

To My Daughter on her Birthday.

Lucy dear, thou child of mine,
Thy name, that once was light,
Is changed now to Edwalyn,
As fair, but not so bright.

Though light has gone out from thy name,
May it rest forever in thy soul,
And lead thee kindly upward, dear,
Though wave on wave of sorrows roll

He that gives us all the light
In every hour of want and need,
Will shine for ever in thy heart
If thou His perfect precepts heed.

A life so pure and high as thine
Is ready for His conquering grace,
Then He will shed that light divine,
And meet thy spirit face to face.

Let not the glitter of the world
Darken that pure and perfect light;
These rays of glory round thee furled
Make soul and name forever bright.

A Striking Contrast.

In walking through the city to-day, I met an aged town-missionary. He stated his age as seventy-five. I knew his means to be very slender. Still he expressed himself with gratitude, and, when I spoke of a mutual friend being about to be consigned to the silent grave, as far as his poor body was concerned, with great warmth and animation, the old missionary exclaimed, "Oh, he has only gone home a little before us." I couldn't help thinking that, let their position or circumstances, as far as this world is concerned, be what they may, how the Lord can give contentment and resignation to His people—how, in a greater or less degree, they are one in mind and heart with Him—how they virtually say, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt, Lord."

Within three minutes of parting with this good disciple, I met a gentleman whom I knew to be in most prosperous circumstances. He was one of the leading men in the city. All that he touched seemed to turn into gold; yet, at the same time, I knew him to be the subject of one of the keenest—shall I say, the most mortifying?—of trials. The nature of the trial was too delicate to allow of the slightest reference. Hence not a word of sympathy could be tendered. I thought, therefore, of the striking contrast between the two thus met and conversed with in the space of those few minutes—the one with the most slender means; the other rolling in wealth. Which case, reader, think you, was the most to be envied? Those who abide by Bible-rules will not require a moment's pause ere they reply.

The Oyster's Home.

The body of an oyster is a funny, weak thing, apparently incapable of doing anything at all. Yet, what a marvellous house an oyster builds around his shapeless frame! When an oyster is first born, he is a very simple, delicate dot, as it were; and yet he is born with his two shells upon him. For some unknown reason he always fixes himself on his round shell, and being once fixed, he begins to grow; but he only grows in summer.

Inspect an oyster shell closely, and it will be seen that it is marked with distinct lines. As the rings we observe in the section of a trunk of a tree denote years of growth, so do the markings on an oyster tell us how many years he has passed in his "bed" at the bottom of the sea.

Suppose the oyster under inspection was born in June, 1870, he would go on growing up to the first line we see well marked, and would then stop for the winter. In the summer of 1871 he would more than double his size. In 1873 and 1874, he would go on building till he was dredged up in the middle of his work in 1875; so that he is plainly five and a half years old.

The way in which a young oyster grows his shell is a pretty sight; I have watched it frequently. The beard of the oyster is not only his breathing organ,—i.e., his lungs,—but also his feeding organ, by which he conveys his food to his complicated mouth with its four lips. And when the warm, calm days of June come, he opens his shell, and, by means of his beard, begins building

an additional storey to his house. This he does by depositing very, very fine particles of carbonate of lime, till at last they form a substance as thin as silver paper, and exceedingly fragile. Then he adds more and more, till at last the new shell is as hard as the old shell. When oysters are growing their shells they must be handled very carefully, as the new growth of the shell will cut like broken glass, and a wound in the finger from an oyster shell is sometimes dangerous.

The Nest Beyond.

A story is told of an old Norse King sifting one night in his great hall when the tempest was roaring without. The great fire threw its glare far out into the dark recesses of the hall, all the brighter for the storm and darkness around. While the king talked with his councillors, a bird flew in and passed over them, and out again at the great open window. "Such," said the king, "is the life of man: out of the darkness into the light, and then lost in the blackness and storm again." "Yes, sire," answered an old courtier, "but the bird has its nest beyond."—*The Rev. G. Everard.*

And now, Lord, what is my Hope? Truly my hope is even in Thee.

In the days when men were not allowed to serve God according to their own consciences, a band of simple cottagers were gathered together on a Scottish hill-side to offer prayers and praises to God. They dared not meet in a house, since the law of the land forbade their worship altogether. Suddenly the cry was raised, "The soldiers! they are upon us!"

What did that mean? Only that the merciless troops would shoot, or ride down, men, women, and little children, found in the exercises of religion.

It was too late to fly; they must try other means for safety. An old man stood up in the midst of the trembling band. "Let us pray," said he. And the terrified creatures knelt on the hill-side, expecting every moment to see the brutal soldiery in their midst. Nearer and nearer came the tramp of their horses; the sound of rude laughter and oaths was borne on the wind. All hope was at an end. Still the old man prayed on calmly and earnestly, begging for deliverance from the enemy, declaring his firm trust in the God they had come to worship. He could save his own from the very jaws of death.

And so it proved.

Deliverance came, though not in the form looked for by the tremblers. A dense mist suddenly shrouded the hill-side, effectually blocking the advance of the troops. Stumbling and swearing, the disappointed soldiers searched in vain for the little band they had hoped to surprise that day. At last, fearing danger among the precipitous rocks, the commander gave the order to retire, the worshippers were saved, and by a miracle as it seemed. A few minutes more and the mist cleared away, the sun shone forth, and a song of praise broke forth from the relieved party. They had literally been shadowed under the wing of their heavenly Father, in answer to the prayer of faith.

Your Blood

Undoubtedly needs a thorough cleansing this season to expel impurities, keep up the health-tone and prevent disease. You should take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier and system tonic. It is unequalled in positive medicinal merit.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, effective, but do not cause pain or gripe. Be sure to get Hood's.

—We need not be disheartened if, as we go on in life, we find more faults in ourselves than we used to do; for we may hope that it is a sign that our consciences are getting more enlightened, that they show us more clearly than they used to do the difference, in small things as well as great, between right and wrong.

Sir Isaac Newton's Tooth.

A tooth of Sir Isaac Newton was sold in 1816 for the sum of £730. It was purchased by a nobleman, who had it set in a ring which he wore constantly on his finger. The hat worn by Napoleon Buonaparte at the battle of Eylau was sold in Paris, in 1835, for 1920 francs (about £80). It was put up for sale at 500 francs, and there were thirty-two bidders. A wig that belonged to Sterne was sold at a public auction in London for 200 guineas. The Prayer-book used by Charles I. when on the scaffold was sold in London, in 1825, for 100 guineas.

Discouragements.

Those who doubt whether they be in the way of life, because they meet with a deal of trouble and perplexity in it, discourage themselves from that which they have reason to take the greatest encouragement from. When we are told beforehand that "the way of life" is "a narrow way," "a rough way," if we found the way we were in to be broad and plain, we had reason to suspect that we had lost our way; for Christ did not so describe the way of life to us. But when we find our way narrow and rough, a way wherein we meet with many sorrows, many fears, much weariness, we have reason to say with ourselves, surely this is the way of which Christ told us.

The Light of Knowledge.

Knowledge cannot be stolen by or from you. It cannot be sold or bought. You may be poor, and be troubled by the sheriff on the journey of life. He may break into your house and sell your furniture at auction; drive away your cow; take away your ewe lamb, and leave you homeless and penniless; but he cannot lay the law's hand upon the jewellery of your mind. This cannot be taken for debt; neither can you give it away, though you give enough of it to fill a million minds. In getting rich in the things which perish with the using, men have often obeyed to the letter that first commandment of selfishness: "Keep what you can get, and get what you can." In filling your minds with the wealth of knowledge, you must reverse this rule, and obey this law: "Keep what you give, and give what you can." The fountain of knowledge is filled by its outlets, not by its inlets. You can learn nothing which you do not teach; you can acquire nothing of intellectual wealth except by giving.

A Loving Word.

A loving word is always a safe word. It may or may not be a helpful word to the one who hears it; but it is sure to be pleasant memory to the one who speaks it. Many a word spoken by us is afterwards regretted; but no word of affectionate appreciation, to which we have given utterance, finds a place among our sadly remembered expressions. Looking back over our intercourse with a dead friend or fellow-worker, we may, indeed, regret that we were ever betrayed into a harsh or unloving word of censure or criticism in that intercourse; and we may wish vainly that we had now the privilege of saying all the loving words that we might honestly have spoken while yet he was with us. But there will never come into our hearts at such a time, a single pang of regret over any word of impulsive or deliberate affection which passed our lips at any time.

—The Bishop of Wakefield said lately that the more he thought upon the subject of Socialism the more he dreaded talking about it, for fear of saying foolish, ill-considered, or ignorant things. He said it was a tremendous subject, and one on which one ought to speak with diffidence and caution. It appeared, however, to him that one great fault was that the end was seized upon and exalted, and that the means necessary for accomplishing the end were very imperfectly considered. If we were to have anything like the conditions which socialists pictured, there must be amazing growth of all manner of high moral qualities, and a large increase in self-restraint, patience, prudence, and love. Surely the Church has a great work to do in inculcating these, and in teaching them with more persistence.