



Selected.

Summer Rain.

Fell 't mell' comes the rushing rain.
The sad little brook laughs loud again.
The thirsty leaves on the great elm-tree
Drink up their portion thankfully.

There's a stir of joy in the garden-place;
Almost a smile on the pansy's face;
And I seem to hear a red rose say,
"How glad I am that it rains to-day!"

Down in a hollow in the path
Little brown sparrow is taking a bath;
And the pool in the yard is in perfect trim
For the baby ducks to have a swim.

Down fall the bright drops, tink-a-link!
A robin hastens to get a drink.
Through a flooded street, with a shout of joy,
And a splash and a dash, goes a barefooted boy.

Soft, soft, comes the gentle rain;
The faded earth is bright again;
And hark! the joyous children cry,
A rainbow! A rainbow in the sky!
—Mary F. Butts.

Doing Her Duty.

I called one day on one of my church members, just as she was whitening the front steps. She got up all in confusion, and said:

"O, dear sir, I did not know you were coming to-day, or I would have been ready." I replied: "Dear friend, you could not be in better trim than you are; you are doing your duty like a good housewife, and may God bless you!"

She had no money to spare for a servant, and she was doing her duty by keeping the home tidy. I thought she looked more beautiful with her hair beside her than if she had been dressed according to the latest fashion. I said to her:

"When the Lord Jesus comes suddenly I hope he will find me doing as you were doing, namely, fulfilling the duty of the hour."

I want you all to get your pails without being ashamed of them. Serve the Lord in some way or other. Serve him always. Serve him intensely. Serve him more and more. Go to-morrow and serve the Lord at the counter, or in the workshop, or in the field. Go and serve the Lord by helping the poor and the needy, the widow and fatherless, especially by endeavoring to train your own children. Go and show the drunkard that there is hope for him in Christ, or let the fallen woman know that Jesus can restore her. It is what Jesus has given you the power to do.—*Pittsburg Christian Advocate.*

Poor, but Rich.

Once in England, says a writer in the *Outlook*, I was driving with an old farmer, and some of the men of the neighborhood came under criticism. Speaking of a prominent man in the village, I asked: "He is a man of means?"

"Well, sir," the farmer replied, "he ain't got much money, but he is mighty rich."

"He has a great deal of land, then?" I asked.

"No, sir, he ain't got much land neither; but still he is mighty rich."

The old farmer, with a pleased smile, observed my puzzled look for a moment, and then exclaimed:

"You see, he ain't got much money and he ain't got much land, but still he is rich, because he never went to bed owing a man a cent in all his life. He lives as well as he wants to live and he pays as he goes; he doesn't owe anything and he ain't afraid of nobody; he tells every man the truth and does his duty by himself, his family and his neighbors; his word is as good as his bond, and every man, woman and child in the town looks up to him and respects him. No, sir, he ain't got much land; but still he is a mighty rich man, because he's got all he wants."

I assented to the old farmer's deductions, for I thought them entirely correct. When a man has all he needs and all he wants he is certainly rich, and when he lacks those things he is certainly poor.—*Ocean Grove Record.*

"Hustlers" and "Bustlers."

He's a regular hustler, eh?" said the man in the street car to the acquaintance with whom he was conversing. "He thinks he is," was the laughing reply; "but he is only a bustler."

However ignorant the dictionary may be in regard to the modern meaning of the word, the business world has accepted "the hustler," and we all know the man—wide-awake, energetic, capable, swift to plan and prompt to execute. What he undertakes is pushed to completion with all the skill and despatch at his command.

But the world holds many who are only bustlers—keeping a constant commotion round them, but doing nothing. They rush here and there, take hold of this and that, are always in a whirl of excitement over some enterprise, but they never accomplish anything. They fancy themselves the most busy and industrious of people, when in reality their energy is expending itself in mere bustle.

It is worth while, in the midst of our pursuits and enthusiasms, to make sure to which class we belong—whether we are wasting our strength uselessly, or whether we have some clearly-defined object in view, and are pressing toward it with well-directed effort.

What the Preacher Loves to See.

Rev. Robt. J. Burdette, the Baptist humorist, after describing all the trying hearers that the young preacher has to face, comes at last to the one type which gladdens every preacher's heart—"Hopeful, the Worshipper." Of him he says:

"It rests your soul to turn towards this pleasant companion of a toilsome pilgrimage. His face shines up at you from the pew, and his soul looks at you through his eyes. Now the kindly face kindles with your own enthusiasm, and now the eyes are misty when some touch of pathos in your words or manner plashes the waters into them. Sometimes an assuring nod of the head carries to the pulpit the warm approval of the pew, and sometimes the knitted brow asks you to say that again, and say it slowly, and by this you know how closely Hopeful is following you, because you are not quite certain yourself that you know just exactly what you intended to mean in that sentence. His is always the first hand reached out to you, and never lifted against you. He comes to you when you need him, and knows when to leave you alone. You always look for him and always you find him, and, looking down into his face as you open the book, you forget the time-keeper, you cannot see the sleeper, the traveller is still, and the squeaker

blends into the closing strains of the hymn in sweet accord, and your heart is strong and light. Be of good cheer, my young brother; there are more Hopefuls than bosses in the church, and one Hopeful is of more value than many figdgets."

An Even Exchange.

Senator Hoar, in his reminiscences of New England life sixty years ago, tells this good story at his father's expense: "The wooden pump, which took the place of the old well in many dooryards, was considered a great invention. We all looked with huge respect upon Sandford Adams, of Concord, who invented it, and was known all over the country."

He was quite original in his way. The story used to be told of him that he called at my father's house one day to get some advice as to a matter of law. Father was at dinner, and went to the door himself. Mr. Adams stated his case in a word or two as he stood on the doorstep, to which father gave him his answer, the whole conversation not lasting more than two minutes. He asked Mr. Hoar what he should pay, and father said: "Five dollars." Mr. Adams paid it at once, and father said: "By the way, there is a little trouble with my pump. It does not seem to draw water. Will you just look at it?" So Mr. Adams moved the handle of the pump and put his hand down and fixed a little spigot which was in the side, which had got loose, and the pump worked perfectly. Father said, "Thank you, sir." To which Adams replied: "It will be five dollars, Mr. Hoar," and father gave him back the same bill he had just taken.

Keep in Step.

A great many people are always out of harmony with those about them, and, realizing the trouble, they seek to remedy it by constantly berating the others for holding to views differing from their own, and for quietly pursuing their ways. Col. Page, who commanded a Pennsylvania regiment in the Civil War, tells an amusing story, which illustrates this point, of the time he was engaged in drilling raw men.

He was given command of a company, and after some preparatory drill, led them down a street in Philadelphia. They marched as well as could be expected for several blocks, when suddenly from the ranks rang out a loud "Halt!"

The men wavered, and then came to a full atop.

"Who gave that order?" thundered the enraged captain.

"Potts, sir!" "Potts!" a dozen voices called out, and every eye turned on Potts, a stout German, a butcher by trade.

"What do you mean, sir, by giving that order?" demanded the captain.

"Well, sir, I've been trying for two blocks to get this company to keep step with me, and they wouldn't do it; so I stopped them, to begin all over again."—*Union Gospel News.*

On one occasion when the late Lord Bishop of Litchfield had spoken of the importance of diligent, pains-taking preparation for the pulpit, a verbose young clergyman said:

"Why, my lord, I often go to the vestry even without knowing what text I shall preach upon; yet I go up and preach an extempore sermon, and think nothing of it."

"The Bishop replied: "Ah, well, that agrees with what I hear from your people, for they hear the sermon, and they also think nothing of it."