

## SAFELY GARNERED.

"Was she your only child?" asked I.  
 "My only one," the answer brief;  
 And yet he spoke without a sigh,  
 Without a touch of grief.

He said the words with quiet smile;  
 I paused, and wondered for a while.

I marveled at that quiet tone,  
 In which no shade of sorrow lay;  
 And thought of darlings of my own,  
 Of laughing faces gay.  
 And yet not one amongst all there,  
 Not one, I felt, that I could spare.

"You need not grieve for me," said he;  
 "You're little ones are not more blist;  
 This darling child, so dear to me,  
 Has entered into rest.  
 Amid the joys that never fade,  
 She dwells for aye, my little maid."

I saw him raise his eyes and hand  
 Up to the quiet summer skies—  
 Up to the sinless, better land,  
 To where his treasure lies,  
 Where, with untiring little feet,  
 She treads the City's wondrous street.

"Your little ones," he still went on,  
 "May live to feel life's toil and care;  
 But where my little child has gone,  
 Thank God, no pain is there!  
 No shade to dim the starry eyes,  
 In the deep calm of Paradise."

"The coming years will changes bring;  
 Your little ones will older grow;  
 But she is still the little thing  
 I loved so long ago.  
 Forever, in the higher place,  
 She'll bear the dear and changeless face."

Too true! Down here the years roll on,  
 And hearts grow hardened and defiled.  
 She beareth yet—his little one—  
 The pure heart of a child.  
 No deeds that he need wish undone;  
 A very blameless little one.

I took the picture up again;  
 Too fair, too fair, those childish eyes,  
 To dim and sorrow with the pain  
 That in this old world lies.  
 Too free from sin—too free from tears,  
 To shadow with the toil of years.

"We strive and argue here below  
 Of mysteries beyond our ken;  
 But she, my little maid, doth know  
 The things that puzzle men.  
 To this young child they have been clear  
 For many and for many a year.

O child, whose feet have touched that strand  
 Beyond the river's restless tide,  
 Speak to us of the Fatherland,  
 To light life's eventide!  
 To guide us where thy feet have trod,  
 Up to the unknown home of God.  
 —*Italian Claxton in Ladies' Home Journal.*

"We have no church in the state of New Hampshire. If the Board will increase its appropriation to us five hundred dollars, the New England Board will meet it by another five hundred dollars and I will personally guarantee the organization of a church in that state in our Jubilee year."

## WHAT LITTLE ARTIE DID.

Little Artie and his brothers. Three of them, and dear little fellows they were, all brave and self-reliant, and brought up by their parents in the right way.

As these children lived some distance from town, it was often found necessary to leave them at home when father and mother attended meeting; especially was this the case in cold weather. Through the summer months the children were taken along, to their great delight. And as their parents were Methodists of the good old-fashioned kind, the boys were in the habit of hearing, at such times, the hearty "Amen" break forth from their father's lips when the sermon was particularly enjoyable.

One cold Sunday these children were left at home, with many cautions to be careful; yet hardly had the parents left ere the wood-work near the stove-pipe was discovered to be on fire and out of the children's reach; but with wonderful activity and energy the eldest climbed up on the table and put out the flames.

When the father and mother returned, they shuddered to see the danger to which their dear ones had been exposed, and with thankful hearts praised them for their courage.

"How did you manage, Tommy, to reach the fire?" asked the father.

"Why," said Tommy, "I pushed the table up to the wall, and got upon that."

"And did you help brother, Jimmy?" to the next.

"Yes, sir, I brought him a pail of water, and handed him a dipper."

"And what did you do?" said the proud father to his pet, the youngest.

"Well, papa," said Artie, "you see I was too small to help put out the fire, and so I just stood up and holler'd 'Amen!'" —*Kind Words.*

## TWO WAYS.

## A FABLE.

Two little weeds grow on a bank by the roadside. All summer they had drunk dew and sunshine, and had been happy; but now autumn was come, with gray skies and winds that nipped and pinched them.

"We shall die soon," said one little weed. "I should like to do something pleasant before I die, just to show what a happy time I have had. I think I will turn red, and then people will see how I feel."

"You will be a great fool to waste your strength in any such nonsense!" said the other little weed. "I shall live as long as I can, and hug the brown bank here."

So the first little weed turned bright scarlet, and was so beautiful that every one who passed that way turned to look at it. By and by there came along a most lovely maiden with her lover; and, when the lover saw the scarlet leaves, he plucked them and set them in his maiden's hair, and they lent her new grace. This made the little weed so happy that he died for pure joy.

The second little weed lived on and turned slowly brown, like the bank.

"He was a fool!" he said, speaking of his companion. "He put all his strength into turning red, and so he died." "I was proud of him," said the brown bank. "He did what he could, and people observed him."

"Yes; but I am alive and stay with you!" said the weed.

"Much I care!" said the brown bank. —*Unidentified.*

## THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE.

When I was sick and lay abed,  
 I had two pillows at my head,  
 And all my toys beside me lay  
 To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so  
 I watched my leaden soldiers go,  
 With different uniforms and drill,  
 Among the bed cloths, through the hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets  
 All up and down among the sheets;  
 Or brought my trees and houses out,  
 And planted cities all about.

I was the giant, great and still,  
 That sits upon the pillow-hill,  
 And sees before him, dale and plain,  
 The pleasant land of counterpane.

—*R. L. Stevenson.*

## Married.

WEBB-HURD.—On December 15th, at the home of Sister David Roberts, 38 Albert street, St. John, by J. Chas. B. Appel, Samuel J. Webb, of Houlton, Me., to Mary B. Hurd, of St. John, N. B.

JOHNSON-LEONARD.—At the home of the bride's mother Leonardville, N. B., Dec 18th, 1898, William F. Johnson and Sarah A. Leonard, W. H. Harding officiating.

TUCKER-HOYT.—At the home of the bride's parents on the morning of Dec. 19th, by R. E. Stevens, Mr. Wilford Tucker and Miss Viola Hoyt, all of Letets, N. B.

## Died.

STEWART.—At Stewartown, December 15th, Wallace Stewart, in the 63rd year of his life, leaving a widow and a large circle of relatives to mourn his loss. He united with the Christian Church many years ago, and the large funeral (one of the largest ever had on Deer Island) showed the respect in which he was held. For some time he had been unwell, but we never thought he was so near his end. It came suddenly. "Good night." We will greet each other again in the morning.—*W. H. H.*

CRAWFORD.—At Tryon, P. E. I., on December 11th, in her 66th year, Sister R. Matilda Crawford. She became a Christian at the age of 20, and joined the church in Shubenacadie, of which her father, the late Joshua Wallace, was elder, and was enabled to lead a Christian life till she passed away. In 1856 she was married to Bro. John J. Crawford, of Tryon, and this was her home from that time. She had three sons and five daughters, all of whom survive her, except one promising Christian boy who died in his teens. All her children except one (whom we hope to see take his stand with the church) have joined the Church of Christ. One son, Ernest E. Crawford, is now preaching in St. Thomas, Ont. Beside being very intelligent and pious she was a pleasant companion of the young, and self-sacrificing for the good of others. She will be greatly missed by her family, and especially by her husband, now in his 81st year, and not strong. May the Lord keep them till they meet at Jesus' feet. *D. C.*

BULMAN.—Sister Fanny, beloved wife of James Bulman, of New Glasgow, P. E. I., died on the 13th of December, in her 61st year, after a lingering and severe illness, leaving a husband and four children to mourn their loss. She was a member of the Christian Church in New Glasgow. She was sustained in her sickness by her loving Saviour, and died in the full confidence of entering into His rest. *D. C.*

BLACKFORD.—Daisy, infant daughter of Joel and Martha Blackford, died December 22nd, 1898, at Tiverton, N. S. The funeral services were conducted by R. W. Stevenson and J. W. Bolton.

OWEN.—At the home of her daughter, Apohaqui, on December 14th, after a short illness, our beloved Sister Owen fell asleep in Jesus. She was baptized in 1843, and was a faithful and consistent Christian until the time of her death. Her place was seldom vacant in the house of the Lord or in the Sunday school. She was always glad to hear of the success of the gospel, and was a cheerful giver to the cause of the Lord. We shall miss her presence with us here, but we trust we shall meet her in the "Sweet By and Bye." Before she died she chose the hymns, "How Blest the Righteous When He Dies," and "Abide With Me," to be sung at her funeral, and the 14th chapter of John to be read. Bro. Howard Murray and Bro. Appel, assisted by Rev. J. Clark (Free Baptist), conducted the funeral services. She leaves one daughter and one son to mourn their loss.

Safe upon the heavenly shore,  
 Done with sin forevermore,  
 Weariness and weakness o'er,  
 Up yonder!

Never more to know a fear,  
 Never more to shed a tear,  
 Better far than e'er here,  
 Up yonder!

W. A. B.