

WHEN WE ALL LIVED TOGETHER

HOW often memory dwells upon  
The days that are departed,  
When we in love together met,  
So free and simple hearted;  
O, happy, happy summer-time!  
O, blissful, golden weather!  
How bright and beautiful was earth  
When we all lived together!

I see the very corner where  
Dear grandmother is sitting  
In kerchief, cap and spectacles,  
So busy with her knitting;  
I ever seem to hear her voice  
Our merry tumult chiding,  
As from behind her chair we caught  
The urchin who was hiding.

And when, at meal-time, eagerly  
We hurried to the table,  
'Twas hard the laughter to suppress,  
Or hush the merry Babel;  
And if one pulled a sober face,  
A better impulse shown,  
Why, even that was quite enough  
To keep the others going.

And mother, dear, though dignified,  
Was never melancholy  
And father was so much a boy  
Himself, so kind and jolly.  
That 'twas no wonder we broke loose  
From every gloomy tether,  
And had a right good jovial time  
When we were all together.

The wintry days were full of sport,  
The evenings bright and charming!  
The books we read, the games we played,  
Had in them nothing harmful;  
A healthy spirit filled the house,  
And Peace, with folded pinion,  
Made her abode within the walls  
Where Love had true dominion.

But o'er the threshold strangers trod,  
Despite our protestations;  
And then, ah me! what changes came!  
What fatal separations!  
New ties were formed, new homes were made,  
By those to whom was given  
A taste of blissful joy on earth,  
Or perfect bliss in heaven.

This is the self-same sky that stretched  
Above those haunts elysian,  
The dear old home that now is but  
A memory and a vision;  
Yet as our hearts recall the past,  
We sigh, and wonder whether  
The world is quite so far as 'twas  
When we all lived together.

CHILDREN AND MISSIONS.

LAST Sunday I wandered slowly  
down the street. I was so  
oppressed with some scenes of  
sin and misery which had  
been brought to my notice  
that I could not stay in doors.  
"So much to be done! and I so  
weak! was it worth while try-  
ing to help?" Over and over again the  
question rang in my mind, and, dispirited,  
I could neither check nor answer the oft-  
repeated inquiry. As I walked sadly  
along, the sound of children's voices  
came sweetly to my ears. Soothed by  
the melody, I drew nearer, when, these  
words sung forth startled me:

"Go work in my vineyard;  
There's plenty to do."

I entered the bright Sabbath-school  
room, alive with the little faces. Did  
they know what they were saying,  
singing so gladly? It is God's work,  
said the Spirit, and I sat down to listen  
to the whole message.

Six little ones seemed to step forth  
from the song and stand before us.  
"Surely the isles shall wait for me,"  
said the little golden hair, and its ful-  
fillment in Madagascar, Sandwich Is-  
lands, and Japan, was noticed by the  
next little girl; and then from the  
third came the thanks, "Praise ye the  
Lord," "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

Slowly the fourth child stepped forward,  
and glancing at her comrades in front,  
said, "Go ye into all the world, and  
preach the gospel to every creature."  
How great sounded the request of those  
before her, even of the parents assem-  
bled. Often had I read and heard the  
verse, and it seemed overwhelming in  
its demands. But I had forgotten the  
next child, who was now saying, "Lo,  
I am with you alway, even unto the  
end of the world." Ah, there was the  
key to it. It is with Christ that I am  
to battle in this world. Again were  
His praises lisped by the last child.

The reports that followed I scarcely  
heard, but was roused by the song,  
"Give, said the little stream," as class  
by class they march up with their mis-  
sionary offerings. "All has been earned  
by the children's own efforts," said the  
superintendent, and their emphatic  
little nods confirmed his words.

China seemed the subject, and a  
bright boy stepped to the map, and with  
his long pointer and engaging voice  
carried us there, and through the broad  
land, among the multitudes of people.  
He showed us the great wall, the mar-  
vellously high mountains, canals, cities,  
etc., lingering at the few mission  
stations, as though by his love he would  
enlarge and multiply them, and comfort  
and strengthen the few brave souls  
there.

A little girl with proud, happy eyes,  
read her letter from a little heathen  
child whom they were supporting. It  
was her answer, and full of a strange  
wonder that so much love had come to  
her from way across the water. Love!  
poor little one, she seemed not to have  
known what it meant before, and to be  
almost overcome by its tenderness now.  
Here the infant class, "Jesus loves me,  
this I know." The letter had been  
prefaced by a few cheery words from  
her missionary teacher. How they ask  
for our prayers, and yet how much  
stronger they seem than we. Truly  
they seem to exemplify those lines—

"Go bury thy sorrows,  
Let others be blessed;  
Go, give them the sunshine,  
Te! Jesus the rest."

Now a young girl read an essay tell-  
ing of their customs in heathendom,  
their religion and the work Christians  
are accomplishing among them. She  
hardly read it, but told it, and her ear-  
nest eyes enforced the appeal that we  
would be God's workers in this grand  
and fruitful vineyard.

A teacher and her class came before  
us, each child bearing some curiosity  
from China land, which she displayed  
and explained at the close of her teacher's  
question.

What have the Chinese invented?  
They invented the mariner's compass,  
gunpowder, printing, and the manufac-  
ture of porcelain, paper, silk and clocks.

"Jennie, can you tell us anything  
which we eat, drink, wear or use, that  
comes from China?"

"We get tea, rice, coconuts, silk  
fans, pottery and carvings from China."

"Ethel, would you like to be a little  
Chinese girl?"

"No, because they have to let their  
finger-nails grow so long that they can  
hardly use their hands, and they have  
to wear their shoes so small that they  
cannot use their feet."

"Do the Chinese children keep the  
fifth commandment?"

"They reverence their parents while  
living, and honour them when dead."

"Are there many people in China?"

"If all the persons in the world were  
placed in a row, every third one would  
be Chinese."

"Do all these people live on land in  
China?"

"Nearly three millions of them live  
on boats, or in houses on rafts, or float-  
ing gardens in the canals or rivers."

"Annie, do they love little girls in  
China?"

"They do not love girls as much as  
boys, and when the parents get poor  
they sell their daughters for money."

"Carrie, are there many missionaries  
in China?"

"We have in Chicago over two hun-  
dred ministers and more than six thou-  
sand Sabbath-school teachers to tell us  
about Jesus, but we send them only  
one missionary for twice as many people  
as live in our city."

As they took their seats all eyes were  
turned towards an ante-room, from  
which a miniature Chinese was advan-  
cing, led by a blue eyed American.  
The little Chinese sang that appeal from  
all heathen, "Tell me the old, old story"  
and then clearly and sweetly sang the  
fair one beside her, "I love to tell the  
story." A gentleman addressed the  
children. His cordial, hearty ways in-  
terested them, but I know not what he  
said. I left, but no longer to walk  
listlessly about. Were those little  
hands and feet busy with the Master's  
work, and should I stand idle? Were  
they satisfied with the fruits? I must  
have more of their child faith. Were  
they entrusting more to God's help than  
I? Ah! it is God's work. If He can  
wait for the result, surely I might wait  
with Him, and I'll leave with Him the  
responsibility. — *Woman's Work for  
Woman.*

COURAGE.

BY WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON, D.D.

SOLDIERS twain stood facing danger,  
Side by side, alone and still;  
Bold was one, to fear a stranger,  
Light of thought and stout of will.

But the other, grave and serious,  
Deeply pondered, where he stood,  
Felt the spell of the mysterious  
Overshadowing neighborhood.

Of the mortal menace hidden  
In that moment's sudden chance;  
Till the throng of thoughts unbidden  
Trampled white his countenance.

Then his comrade marked his pallor,  
And a rallying charge he made,  
Out of his light-hearted valor,  
Lightly spoken, "You're afraid!"

"True, my friend," with blanched lips said  
he,  
"I have fear as you have none,  
But I stand here, staunch and steady,—  
You, with half my fear, would run!"

RESULT OF A GOOD RESOLU-  
TION.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT, the  
great United States naval  
commander, said to a minister  
with whom he was talking one  
day:

"Would you like to know how I  
was enabled to serve my country? It  
was all owing to a resolution I formed  
when I was ten years of age. My  
father was sent to New Orleans with  
the little navy we then had. I accom-  
panied him as cabin boy. I had some  
qualities that I thought made a man  
of me. I could swear like an old salt,  
could drink a stiff glass of grog, and  
could smoke like a locomotive. I was  
great at cards, and fond of gaming in

every shape. At the close of dinner,  
one day, my father turned everybody  
out of the cabin, locked the door, and  
said to me—

"David, what do you mean to be!  
"I mean to follow the sea," I re-  
plied.

"Follow the sea! Yes, be a poor,  
miserable, drunken sailor before the  
mast, kicked and cuffed about the  
world, and die in some fever hospital  
in a foreign clime."

"No," I said, "I'll tread the quarter-  
deck and command as you do."

"No, David, no boy ever trod the  
quarter-deck with such principles as  
you have, and such habits as you ex-  
hibit. You'll have to change your  
whole course of life, if you ever be-  
come a man."

"My father left me and went on  
deck. I was stunned by the rebuke,  
and overwhelmed with mortification.  
'A poor, miserable, drunken sailor  
before the mast, kicked and cuffed  
about the world, and to die in some  
fever hospital: That's my fate is it!  
I'll change my life, and change it at  
once. I will never utter another oath,  
I will never drink another drop of  
intoxicating liquor, I will never gam-  
ble again. And as God is my witness,  
I have kept those three vows to this  
hour. Shortly after I became a Chris-  
tian. That act settled my temporal,  
as it settled my eternal destiny."—  
*Seymour.*

BABY SEALS.

DURING the first half of March,  
on these great floating fields  
of ice, are born thousands of  
baby seals—all in soft woolly  
dress, white, or white with a beautiful  
golden lustre. The Newfoundlanders  
call them "white-coats." In a few  
weeks, however, they lose this soft  
covering, and a gray, coarse fur takes  
its place. In this uniform they bear  
the name of "ragged-jackets," and it  
is not until two or three years later  
that the full colours of the adult are  
gained, with the black crescentic or  
harp-like marks on the back, which  
give them the name of "harps." The  
squealing and barking at one of these  
immense nurseries can be heard for a  
very long distance. When the babies  
are very young, the mothers leave  
them on the ice and go off in search  
of food, coming back frequently to look  
after the little ones, and although  
there are thousands of the small,  
white, squealing creatures, which to  
you and me would seem to be precisely  
alike, and all are moving about more  
or less, the mother never makes a mis-  
take, nor feeds any bleating baby  
until she has found her own. If the ice  
happens to pack around them, so that  
they cannot open holes, nor get into  
the water, the whole army will labor-  
iously travel by floundering leaps to  
the edge of the field; and they show  
an astonishing sagacity in discerning  
the right direction.

Dr. Theodore Cuyler says in a recent  
article: "Conversion in the morning  
of life commonly means a whole day's  
work for the Lord; but conversion  
late in its afternoon saves only the—  
sundown. The earliest trees in  
God's field were planted there when  
they were sapplings. Those who thus  
are planted in the house of the Lord  
flourish in the courts of our God."