

Afraid ?

"Aren't you afraid in the least?"
 I'm waiting for Jesus to take me
 To the home that He has made,
 I am waiting to hear His longed-for knock,
 My hand already to turn the lock—
 Of what should I be afraid?

Is the daughter afraid to go home
 When the long school days are ended?
 Afraid of the welcome of father and mother,
 The glad, ringing voice of sister and brother,
 In loving welcome blended?

Is the child afraid to turn homeward
 When the evening hour is come?
 Does he fear when he hears the summons
 sweet,
 Sounding so clear his ears to greet,
 And give new strength to his weary feet—
 "Come, my darling, come home?"

Does the maiden fear the blissful hour
 When the chosen of her heart
 Shall come to claim her as his own,
 To live with him, and for him alone,
 Never till death to part?

No, I have no fear, for my trusting heart
 Can see nor doubt, nor shade,
 I am the daughter whose school days are
 over:
 I am the tired and wearied rover;
 I am the maiden awaiting her lover,
 Then how can I be afraid?

But aren't you afraid of the River
 That rolls its sullen tide
 Between this life and the other shore—
 The awful River you must pass over,
 So dark, and deep, and wide?

Who told you there was any River?
 My dear and tender Lord
 Has told me everything I know
 About that home to which I go;
 But of that River's restless flow
 He has never said one word.

But, then, there is the valley
 Of the Shadow of Death,
 Do you not fear the awful shade,
 Is not your very soul afraid
 Of that Valley's icy breath?

Yes, there is the Valley of Shadow,
 Of that my Lord has told me;
 But He says it is a restful shade,
 Wherein I cannot feel afraid,
 For His "rod and staff" my help are made,
 While on His breast He will hold me.

Your sins, surely they must afflict you?
 They were all on Jesus laid,
 "In His own body on the tree"
 He took them all away from me,
 And cast them deep into the sea;
 Then how can I be afraid?

No, my sun shines brighter and brighter,
 My sky is without a shadow,
 I know He will come to bear me to rest,
 I know that the waiting servants are blest!
 I know that my longing His face to see
 Is nothing compared to His longing for me.
 I know—He prepared near His Father's
 throne
 A place for me, His very own,
 I know that in that blessed place
 I "shall serve" and "see Him face to face"—
 Then how can I be afraid?
 —From "The Valley of Achor."

Only Looked on.

The music and the patriotic speeches were over for the day, but the boys gathered at evening around a bright bonfire in the street, laughing and chattering, adding fresh fuel and stirring it to a brighter blaze. The cheerful light—and perhaps the warmth also, for it was a cool night—attracted one unlike the others of the group. A bareheaded, ragged boy drew near, and hovered on the outer edge of the company for a few minutes, but presently made his way nearer to the fire and stood beside it in evident enjoyment. Then the largest, roughest boy in the crowd suddenly discovered him. "Hello, Tatters! Where did you come from?" The boy tried to draw back, but he was too late. "Baro feet and such a cap as that!

Well, you're too fine entirely. Don't you think that kind of a cap is better roasted?" and a quick blow sent the faded head covering into the fire. "That was mean, Jim," said one of the boys, faintly. The others said nothing, and one or two laughed. The forlorn stranger drew back, escaped from the group, and sat down on a door-step at a little distance, drawing his ragged sleeve across his eyes to wipe away the tears of anger and grief. A pitying, indignant little face looked down upon him from an upper window, and a pair of childish eyes that had watched the scene, grew tearful in sympathy, and then brightened with hope of comforting. Lily hurried away, and was back in a few minutes with an outgrown cap of her brother's a package of sandwiches and cookies that she had coaxed in the kitchen, and a bright silver dollar of her own. She put the other articles into the cap, fastened a string to it, and lowered it softly toward the boy on the steps, dropping the end of the string as it reached him. "Why, Lily, what are you doing?" asked a voice as she drew back. Lily shook her bright hair, and looked up at her brother. "Doing what that speaker-man said this morning. He said, 'Let some of your blessings fall into the lap of those who haven't so much,' and I did. It fell right straight into his lap, and I guess he didn't know whether it came from a window or from heaven, for he looked up real quick and queer, and said, 'Thank you. Amen!' and then ran away." Guy laughed, but Lily's face was reproachful. "You were there by the bonfire all the time. O, Guy, I don't see how you could do it." "Why, I didn't knock his cap off," said Guy. "It was Jim Gregg; he's a rough fellow always. I didn't do anything or say anything, and the rest of the fellows didn't either." "That was just the trouble," said his aunt, gravely. "I, too, watched the whole thing from the window, Guy, and if I were going to talk to American boys on a day like this, I should care far less about urging them to join this or that political party than about warning them against belonging to the great party in the world—those who only stand and look on. I believe they are responsible for the larger share of its evils. They do not help any good cause, they only look on and do nothing. They never hinder a wrong cause, they only watch it, and say nothing. O, Guy, did you ever think how our Lord's parable makes the final condemnation rest, not upon actual transgression, but upon omission? 'I was a stranger, sick and in prison, and ye did it not to me.' They only looked on and did nothing." —*Morning Star.*

OLIVER DITSON & Co., Boston, the noted music publishers, send us nine good pieces of music, with the hint that they can do as well as this, in the way of publishing, every four days of the year. The pieces are—
 Under the Old Apple Tree, 30 cents,
 The Mocking Bird, 50 cents, Le Bijou Gavotte, 30 cents, Lakme Waltz, 30 cents, Why? (Perche,) 40 cents, Italian and English Words, O, That We Two were Maying, 35 cents, Soprano and Tenor Duet, The Absence Makes Memory Dear, 40 cents, For You, For Me, 35 cents, The Farmer's Daughter, 35 cents.

The Grobe's Nest; or, Trust.

BY T. C. JEFFERS.

In the marsh the rushes are tall and green,
 Merrily flits the wren behind,
 Singing so shrilly when their screen
 And saucily peeping,
 Above, the sky is blue and fair,
 The red-shouldered blackbird clings in air,
 The gallant piper now here, now there,
 Its day watch keeping.

In the heart of the marsh—a place I know
 Where the tall, swaying rushes more thinly
 grow,—
 There in the Spring the grebes come and go,
 A building their nest.
 They trust not to sand, or rush, or branch,
 But fair in the water their bark they launch,
 For they know right well that the fabric
 Unharm'd will rest.

No anchor it has, no rope or stay,
 But when the mother-bird flies away,
 Lest the gleam of her eggs her haunt should
 betray,
 With innocent guile
 Over her darlings she draws a veil,
 And I put it aside to read the tale
 Of maternal love in that ark so frail,
 With a tear and a smile.

A storm came up from the East last night,
 Wild raved the wind and the sky was alight
 With lightning that hissed 'mid the rain red
 and bright
 Ere the shock of the thunder!
 Beneath its fury in peaceful state
 The expectant mother slept with her mate,
 And safely, oh, safe! on her nest she sat
 With four eggs under!

Take Time.

A TEACHER cannot make ready for his lesson-teaching all at once. To study a lesson takes time. To learn how to teach a lesson takes yet more time. No teacher can be prepared for the teaching of his class by merely giving an hour or two to Bible study on Sunday morning or on Saturday evening. Nor can he be prepared merely by going to the teachers' meeting and having a part in the discussions there—valuable as is that help to preparation. A teacher ought to be studying his lesson, and making plans for its teaching, all through the week. One point at one time, and another point at another time; a fresh reading of the lesson, or a few minutes given to hunting illustrations, or to planning applications, added thought and added prayer, day by day—will ordinarily secure more of thoroughness in the understanding of the lesson, and in the mastery of its using, than the closest study on a single occasion could do. And this is commonly the method of the best Sunday-school teachers. —*S. S. Times.*

Sow Good Seed.

GIVE God's word to the children, the more of it the better. Even though the soil is not very promising, withhold not the hand from sowing. Children often carry their worst traits outside. The seed sown in them is not dead; it cannot die, because it has a divine germ of life in it. Perversity may choke it for a while, but the chances are in favour of its springing up and growing into beauty in the minds of properly instructed children. Teach and train, and train and teach with unwearied vigilance and the labour will not be lost —*Teacher's Mentor.*

A MAN, he told us, who bore a grudge against him had poisoned his dog, "That was a low thing for a man to do, now wasn't it? It wasn't like a man that, nohow. But I got even with him — I poisoned his dog."

The teacher should become thoroughly familiar with the Lesson-help used by pupils in his class. Not that the "Helps" should be used during the session, but that the lesson should be taught in the line of the pupil's study during the week, and as an encouragement to such study. The carefully graded helps now furnished, ought to result in better teaching work than ever before.

MERELY talking about or over a lesson, is not necessarily teaching it. Because one has some knowledge of the Bible, and is fluent in speech we must not think he has aptness to teach. The best means of fixing knowledge is that whereby the pupil is caused to exercise his powers of thought. Yet he may be really instructed in Scripture knowledge, and this first and necessary step of instruction may be his last, because the teacher has failed to hold him close to the divine Saviour, that so eternal life may be gained. This power comes only through a true life in Christ. They who win souls must be wise, and the wisdom needed can be had for the asking. —*Baptist Teacher.*

MONTREAL'S CARNIVAL.—The city of Montreal was the scene of much gaiety and festivity lately. It was the city's civic holiday, and the grand gala day of the carnival. Canadian sports were very thoroughly enjoyed by the natives, and tested by the visitors from the United States. In the afternoon the Governor-General and Lady Lansdowne held a reception at the Windsor Hotel, at which a brilliant gathering of citizens and visitors assembled. Among the latter were numbers of Americans. The grand sleighing parade attracted thousands of on-lookers, who stood in every available spot where a glimpse of the parade could be obtained. Never before has Montreal witnessed such a wonderful collection of sleighs. They were of all varieties, styles and sizes. The crowning glory of the carnival was the attack, defence and capture of the ice palace, in the evening, by the snow-shoe clubs of the city and vicinity. Around the palace were ranged in quadruple column 2,000 snow-shoers, picturesquely attired in the various costumes of their different clubs. The explosion of a bomb was the signal for the assault. Immediately the air was filled with fiery missiles from the attacking party, and the garrison promptly answered with a heavy fire. Then a perfect hail of fiery missiles of various colours was poured over the palace, and its walls and parapets glistened like coloured crystal. The uproar was not terminated until an outburst of flames from within the walls of the palace seemed to suggest that the magazine had been fired, and amid loud cheers the castle capitulated.

WEQUETOQUECK, in the town of Stonington, which has lately come into prominence, has long been noted for its family fights. A story is told of a Wequetequoek man being brought to a Stonington doctor in an ox-cart, having been handled without gloves by a brother. While the doctor was dressing the wounds the man asked, "Doctor, if I die from the effects of this beating, will they hang my brother?" "I'm afraid they will," was the doctor's reply. "Then let me die," said the Wequetequoek. —*New Haven Register.*