

FAITH ILLUSTRATED.

[The following poem is founded on fact: the story being well known, and often told in Sabbath Schools as an illustration of faith.]

THE night was calm and still, the moon shone bright,
And lent the silver-sweetness of her light
To guide the lonely patrol on his beat,
As with a measured step, from street to street,
His echoing footsteps beat a solemn tread;
And from the city towers, far over head,
The midnight hour rung out with mournful chime,
Telling the wakeful of the march of Time!

But hark! what awful sound is that I hear,
Which falls like thunder on my closing ear?—
“Fire!” “fire!” “FIRE!” ’tis the patrol’s warning cry
That rings from house to house, from earth to sky,
Rousing the wakeful, scattering the dreams
Of love and joy, and for a moment gleams
From face to face—from eye to eye,—
A terror as of death or danger nigh.

“Fire!” “fire!” “FIRE!” onward press the anxious crowd

With rushing, hasty steps, and noises loud,
To yonder mansion, where the ruddy g’are
Speaks louder than the groans of dark despair!
The greedy flames surround with furious power
The doomed abode; and in that midnight hour
Strong men are weak, and none but they are brave
Who look to Him whose power alone can save!

So felt a father when he saw his child,
Far out of human reach, ’mid danger wild,
On top-most story, and in bank despair,
His piteous cries resounding through the air.
At last he heard his father’s well known voice,
Which made his sinking heart with hope rejoice,—
“Spring to my arms, my son! do not delay,
Haste! haste! and I shall bear thee safe away!”

The brave child heard, and stepping on the sill,
Prepared to execute his father’s will;
He looked from death to life with anxious eyes,
And ceased his murmur and despairing cries.
Then, with his tiny arms outstretched to heaven,
Heroic courage to his soul was given;
He fearless sprang from all the dread alarms,
And, fainting, dropped into his father’s arms!

Oh, let such faith be mine,—such child-like faith
In Thee, O God, then neither fear nor scathe
Shall hinder me from clinging to Thine arm,
For Thou alone canst save from fear or harm!
And when, at last, Thy call from earth I hear,
No doubt shall hinder nor despairing fear;
But, looking up to Thee with heart and eyes,
Thou wilt accept and bear me to the skies!

“CLEAN HANDS.”

SAY, Harry, what has made you take this wonderfully clean fit all of a sudden?” asked John Shelford of his little brother, who was drying his hands after a vigorous pumping. “This is the seventh time I have seen you go to the pump and wash your hands to-day.”

“Because I want to be strong,” replied Harry.

“Well, but washing your hands won’t make you strong.”

“Yes it will; the Bible says so.”

“I don’t believe it does,” said John.

“I’m sure it does though,” returned Harry positively; “papa read it at prayers this morning; ‘He that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger and stronger;’” and Harry waved his arms in the air, and went through sundry gymnastic exercises, as if to see whether his numerous washings during the day had increased his strength.

“Well, you don’t suppose that means really clean hands. You are a silly boy. You have had all your trouble for nothing.”

“No I haven’t. I’ll ask papa to-night if the Bible doesn’t really mean what it says.”

So, in the evening, when Mr. Shelford had come home from business, as soon as he had finished his tea, Harry began:—

“Doesn’t the Bible say that if you have ‘clean hands’ you’ll be strong?”

“Certainly, my boy,” said Mr. Shelford, smiling; “I see you remember what we read this morning—how Job said: ‘The righteous also shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger.’”

“There,” cried Harry, “I knew I was right; and washing your hands will make you strong, won’t it?”

“It is very good for little boys to wash themselves, and it helps to make them strong and healthy if they keep clean; but there are some stains that we can’t get out with soap and water, and it was freedom from these stains that the Bible meant. The other day I saw a little boy lift his hand to strike his sister. That made it