

## 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 resistless 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 fearful 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 stir-  
ring it to a brighter blaze. The cheer-  
ful 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 com-  
pany 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, fatters! 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, draw-  
ing 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 pack-  
age 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 to-  
ward 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 Grebe's Nest; or, Trust.

BY T. C. JEFFERS.

In the marsh the rushes are tall and green,  
Merrily flits the wren between,  
Singing so shrilly behind their screen

And saucily peeping,  
Above, the sky is blue and fair,  
The red-shouldered blackbird climbs in air,—  
The gallinule pines 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  
Th' 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' meet-  
ing and having a part in the discussions  
there—valuable as is that help to pre-  
paration. 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  
unwearying 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, now. But I got even with him  
—I poisoned his dog."

THE teacher should become thorough-  
ly 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 encourage-  
ment 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 knowl-  
edge, 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 Lans-  
downe 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 at-  
tacking party, and the garrison prompt-  
ly 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.

WEQUETEQUOCK, 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 Wequetequock 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 Wequetequock.—*New Haven*  
*Register*.