

THE POOR, GOD HELP THEM.

BY MRS. M. E. HEWITT.

[Here are a few seasonable lines from one of the most charming of American writers. They have been published, we dare say, again and again, but they are not the less attractive on that account.]

Old winter comes with a stealthy tread,
O'er the fallen autumn leaves,
And shrilly he whispereth over head,
And pipeth beneath the eaves.
Let him come! we care not amid our mirth,
For the driving snow or rain,
For little we reck on the cheerless hearth,
Or the broken window pane.
'Tis a stormy night, but our glee shall mock
At the winds that loudly prate,
As they echo the moan of the poor that knock
With their cold hands at our gate.
The poor! we give them the half-picked bone,
And the dry, mildewed bread;
Ah! they never, God help them, know the pain
Of the pampered overfed.
Fill round again with cheering wine,
While the fire grows warm and bright;
And sing me song, sweet heart of mine,
Ere you whisper the words "good night!"
You will never dream, 'neath the covering war'n
Of your soft and curtained bed,
Of the scanty rug and the shivering form,
And the yawning roof o'er head.
The poor! God pity them in their need!
We've a prayer for every groan:
They ask us with out-stretched hands for bread,
And we carelessly give them a stone.
God help them! God help us! for much we lack,
Though lofty and rich we be;
And open our hearts unto all that knock
With the cry of Charity.

THE LAMB THAT BUILT A COLLEGE.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

"What a beautiful building!" said I, as we paused—my friend and I, in our walk under the trees in the college grounds, and looked at a new building just finished. It was handsome, and useful, and will probably stand there for generations to come.

"That building," said my friend, "was built by a little lamb!"

"Do explain yourself!"

"Well, many years ago there was a poor boy who lived in the south part of the country. He was a motherless boy, his mother having died when he was four months old. He was living with a married sister at the age of twelve years, when a young law student agreed with him that if he would catch and put out his horse for a given length of time, he might ride his horse to see his friends at thanksgiving. So they made the bargain. In the same spring there was a beautiful lamb born, and sporting on the hills near by. When thanksgiving had arrived, and young Nathan, the boy, was mounted for his journey, his friend, the student calls to him, "Nathan, have you any money to spend, if you need?"

"Yes, sir, I have three nine-penny pieces."

"The student knew that he had been very faithful, and handed him a silver dollar. Nathan took it, surprised, glad, wondering! How large it looked! He had never been so rich before! How carefully he put it in his pocket, and how often he let the horse walk that he might thrust his hand in his pocket and feel of it, and turn it over, and then take it out and look at it! What *should* he do with it? At last he thought of the beautiful lamb, and determined to buy it. And buy it he did. But he had no home and no place to keep it, and so he tied a string around its neck and led it to an honest man who took it, and agreed to give him half the increase. For just *forty* years he held on to his sheep, letting them out here and there to people who wanted them. Then he found how he could increase his property if he had his sheep in money. The little lamb had increased to *one thousand and sixty-four*! and he sold them for *fifteen hundred and ninety-six dollars*! From that time his property increased very fast. He is now an old man; but at his own expense he has just reared that beautiful building, and has done much for the college besides!"

My friend paused, and we walked on silently. "Ah!" said I to myself, "if that boy had spent his first dollar on something to eat, or to drink or to smoke, how different might have been his whole life! How much may turn on the skip of the lamb that drew his eyes to it, or to a word dropped by some friend! He might have wasted his dollar, but now that building will stand and be doing good long, long after he is dead and gone! The babe now in his mother's arms will come here and be a student, and bless that man. "Such a way of doing good is like that of Jacob in digging his well. It gave drink to himself, and to his children, and to his cattle, but it remained, to give drink to every generation, till Christ came to it, and met the poor, wicked Samaritan woman there, and preached the first gospel sermon there, and gave to those who drank of that well, the waters of eternal life."

As I mused and thought of it, I seemed to hear a voice saying, "Write out this story; perhaps it may fall under the eye of some boy who will take his first dollar and so use it, that he may yet found a school, rear a college building, or endow a Professorship, where there will be faithful teaching, and immortal minds trained up for God's glory, long, long after he has gone to the dead!"

So I write it, and send it out with a prayer. Who can tell the result?—*S. S. Times*.

When young, we trust ourselves too much, and we trust others too little when old. Rashness is the error of youth—timid caution of age. Manhood is the isthmus between the two extremes; the ripe, the fertile season of action, when alone we can hope to find the head to contrive, united with the hand to execute.