

"O Bairnies, Cuddle Doon."

Written by a section hand on the North British Railway.

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' muckle faucht an' din ;
Oh, try an' sleep, ye waukrife rogues,
Your father's comin' in.
They never heed a word I speak,
I try to gie a frown ;
But aye I hap them up an' say,
"O bairnies, cuddle doon !"

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid,
He aye sleeps next the wa',
Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece ;"
The rascal starts them a'.
I rin' and fetch them pieces, drinks,
They stop a wee the soun',
Then draw the blankets up an' cry,
"Noo, weanies, cuddle doon !"

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
Cries out, frae 'neath the claes,
"Mither, mak' Tam gie owre at ance,
He's kittlin' wi' his taes."
The mischief's in that Tam for tricks,
He'd bother half the toon ;
But aye I hap them up an' say,
"O bairnies, cuddle doon !"

At length they hear their father's fit,
An' as he steeks the door,
They turn their faces to the wa',
While Tam pretends to snore.
"Hae a' the weans been gude?" he
asks,
As he pits aff his shoon,
"The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
An' lang since cuddled doon."

And just before we bed oorsel's,
We look at oor wee lambs ;
Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,
And Rab his airm roun' Tam's.
I lift wee Jammie up the bed,
An' as I straik each croon,
I whisper, till my heart fills up,
"O bairnies, cuddle doon !"

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' mirth that's dear to me !
But soon the big warl's cark and care
Will quaten doon their glee ;
Yet come what may, to ilka ane,
May He who rules aboon,
Aye whisper, though their pows be
bauld,
"O bairnies, cuddle doon !"
People's Journal, Dundee.

My Message for the Day.

ANNA D. BRADLEY.

This morning as I prepared for the duties of the day, my spirit was not in perfect harmony with existing affairs. Very much would I have liked to have changed this or that ; to have annihilated certain seeming obstructions, and press into active service certain longed for aids that persistently eluded my grasp. But long ago I learned that I must meet circumstances as they really are, and not as I would like to have them. Recognizing this fact this morning, I tried to act accordingly.

Still the ugly truth must be told. Deep within my secret heart of hearts I was not as contented as I usually am.

I persisted in looking at the shadows, yet failed to remember that no shadow could fall save when the sunlight was near. I quite forgot how intangible a thing a shadow is ; that no matter how persistently I tried I could never grasp one. Neither could the blackest shadow fall with weight enough to hurt. Yes, I forgot all this and was oppressed with anxious care.

What was the matter ? Really I do not know. Perhaps my digestion was wrong. Perhaps I was anxious about the coming elections, for result as they may—if I am to believe red hot orators and scribes on both sides—our country will surely be bankrupt. Perhaps—I do not know—but perhaps I was a wee bit tired.

But when an instrument is out of tune the cause is of small moment. The work to be done is to restore the tone to the proper pitch. And when your spirit and mine gets out of tune the divine Musician always comes and, if we will let Him, lays His wonder working hand among the strings ; and lo ! every discordant note will disappear, and only harmony be heard.

But as I walked the busy, crowded street my soul was still so sadly out of tune. I was anxiously questioning concerning issues which I should have been trustfully leaving to Him who is pledged to guide me in all my ways, and to uphold me all the while.

I passed the show window of a large book store ; and among, perhaps, a hundred attractions only one caught my eye. On a card with illuminated text, I read, "Your Father knoweth of what things ye have need."

The sweet words seemed to come—not to the crowd who surged by—but to me individually ; and they came in such a tenderly rebuking tone I could not help whispering : "My Father, forgive."

I passed on, but the sweet assurance and loving reproof remained with me. I seemed to hear : "Oh, thou of little faith, why will ye doubt ? Why will you be anxious when you are led by an all wise Father who knows so much better than you can ever know the things for which you have most need ? Why will you shrink from the gifts I send you in love ? Why will you fear to journey on, when One who cannot err is close beside you, guiding and guarding you all the way ?"

And again all the answer my humbled and penitent heart could make was still, "Father, forgive, forgive !"

Yet how quickly the shadows vanished ; how every burden shrank back as it ashamed, how every doubt and fear fell dead at my feet. How bright

grew my way ; for since that way was my Father's choice I knew it must be best. How pleasant and secure my future became, for I could never really want since my Father knew so well the things I would need.

It was early in the morning I received my message, and all day long my heart has been full of joy. I can rest in perfect peace and trust to the love of my Father who knows everything that I need.

"Chance," did I hear you smilingly assert ? Well, I will not argue ; still I cannot help the conviction that my Father who watcheth my every need, saw how, this morning, I stood in need of rebuke for doubt, and still more of encouragement to walk bravely on and fear no evil. I believe that He who tempers the winds to the shorn lamb ; who watches the sparrow in its flight ; who numbers our every hair ; I believe He determined to give his hungry child this morning the very gift for which she had most need. Smile if you will, but I verily believe my Father guided the shop-man's hand this morning to place that message where I, His needy one, might read and be ashamed to doubt or fear.

And now I hear one slyly whisper of the ego in the writer who presumes to think that her small individual wants for the day could arrest the attention of the Ruler of the Universe. And yet there is little to excite egotism while remembering one's helpless dependence.

Mayhap there is one who reads this page who trembles because of some unknown or threatening future. They fear to go on, yet they cannot stand still. Oh brother, sister with the heart oppressed, let me whisper my message in your trembling ear, and remind you that your Father knoweth the things that you need.

He cannot mock. In all the checked paths of your past and mine, His love has always been close about us. By means which we could not comprehend, by ways which were new and strange to us, He has led us on and on, but the outcome has always been well. God has his mysteries of grace, and through these mysteries His mighty hand is guiding us, and those we love the most, to where the highest good can best be reached. In the darkest hour there is always a light beyond ; in the most rough and dangerous path there is always one safe, sure stepping stone just at our feet ; and in the hour of sorest trial we still can trust the help which cannot fail. For always and always the assurance is ours—"Your Father knoweth the things which ye need."

From Egyptian Tombs.

"The recent discoveries of M. de Morgan, at Dashour, Egypt, have been the most important of modern times. In these tombs of pyramids belonging to the twelfth dynasty—perhaps 2500 B. C.—were found such perfect specimens of workmanship in gold, silver, precious stones, ivory, etc., so exquisite in all their details, as to justify the remark of a connoisseur that by the side of them, 'the famous jewelry of Ah-hoteph looks poor and degenerate.' It is estimated that the commercial value of these treasures cannot be much less than half a million dollars. How effectually does such a find as this silence those great and learned men—persons of recognized scholarship and standing in the first ranks of Biblical critics—who, within a few decades, boldly asserted that the workmanship described in the construction of the tabernacle in the wilderness, was of such a nature as to exclude forever the idea of the possibility of fashioning so elaborate a tent with its elegant furniture in the time of Moses ! What strange feelings must come over such theologians when they gaze upon these recovered treasures lately deposited in the Gizeh museum !"
—*The Friend.*

A Modern Jonah Proves His Story.

The *Journal des Debats*, of Paris, one of the most conservative publications in the world, has become convinced that the experience of the prophet Jonah in the belly of the whale has been duplicated by an adventure that recently befell James Bartley, an English seaman, one of the crew of the whaler *Star of the East*. M. Henri de Parville, the scientific editor of the *Journal des Debats*, is a man who is accustomed to weighing evidence with painstaking care and of reaching conclusions only when they have been approached with the utmost conservatism.

A WHALE'S STOMACH.

Says M. de Parville : "I have already had cause to remark in these columns that gigantic stomachs over two metres in diameter have been found in whales of thirteen metres in length. The whale belonging to the Prince of Monaco which died the other day was found to have in its intestines many hundred kilogrammes of fishes in various stages of decomposition. Even Goliath in his time could not have weighed more than that, to say nothing of Jonah."

The scientific editor of the *Journal des Debats*, having carefully considered the details of the following story, re-