

Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep.

"Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep."
The baby learned her prayer,
Knocking by her mother's chair
In her little bed-gown white;
And it over every night,
Looming in her childish way
How a little child should pray.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
Said the child a maiden grown;
Thinking, with a backward glance,
How the happy past has flown
Since beside her mother's knee,
With a child's humility,
She had said her simple prayer,
Feeling safe in Jesus' care.

"I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep—"
Yet the words were careless said,
Lightly had the hand of time
Laid his fingers on her head;
In life's golden afternoon
Gave the bells and sweet the tune,
And upon her wedding-day
She had half forgot to pray.

"Now I lay me down to sleep—"
How the words came back again,
With a measure that was born
Half of pleasure, half of pain;
Knocking by a cradle bed,
With a hand upon each head,
Rose the old prayer soft and low
As a brooklet in its flow.

All alone, with bended head,
She has nothing but her dead;
Yet with heart so full of care,
Still her lips repeat the prayer.
Rest at last, O storm-tossed soul,
Safe beyond the breakers' roll;
He, the Lord her soul shall keep;
Now she lays her down to sleep.

—*Truth in Life.*

The Aurora Borealis in the North.*

Whitefish Lake, N.W.T.

"Of all the northern lights which I have ever seen, the most splendid is the Aurora Borealis. It occurs so frequently as to be deemed an ordinary phenomenon, and we saw it several times during the autumn." [The northern lights rarely appear in the autumn as far north as I have been. They are very brilliant in winter.] "It commonly commences with a red glare on one spot of the sky, gradually extending—more or less—over the horizon, and encompassing it with its radiance. Frequently the light is distinctly seen moving in different directions—sometimes slowly; while its form and outline constantly change. But of all the auroras I ever saw, none can compare with one I witnessed on the 9th of September, 1810, of which I will attempt a feeble description:—

"At ten o'clock at night, a loud, crackling noise was heard in the air, as though coming from a distance. The inhabitants were not slow in divining what this uproar in the atmosphere betokened; but almost before they could rush to the windows, the whole of the environs were enveloped

in one blaze of illumination. Called by our landlord, we hurried into the courtyard to contemplate the phenomenon, and were enraptured at what we saw; but to describe the spectacle is beyond the power of my feeble pen. The night was frosty and clear. Every object around—the earth, the forest, and the town—were white with snow. Berezov was no longer a miserable collection of huts, but, radiant with lights reflected by its covering of snow, looked like a world of enchantment. The different parts of the strange scenery seemed to form but a single grand and stately structure—a structure with walls of flame, surmounted by a cone-like cupola of fire, which towered over our heads. The light was neither red nor lurid, but beamed with mild, soft, indescribable lustre, unlike anything that can be imagined.

"The entire fabric, as it seemed, gradually threw off the cupola, and assumed the form of a sugar loaf. It was narrow at its base; but the summit, or apex, of this cone rose to such an immense height as to bewilder the vision. It appeared as though it even penetrated the vault of heaven, and at that hour of extraordinary solemnity, permitted mortals—though but for a moment—to catch from their earthly vale a glimpse of that mysterious region, inaccessible but to the spirits of the blessed.

"The walls of the wondrous cone were formed by light, floating clouds of silvery brightness, which, curling upwards like volumes of thin smoke, spread their luminous rays in every direction. These clouds rose like vapours from the base, as if they were engendered in the earth, and rolled rapidly up to the summit, where, after covering the apex, they vanished as quickly as they ascended. Their disappearance, however, did not in the slightest degree interrupt or diminish the splendour of the spectacle; and fresh volumes of cloud continued to roll up in all kinds of fantastic shapes, and with the same brilliant effects.

"These floating walls completely blocked out the sky, so that nothing could be seen of the blue vault of heaven or the countless stars. The eye could only behold the wonderful evolutions of masses of light set in motion by an invisible hand, while the ear was enchained by majestic strains of harmony with which the whole atmosphere resounded.

"The aurora was undiminished in splendour for several hours; but afterwards its motions were less rapid, the coruscations of light faded gradually away, and at two o'clock all had vanished. The stars, which up to that time had been obscured, or only partially visible, appeared in all their former glory; the moon shone brightly, as it sailed over its clear azure path; and everything resumed its usual aspect.

"Wishing to ascertain what the Berezovians, who have not the slight-

est knowledge of natural philosophy, thought of the aurora, I made enquiries with this view. The explanation I obtained from the wisest among them was, that the waves of the Arctic Ocean, reflecting the light of the moon, threw back a radiance on the sky, whence all the effects of the aurora."

Our Indians call the "lights" the "spirits of the dead dancing."

"The Beggars at Our Gates."

THE beggars at our gates are the heathen nations. The responsibility of our nation to those beggars whom God has placed at our gates is great. It is the devil's doctrine that a man who deserts God will prosper. The wealth of the world is passing into the hands of the meek servants of God. Heathen nations are impoverished. The wealth of India is a myth. To us who have lived in China and India the word *poverty* has a meaning you cannot understand. Millions of families never have meat. Whole families are clothed for twenty-five cents a year. I believe there is more suffering from the cold in Calcutta than in Boston. To-night a hundred million of people will lie down to sleep with only the earth for a bed, with a thin piece of cotton cloth, a few leaves, or a bamboo matting for protection from the weather. There are two hundred millions of people whose average annual income is twenty-five dollars for a whole family. They have but two meals a day, consisting of coarse millet and rice. An American State wastes enough to support a whole province in India.

The moral state of the heathen is a deep and horrible poverty. There is much that is sweet and lovable, even in the darkest corners of the world. But there is no Christian fellowship, no prayer, no spiritual hope. To me the city of God is a reality. Take this hope out of my life and I am poor. The Hindus have no clear idea of what comes after death—only vague traditions. There is no prayer outside of Christian influence. The Mohammedan mumbles Arabic words that he does not know the meaning of. He does not talk to his God face to face.—*Extract from lecture in Boston Herald.*

The Giant's Causeway.

BY D. JAMES.

LANDING at the historical city of Londonderry, a Canadian will notice that most of the vehicles have but two wheels. I only saw one four-wheeled during my stay. I here took my first ride in an Irish jaunting car, which is a very pleasant, yet amusing way of travelling. Walked on the famous wall of Derry, viewed the monuments and cathedrals, the old cemeteries, the fine bridge across the river Foyle. The next place of interest to the tourist will be the Giant's Causeway—taking the cars for Portrush, a fash-

ionable watering-place and seaport in the North of Ireland; cars are exchanged for the electric tram cars for the Causeway, a distance of about eight miles. Skimming over the country is somewhat novel without either steam or horse power, and the sensation pleasant. The caves were first visited, one 350 feet long and 45 feet in height, the other 666 feet long and 96 feet high, one side of the large cave is trap rock, the other being basalt. Being low tide when we were in the cave the oxide of iron showed itself in bright red colours mingled in the rocks. The first view of the Causeway is quite disappointing, yet upon close inspection it well repays for the visit; some persons having time have counted upwards of 37,000 columns, the sides of which number from three to nine, the joints of the columns being concave and convex, fitting quite closely. The guide will take you to the wishing seat, where, being seated you wish, which will be realized on one condition, viz.: That you keep your wish a secret. On our way back the party made a call at Dunlinc Castle, now in ruins, but around which are events of historical interest, part of the castle being built about 900 years ago, and it shows the principle upon which fortifications were constructed during that period.

Going Against Nature.

JACK was thirteen years old, and consequently thought himself a man—at least that he ought to do everything he pleased, whether he always pleased to do right or not. His uncle surprised him one morning by inquiring:

"Jack, did you ever see a fish trying to eat a cabbage?"

"Of course not, uncle," Jack replied indignantly.

"Why not?" pursued his uncle. "It might taste good to them."

"Because they are aqueous mammals," replied Jack, "and not nanny-goats."

"Because they find it does not agree with their stomachs, Jack," replied his uncle; "and it is just as silly for a boy to try to drink beer, when this he finds is the case, as it would be for a fish to taste cabbage-heads."

Jack was silent. His mother was a widow, and did not control him very well; but this old uncle had a way of finding out everything. He had seen Jack tasting the beer—just out of curiosity—when Jimmy—the man who jobbed for his mother—offered it to him, and heard him declare that it was good—though a few minutes afterwards it made him violently sick.

Jack made up his mind that there was nothing so manly after all in making-believe, and resolved to let beer alone in the future.—*Temperance Banner.*

A TASTE of every sort of knowledge is necessary to form the mind.

* The above extract was lately found in an old magazine, and it so well describes the Aurora Borealis in our own Far North, that it may be taken as a correct account of it.—O. GERMAN.