ghastly sunrise looked on none ;  
Men clasped each other's hands, and said :  
The city of the West is dead !

Brave hearts who fought, in slow retreat,  
The fiends of fire from street to street,  
Turned powerless to the blinding glare  
The dull defiance of despair.

A sudden impulse thrilled each wire  
That signalled round the sea of fire ;—  
Swift words of cheer, warm heart throbs came,  
In tears of pity died the flame !

From East, from West, from South and North,  
The messages of hope shot forth ;  
And, underneath the severing wave,  
The world, full-handed, reached to save.

Fair seemed the old ; but fairer still  
The new the dreary void shall fill,  
With dearer homes than those o'erthrown,  
For love shall lay each corner stone.

Rise, stricken city !—from thee throw  
The ashen sackcloth of thy woe ;  
And build, as Thebes to Amphion's strain,  
To songs of cheer thy walls again !

How shrivelled in thy hot distress  
The primal sin of selfishness !  
How instant rose to take thy part,  
The angel in the human heart !

Ah ! not in vain the flames that tossed  
Above thy dreadful holocaust ;  
The Christ again has preached through thee  
The Gospel of humanity !

Then lift once more thy towers on high,  
And fret with spires the western sky,  
To tell that God is yet with us,  
And love is still miraculous !

EDITORIAL POSTSCRIPT.—Once more we are compelled to omit several valued contributions, in type and in MS. The writers will see that articles pertaining to subjects of the month *must* have precedence over those which, however important, are equally suitable to any time. The only relief from this pressure of material is such a subscription list as will enable us to print a larger Magazine.—Will the several missionary deputations furnish us prompt and brief reports of the meetings ?