



A DEAR LITTLE BIT OF MUSLIN AND LACE.

GRANDMOTHER'S FIND.

BY HARRIET FRANCENE CROCKER, IN 'FRANK LESLIE.'

What did grandmother find to-day,
Up in the garret-chamber dim,
Where the cobwebs hang their draperies gray
And the afternoon's light steals softly in?
What was the treasure she prizes so?
A baby's cap from the long ago.

A dear little bit of muslin and lace,
Yellowed and worn with the touch of years,
But, oh, she can fancy the winsome face,
And her soft blue eyes are dewy with tears.—
The dear little face of her first-born boy—
And her pale cheeks flush with a mother's joy.

'Tis such a queer, little, quaint device,
With sewing the fairies might have done;
Beyond all value, beyond all price,
Is the baby cap of grandmother's son;
For over his grave the daisies are white,
But grandmother's heart is happy to-night.

'For oh,' she says, 'he is happy, I know,
And heaven re-echoes with pattering feet,
And I sometimes dream that I see the gleam
Of the golden curls and the faces sweet,
Oh, better a home up there for him,
Where sorrow can never enter in!

Wonderful relics we found to-day,
Up in the garret-chamber dim—
Silks in lavender laid away
That dames in the old times courted in—
Garments of many an old-time beau,
Worn in the days of the long ago.

Grandmother's spinning-wheel spins no more;
Silent it stands in its corner dim;
Quiet its rests, its labors o'er,
And the afternoon light steals softly in;
But the wee little cap in grandmother's hand
Has drifted her back to babyland.

[For The MESSENGER.
A BRIGHT BOY.

Robert is just five and one-half years of age, and as a neighborly guest he often breaks bread at our table. When it suits his pleasure better to sup with us at six o'clock than to dine at home at the same hour, he prevails with his mother, using the argument that a plain cold supper is far more healthy than a hot hearty dinner.

During one of these more healthy suppers a few days since, he related the story of the birth of Jesus, the latest lesson of the infant department of the Sabbath School. It was a very sweet story as it came from his childish lips with great detail of circumstance and a sprinkling of unpronounceable historic names, which, however, did not in the least daunt his enthu-

siastic recital. The name of Joseph arrested his continuity of thought. To his little mind a flood of light ran through the entire story, for a few months previous he had met my brother in our home and heard him familiarly called by that name. The face of the child became illuminated, he had caught a key note to that Sunday School tale, and looking up quickly and with intense earnestness, he exclaimed, 'Miss H— was that Joseph any of your relations?'

Of course the bare truth had to be spoken, but the little fellow was led down from his pinnacle of light with all possible ease and care.

J. S. H.

Albany.

STRONG BOYS.

'The glory of young men is their strength.' There is no doubt about it, but what gets many a fine fellow into trouble is a confused idea of what strength is. A boy is a young man, and never too young to glory in being strong.

Coming home from a long journey a few years ago, I was fairly panting with emotion as I approached the house where I was to see my baby, 'Jack.' I rang the door-bell and waited, hoping that he himself would open to me, and I braced myself instinctively, for I knew he would spring into my arms. He did open the door, and knew me instantly, and—without an atom of emotion, gravely doubled up his little fat arm and said, 'Papa, feel my muscle,' and I did. He is a great tall boy now, with a mighty biceps, but is not so proud of it as he used to be.

'Strength' means many things to many men. Some glory in arms, some in legs, some in 'wind,' 'quickness'—all sorts of things. But what did Sullivan's wonderful arms and legs and wind and cleverness amount to, since, after all, he was too weak to keep sober? or O'Leary's splendid muscles, after his stomach gave out? What is the good of being rich if one is a fool, or powerful and a coward, or fleet if he cannot endure? I have seen a great, lusty, handsome boy clubbed to death with a ridiculous cigarette. I have seen a glorious man, who would have faced an army and fought to the death, go down to drunkenness and shame before a bar-room loafer's sneer.

You see what I am coming to. Strength is symmetry; in a watch not speed, but 'time,' and for that the 'going' of it is not

more important than the holding back. In music, not noise, but harmony, in which dots and rests and pedals are as true as notes. In a man not muscle only, but poise, balance, escapement, health, or culture, which means all these. And a young man who intends to hold the citadel of his life with power, needs every defense that his Creator gave him at the beginning.

'What do I smell on your breath?' a boy's mother asked him, as she kissed him when he came in from 'the party.' 'And your cheeks are flushed. O my boy! did you drink wine?'

'Yes, mother; I refused it, but they insisted, and I took it rather than seem eccentric. You know I don't care for it.'

The wine might not have hurt him, but one line of his defenses of character had gone down, for a young fellow, however amiable, who changes a refusal of wine to a drink of it, in order not to be eccentric, has a breach in his line, and is evermore in peril until it is mended.

But the wine did hurt him, for precedents are mighty things in social life or law, and he became a politely steady drinker, but 'not at saloons.'

A year or two later he dropped into the drug store for a glass of brandy 'for a cold,' and another line of his defenses had gone down. Another year or two, and he just went into the saloon 'with Brown' and had a cocktail, for he was 'overcome by the heat,' and another barricade was broken down; but he despised a man who would 'carry a bottle.' Another year or two and he carried one, and hid it 'for morning.' And years later he was one of the chattels of the saloon—a poor lost drunkard.

That does not always happen, perhaps not often comparatively, but what I have just sketched did happen, and I know the man.

And it is very likely to happen, and almost always it is a generous, lovable, capable fellow who goes down like that, and he always glories in his strength, until he finds it shame.

A strong man is always a gentle man, and no good place in the whole social world is shut to gentlemen.

And from this flying railway train in Illinois, I send you this loving admonition, with a prayer, from an old boy who went from the sweetest home in the world to the hell of drunkenness, by being mistaken about 'strength,' until one night he staggered up to Jesus, and he performed the greatest of his miracles—made strength of weakness.—*Wm. G. Woolley, in the Pansy.*

THE EASTER GUEST.

BY M. L. DICKINSON.

I knew Thou wert coming, O Lord Divine,
I felt in the sunlight a softened shine,
And a murmur of welcome I thought I heard,
In the ripple of brooks and the chirp of bird:
And the bursting buds and the springing grass
Seemed to be waiting to see Thee pass;
And the sky, and the sea, and the throbbing sod,
Pulsed and thrilled to the touch of God.

I knew Thou wert coming, O Love Divine,
To gather the world's heart up to Thine;
I know the bonds of the rock-hewn grave
Were riven, that, living, Thy life might save.
But blind and wayward I could not see
Thou wert coming to dwell with me, o'en me;
And my heart, o'erburdened with care and sin,
Had no fair chamber:—to take Thee in.

Not one clean spot for Thy foot to tread,
Not one pure pillow to rest Thy head;
There was nothing to offer, no bread, no wine,
No oil of joy in this heart of mine;
And yet the light of Thy kingly face
Illumed for Thyself, a small, dark place,
And I crept to the spot by Thy smile made sweet,
And tears came ready to wash Thy feet.

Now, let me come nearer, O Lord Divine,
Make in my soul for Thyself a shrine;
Cleanse, till the desolate place shall be
Fit for a dwelling, dear Lord, for Thee.
Rear, if Thou wilt, a throne in my breast,
Reign—I will worship and serve my guest,
While Thou art in me—and in Thee I abide—
No end can come to the Easter tide.

THE MESSAGE OF THE BELLS.

Listen! The earliest bluebird sings again
His prophecy of spring above the snows;
And in our heart already summer glows.

So the first violet in a sunny nook,
Lifting its face in April's frosty hours,
Tells of the coming sisterhood of flowers.

And when the Easter bells from tower to tower
Proclaim Christ risen, still our faith replies,
'Since he is risen' we shall also rise.'

The winter of our sorrow passes by;
The springing of our hope is drawing near.
Listen! His message in the bells is clear.

REV. ISAAC O. RANKIN.

EASTER FLOWERS.

BY JOHN B. TABB.

We are his witnesses; out of the dim,
Dark region of Death we have risen with Him.
Back from our sepulchre rolleth the stone,
And Spring, the bright angel, sits smiling thereon.

We are His witnesses. See, where we lay
The snow that late bound us is folded away;
And April, fair Magdalen, weeping anon,
Stands flooded with light of the new-risen Sun!
—*St. Charles College, Ellicott City, Md.*

EASTER.

Not alone in earth's dark caverns
Shines the sun of Easter morn;
Lo, amid the deeper shadows
Of the soul, the Light is born.

WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

EASTER THOUGHTS.

Ring, happy bells of Easter time!
The world takes up your chant sublime,
'The Lord is risen! The night of fear
Has passed a way, and heaven draws near;
We breathe the air of that blest clime,
At Easter time.

LUCY LARCOM.

FOR TIRED LITTLE FOLKS.

'Auntie, please tell me something nice to do. I'm tired on Sunday. It's too late to go out, and it's too early for the lamp, and the wrong time for everything.'

'Well, let me see,' said Auntie. 'Can you tell me any one in the Bible whose name begins with A?'

'Yes; Adam.'

'I'll tell you a B,' said auntie; 'Benjamin. Now a C.'

'Cain.'

'Right,' said Aunt Sarah.

'Let me tell D,' said Joe, hearing our talk; 'Daniel.'

And so we went through all the letters of the alphabet, and before we thought of it we were called for supper, the house was lighted, and we had a fine time. Try it.—*Mayflower.*