

The Glad Tidings.

THE child of a heathen mother
Lay dying at close of day ;
And the wail of a hopeless sorrow
Was borne on the winds away.

No gleams of a glad hereafter,—
Of a meeting ne'er to part,—
As the little life ebbed slowly,
Brought peace to the aching heart.

But a horror of endless darkness,
As the fatal hour drew nigh,
Rolled down on the stricken mother
From the black and pitiless sky.

To her god, with hands uplifted,
And breaking heart, she prayed :
But his ear was deaf to her crying ;
His lip no word essayed.

And when on the solemn jungle
Sank down on the shadow of night,
The finger of death, outstretching,
Quenched the lingering spark of life.

'Twas only one of the millions
That teem on the Indian plain ;
'Twas only a heathen baby,
Set free from a life of pain !

Ah, yes ! but not to the mother,
Who watched him where he lay ;
For oh, 'twas her heart's one treasure
Death's hand had snatched away.

And loud and long, through the darkness,
Rang out her hopeless cry,
Till the ruddy flush of the morning
Spread over the eastern sky.

Then,—then as she lay in anguish
Beside her treasured dead,
In accents gentle and wailing,
A sweet voice tenderly said :

"Arise, O daughter of sorrow ;
Lift up thine eyes ; for lo !
Though thy babe can return to thee never,
Unto him thou mayest go !"

And the heathen mother, rising
From her hopeless grief, found rest ;
For the news of a risen Jesus
Gave peace to her troubled breast.

The Drummer-Boy.

MANY of our readers are probably familiar with a touching little poem of the late war, called "The Drummer-Boy"—a story of a brave little lad who, as the poet tells us, served under General Lyon, and was rescued by him after a battle.

The facts of the boy's history, as related not long ago by a trustworthy comrade, are even more pathetic and significant than they are made in the poem.

When General Lyon was on his march to Wilson's Creek, a Tennessee woman, dressed in deep mourning, brought her son, a lad of twelve, into camp. She was starving, she said ; her husband was dead, and the boy wished to enlist as a drummer.

The lad watched the officer's doubting face eagerly.

"Don't be afraid, captain ! I can drum !" he cried.

"Give him a trial," the captain ordered.

The fifer, a gigantic fellow, looked on the puny boy contemptuously, and broke into an air exceedingly difficult to accompany with the drum, but so well did the child succeed that even the captain applauded. "Eddy" was enrolled as a drummer, and became the pet of the camp. He was the especial favorite of the fifer, who, when the march led them over creeks or larger streams difficult to ford, would hoist the boy on his shoulders, and, singing and drumming merrily, they would lead the way for the line. At the battle of Wilson's Creek,

General Lyon was killed and his force routed. Toward morning one of his soldiers, lying wounded by the stream, heard a feeble rat-tat in the woods.

"That is Eddy beating the reveille," he thought. He crept to him, and found the lad, with both feet shot off, thumping on his drum.

"Don't say I won't live !" he said. "This gentleman said he'd fix me until the doctor would bring me all right again." He nodded to the body of a Confederate soldier, who, although dying, had dragged himself through the grass to the child, and had tied up his legs with his suspenders to check the flow of blood from the arteries.

Later in the morning, while the comrades lay helplessly together, a body of Southern cavalry rode up.

"Look to the child," said the Yankee soldier.

Two of the men, grizzled old soldiers, who were probably themselves fathers, sprung to the ground and lifted the boy tenderly. As they carried him, he tried to tap his drum. With a triumphant smile, and still smiling, he died before they could reach the camp.

Eddy's drum-tap still echoes with meaning from those dark and terrible days, for it tells us of the bravery and tenderness which filled alike the hearts beating under blue coats and gray.

On the Brink of a Precipice.

THE Rev. Baring Gould, narrating some experiences of personal travel, says:—

"I was some years ago travelling among the Pyrenees. Our carriage had to go over a mountain, by a road which ran for a great part of the way along the edge of a frightful precipice. The rocks descended to a vast depth, and the river roared below out of sight. There was no hedge or wall on the side of the road. At the post-house at the bottom of the pass we were given horses and a postman to drive them, and we started. Night fell before we reached our destination, black, with heavy clouds obscuring the stars.

"The horses were wild, unbroken-in colts, and plunged from side to side. Whether the driver had been drinking, or had lost his head in the excitement, I cannot say ; but he was perfectly unable to control the horses. They dashed from side to side of the road, and the carriage rocked, and the wheels grazed the edge. Every moment we expected one of the horses or the carriage to roll over the edge.

"I was then a little boy, and I sat on my mother's lap. My father, not knowing the danger, had walked on from the post-house by a short cut over the mountains to an inn at the top of the pass, where we were to spend the night. My mother prepared for death. The horses were plunging and racing about, so that it was impossible to descend from the carriage. She kissed me, and bade me say my prayers, and her lips moved in prayer also. I felt a shudder run through her at each sway of the carriage towards the edge. All at once above us shone out a bright light. The postman shouted, the horses became less restive. A strong hand was laid on the reins, the carriage was stopped, and my father's voice was heard.

"He had arrived at the top of the pass a long time before us, and, uneasy at the delay, had walked down to meet us. The light we saw was in a window of the post-house, set as a guide to travellers. I cannot describe to you the relief, the joy, that rose in our hearts when we saw that guiding light, and when we heard that voice. We knew then that we were safe ; following the ray of light we should reach our place of rest ; guided by the firm hands on the bits of untamed horses, we should be safe from being flung down the abyss."

Our course through life is very much like that mountain journey. Like those wild, unbroken horses, our passions are carrying us along, and while we see the light of revealed truth before us, we should fall by the way did not our heavenly Father come to our rescue.—*Children's Banner.*

October.

THE beautiful summer is loth to go,
Its heart is warm and it loves us so,
That it cannot utter its last farewell,
Until it has lingered its love to tell ;
But the world it has cherished and cared for long,
Is listening now for its parting song.

Never before were its gifts more bright.
The sunflower lifts its face to the light,
The dahlias are raising their snowy heads,
And the colours are gay in the garden beds,
While the roses are trying to stay till the last,
Yet the glory of summer must soon be past.

Very fair is the woodland scene,
With the bronze and scarlet, the gold and green,
With the drooping fern, and the bracken tall ;
But the fading leaves are beginning to fall,
And the swallows have gathered to take their flight,
To the longer day and the shorter night.

The summer has kept its promises made,
When the year was young ; so undismayed,
We may face the autumn, for goodly store
Of harvest blessing go on before,
And homes are vocal, and thankful praise,
Shall fill the air in October days.

So we bid the summer a glad farewell ;
As a friend it has loved and served us well,
But this is a world in which none may keep
The brightest long, yet we do not weep,
For the Lord of the seasons will give us the best,
And every month has its joy and rest.

The Duke and the Toad.

A GENTLEMAN, who is a great collector of autographs, has a very singular one of the Duke of Wellington, which he prizes very highly, as he considers it characteristic of a noble-hearted man. The following is a faithful transcript:—

"Strathfieldsaye, July, 1837.

"Field-marshal the Duke of Wellington is happy to inform William Harris that his toad is alive and well."

An explanation of this singular letter is given in these words:—

The Duke of Wellington was one day taking his usual country walk, when he heard a cry of distress. He walked to the spot, and found a chubby, rosy-faced boy lying on the ground, and bending his head over a tame toad, and crying as if his little heart would break.

"What's the matter, my lad ?" asked the duke.

"Oh, sir—please, sir, my poor toad. I bring it something to eat every morning. But they are going to send me off ever so far away to school. Nobody will bring it anything to eat when I am gone, and I am afraid it will die."

"Never mind ; don't cry, lad. I'll see that the toad is well fed, and you shall hear about it when you are at school."

The boy thanked the gentleman heartily, dried up his tears, and went home. During the time he was at school, he received five letters from the duke similar to that given above ; and when he returned for his Christmas holidays the toad was, as the duke said, "alive and well ;" but, in accordance to the usual habits of these animals, he was in his winter's sleep, in which he remained until spring and genial weather brought him from his well-guarded hole in the ground.—*Kind Words.*