

The Family.

MORNING.

THRACK on thy shadowy wings, thou Queen of Rest,  
Enchantress of the night, soft Sleep away!  
Hence on thy shadowy wings to the far West  
Where shades await thee; haste, the King of Day  
Is fast approaching to resume his royal sway

But welcome to my chamber, early ray  
Of morn'g ball, sky of azure, gold and rose.  
Hail, silent hour, least harbinger of day!  
Thou, gorgeous Day King, hasten to disclose  
The charms of eager Nature waking from repose.

Awake, ye slumbering herds in yonder mead;  
And joyful lambs, your gambols now renew,  
Or in your heaven provided pastures feed  
Your sweet green pastures strewn with pearly dew;  
Awake, ye flocks and kine, the morning breaks for you!

Ye glancing fishes, hiding from our sight—  
Silent inhabitants of yonder stream—  
The morning breaks for you; the genial light  
Reaches your caverns, and ye too, I deem,  
Rejoice when from the East morn's splendid glories  
beam.

As in the water, so beneath the ground,  
A thousand tribes their habitations hold—  
In how small compass wisdom may be found!  
The art, skill'd architect and warlike bold,  
Hails morning from his dusky city in the mould.

Rouse up and hail the day, ye aerial things  
That slumber in the bosoms of the flowers!  
Spread in the perfume of your beautiful wings,  
And hail the foremost of the happy hours;  
Rejoice till the ruby West the 'ray-car lowers.

The flowers which droop'd and seem'd to pine for day,  
Toward the light their shapely heads now raise;  
They own the joyous morn'g and who shall say  
The sweets they breathe are not their silent praise—  
That they are joyless while on heaven they daylong  
gaze?

See, while I watch, the influence of the morn'  
Wakens the flowers to hail the new-born day!  
Their petals open and the emerald lawn  
Below is dia, et'd with bright display  
Of starry daisies opening while I pen my lay.

O where can fancy reach or eye survey  
Through all this scene, but joys and beauties are,  
And wonders infinite? Stay, Fancy, stay!  
Lead not my spirit to that waning star!  
'Tis vain for human thought to penetrate so far!

Of earth—among the astral host a grain—  
Speck of that gold dust sprinkled o'er the sky—  
Man seeks to grasp the knowledge all in vain.  
Vain were it then for human thought to try  
To solve the wonders of the countless orbs on high.

Meantime, hail warblings sweet! Released from Night,  
A thousand throats welcome the morning rays  
With songs of gratitude, and sweet delight.  
O Father of the Universe, these lays  
Are Nature's hymns to Thee—thy creatures' grateful  
praise!

Then hail! increasing choir; sweet to mine ear  
Your morning hymns of praise. O all I see,  
And all beyond surveyance; all I hear—  
All nature, Mighty Father, praises Thee,  
All lovely scenes and sounds, all varied harmony!  
—W. H. Goss, F.G.S., in Good Words.

PROFESSOR HENRY DRUMMOND.

THE subject of this sketch was brought up in the midst of influences which made him acquainted from the first with the finer aspects of character and the most earnest forms of evangelistic energy. He is a nephew of the late Mr. Peter Drummond, well known throughout the world as the promoter of the Stirling Tract Enterprise; and his father, Mr. Henry Drummond, and his family, are connected in Stirling with every good work.

He received his preliminary education in his native town and at Crief Academy, and afterwards went through a lengthened academical curriculum at the University and the New College, Edinburgh, and at the University of Tübingen, Germany. Besides pursuing the ordinary course of study for the ministry in philosophy and theology, he devoted himself with enthusiasm to Natural Science, and, when his curriculum was completed, he was appointed Lecturer on this subject in the Free Church College, Glasgow. Two years ago his lectureship was raised to the rank of an ordinary professorship. He has done much geologising, in company with Professor Geikie; but his most original scientific work has been a geological and botanical survey in Central Africa, which he executed three years ago for the African Lakes Company. As a scientific lecturer, Professor Drummond excites much enthusiasm among his students.

The steps by which he was led into the work of evangelisation were somewhat remarkable. In the winter of 1873 he read a paper before the New College Theological Society on Spiritual Diagnosis, in which he advanced the thesis that the regular work of the pulpit ought to be supplemented by constant dealing with individuals about their spiritual state. He maintained that the mere preaching of sermons leaves the majority of hearers unaffected, and that the preacher ought to come down and acquaint himself with the condition of his hearers one by one, as a doctor examines the cases in a hospital. This clinical work he held to be the chief business of the Christian ministry. No other essay read that session produced so deep an impression; but, in his reply at the close of the discussion, the essayist admitted that his views were purely theoretical, as he had never had an opportunity of putting them in practice.

For this opportunity he was not to have long to wait. Messrs. Moody and Sankey came to Edinburgh the same winter. Many of the New College students flung themselves with ardour into their movement, helping in the inquiry-room, and organising deputations to carry the news of what was doing in Edinburgh to every part of the country. Mr. Drummond was one of these, and was soon looked up to by the others as their leader.

With the eye for character which is one of his gifts, Mr. Moody recognised the value of his young coadjutor, and persuaded him to suspend his studies for a time, and accompany him on his evangelistic tour through the three kingdoms. For two years Mr. Drummond was with Mr. Moody in Ireland and England, devoting himself specially to young men, among whom it has always been his predilection to labour.

At this time Mr. Drummond was under five-and-twenty years of age; but he acquired an amount of experience which few are able to collect in the course of a lifetime. From the confidences of the

inquiry-room he learned to know human life on every side, and the human heart to the bottom. He became mature also as a speaker, for he had every day to handle large and difficult audiences. His style of speaking is quiet and cultivated, with an air of simplicity, beneath which, however, is concealed the skill of the artist. There runs through all his addresses a strain of poetry; and, more than most other speakers we have ever listened to, he has the power of arresting attention and holding his audience spellbound from the first word to the last. This, however, is accomplished altogether without noise or trick of rhetoric, by the fascination of the man and the freshness of his message.

After his two years with Mr. Moody, he returned to college to complete his studies, and then he acted for a few months as assistant to Rev. Dr. J. H. Wilson, of the Barclay church, Edinburgh, who has exercised a profound influence on many of the younger ministers of Scotland. Immediately afterwards, he entered on his academic work in Glasgow.

His dedication to science did not make him abandon evangelisation. On the contrary, he prosecuted it with unabated zeal. In his first years in Glasgow he gathered a mission congregation at Possil park, which he handed over, when it was organized, to a regular minister. He has addressed young men in every part of the country. His official duties leave him ample leisure, and this he devotes to evangelistic work.

Three years ago Mr. Drummond leaped into sudden fame by the publication of his book, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," which has had an extraordinary success. It is in its fiftieth thousand, and Mudie advertises five hundred copies as in circulation in his library. In America it has attracted at least as much attention as in this country, and, in short, it may be said to have made its author known wherever the English language is spoken.

One effect of its popularity has been to give Mr. Drummond access, as an evangelist, to classes which it is peculiarly difficult to reach. In May last year he conducted a remarkable series of evangelistic meetings for the nobility in London, under the auspices of Lord and Lady Aberdeen; and for the last two winters he has headed a great revival movement in the University of Edinburgh. Week by week he has come from Glasgow, and on the Sunday evenings addressed large meetings of the students. Many have been converted, and under the name of the Students' Holiday Mission, they are carrying their testimony into every part of the kingdom. Four hundred and fifty of the students connected with this movement sat down together, last April, at a special communion service. Among these the very flower of the youth of the country might be found. For example, at the close of last winter session only four men took first-class honours in Philosophy, and three of them have been engaged on the Holiday Mission.—Condensed from the Christian.

THE HOUSE AT MIDNIGHT.

HOW quiet the house is at midnight. The people who talk and laugh and sing in it every day are asleep, and the people who fell asleep in it long ago come back into it. Every house has these two classes of tenants. Do we love best those with whom we can laugh and talk and sing, or the dear, silent ones who come so noiselessly to our side and whisper to us in faint, sweet, far away whispers that have no sound, so that we hear only their very stillness?

I am not tired, but my pen is weary. It falls from my fingers and I raise my head. I start to leave the table and my eye falls upon a little book lying on the floor. It is a little "First Reader." He left it there this afternoon. I remember just how I was impatient because he could not read the simple little lesson—such an easy lesson—and I told him it was a waste of my time to teach him, and pushed him away from me. I remember now. I see the flush come into the little tired face, the brave, cheerful look in his eyes, his mother's brave, patient cheeriness, struggling with his disappointment and pain. I see him lie down on the floor, and the little face bend over the troublesome little lesson, such a simple, easy lesson, any baby might read it. Then, after a little struggle alone it has to be given up, and the baffled, little soldier, with one more appealing look toward me for reinforcement, sighs and goes away from the lesson he cannot read to the play that comforts him. And there lies the little book, just as he left it. Ah me, I could kneel down and kiss it now as though it were alive and loving.

Why, what was my time worth to me to-day? What was there in the book I wanted to read one half so precious to me as one cooling word from the prattling lips that quivered when I turned away. I hate the book I read. I will never look at it again. Were it the last book in the world, I think I would burn it. All its gracious words are lies. I say to you, though all men praise the book and though an hour ago I thought it excellent, I say to you that there is poison in its hateful pages. Why, what can I learn from books that baby lips cannot teach me? Do you know I want to go to the door of his room and listen; the house is so still; maybe he is not breathing. Why, if between my book and my boy I choose my book, why should not God leave me with my books? My hateful books.

But I was not harsh. I was only a little impatient. Because, you see, his lesson was so easy, so simple. Ah, me, there were two of us trying to read this afternoon. They were two easy, simple lessons. Mine was such a very simple, easy, pleasant, loving one to learn. Just a line, just a little throb of patience, of gentleness, of love that would have made my own heart glow and laugh and sing. The letters were so large and plain, the words so easy and the sentences so short. And I! Oh, pity me, I missed every word. I did not read one line aright! See, here is my copy now, all blurred and blistered with tears and heartache; all marred and mis-spelled and blotted. I am ashamed to show it to the Master. And yet I know He will be patient with me; I know how loving and gentle He will be. Why, how patiently and loving all these years he has been teaching me this simple lesson I failed upon to-day. But when my little pupil stumbled on a single word—is my time, then, so much more precious than the Master's that I cannot teach the little lesson more than once?

Ah, friend, we do waste time when we plait courses for ourselves. These hurrying days, these busy, anxious, shrewd, ambitious times of ours are wasted when they take our hearts away from patient gentleness, and give us fame for love and gold for kisses. Some day, then, when our hungry souls will seek for bread, our selfish god will give us a stone. Life is a simple, easy lesson, such as any child may read. You cannot find its solution in the ponderous tomes of the old fathers, the

philosophers, the investigators, the theorists. It is not on your book shelves. But in the warmest corner of the most unlettered heart it glows in letters that the blind may read; a sweet, plain, simple, easy, loving lesson. And when you have learned it, brother of mine, the world will be better and happier.—R. J. Burdette.

A SEA-PARING BIBLE.

THE young people who read the *Children's Record* have their Mission ship, the *Dayspring*, which sails among the islands of the New Hebrides, carries missionaries and teachers, food and houses for them, and in many ways helps on the good work. Do not forget your ship, children. She is doing a good work. Other missionary societies have their ships too. One society in the United States has a missionary ship called the *Morning Star*. They have had several ships of that name. When one got wrecked and they built a new one they called her by the old name. Let me tell you a story connected with that *Morning Star*, as it is told in a children's paper called the "Mission Dayspring." "About twenty years ago the second *Morning Star* was lying in Boston harbour, putting in her cargo, and preparing to sail for the Micronesian Islands. Troops of children went to visit her. One day there came on board a very precious thing. It was a nice large Bible, given by two little children. On the outside were the words *Morning Star* in gilt letters. On the inside of the fly-leaf were written:

"Presented, Oct. 12, 1836, by Annie Williams and John Fodd, little children of Rev. Charles J. Hill, Gloversville New York, in grateful remembrance of deliverance in shipwreck, June 22, 1836." The Bible was soon sailing out with the little ship, and was used a great deal at prayers and other religious exercises. For three years it went back and forth from Honolulu to the Micronesian Islands, carrying its precious message from place to place. At last, one bright day in October, 1869, the *Morning Star* was starting off from Kusale to go to Honolulu. There were some missionaries on board going to America, very happy that they were so soon to see the dear ones at home; and you can imagine how joyfully they sang "Homeward Bound" at evening prayer.

When the captain went on deck after supper, he found that the ship was dangerously near the rocky shore. He tried very hard to keep her out in deep water, but she soon struck a rock, and began to fill with water. The missionaries and other people on board got into the little boats as quickly as they could, and although they thought at one time some of them would be drowned, they were soon safely on land.

There were only a very few things saved from the ship, but some one thought of the Bible, and it was taken on shore. Afterwards the captain wrote in it:

"Saved from the wreck of the second *Morning Star*, Oct. 18 1869."

After a long month of waiting the missionaries and others went on to Honolulu in a small ship called the *Annie Porter*, and they took the Bible with them. When it was known in America that the second *Morning Star* was wrecked, the children went to work with a will and built another; and about a year afterward she went booming around into Honolulu harbour with the flags flying and all sails set.

In all the rejoicings over the new ship, as well as in the trials of the old one, they remembered the Bible, which was brought on board, and Capt. Matthews wrote in it:

"Transferred to the third *Morning Star*, July 22, 1871."

So our Bible went back again to the islands, and for twelve long years it went about among them doing its beautiful work of comfort to the missionaries, and giving good news to the ignorant islanders.

About two years and a half ago the third *Morning Star* was wrecked near Kusale. Mrs. Rand, a missionary who was on board, describes it like this:

"I was sitting in the cabin braiding Mabel's hair when the crash came. The jar threw us over to the opposite side of the cabin, where we had to hold on for dear life. Mabel screamed and said, 'Oh, save my doll!' A Kusian who came on board before we struck, tried to keep her from being afraid by telling her he would save her; but it was of no use; she could not stop crying until after we had left the wreck. Every crash seemed as if it would break the vessel in pieces. We managed to get to the companion way, which seemed to be the safest place while the masts and spars were falling. The foremast broke away, and the mainmast was cut away, and then it was thought to be safe for us to leave the ship.

"Mabel and I were picked up from the deck, and dropped into the arms of a sailor who stood in a boat ready to catch us; and then, with natives outside to steady the boat, we were pulled safely through the breakers. When I looked back and saw our dear little vessel on her side, dead as it were, my tears fell thick and fast. There were no lives lost, and the cargo was all saved."

With the cargo the precious Bible was taken on shore, once more saved from another wreck, and Capt. Garland wrote in it:

"Saved from the wreck of the third *Morning Star*, Feb. 22, 1884."

Now it is on board our own new *Morning Star*, and we hope it will stay there a great many years. The last writing in it is:

"Transferred to the fourth *Morning Star*, June 22, 1885."

Capt. Bray says of it: "This book has sailed the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans: It has rounded stormy Cape Horn. It has seen two shipwrecks, has been opened and read at many religious exercises on the vessel; and now it has come to our new steamer, sound in body, with the gilt words *Morning Star* on the cover still distinct, and ready and good for further service. Surely Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away."—*Children's Record*.

THE YELLOW YEAR.

THE yellow year is hastening to its close: The little birds have almost sung their last, Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast— That shrill-piped harbingers of early snows! The patient beauty of the scentless rose, Oft with the morn's hoar crystal quaintly glazed, Hangs a pale mourner for the summer past, And makes a little summer where it grows!— In the chill sunbeam of the faint, brief day The dusky waters shudder as they shine; The russet leaves obstruct the straggling way Of oozy, brooks, which no deep banks define, And the gaunt woods, in ragged scant array, Wrap their old limbs with sombre ivy-twine.

—Coleridge.

HOW WE GOT NED TO SIGN.

WE just had a dreadful time at our house this morning. Papa looked so stern and yet so sorry, and inamma was sick, and Cousin Clare's eyes were all pink with crying.

May and I didn't know what it all meant, only we guessed that brother Ned had been doing something very, very naughty; for he didn't come to breakfast till we were almost through, and then papa was so angry at him, though he didn't say much.

Ned just drank a cup of coffee for his breakfast, and as soon as he could get away he was off for a ride.

After a while Cousin Clare told us to put on our things, and we would take a walk together. She wasn't a bit like herself that day, for she walked along so quiet and solemn and only said "yes" and "no" to what May and I said. Pretty soon Ned rode up behind us, and he got off his horse and walked along beside Cousin Clare.

May didn't pay much attention; she's a little thing—only six and a half; I'm eight, and I listened to what they were saying, and I tell you 'twas terrible! I heard Ned say:

"I want to know just how it was; I want to get at the bottom of this thing."

She just bit her lips as if she were trying to keep from crying, but she kept still till he said:

"Let me feel that I know the worst."

Then she spoke up very firm, though her voice trembled:

"Aunt and I were sitting up when we heard a noise of stumbling and shuffling, and then the bell rang. When the door was opened you were held up by two or three men, all of them tipsy; and when you got inside you fell down—"

"Say it out," said Ned, much excited. "I was dead drunk, or beasty drunk—whatever you call it."

Clare kept still, though the big tears kept dropping to the ground.

"And—how—did—mother—take—it?" as if every word hurt him.

"She thought at first you were hurt or sick, but when she found it was—worse, she clasped her hands and looked as if she wanted to die."

"Well," he said, "I hadn't any idea that I was taking more than usual, but I suppose I did, and made a fool of myself."

"That's just what he said, truly. My! but I did feel badly! I told May when we got home, and we just cried and cried. Then we went to Cousin Clare, and had a long chat with her about it. She told us then that the wrong was in taking it at all. May and I were surprised at that, for didn't papa have his glass of sherry every day after dinner? But Clare said that if no one ever tasted it, no one would ever be a drunkard."

We both said we'd never, never touch it, and she wrote out a pledge, and we put our names down, and so did she. I like Cousin Clare; I'm going to be a young lady just like her when I grow up.

All at once May looked at me, and I looked at her. We both thought the same thing.

Why couldn't we try to get papa and Ned to put their names down too?

We took the paper to mamma's room, and she kissed us and said we might try. But before we went, she had us kneel down with her, and she prayed that God would save her boy and help us to do right.

I tell you we felt solemn! We almost wanted to give up—that is, I did; but May said she was going to go, anyhow, and I felt ashamed to have a little thing like that beat me; so we waited till after dinner, and went to the dining-room when everyone was gone and papa was alone with his bottle and glass of sherry. He looked astonished when we walked in and laid the paper and pen and ink before him, and then we thought he was angry, he looked so for a minute. I wanted to run, but I said—

"It's to save Brother Ned, papa."

Then he put his head down on the table and cried, and said, so dreadful-like, just as if his heart was breaking—

"Oh, my son, my son! would God I had died for thee!"

We would have gone away, but he hadn't signed yet. May kept her arm over his neck and stroked his hair, and patted him lots—she's the loveliest little thing!

By-and-by when papa raised his head and put his arms around us, I said again—

"Papa, please, and then we can ask Ned."

He took the paper and read it all over again; and then he put us down and walked up and down the room for the longest time; and there was a glass of sherry he hadn't tasted yet.

At last he went to the table, took up the glass—and we felt so disappointed, for we thought he was going to drink it; but he took it and threw it—smash! right into the grate, and the bottle after it.

"There," he said, "I'll see if you'll stand between me and saving my boy!" and then he reached for the pen and wrote "Herbert Standish" in those great letters of his.

We didn't stay long, only to kiss and hug him, and then we skipped up-stairs where mamma and Clare were sitting so white and anxious. They could hardly believe it, but there it was—papa's name.

They consulted us for a while, and then they decided that, as we had had such good success with papa, we might try alone with Ned.

We heard him practising the violin in his room, but when we knocked hard he said:

"Come in."

Well, we were even more scared than when we went to papa; but he took the paper and read it, and when he saw papa's name he whistled right out:

"W-h-e-w!"

Then his face began to work, just like May's does when she is going to cry, and he walked to the window and blew his nose hard. May took the pen and paper to him, and said:

"Please, brother Ned, won't you write your name here?" And then she told him, so sweetly, about papa's feeling so bad and throwing the wine into the grate. He trembled a little, but he said:

"Yes, I will. I'll keep it, too, God helping me. If father can, I can."

And that's how we got Ned to sign, and we are all so happy now.—*Royal Road*.

BUTTERFLIES.

A TRILL in yellow and red  
Out in the garden glows,  
And the leaflets lightly flutter  
In every breeze that blows.

Which little Maud observes  
At the window-sill, and cries:  
"Just look at the tree there, Mamma,  
All covered with butterflies!"

—N. Y. Independent.