

of intellect which thou hast given. I have recorded to men the glory of thy works, as far as my mind could comprehend their infinite majesty. My senses were awake to search, as far as I could, with purity and faithfulness. If I, a worm before thine eyes, and born in the bonds of sin, have brought forth anything that is unworthy of thy counsels, inspire me with thy Spirit that I may correct it. If, by the wonderful beauty of thy works I have been led into boldness; if I have sought my own honor pardon me in charity, and by thy grace grant that my teaching may be to thy glory and the welfare of all men. Praise ye the Lord, ye heavenly harmonies; and ye that understand the new harmonies, praise the Lord. Praise God, O my soul, as long as I live. From him, through him, and in him, is all, the material as well as the spiritual; all that we know, and all that we know not yet, for there is much to do that is undone."

#### AN UNFAILING LAW.

"He that walketh with wise men shall be wise, but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."—*Solomon.*

"A penny saved is a penny gained."—*Old Proverb.*

#### THE APOSTLE'S CREED.

There is a very old tradition that each of the twelve articles of the creed was composed by an Apostolic author. It is said that the twelve assembled in council before dispersing themselves to preach the Gospel throughout the world, to frame the symbol or watchword of the Christian Church, and it will be interesting to many of our readers to know the Apostle to whom each article is ascribed. The tradition is as follows.

St. Peter—I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth;

St. Andrew—And in Jesus Christ, his only son, our Lord;

St. James the Great—Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary;

St. John—Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried;

St. Thomas—He descended into Hell, [or, 'He went into the place of departed spirits,' which was considered as words of the same meaning,] the third day he rose from the dead;

St. James the less—He ascended into hea-

ven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty;

St. Philip—From thence he shall come to judge the quick and dead;

St. Bartholemew—I believe in the Holy Ghost;

St. Mathew—The Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints;

St. Simon—The forgiveness of Sins;

St. Judas Thaddeus—The resurrection of the body.

St. Mathias—And the life everlasting. Amen.

#### DISCONTENTED DOBBIN.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Sunlight in the meadow, soft shade by the tree,  
Long winrows of hay just as sweet as could be;  
Where buttercups faded and daisies grew brown,  
And the dandelion scattered the plume from its crown.

Unhoused by the mower, the lark fluttered by,  
Then turned like a Christian for help to the sky,

And came back with a song about One who knew best

When he let the sharp scythe take the roof from its nest.

But the farm horse, who dozed in the maple-tree's shade,

Did not credit a word that the field preacher said,

And spent all the time of the farmer's noon rest,  
In thinking that he, not the Master, knew best.

In a neighboring lot, with its coat all ashine,  
A gentleman's pony lived lazy and fine,

Never dragging a rake nor a plough at its heels,  
Bearing only a saddle or light-going wheels;

So old Dobbin thought he would like to exchange,  
And give up his work and his home at the

the Grange,  
For the bay pony's place.

Well, the thing came to pass;  
Farmer Johnston had gathered but half of his

grass,  
When the bay pony's owner came seeking "to

trade,"  
The terms were agreed on, the bargain was

made,  
And Dobbin stood free as the pony had done,

To frolic and gambol, or bask in the sun.

It was not quite so gay as he thought it would be,

He missed the old shade of the old maple tree;

Missed the rough, honest hands, and the loud, cheery word,

That for many a day he had constantly heard.

Missed little Will's voice and his arm on his neck,

Missed the old wadded collar, and merciful check;

Missed the long, lazy night on the cool, dewy hill,  
Where the trees were above him so watchful and still.

For now, on the road with a spur-quickened pace,

He galloped to tavern, and wassail and race,  
Or stood all the night by the publican's door,

Till the sun launched his ship from the horizon's shore,

And the stars moored their shalleps in safety away,

Forewarned by the rosy-red banner of day.

Then home in the morning with shame for his load,

He plodded along on the wearisome road;

Now quickened by blow, now goaded by heel,  
His patient side roughened by furrow and wheel.

This was old Dobbin's life.

Looking over the hill,  
He saw the bay pony was doing quite ill;

He had parted the harness and shattered the rake,

Had broken all things that a pony could break,  
Including poor Will's little venturesome arm,

That had tried to caress him all fearless of harm;

Had scared Farmer Johnston, and kicked at the dog,

Had chased the red cow till she fell in the bog;  
Had jumped all the gates and the fences beside,  
And eat up the pillar to which he was tied.

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A month, and beneath the old maple-tree's shade,

His owner and Dobbin's a new bargain made;

So the pony went back, and little Will cried  
For joy as he trotted by old Dobbin's side,

Who wisely reflected and made up his mind  
The Master is never unjust or unkind,

While the lark sung her song, (I am sure it was she,  
For she said—"There I told you just how it would be.")