

## Musings.

BY L. A. MORRISON.

On the fountain in Princess Square, St. John, N.B., is chiselled the quaint spiritual truism which Jesus spake to a weary sinner, in the shadow of Jacob's well, at Sychar: "*Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst.*"

BEAUTIFUL message of love,  
Would I with garlands entwined!  
Fountain of life, from above!  
Fountain of life, from beneath!  
What blessings your crystalline pureness impart!  
I sang of the virginal life in thy heart.

*This one*—the water of earth,  
Fraught with refreshing delight,  
Pure and pellucid at birth,  
Pleasing to palate and sight,  
But though for immortal ones sent from beneath,  
'Tis leavened by sin with the virus of death.

*This one*—(hush wearisome strife)  
Herald its praises abroad!  
That, is the water of life,  
Fresh from the fountains of God,  
And whoso'—athirst—shall unto it draw nigh,  
And drink of its sweetness, he never shall die.

Beautiful symbol of Truth!  
Thee, and thy lesson I laud;  
One, the elixir of youth,  
One, is the Spirit of God:  
By this, shall the human a blessing obtain;  
By that, shall the soul an eternity gain.

Speak to the mortals who pass:  
Ask them thy pureness to prove:  
Many, unheeding, alas!  
See not thy message of love,  
And seeming, they grasp not the truth it would teach,  
Nor measure the meaning, more subtle than speech.

## BREAKFAST TIME.

HERE we see a picture of those dear quiet animals, the sheep. The little ones are lambs: we see two out in front near a pan. I think it must be morning, and the sheep are still in the barn waiting for breakfast. Some act sleepy yet, and not very eager for breakfast, while others walk up to take from the woman's hand the food she has brought to them. They seem so gentle, even the little girl was not afraid to go into the barn with her mother. Some animals would become alarmed at having any one come so near them, but the sheep are so gentle. These animals are very useful for us. Their wool is made into clothing for us to wear. When the wool is cut from the sheep, it is called shearing them. They do not suffer from spaying part of their coat, for it often gets very heavy for them. The flesh is used for food, and is called mutton. It is very nice and also very healthful food. These animals show great affection sometimes, and love to be petted. When they are led away to be killed for food, they go quietly and do not make a noise as do other beasts. They seem willing to give up their lives for others. Jesus was our great example in this, in giving his life for us. He did it meekly and willingly, and without a word of complaining, and when he teaches us to be like him, he wants us to be willing to sacrifice for others, not to live selfishly or do things complainingly, but to be a cheerful doer of good things. Do not cultivate an unpleasant nature: keep back your evil thoughts and seek the blood of Jesus to wash away all spots of sin.

EVERYDAY table-talk can be guided as the members of the family may elect—into profit, frivolousness, or loss. Many a boy and girl receives golden nuggets of information and insight into the current affairs of the day, which parents give during the meal-hours. Improve this daily opportunity to form a high character.

## A DROVER'S STORY.

My name is Anthony Hunt. I am a drover, and I live miles and miles away upon the Western prairie. There wasn't a house within sight when we moved there, my wife and I; and now we have not many neighbours, though those we have are good ones.

One day, about ten years ago, I went away from home to sell some fifty head of cattle—fine creatures as ever I saw. I was to buy some groceries and dry goods before I came back, and, above all, a doll for our youngest, Dolly; she never had a shop doll of her own, only the rag-babies her mother had made her. Dolly could talk of nothing else, and went down to the very gate to call after me to "buy a big one." Nobody but a parent can understand how my mind was on that toy, and how, when the cattle were sold, the first thing I hurried off to buy was Dolly's doll. I found a large one, with eyes that would open and shut when you pulled a wire, and had it wrapped up in paper, and tucked under my arm, while I had the parcels of calico and delaine and tea and sugar put up. It might have been more prudent to stay until morning, but I felt anxious to get back, and eager to hear Dolly's prattle about the doll she was so anxiously expecting.

I mounted a steady-going old horse of mine, and pretty well loaded. Night set in before I was a mile from town, and settled down dark as pitch while I was in the middle of the wildest bit of road I know of. I could have felt my way through, I remembered it so well, and it was almost black when the storm that had been brewing broke, and pelted the rain in torrents, five miles, or may be six, from home, too. I rode on as fast as I could; but suddenly I heard a little cry, like a child's voice. I stopped short, and listened. I heard it again. I called, and it answered me. I couldn't see a thing. All was dark as pitch. I got down, and felt about in the grass; called again, and again I was answered. Then I began to wonder. I'm not timid; but I was known to be a drover, and to have money about me. I thought it might be a trap to catch me unawares, and there to rob and murder me.

I am not superstitious—not very—but how could a real child be out on the prairie in such a night, at such an hour? It might be more than human. The bit of a coward that hides itself in most men showed itself to me then, and I was half inclined to run away; but once more I heard that piteous cry, and said I, "If any man's child is hereabouts, Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it lie alone to die."

I searched again. At last I bethought me of a hollow under the hill, and groped that way. Sure enough I found a little dripping thing that moaned and sobbed as I took it in my arms. I called my horse, and the beast came to me, and I mounted, and tucked the little soaked thing under my coat as well as I could, promising to take it home to mamma. It seemed tired to death, and pretty soon cried itself to sleep against my bosom.

It had slept there over an hour when I saw my own windows. There were lights in them, and I supposed my wife had lit them for my sake: but when I got into the door-yard I saw something was the matter, and stood still with dead fear of heart five minutes before I could lift the latch. At last I did it, and saw the room full of neighbours, and my wife amid them, weeping. When she saw me she hid her face.

"O, don't tell him!" she said. "It will kill him."  
"What is it, neighbours?" I cried.  
And one said, "Nothing now, I hope. What's that in your arms?"

"A poor lost child," said I. "I found it on the road. Take it, will you? I've turned faint." I lifted the sleeping thing and saw the face of my own child, my little Dolly.

It was my darling, and no other, that I had picked up on the drenched road.

My little child had wandered out to see "daddy" and doll while her mother was at work, and whom they were lamenting as one dead. I thanked God on my knees before them all. I had not much of a story, neighbours; but I think I have often in the nights, and wonder how I could have lived to live now if I had not stopped when I heard the cry for help upon the road—the little baby crying hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp.

Ah, friends, the blessings of our work often come nearer to our own homes than we ever dare hope!

## WHAT GRANDMA THOUGHT.

BY MRS. R. M. W.

"WHAT makes you keep looking out of the window so, grandma?" asked curly-headed May. "I don't see anything."

"Don't you?" said grandma. "I think, though you must be like those of whom we read that have eyes, they see not. I see a great many things when I look out—things beautiful and curious. But just now I was looking across the valley at the meadow over yonder, with the sheep resting so peacefully on the further side. It made me think of the sweetest psalm David ever wrote. I wonder if you can guess which one it is. May tried to think, but her curly pate seemed to have a better faculty at forgetting things than remembering, and she couldn't tell.

"I am sure you learned it once," said grandma. "but if you will get your Bible, I will find it for you."

May ran quickly for her Bible, and grandma turned to the twenty-third Psalm. May read: "'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, and leadeth me beside the still waters.'"

"There," said grandma, "that will do. That was what I was thinking of—'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, the Lord my shepherd, that is.' I need not worry or fret about anything I need from day to day, any more than those thinking sheep down there.

"If I am his sheep, and he my shepherd, I shall want for nothing. He will lead into such green pastures, will give me such abundant supplies, that I can but lie down and think of his goodness.

May was not quite sure she understood, but grandma's eyes were down in the meadow again, and she ran quietly off to her play out-of-doors.

## PROGRESS.

STEAMBOATS are now used on all navigable rivers, lakes, and seas. The great net of railroads that covers out the country gives every one a chance to see ponderous locomotives. Telegraph lines are stretched from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and north and south too they carry the news. Next the telephone comes with the "Hello," and you can talk with a friend ten, twenty, thirty miles off, as though he were in your immediate presence.

These things were not always so. George Washington, the first president of the United States, never saw a steamboat; John Adams, the second president, never saw a railroad, and Andrew Jackson, the seventh president, knew nothing of the telegraph, and Abraham Lincoln, the sixteenth president, knew nothing of such a thing as a telephone. These facts show us the rapid progress the world is making in material things.