



HEIDELBERG CASTLE AND TOWER.

**The Watered Lilies.**

2 COR. IV. 7.

THE Master stood in His garden, among the lilies fair  
Which His own right hand had planted,  
and trained with tenderest care.

He looked at their snowy blossoms, and  
marked with observant eye,  
That His flowers were sadly drooping, for  
the leaves were parched and dry.

"My lilies need to be watered," the heavenly  
Master said;  
"Wherein shall I draw it for them, and  
raise each drooping head?"

Close to His feet on the pathway, empty and  
frail and small,  
An earthen vessel was lying, which seemed  
of no use at all.

But the Master saw, and raised it from the  
dust in which it lay,  
And smiled, as He gently whispered, "This  
shall do my work to-day.

"It is but an earthen vessel, but it lay so  
close to me;  
It is small, but it is empty—that is all it  
needs to be."

So to the fountain He took it, and filled it  
full to the brim.  
How glad was that earthen vessel to be of  
some use to Him!

He poured forth the living water over His  
lilies fair,  
Until the vessel was empty; and again He  
filled it there.

He watered the drooping lilies until they  
revived again;  
And the Master saw with pleasure that His  
labour had not been in vain.

His own hand had drawn the water which  
refreshed the thirsty flowers;  
But He used the earthen vessel to convey  
the living showers.

And to itself it whispered, as He laid it  
aside once more,  
"Still will I lie in His pathway, just where  
I did before.

"Close would I keep to the Master, empty  
would I remain,  
And perhaps some day He may use me to  
water His flowers again." E. R. V.

A BUTTON is one of those events that  
are always coming off.

**The Child.**

THE following is a part of a chapter  
from "Home and Social Life," by the  
Rev. Dr. H. W. Bolton, of Boston, an  
interesting book soon to be given to  
the public:

So many and constant are the demands upon our time and thought in supplying the wants of our physical nature, that we very naturally become commercial in our treatment of all interests, and too often measure value by the law of ready exchange. Matters of great interest are often treated slightly, and persons of great dignity pass by unnoticed. National wealth and historic greatness sacrificed in view of minor interests. This often closes the door upon those whose presence would bless and enrich us if suffered to abide. Children are too often treated as troublesome comforts, if comforts they are—a tax upon time and usefulness, in the way of those pursuits that bring pleasure and accomplishment.

In this we have gone little beyond the Spartans, who looked upon the interests of the state as infinite, while its subjects were simply worth their market price, and when by any accident they were rendered unsalable, some law must remove them, society must not be burdened with them. But this is not the highest law of estimate. The Giver of all life took the babe and put him in the midst of His cabinet, that He might call their attention to His estimate of childhood innocence. He took a child's nature to show the world the nature of His kingdom; yea, more, He took on Himself the form of a child, that the world might see God and live.

This truly gives the child a value not often recognized. A child, a rosy-cheeked Jewish lad, was placed in the midst of a company of church politicians by Jesus with these words, "Whosoever humbleth himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven,"—a strange lesson for a company of lords in ambition and expectation. What a lesson for men holding the keys to treasures and king-

doms, called upon to humble themselves and become like little children, for we have no reason to suppose this was an elect child, though tradition claims for it the name of Ignatius, whose body was thrown to the beasts at Rome, a martyr to the Christian religion; but, if this be historic, it may have been the result of training.

The child is to every home an inspiration we cannot afford to lose. Look not on the mother who cares for her child weeks, months, and years, with pity, as though your hours of leisure, reading, and concerting, were much to be preferred. Few mistakes so fatal. Has music charm and power? Love has more. Will it live? Love will live longest and accomplish most when the fingers now busy with piano and curls are stiff in death. Love will guide steps and accomplish deeds of undying worth to the faithful mother.

Cherish the children if you have them; if not, covet them as God's best gift. Their presence is the presence of innocence, that will constantly call you back to the hours of your own childhood, and enable you to live again the life of confidence now sadly disturbed by the experiences through which you have passed.

"Ah! what would the world be to us  
If the children were no more!  
We should dread the desert behind us  
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,  
With light and air for food  
Ere their sweet and tender juices  
Have been hardened into wood—

That to the world are children,  
Through them it feels the glow  
Of a brighter and sunnier climate  
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children,  
And whisper in my ear  
What the birds and the winds are singing,  
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,  
And the wisdom of our books,  
When compared with your caresses,  
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads  
That were ever sung or said;  
For ye are living poems,  
And all the rest are dead."  
—Longfellow.

Let not the presence of children prove a burden, though they demand time and attention. That music floating in from that childless home may be perfect, but it is passing away; your noisy little ones are touching notes the masters never knew, and they may be yours forever.

"Yes, I know there are stains on my carpet,  
The traces of small muddy boots;  
And I see your fair tapestry glowing,  
All spotless with blossoms and fruits.

And I know that my walls are disfigured  
With prints of small fingers and hands;  
And that your own household most truly  
In immaculate purity stands.

And I know that my parlor is littered  
With many old treasures and toys;  
While your own is in daintiest order,  
Unharmd by the presence of boys.

And I know that my room is invaded  
Quite boldly at all hours of the day;  
While you sit in yours unmolested  
And dream the soft quiet away!

Yes, I know there are four little bedsides  
Where I must stand watchful each night,  
While you go out in your carriage,  
And flash in your dresses so bright.

Now, I think I'm a neat little woman;  
I like my house orderly, too;  
And I'm fond of all dainty belongings;  
Yet I would not change places with you.

No! keep your fair home, with its order,  
Its freedom from bother and noise,  
And keep your own fanciful leisure,  
But give me my four splendid boys."

**An Incident.**

An incident worth recording, nor for the honour that it reflects upon the young lady only, but as an encouragement to other young persons in indigent circumstances, also, who desire a classical culture, excited no little interest at the recent commencement of Simpson Centenary college. A few years since a miss of fourteen, the daughter of poor parents, walked with bare feet to Indianola, a distance of several miles, to seek employment as a servant, that she might procure a few books with which to begin a course of study. From that day to the present she has steadily pursued her purpose, working as a servant until able to teach, for the means necessary to pay her expenses for board, clothing, books, and tuition; and thus has realized the end of her praiseworthy ambition, without the assistance of a dollar from other sources. Four years since she entered college, and though having to earn the means for doing so, has kept up with her class throughout the course, with a grade in recitations equal to any, and was graduated an A.B. at the recent commencement, her oration being regarded as among the very best delivered. The name of this young lady is Sarah Amanda Leeper, a name that deserves to be inscribed high upon the roll of moral heroines. I should have added to her achievements that in addition to the college curriculum she has mastered five other studies.—W. A. C.

"If I were in California," said a young fop, in company the other evening, "I would waylay some miner with a bag of gold, knock out his brains, gather up the gold and run." "I think you would do better to gather up the brains," quietly responded a young lady.