

Across the Wheat.

You ask me for the sweetest sound
 Mine ears have ever heard?
 A sweeter than the ripples' plash,
 Or trilling of a bird;
 Than tapping of the raindrops
 Upon the roof at night;
 Than the sighing of the pine-trees
 On yonder mount in height?
 And I tell you, the ears are tender,
 Yet never quite so sweet
 As the murmur and the cadence
 Of the wind across the wheat.

Have you watched the golden billows
 In a sunlit sea of grain,
 Ere yet the reaper bound the sheaves,
 To fill the creaking wain?
 Have you thought how snow and tempest,
 And the bitter wintry cold,
 Were but the guardian angels,
 The next year's bread to hold,
 A precious thing, unharmed by all
 The turmoil of the sky,
 Just waiting, growing silently,
 Until the storm went by?
 Oh! have you lifted up your heart
 To him who loves us all,
 And listens, through the angel songs,
 If but a sparrow fall;
 And then, thus thinking of his hand,
 What symphony so sweet
 As the music in the long refrain,
 The wind across the wheat?

It hath the dulcet echoes
 From many a lullaby,
 Where the cradled babe is hushed
 Beneath the mother's loving eye.
 It hath its heaven promise,
 As sure as heaven's throne,
 That he who sent the manna
 Will surely feed his own;
 And, though unatom only
 'Mid the countless hosts who share
 The Maker's never ceasing watch,
 The Father's deathless care,
 That atom is as dear to him
 As my dear child to me;
 He cannot lose me from my place,
 Through all eternity.
 You wonder, when it sings me this,
 There's nothing half so sweet
 Beneath the circling planets
 As the wind across the wheat.

A Wee Boy in Distress.

A TOUCHING CASE WHICH OCCURRED IN THE GLASGOW ROYAL INFIRMARY.

THE other day a poor little waif of a boy, ten or eleven years of age, greatly emaciated and exhausted by long-standing disease, was brought up in the hoist to the operating theatre of the Royal Infirmary, in Glasgow, to undergo an operation which, it was thought, might possibly have the effect of prolonging the boy's life. His condition, however, was so low and unsatisfactory that there was some fear not only that the operation might be unsuccessful in its results, but that during or immediately following the operation, the boy's strength might give way and his spirit pass away. After reaching the theatre, which is seated like the gallery of a church, and while the operating-table was being got ready, the little fellow was seated on a cushioned seat, and, looking up towards some students who were there to witness the operation, with a pitiful, tremulous voice he said: "Will one of you gentlemen put up just a wee prayer for a wee boy? I am in great trouble and distress—just a wee prayer to Jesus for me in my sore trouble." The surgeon, patting him on the shoulder, spoke kindly to him, but as he heard no prayer and saw probably only a pitying smile on the faces of some of the students, he turned his head away and in childish tones and words, which were sufficiently audible to those around him, he asked Jesus, friend, "the friend of

wee boys who loved him, to be with him—to have mercy on him in his distress. And while the young doctor was putting the boy under chloroform, so that he might feel no pain during the operation, so long as he was conscious the voice of the boy was still heard in words of prayer. The surgeon, as he stood by the table on which the boy lay, knowing that he had to perform an operation requiring some coolness and calmness and delicacy of touch, felt just a little overcome. There was a lump in his throat which rather disturbed him. Soon, however, he heard the words from the assistant, who was administering the chloroform, "Doctor, the boy is ready;" and taking the knife in his hand, lump or no lump, had to begin the operation. Soon the surgeon was conscious that the prayer which the little boy had offered up for himself had included in its answer some one else, for the coolness of head, steadiness of hand and delicacy of touch all came as they were needed, and the operation was completed with more than usual ease, dexterity and success.

On the following morning the surgeon, going round his ward from bed to bed, and coming to that on which the little boy lay, saw from the placid, comfortable look on his face that his sufferings had been relieved, and that all was well with him. Going up to the head of the bed and taking the little wasted hand, which seemed no larger than that of a bazaar doll, the surgeon whispered into his ear, "The good Jesus heard your prayer yesterday." A bright, happy, and contented look lit upon the boy's face, and with a feeble yet distinct pressure of the little hand, he looked up in the doctor's face and said, "I ken't he would." And then he added, "You, doctor, were guid to me too." But apparently thinking that the doctor was on a different platform, and required something tangible for his care and trouble, in a plaintive voice he said, "But I hae nothing to gie you;" and then a bright thought came into his mind, and with a little cheer in his tone, he added, "I will just pray to Jesus for you, doctor." The surgeon, before leaving the ward, in bidding the boy good-bye for the day, asked him where he came from and where he learned so much about Jesus to love him so dearly. He answered: "I come frae Berreld." "And you were in a Sabbath-school there?" "Oh, yes, in a Beurock school." Our readers will be pleased to learn that the boy made a successful recovery, and is now at home.—*The Christian Leader*.

Do It Yourself.

BY WOLSTAN DIXEY.

Is it a lesson to "get"? Is it a piece of carpenter work to finish? A garden patch to weed? Do it yourself. No matter what the job is, if it is your own business, then don't call on somebody else to help you.

You may get through with it quicker and easier if your mother or your father or your sister lends a hand; but the idea isn't to get through quick and easy; the idea is for you to make a man of yourself.

You must learn to stand alone. Every time you "wrestle" with a tough piece of work and "down" it without any help you become stronger and more self-reliant, and every time you ask for assistance and get it you become more of a baby.

As you grow older you will learn there isn't very much in life that anybody except himself can do for a man. He may have no end of teachers and helpers; they may all try their best for him, and they can do a little, but it is very little. After all is said and done, the biggest part of the work must be done by the man himself. Others can tell him what to do, but he must do it.

You can't begin too early to understand this, and to practice it. Of course, if you wanted to get a

strong arm you wouldn't ask some one else to lend a dumb-bell for you, if you want a strong mind, don't call on others to do your thinking for you, do it yourself.

Don't be forever saying to some one else:

"Would you do this, or would you do that?"

"Now which do you think is prettier? Which would you choose?"

"Do you think it would be right for me to do this, or would it be wrong?"

Make up your own mind; make it up quickly; then, if you find you acted unwisely, you've learned something; you've learned it yourself; you will know better next time.

You would better make a bad choice by yourself than a good one helped by some one else. It doesn't matter much whether you get the sweet apple or the sour one; but it matters a good deal whether you have *mind* enough to make your own decisions.

Do your own work, your own studying and thinking, your own deciding; then, whatever failures or mistakes you may make, you will yet become steadily stronger, wiser, more skilful by reason of the exercise and training that you have taken upon yourself. You will become more nearly fitted for one of those great emergencies for which perhaps you may be destined—when the fate of the nation hangs upon the quick, resolute thought and action of one man who has learned to stand by himself.

Something About Ploughing.

BY MRS. R. M. WILBUR.

"A farmer's life is the life for me,
 I own I love it dearly;
 And every season, full of glee,
 I take its labour cheerily."

It was Will Gray's voice that rang out so clearly as he deposited his hoe and shovel in the shed, and walked into the kitchen.

"Yes, mamma, I've decided," he said, rolling up his sleeves, and going to the sink to wash his hands. "A farmer's life is the life for me."

"Ploughing and all?"

"Oh, ploughing by steam is nothing," said Will. "If a body had to plough with oxen, or horses, even—as they do in most places—I wouldn't like it."

"Or with a cow and a woman yoked together, as they do in Germany," said Polly.

"Or with a camel and a bullock yoked to each other, as is seen in the East, and a wooden plough, very like those used in Egypt three thousand years ago," added mamma.

"No, I wouldn't be a farmer then," said Will, wiping his hands. "Neither would I have been a farmer in Peru in the times that Prescott tells about, when eight or nine men drew a wooden plough, like a staple, through the ground. There's too much labour about that."

"If the ploughs in old times were nothing but wood," said Polly, "I wonder what is meant in the Bible, where it tells of the good time coming—when the 'sword shall be beaten into ploughshares'?"

"In earliest times," said mamma, "their ploughs were made wholly of wood; but later, the part that entered the ground was shod with iron. And even to this day, in Greece, they use a plough about as simple as those of Egyptian days, and the ones that are used in Syria, with a camel and bullock to draw them."

THREE things too much and three things too little are pernicious to man: To speak much and know little; to spend much and have little; to pursue much and be worth little.