

**Strength for To-Day.**

**Strength for to-day** is all that we need,  
As there never will be a to-morrow;  
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day,  
With its measure of joy and sorrow.

Then why forecast the trials of life  
With such grave and sad persistence,  
And watch and wait for a crowd of ill  
That as yet has no existence.

**Strength for to-day**—what a precious boon  
For the earnest souls who labour,  
For the willing hands that minister  
To the needy friend or neighbour.

**Strength for to-day**—that the weary hearts  
In the battle for right may quail not;  
And the eyes bedimmed with bitter tears,  
In their search for light, may fail not.

**Strength for to-day**—on the down-hill track,  
For the travellers near the valley,  
That up, far up on the other side,  
Ere long they may safely rally.

**Strength for to-day**—that our precious youth  
May happily shun temptation,  
And build from the rise to set of sun  
On a sure and strong foundation.

**Strength for to-day**—in house and home  
To practice forbearance sweetly;  
To scatter kind words and loving deeds,  
Still trusting in God completely.

**Strength for to-day** is all that we need,  
As there never will be a to-morrow;  
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day,  
With its measure of joy and sorrow.

**A Touching Picture.**

WHEN the case of Mary Silk was called in Justice C. J. White's court the most interested spectators were a little boy of seven years old and a girl a year or two older. The woman had been disorderly, and was fined \$10 and costs. The boy stepped up to an officer and asked: "What are they going to do with my mamma?" I am afraid they will have to send her to the Bridewell unless you can raise \$11 to pay her fine," was the response. The boy looked up at him a moment, while his under lip quivered and his eyes grew moist; then, with an air of determination, said: "Come on, Hattie, we'll get the money." A few hours later the lad came back to the station and stood in front of the desk sergeant, twirling his hat in his hand. His head just came above the desk, "Well, my little man, what can I do for you?" "Please, sir, I came to see if I couldn't get my mother out of jail," replied the urchin, as two big tears rolled down his cheeks. "I've got \$2.60 which was given to me; please take it and let me go in mamma's place. I can't work as hard, but I'll stay longer." With this the little fellow broke down and commenced to sob. "Don't cry, my lad," said bailiff Kelley, who had overheard the conversation; "I'll not send your mother to Bridewell. I'd pay ten lines myself first." The officers of the station became interested in the boy's manly bearing and his efforts to get his mother released. Justice C. J. White was seen, and he consented to suspend the fine. The children were taken down to their mother, who was told how they had tried to beg the money to pay for her release. It was

the one touch of nature, and mother, children, and officers held a little jubilee in the station. "A woman with such children as yours ought not to be here," said the bailiff. "No," was the sobbing answer, "and she never will be again."—*Chicago Tribune.*

**His Bible Saved His Life.**

SAMUEL PROCTOR was a soldier in the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards, and took part in the terrible scenes of Waterloo. He had received religious impressions in early life, and these were deepened in after years, so that he became identified with the few pious men of the regiment who met for devotional purposes. He always carried his Bible in his trousers pocket on one side, and his hymn-book on the other. In the evening of the 16th of June, his regiment was ordered to dislodge the French from a certain wood, from which they greatly annoyed the Allies. While so engaged he was struck on one hip with such force that he was thrown some four or five yards. As he was not wounded he was at a loss to explain the cause. But when he came to examine his Bible, he found that a musket ball had struck him just where the Bible rested in his pocket, penetrating nearly half through the sacred book. All who saw the ball said it must have killed him but for the Bible, which thus literally served as a shield. He was filled with gratitude to his Preserver, and ever kept the Bible in his house, as David laid up the sword of Goliath, as a memorial. He used to say, "The Bible has twice saved me instrumentally: first from death in battle, and second from death eternal."—*The Quiver for April.*

**Beyond.**

NEVER a word is said  
But it trembles in the air,  
And the truant voice has sped  
To vibrate everywhere;  
And perhaps far off in eternal years  
The echo may ring upon our ears.

Never are kind acts done,  
To wipe the weeping eyes,  
But, like flashes of the sun,  
They signal to the skies;  
And up above the angels read  
How we have helped the sorer need.

Never a day is given  
But it tones the after years,  
And it carries up to heaven  
Its sunshine or its tears;  
While the to-morrows stand and wait—  
The silent nudes by the outer gate.

There is no end to the sky,  
And the stars are everywhere,  
And time is eternity,  
And the here is over there;  
For the common deeds of a common day  
Are ringing bells in the far away.  
—Henry Burton.

METHOD and dispatch govern the world.

THERE is nothing so necessary as necessity; without it, mankind would have ceased to exist ages ago.

**Interesting Facts.**

Keys were originally made of wood; and the earliest form was a simple crook similar to the common picklock. The ancient keys are formed of bronze, and are of remarkable shape, the shaft terminating on one side by the wards, on the other by a ring. Keys of this description were presented by husbands to wives, and were returned again upon divorce or separation.

Hats were first made by a Swiss at Paris, in 1401. They are mentioned in history at the period when Charles VII. made his triumphal entry into Rouen, in 1449. He wore a hat lined with red velvet and surmounted with a rich plume of feathers. It is from his reign that hats and caps are dated, which henceforth began to take the place of chaperons and hoods that had been worn before in France. Previous to the year 1510 the men and women of England wore close-knit woollen caps.

**A Woman's Work.**

A FEW weeks since, I received a visit from my old co-worker during the war, the veteran army nurse, "Mother Bickerdyke." She had spent the rainy day in searching for an old soldier, who for the last ten years has lived dissolutely, in Boston. She had visited police courts, jails and houses of correction, and was wet, weary and depressed. I remonstrated: "My dear friend, why do you, an old woman at the age of seventy-three, waste yourself on such a worthless fellow as B——?" Turning to me with a flash of her blue eyes, and a straightening of the curves of her yet beautiful mouth, she gave me this rebuke: "Mary Livermore, I have a commission from the Lord God Almighty to do all I can for every miserable creature who comes in my way. He's always sure of two friends—God and me!" What if this spirit dwelt in all of us.

**By This Conquer.**

IN the year 312 A.D., Constantine, a Roman officer, was marching with his army toward Rome for the purpose of making himself master of the Roman empire.

Suddenly he beheld a luminous cross in the sky, upon which was written, "By this conquer." From this time Constantine became a Christian. He went in the faith of that cross, and overcame Maxentius, who opposed him. At that time the people of Rome persecuted Christians; but when, afterward, Constantine became emperor of Rome, he protected the Christians, and in 324 A.D. made Christianity the state religion.

Although Constantine professed to be a Christian, yet he was one in theory more than in practice. He no doubt did many things which Christians nowadays would not deem right. But children, and especially young Christians, may learn a lesson from Con-

stantine's vision. Whatever may be your trouble, your temptation, your weakness, conquer it by the cross of Christ. It is a sure stay. I know to what peculiar temptations young Christians are exposed; but the cross is sufficient for all these. The scorn of friends, the taunts of enemies, the struggles of passion, are warded off, and fall harmless at the foot of the cross.

No wonder Paul said, "I glory in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ!" He had tried it; and at the end of a long life of persecution and trial, of labour and anxiety, he could triumphantly say, "My glory is in the cross of Christ," because his trust had been in the same cross.

Think more of the cross, read of it, trust in it, and in the end you may rejoice in it.

**Dandelion.**

A DANDELION in a meadow grew,  
Among the waving grass and cowslips  
yellow;  
Dining on sunshine, breakfasting on dew,  
He was a right contented little fellow.

Each morn his golden head he lifted straight,  
To catch the first sweet breath of coming  
day;  
Each evening closed his sleepy eyes, to wait  
Until the long, cool night had passed away.

One afternoon, in sad, unquiet mood,  
I paused beside this tiny, bright  
flower,  
And begged that he would tell me, if he  
could,  
The secret of his joy through sun and  
shower.

He looked at me with open eyes, and said:  
"I know the sun is somewhere, shining  
clear;  
And when I cannot see him overhead,  
I try to be a little sun, right here."  
—St. Nicholas.

THE *Quiver for April* publishes for the first time a sermon delivered by the Rev. Wm. Jay, in Argyle chapel, Bath, on the accession of Queen Victoria, July 9th., 1837. The text of this sermon was an appropriate one, taken from Isaiah, "As for my people, children are their oppressors and woman only over them." A portrait of Queen Victoria taken in 1837 is given. "The History of Sabatai Sevi," the pretended Messiah in the reign of Charles the Second is given. "Some Curious Pulpits," describes with pen and pencil some beautiful and some quaint old pulpits of England. Cassell & Company, 15 cents a number, \$1.50 a year.

THE heart gets weary, but never gets old.

YOU can outlive a slander in half the time you can outargue it.

WE have no need to search other continents for work, while a neighbour's child is ill for want of food, or a brother or a sister unhelped in our own house. God does not send us out on distant duties, while pressing ones are left at home undone.