

FIVE HUNDRED FOLD.

ONE morn in his study knelt apart
Michael Feneberg good and gray;
His lips moved not, but his thankful heart
Sang the song of St. Barnabas' Day.
And his joy was not for the world's reward
(Poor village parson, his purse was lean),
But in humble silence he praised the Lord
For health, and grace, and a conscience clean.

"What shall I render, dear Lord, to Thee
For thy kindness, blessing me more and more?"

Did he dream the answer so near could be?
Who knocks at Michael Feneberg's door?
There stood a traveller, soiled and lame,
Face to face with the poor man's friend,
Begging three crowns "In Jesus' name,"
To help him on to his journey's end.

A thrill through the pastor's bosom ran,
And his face was grave,—but still serene,
He welcomed and fed that hungry man,
And pled him with questions kind but keen,
Till pitying faith his doubt controls,
And he chides his heart with a promise sure,
"Michael Feneberg, shepherd of souls,
He lends to the Lord who helps the poor."

He gave to the stranger weary and sad
Three crowns, and smiling sped him on.
'Twas all that the good old pastor had,
But he thought of his prayer, and his fears
were gone—

"I honour God's bounty best," he said,
"To spend it free for a brother's need:
For piety thrives where the poor are fed,
And charity thanks the Lord in deeds."

"They serve not heaven whose souls are bound;
Their prayers are pagan whose hearts are
frozen;

And praise is shallow and selfish sound
From him who nothing in love bestows.
The helping hand is a test of grace,
And giving the measure of gratitude,
And they live in the light of Jesus' face
Whose joy is the joy of doing good."

Days passed, and though for better or worse,
Michael still on the Lord relied,
Empty so long was the good man's purse
That his soul was sad and his faith was
tried;

And he knelt and spake in his childlike way,
"Dear Master, I lent three crowns to Thee;
Thou knowest I need them, Lord, I pray
In thy mercy give them back to me."

Did he dream the answer could be so near?
There came a letter that very night;
Heavy and large, and bold and clear
Was the writing that showed in the candle-
light.

Who sent it? Only the post-mark told
It had born its burden through twenty
towns;
But soon as he broke the seal,—behold,
There fell at his feet five hundred crowns!

O'er the Bavarian highlands, west,
Half way from the Danube to the Rhine,
One little deed to a sufferer blessed
Had gone, like a tender star to shine.
For the weary stranger the story spread
Of Michael's gift as he homeward came,
And a pious rich man heard and paid
The beggar's debt in the Saviour's name.

So God in bounty His promise kept
To the kind of heart and free of hand;—
Michael Feneberg gazed, and wept
At the blessing he scarce could understand.
"Ah, Lord," he murmured, "one drop I
sought,
And heaven rains, till my hands o'erflow!
It is like Thee, Lord;—I dare ask naught
Of Thee, for Thy goodness shames me so."
—Theron Brown.

A GOOD story about an old Metho-
dist minister baptising an infant is
told in "Echoes from Welsh Hills."
"He took the babe in his arms very
affectionately, and addressed, in a pa-
ternal fashion, a few words of advice
to the young parents. 'See that you
train up the child in the way that he
should go; that you surround him
with the best influences, and that you
give him a good example. If you do
so, who knows but that he may become
a Christmas Evans or John Elias!
What is his name?'" "Jane, sir,"
replied the mother.

MAY.

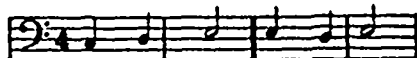
BY W. T. MILLER.

"It is May! It is May!
And all earth is gay."

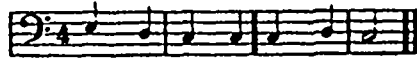
WE have waited for this pleas-
ant month a long time.
Ever since we ate the last
of the Christmas goose;
over since the New Year gave into our
lap her gifts, we have watched for the
coming of May. Soon after the begin-
ning of the year, the boys and girls
got tired of the unpleasant monotony
of change—

Snow and rain,
And snow again;
Rain and sleet,
And muddy feet.

The winter did not afford to them the
pleasure they had expected. They did
not fasten their skates; ride down hill
on their sleighs; or build snow men;
and do many such things as are
generally engaged in during a pleasant
winter. Forced by circumstances, they
repressed their glee and did not do very
many funny things. Forming into
line they crossed the hills of January,
and the lowlands of February, then
took their March right through the
opening gates of April, and as they
passed beneath the budding arch of
this flowery-bordered-meadow-land,
they sang a sweet song, which all
Canadian boys and girls should learn.
Here it is complete—words and music
and all.



Smil - ing May Comes this way



Mak - ing all things Bright and gay.

But why is it that all our boys and
girls are so fond of May? Is it because
the girls can now make their gardens
and train their vines up the windows;
and the boys, having changed their
dress, feel free to take their hop, step,
and jump? We will cease to wonder
at such things if we but remember that
once upon a time we were a little boy,
just so high, and as fond of fun as the
next one. Then, again, just think of
the sights and sounds of this month!
See the boy with bat and ball and
fishing-rod, and the girl with her sun-
hat and wreath of flowers. Bessie,
this is the month when our picnics
begin; when ferns are so eagerly sought,
when bathing and boating and ram-
bling commences, with a score of other
pleasures common to this merry season.
And there are so many things which
make those pleasures more romantic.
The breeze steals the fragrance of the
flower and wafts it freely upon the air.
The birds warble in the grove, and
teach their nestlings to sing the song
of love and the chorus of joy. The
stream winds along, hiding beneath
bank, and grass, and fern leaf, forget-
ting that it reveals its position by the
song which it sings as it dances upon
the pebbles.

Nature, sweet Nature, is everywhere!
rejoicing with the gay, and mourning
with the sad; dispelling sorrow and
suffering, and increasing happiness and
joy. She rests the weary traveller
beneath her umbrageous foliage, and
cools the pilgrim's feet by the palm
trees in the desert. She sends forth
the winds to play, and give to the
clouds their mission of refreshing. The
most pleasant place to live is in the

midst of Nature's bounty—in the
country. It is pleasant to live in the
city at times, but nothing can surpass,
or even approach in degrees of delight,
the revels of nature in the country.
Just try it, if you do not believe me.
But you do believe me; for I know
that the first chance city boys and girls
get, they will be off to see their country
cousins. In the country there is so
much to catch the eye and the ear;
so much to remind one of God, and to
display His providence and goodness.
What a nice thing it is to take a
ramble and meditate upon what we
behold! Nearly a hundred years ago,
a man walked to and fro on Hamp-
stead Mead. He had a slow step, and
seemed very melancholy. Could you
but see his face and his mild but
sorrowful eyes, you would feel like
speaking a kind word to him. If you
could read his thoughts, you would hear
him saying:

"My ear is pained.
My soul is sick with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which the earth is
filled."

Seating himself to rest beneath a mighty
oak, he plucks a flower growing among
the grass. Suddenly his face brightens,
and drawing a pencil and a book from
the folds of his coat, he writes. Would
any boy and girl desire to know the
words which dropped from that pencil,
and gave immortality to its touch? I
shall tell you some of them, but remem-
ber they are the words of a great and
good man.—William Cowper:—

"Not a flower
But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or
strain,
Of His unrivalled pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odors, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and in-
cludes,
In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,
The forms with which He sprinkles all the
earth.
Happy who walks with Him! whom what he
finds
Of flavour or of scent in fruit or flower—
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In nature, from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts the remembrance of a present God."

We think that this beautiful piece
of verse ought to be sufficient to make
the name of William Cowper live in
every boy and in every girl's memory,
even without the aid of John Gilpin.

There is another little poem that was
written by a poet named Dr. Good. I
think he must have been a good man
too; or, as we say sometimes, "Good in
name and nature too." While out
walking in a dreary spot, which he did
not suppose to afford anything so
beautiful, he found a daisy,—a small
little flower, but well worthy of Dr.
Good's tribute, which he paid thus:—

"Not worlds on worlds in phalanx deep,
Need we to prove a God is here;
The daisy, fresh from nature's sleep,
Tells of His love in lines as clear.
For who but He who arched those skies,
And pours the dayspring's living flood,
Wondrous alike in all He tries,
Could raise the daisy's purple bud!
Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringed border nicely spun,
And cut the gold-embossed gem,
That, set in silver, gleams within!
And fling it, unrestrained and free,
O'er hill, and dale, and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks may see
In every step the stamp of God."

Now, boys and girls, we would have
you contemplate the glorious monu-
ments of God's power, as you may read
them in the Book of Nature. The great
Dr. Guthrie once said that "the word

'God' might be read in the stars and
on the face of the sun; painted on
every flower; traced on every leaf;
engraved on every rock; and whispered
by every wind." Read and try to
understand the Book of Nature; and
whether you are examining the rolling
spheres, or the modest snow-drop,
listen to the voice that speaks to you,
saying, "The hand that made us is
Divine." Holding the humblest flower
in your hand, you can say to the skeptic
and infidel:

Not all the worlds ye view above,
Not ocean without bound,
Need we to prove that God is love,
Where proofs like this are found.

We need not hear the thunder's roar
Nor see the lightning's flash,
We need not feel the torrents pour,
Nor blast that breaks the ash.

We need not see the mighty bow
Encircling the sky,
To testify of God; we know!
Nor ask the reason why.

Each blade of grass, a story tells,
Of Him who made it grow,
Up from the root, where down it dwells
Deep in the soil below.

Each little leaflet of the tree,
High up upon the bough,
Tells of His power, and says that He
Keeps it from falling now

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LUCKE BECKLEY was noted for his
dry, caustic wit. One raw morning he
came into his store, and walking up to
the stove, remarked, "That is what I
call a cold, wet storm!" One of the
bystanders remarked! "Uncle Luke,
did you ever hear of a hot, dry storm?"
"Yes," returned the old man, "I think
I have, about the time of Sodom and
Gomorrhah—that is what I call a hot,
dry storm!"

"How do you know when a cyclone
is coming?" asked a stranger of a
western man. "Oh, we get wind of
it," was the answer.