But if a glow worm's soft and steady light Be only mine to give in sweet content, A tiny glow worm's shining in the night

To break the gloom for some poor pilgrim Perchance in ways Time's saintly feet have trod. I still may light some soul to beaven and

Mine may not be the beauty of the rose, Fragrent and fresh with morning's dewy

Nor orar, e-b ossom, pure as falling snows, And sweet as ever strain of wedding psalm But if in lowliness my abo'e life through, A lily-cy-the-valley I may be-

A hily of the vailey to the few In some spring hour of guidness drawn to

I still may hope through God's good will and grace,
To we o some soul to seek the Saviouc's face!

I am what God has made me, and I know I have a place, a time, a work, a way; So with a happy hear: I would bestow

Content each goiden day to find my place, Do well my work, and mark my way with To be what God would have rie, by his grace, berenely clin bing to the hills above! And there, I humbly hop, some day to see

Crowned souls won to their crowning by my Illinois Christian Weekly.

ANYWHERE WITH JESUS. BY MRS. C. F. WILDER.

One morning just before the new year began I was working in the kitchen trying to get the oream from a pan of frozen milk. I put the pan on the kitchen table and with skimmer and knife was fast removing the cream, all the time thinking what disagreeable work it was, when my younger child climbed into a chair by my side and said in an earnest tone, "Will you sing, 'Anywhere with Jesus?' I don't know it all." "I don't know the tune, darl-

ing," I replied. "Well, can't you say it, mam-

ma ?" I knew what the child wanted. but I answered an inward voice ma can't say it this morning.'

"Don't you wish you could?" she asked as she leaned over the table, with chin in hand and looking up to me with her clear, gray

"Yes, child," I answered brieftinued, with a child's fondress for that I was as good, if not better, birth right. No, it is not a rest asking questions.

day I asked myself the same question over and over.

One is willing "to ride in the clariot with Him," but when it comes to following to the carpen plain, homely work of to day. We ing of the garden.

I often think of Hunt's picture. where Christ, at sunset, standing by his work, in weariness stretchthe offerings of the wise men, sees the shadow and wonders.

Was that shadow only a reality on Calvary? Was it not ever present in the home where He was so misunderstood? In the shop and among the disciples was the cross ever absent? And with | deep sigh. us-are we above our Master? Shall we refuse or even dread the taking up the "saw and the go about the daily cares-so long as Jesus has been there before us and will be there with us?

How sweet life would be if we could get rid of this dislike, this dread of doing so n any of the duties which fall to our lot. what cheerfulness would we perform the most distasteful if we could feel certain that God gave us that very thing to do and gave could look upon the little, disagreeable duties of life as coming | world. And in all things that as direct from God as we do upon the great blessings, who so blessed as we?

It is God's will to give the kingdom. It is our will to give our children an education, and both we and our children to get what is for our highest good, must pass through a course of discipline. Don't we get on faster when we have the uncomfortable parts of the discipline, than we do when All it needs then to make life sweet, is, to cheerfully say, "God's

will and not mine be done.' It does seem as though we Christians thought there was no need of saving that, only when some great calamity overtakes ms; and that it we did say it, ratisfy you." ealamities would follow in our

miserable generally.

to give us the kingdom." within our own souls.

what love delights to do.

ble future, "anywhere."

My humble meed of blessing while I may on a great way; who realizes looking her in the face. God's love; who feels not only erfectly willing, but really anxious, to enter into the life hid with Christ in God; and one day, after my little girl had set my soul to questioning, I went to see this good friend.

I found her in what she calls "a breathing spell." Her duties about the house were over and before she took up sewing or fancy work she was having an hour for reading and rest; and I found her with her feet on the fender reading her beloved Ruskin. As I looked at her, sitting there so calmly, how I envied her the ability to take life so systematically and quietly. Nothing ever seemed to worry or flurry her.

After a little while I told her this, and told her how restless I was and what had caused it. "Only the remark of my baby," I said, "and yet I have never been ment as a home-keeper, patience as a mother, self-sacrificing spirit as a wife, and kindness as a friend. ter's bench or Gethsemane, we | If I'd been in the habit of 'talkdraw back. We don't enjoy the ling in meeting' I doubt not I should have told the others how I shrink from the trials and suffer- had grown in grace and have ask- evidence I could trust.' That ed them all to come up on the holy | very thought shows that we do ground where I was standing. If I didn't in words, I feel sure I must in my thoughts have thankes out his arms, throwing on the ed God that He had made me such the knowledge we have done our wall the shadow of a cross. The a favorite and that I was not as mother, near by where she sits others. But for the last few weeks this as soon as we are ready for looking over a casket containing it seems as though I was one lump Him. All the inward tremblings of stupidity. I am mortified as I look at my life. Some things which, at the time, I thought our souls for one great purposepraiseworthy acts now make me to make them into His image. blush as I think of them. Oh, will you get me some sack-cloth

"Be content with that old black merino dress you have on.' said my friend, smiling at my plane -which may mean so many distressed look, "while I read uncomfortable things to us as we you a passage, over which I was meditating when you came in. Now listen: 'Imperfection is in some sort essential to all that we know of life. It is the sign of life in a mortal body; that is to ay, of a state of progress and change-nothing that lives is, or can be rigidly perfect; part of it is decaying, and part is mascentbeginning to grow. The fox-glove blossom—a third part bud, a third it to us for own best good. If we | part past, and a third part in full bloom—is a type of the life of this live there are certain irregularities and deficiencies which are not only signs of life, but sources of "There!" she exclaimed as she finished the passage, "isn't that comforting? Your very feeling of disgust with self is a proof of your growth. Some one has said that this very restlessness which we feel is the restlessness of our greatness. When you don't have it you are we have the easy and pleasant? settling down into the satisfaction and narrowness of the savage. You don't want 'hu-ks' and you ought to hunger for 'bread'- the stand, and looking into my that 'bread which comes down eyes, said, "Don't you know,

and ashes?" I exclaimed with a

"There goes my last prop," I when he finds a soul claiming a tion of Erin, or the country of the it I may think what it means." footsteps thick and fast. That as said, with a gesture of despair. present deliverance?" — Central west. Scotland, from Scotia, a "Well, Rena," said her mother, continued the practice as long as moon as we would say, "Thy I"I'd tried to console myself that Adv.

will," God would then put us in the restlessness was only my nauncomfortable places, take our tive good sense trying to assert A voice from east to west, dear ones from us and make us its power, and that I was actually stupid and had just found it out." Instead "it is his good pleasure My friend took no notice of my The remark but asked if I rememberonly reason heaven is heaven is ed telling her several years ago of because God's will is done there. a sermon I had heard in my own In this world the nearer we do church, about 'Growth in grace." From prairie and from mine. God's will and the more cheerful- "About God ruling the earth by ly we let Him do his will in us the law of expansion and increase. My heart responds, "Here, Lord, am I. the more of heaven we get here- The same law in nature, in phythe more we get of "the kingdom" sical, mental and spiritual life. Lack of growth, evidence of weak-We know by the blessings we ness and decay: thanking God for pour upon our children, by treat this restlessness,—this soul hunsures we would heap up on those ger which we feel, it being an eviwe love, if it were in our power, dence of life." "Yes, I remember that," "Yes, I remember that," I God is love, or, as in the origi- answered as I saw she had made nal it reads as correctly transpos- me put into words my own coned, Love is God. It this be true, demnation. I was silent a minwhy do we shrink back when we ute, then I applied the torch to think of any present, or any possi- my own fagots, by saying, "Yes, I see, last fall I was at a standstill, I have a friend who has been not growing a particle. But taking the steps up to heaven for | 'twas a comfortable state of mind. many years and who has gotten Were you ever there?" I asked,

> She nodded and after a minute, said, "Often."

"And now"—I pondered a minute. "Nov I am just waking up, and, as my little girl says of her foot after she has been sitting on it until numb, and then when the blood begins to circulate and she experiences the pricking sensation, 'the little pin points' hurt. I am not only disgusted with myself, but to tell you the truth, I am discouraged. How often I have to go over the same ground. There is no getting on. As my old, colored Charlotte used to say, 'my upsetting sins are jes drefful.

"Yes they are dreadful," said my friend, folding her hands and looking into the fire, seeming to forget my presence.. "Just 'dreadful,' and yet we will not let Him undertake for us. We read, more to-sed about and I came to 'Be strong--of good contage: fear you hoping for a sedative." She not nor be afraid of them: for the looked at n.e about as our old doc- Lord, thy God, He it is that goeth when I replied, "No, child, mam- ; tor does as he is wondering what with thee'; 'He will not tail thee to do for my aching body—wheth- nor forsake thee'; and yet we perer to apply blister or salve. Her sist in going up to possess the look of pity and determination | land all in our own strength. goaded me on and I bluntly con- There is a land flowing with milk fessed all my "symptoms" "The and honey—the interior life of fact of the case is, I am particu- rest and triumph, a victory and a larly disgusted with myself. Last | rest-rest-rest. If we fail to "When can you?" she con- fall I was so content and happy, have this we are defrauded of our than the ave age Christian; in which does away with work-Oh, I did not answer, but all that fact, rather congratulated myself no, no-not a pious-easy-chairupon my consistent life; useful- religion, where we can sit and ness in Church work, good judg sing ourselves away to everlasting bliss.

"After we have learned to say 'thy will,' it ought to be easy to cheeks. trust. Just give up our own will -and then trust. Right here we always think, 'If I could have the not trust; and the evidence was never promised to the doubter. It is not 'feeling' we want-it is part of the work. God will do and the outward providences will

"We must not falter or waver: just feel sure that we have given up all into his hands, and then have absolute faith that He will do just right. Day after day, and day after day, before the victory a little mission church, not far came, I said over and over again, from the attic in which he lived. 'Dear Lord, I know that Thou canst take away all care and the unrest which makes my life bur censome. Satan never lets me alone, but I know that thou art | real name?" stronger than he. Thou canst keep me, weak as I am; I know | take my name again. I'm think-Thou canst keep me, and I am go- | ing of signin' the pledge 'n pullin' ing to trust Thee. I do trust up for the rest of the time left," Thee now. I've tried keeping stammered the poor wretch. myself, and it was, and has always been, a failure. I don't helpful. John did "pull up." He know of one thing I have not lived but a few months after that, given up to Thee, and now I am but he did what he could to live a thine. I believe this, I trust Thee, decent, honest, Christian life in and believe that already Thou | that time. hast begun to work in me Thy good will and pleasure.' After a time came the perfect peace and dying. the lasting joy. It was good to be on the mount; it is good to go acquainted with Him. But I've on the mount, but it is just as been trying to follow little Mary. good to come down into the midst I hear her always crying, Daddy, of the multitude—good to be any- come to me. I'm coming. But I where with Jesus.

My friend ceased, and after a long time I said, "That is blessed: do, and had done it. that is delightful; maybe I can get there some time."

My friend laid her Ruskin on

HOME MISSION HYMN.

A call from mount to sea, Sounds through our land so biest, Who will go forth with me? The rip-ned fields are white to-day; The harvest laborers-where are they?"

From the city's restless heart, From temple and from mart, The call resounds -a living cry;

'Fis down by valleys de-p My servants' way I lead, 'Tis up by many a steep Where fainting feet may bleed." Let life go on, with song or sigh, My heart repeats, " Here, Lord, am I." " Who walks and works with Me,

Shall in My joy abide; Shall share My victory, And all my heaven beside. With Thee to live, to toil, to die--American Mossenger

## ONLY A BABY.

One sultry day last summer, at a time when children of the poorer class in Philadelphia were dying by the scores every week, a bloated old man staggered up the steps of a physician's dwelling. The boys shouted after him "Old Bourbon," the name by which he had been known in the locality in

which he lived for many years. "The baby's worse," he said. cap in hand when he met the doctor coming out.

day for a week," explained the the German "Deutsch" or doctor. "I cannot go again to- "Teutsch." Sweden and Norway day. I told the child's mother were anciently called Scandinavia, there was no chance this morning. which the modern antiquarians It was dying then."

"Won't you come now?" spare. There are patients wait- is derived from Sictuna, or Suithing whom I can help.'

the carriage door, twisting his rag | self. Prussia, from Penzzi, a Sclaof a hat in his shaking hand. She's—she's all I've got, doc-

But the doctor with a pitying nod, drove away, and the old man, nearly sobered by his keen distress, crept home to the little attic where his little grandchild Sarmatia, which has been subselay dying. Whatever nursing or quently named Muscovy. It dekindness little Mary had known, rived its present name from Rushad come from "Old Bourbon." Her mother had six other child- the Russian monarchy. The orig- you, waking and sleeping. - Early ren, and went out washing every | inal savage inhabitants used to | Dew. day. The poor old drunkard and paint their bodies, in order to anthe innocent baby were left to pear more terrible in battle. They form a strange friendship for each generally lived in the mountains, other. She called him now feebly and their chariots were their only as she lay on her mother's lap.

He kneeled down and put his finger into the tiny withered hands as the tears ran down his bloated

leave her to me!" he muttered. "Daddy, come to Mary!" she cried once more, and then the little soul, whose taste of life had been so bitter passed on into the

It was only a baby. Its mother who had six other half starved children to feed shed but few tears over it. The doctor sent in a ceitificate of its death with a dozen others. In the weekly bill of be only the discipline, training mortality there was an item, " Of cholera infantum, seventy." Little Mary was one of the seventy. That was all, Her record was ended. The world had done

with her. But an old trembling man crept next Sunday into the back pew of He stopped the clergyman when service was over.

"Why, is this you Bour-I beg your pardon. What is your

"John Black, sir. I want to

The clergyman was wise and

"The Lord be merciful, John," his friend said to him, as he lay

"I know it, sir. I'm not much reckon He'll not turn me back."

NAMES OF EUROPEAN NATIONS.

There are derived principally from heaven.' We are called to child of my heart, that the devil from some particular cause or obteed on the fullness of Christ's is greatly encouraged when he ject. For instance, Irelandgrace, and nothing else ought to finds a soul that has a future faith? which Julius Casar first carled Don't you know he 'trembles' Hibernia-is a kind of modificatribe which originally came from "I shall be glad to tell you. What he lived'—Congregationalist.

river Douro, called Cale, opposite | morning.' to which the inhabitants built a

when the country was recovered offer to God?" the kingdom of Portucale-hence care of my soul while I am asleep, Portugal. Spain, the ancient Iber- and take care of me all over, moths very numerous in that country- that God did not take care of her hence Spain. France, from the that night and so she died.

from its western locality. warlike people, was so named me? Let me lie down feeling from the German word "hohl," the English of which is hollow. implying a very low country. The "You've been here for me every inhabitants are called Dutch, from

think means a country the woods of which have been burnt ordeeod. The native term Norway, "Old Bourbon" followed him to or the northern way, explains itvonic race; but some writers think it took its name from Russia and the Sclavonic syllable "po," which means adjacent or near. Denmark means the marshes, territories or boundaries of the Danes. Russia is the ancient si, a Sclavonic tribe who founded Turkey "Daddy! Daddy! Come to name from Turks, or Turcomans, which signifies wanderers, and originally belonged to the Scythians or Tartars. It is sometimes called the Ottoman empire, from Othoman, one of their prin-"God, leave her to me! God, cipal leaders .. - Golden Days.

> There are seasons when the soul seems to recognize the presence of and to hold communion with-the departed. They are like angelic visitants. We meet them and solemn meditations, and in our closest communions. We meet them when the lengthening shadows hallow the even tide. Mysterious and solemn is their communion. We meet them when sorrows encompass us round about, and hallowed is the influence their presence imparts. Who shall say that at such times there is not a real communion between the living and the dead? Who shall say that there is not then a real presence of the dead with the living ?-Bishop D. W. Clark.

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A GERMAN CRADLE SONG.

Sleep, baby, sleep Your father tends the sheep; Your mother shakes the branches small, Whence happy dreams in showers fall;

Sleep, baby, sleep. Sleep, baby, sleep : The sky is full of sheep; The stars the lambs of heavens are.

For whom the shepherd moon doth care;

Sle p, baby, sleep : The Christ-child owns a sheep; Ife is himself the lamb of God: The world to save, to death he trod; Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep.

" IF I SHOULD DIE."

" Mother, every night when I go to bed I say, 'Now I lay me,' and Even the baby had its work to do you know, mamma, though saying it so often I never thought what it meant until Fanny Gray on the other side of the table, said, died? I asked nurse it Fanny died before she waked, and she said Yes.' She went to bed well, and had a spasm in the night, and died before she knew anything at all. Now mother," continued Rena, while a blessing was brokenly "I want you to tell me about asked on the food. That was the

Ireland. It was anciently called does it mean when you say, Now Caledonia which means mountain- I lay me down to sleep?

ous country-forests and land. "Oh! that means mother, that Portugal, the ancient Lusitania, I am just going to lie down was so named from a town on the in my bed, to go to sleep till

"Well, then, as you lay city called Porto or Oporto. And down to sleep what prayer do you

from the Moors, the inhabitants ! "I pray the Lord my soul to combined the words, and called it keep. I want the Lord to take ia. from the river Iterus, or Hister. But, mother, if I should die pania, from the Phænician "s, an- before I wake, would the Lord be iga." which signifies abounding taking care of me then? Now it with rabbits, which animals are seems to me when Fannie died

Franks, a people of Germany who "O no, Rena! God did take care conquered that country. Its an- of her. The little verse says, If I cient name was Celta, Gaul or should die before I wake, I pray Gallia Bracchata, the latter sig- the Lord my soul to take; " so you nifying striped breeches, which see God took little Fanny's soul were worn by the natives. Svitz- to himself, and when she awoke erland, the ancient Helvetia, was she was in the arms of the blessed so named by the Austrians, who Jesus. Now, Rena, when you called the inhabitants of these say, 'Now I lay me,' I want you mountainous countries Schweitz- to taink in this way: 'Now I am ers. Italy received its present going to bed and to sleep, and I name from a renowned prince call- want the Lord to take care of me, ed Italus. It was called Hesperia It I am not a good child and do not pray to God, ought I to ask Holland, the ancient Batavi, a Him or expect Him to take care of that I am in the Lord's care; and if I should die before I wake, that 1 am still the Lord's child; and I pray that He may take my soul

to dwell with Him. "O mother! I will try and remember. Why, I used to say it slow, and clasp my hands, and shut my eyes, and yet I did not think about it. Thank you, dear "No; I have not a minute to stroyed. The appellation Sweden mother. Please hear me to-night when I go to say my prayers.

Ah, little children, are there not a great many who, like Rena, say their prayers without thinking what they mean-mere words with no meaning in them? God cannot listen to such prayers, They are not for Him "unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid.

Think of what I have written about little Rena when you say, " Now I lay me," to night; and pray that God will watch over

VERY QUEER COMPOSI-TIONS.

A few extracts from the compositions of Indian children now attending the government schools at Carlisle, Pa., are given as fol-

"These two oxes I don't like him 'tall, because he too slowly all the time. Can't much to do in a

"Some men uses money in good use, and others deal with it in bad use. Some work haid for money to get a living, and some one murders others for their money. There it goes. We can see it in our lonely walks, in our deep | plain enough. Money is evil to some uses.

"I want learner something in the book before I working to. Don't you think so, anyhow. Learn books first; then go ahead. I think that is a way to doing business; then work all he is might. I think I can learn it you keep me going to school regulater every day, eight months."

" Boys and girls, we must try to recognize our lessons. We must have new courage. First time is hard to talk English, but next be easy as English language."

HELPING HIS FATHER.

Some years ago, a boy whose name was Webster, living in Bridgeport, Ct., then nearly four years old, was taken from his own home to that of his grandpa, where he remained several weeks. His grandpa was a Christian man, and always asked God's blessing upon the food before eating, and read a chapter and prayed in the morning when the breakfast was finish

When little Webster was taken home, the first time he sat at his father's table in his high chair, he said before he began to eat, 'Papa, why don't 'ou talk to God before 'ou eat as grandpa does?' And the father said, "Oh, grandpa is a good man." 'But, papa,' said Webster, 'a'nt 'ou a good man? Why don't 'ou talk to God

as grandpa does?' And the good mother, sitting 'Father, that is God's voice to you.' And it was; andthen, for the first time, the father, as the head of his own house, and mother and child, bowed their heads, ' Now, I lay me,' that when I say | beginning. After the breakfast, the father read and prayed, and

THE

TRUTH

Amphip

of Macede

Philippi, o miles tro river flow hence its Newtown. houses, no site. ollo. 30 1 polis. T located at lonica, ret Alexander after Alex most popu was free : Gult, and about 10. great Rom ish town about 80 ( half Jews. He appear kinsm in o his Enstl he sends a bably a He the conver sar, the emperors, Julius Cas ors of that i New Test Cæsar (rei: reigning ei sus birth, ius Cæsar (reigned 31 first of that which spr early churc fall of the ed during ministry of year of his fied. Abo martyrdom Cais Cæsar Years (A D. the hand of ninta year o sar (reigne successor, a about the t in the chur the foundin sus, when h and her son. ed the thron during Ner weighty, a c eastern sid tains, about Thessalonic and has a (v. 1.) Po

Amphipholis Philippi, on Thessalonica Appolon a; que, or "th noted one. rures, argu-Old Testan plaining, al Suffered ris points Paul in the fulfi Consorted, o Paul. Devo tes to the Je men, wives men are of to Christ, Ad lows, " wick " loafers." or "rowdie pany or " haps a Gree Rom. 16: 21 fects, or " pe the hames o been found of alonica. U ed the world ed to be tur Decrees, law charge, see 2, etc. (9) bonds," or m that they we ble. (10.) 8 scarcely thre ca. (11.) M disposition; they, literalled;" they w because they being more n they receive and sifted t Stirred up, se sea, or to 'j. -that is, it v real journey mained" for

Egnatia, or

Epirus into

SING

It is a lame voices tre im lust while att singing school fact that so fe ers possess a to the cultu teacher of au least possess impart relial spect to the registers of the are ruined by registers that He should be of correct tone pile hore to pro to understand ture does not i or necessitate most equounie