

The Children in the World.

BY SUSAN L. ALL FERRY.

The Winter snow fell thick and fast;
The farm-house roof that night
Was hidden from the world without
Beneath a mantle white;
All through the day the winds were wild,
And sundown found large snow-drifts piled.

Beside the hearth the good man sat
And stirred the open fire.
"Come, wife," he said, "its growing cold,
Draw up a little nigher."
The sweet faced woman closer drew—
Her hair was white, and his was too.

He laid his hand upon her chair;
"In this you rocked them all—
Carline and Seth and Lucy Jane,
David and little Paul"—
And as he stopped, she whispered low:
"Our children in the long ago.

"O John, how happy we were then!
On such a night as this
We used to go up-stairs to give
Each one an extra kiss—
The wind through that east chimney made
Them sort of wakeful and afraid."

"Yes, wife. I wonder if they think
Of this old home to-night;
Of all our prayers, the hymns we sang,
The cheery warm fire light.
I think this storm must reach quite far,
I 'pose it snows, too, where they are."

"The world is growing evil, John;
It's not like our young days.
The paper seems to tell about
So many more wrong ways,
Sometimes I fear such worldly care
May tempt them more than they can bear."

"Then let us pray," the father said,
"It's all that we can do:
Commit our children to the Lord,
His promises are true."
And drifted-in that night, alone,
They brought their children to the throne.

He gave his angels charge o'er them;
Afar that eventide,
Out in the world, the children sang,
"O Lord, with us abide."
A covenanting keeping God
Walked with them in the paths they trod.

Bits of Fun.

—Young man (to office-boy)—"Give that humorous article to the editor, and ask him if he can read it right away."

Office-boy (returned with humorous articles)—
"De boss returns the article with thanks. He says he's all upset with the mumps, and prob'ly won't be able to read anything funny for a week."

—Bink's coachman (colored)—"I t'ought you sayed yoah folks was so awful rich."

Jink's coachman (Celtic)—"So they are."

Bink's coachman—"Huh! I guess not. I looked in de winder las' night, an' seen two ob de young ladies playin' on de same pianny. Guess you all has ter 'conomize."

—Visiting foreigner—"My man, why is all this dirt heaped up semi-periodically on the streets?"

Laborer—"It's clanin' the streets we are, sor."

Foreigner—"But why don't they haul it off instead of leaving it to be scattered and scraped up again?"

Laborer—"Git out wid yez! Ye'd be afther takin' the bread out of a poor laborin' man's mouth."

—The class having been previously exhorted to "speak up," a small boy obeyed so literally as to astonish himself, and said, in an aside, "Pretty near I prenach that time"

—Teacher—"What was the difference between the Temple at Jerusalem and the synagogues?"

Pupil—"The Temple was where the Jews worshipped, the synagogues were where the sinners went."

—"Now, my dear," said the teacher, "what is memory?"

The little girl answered, after a moment's reflection: "It is the thing you forget with."

—"Say, ma," remarked the small boy, "isn't it funny that everybody calls my little brother a bouncing baby?"

"Why do you think it is funny, William?" returned his mother.

"Because, when I dropped him on the floor this morning he didn't bounce a bit."

—Fond Mother—"Well, Harold, how are you succeeding at school?"

Harold—"The master says I am getting on well in figures."

Fond mother—"Indeed?"

Harold—"Yes; I used to be seventh in my class, and now I'm sixteenth. Oh! I'm pushing on."

—Elevator Boy (to fat old lady)—"Goin' up, mum?"

Old Lady—"Yes, I'm goin' up; but, sakes alive, a little boy like you can't pull me up in that thing?"

The Penny Post.

THIS is the jubilee year of Rowland Hill's reform, and the tenth of January was the fiftieth anniversary of the first penny post. It is a fitting time to remind people that a thirty-two ounce packet, posted at Deal for London, cost over six pounds! That Sir John Burgoyne once paid more than eleven pounds for a large parcel sent from one part of Ireland to another; and that small tradesmen often paid twenty-five per cent. on their earnings alone!

The dearness of the service was largely a result of stupidity and lack of system. Once the mail between London and Edinburgh carried only a single letter. All sorts of useless and troublesome regulations were in force. A single letter was one written on a single sheet, and folded in that sheet. An envelope would have made the letter count as two sheets. A second and a third sheet made a second and a third letter. A stamp, or anything else affixed to the outside, would have added yet another sheet to the reckoning—so that one sheet, one envelope, and one stamp, on the longest inland journey, might have cost 5s. 1½d. in transmission. There were also different charges for different distances; so that for every letter there was an elaborate calculation, in which distance, weight, and number of streets were the factors. Prepayment was impossible, until Rowland Hill conceived the idea of stamping the sheet.

The Power of Grace upon the Heart.

As to the power which the gospel exerts over such barbarians as have embraced it in lively faith, we have a fine example from the South Seas, of the most recent date. Shortly before his visit to England, the missionary, Mr. Taylor, assembled the New Zealanders who had become believers through his means. The religious farewell service, held in the closely packed church, closed with the communion of the Lord's Supper. When the first row were kneeling in a semi-circle round the table of the Lord, a man suddenly rose and went back through the whole length of the church to his seat. After some time he returned, and partook of the bread and wine.

After the close of the service, the missionary questioned the islander respecting his singular behaviour, and received the following answer: "When I approached the table, I did not know beside whom I should have to kneel. Then I suddenly saw that I was beside the man who, some years ago, slew my father and drank his blood; and whom I then swore I would kill the first time that I should see him. Now, think what I felt when I suddenly knelt beside him! It came upon me with terrible power, and I could not prevent it, so I went back to my seat. Arrived there, I saw in the spirit the upper sanctuary, and seemed to hear a voice: 'Thereby shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.' That made a deep impression upon me, and at the same time I thought that I saw another sight—a cross and a man nailed thereon, and I heard him say, 'Father, forgive them; they know not what they do.' Then I went back to the table."

The "Y's" Column.

THE CONQUERING LEGION

For God, for Home and Native Land,
I raise toward heaven my strong right hand,
And proudly wave my banner white,
All stainless as the morning light.

Through customs vile and banded hate,
And lust that marketh desolate,
Fearless I press my onward way,
And hopeful hail the coming day.

What though the world may call defeat?
My music never beats retreat;
And when I fall I face the foe,
And leap to victory even so.

For right is might, and right at last
Shall sound on high her trumpet blast,
And o'er the conquered field shall tread,
When every human wrong is dead.

So proudly wave the streamers white,
The emblem pure of God's own light,
While pledged beneath its folds we stand,
For God, for Home and Native Land.

The Art of Not Hearing.

THE art of not hearing should be taught in every well-regulated family. It is full as important to domestic happiness as a cultivated ear, for which so much money and time are expended. There are so many things which it is painful to hear—many which we ought not to hear, very many of which, if heard, will disturb the temper, corrupt simplicity and modesty, detract from contentment and happiness—that every one should be educated to take in or to shut out sounds, according to his pleasure.

If a man falls into a violent passion and calls us all manner of names, at the first word we should shut our ears and hear no more. If in our quiet voyage of life we find ourselves caught in a domestic whirlwind of scolding, we should shut our ears as a sailor would furl his sails, and, making all tight, scud before the gale. If a hot and restless man begins to inflame our feelings, we should consider what mischief these fiery sparks may do in our magazine below, where our temper is kept, and instantly close the door.

If, as has been remarked, all the petty things said of one by heedless or ill-natured idlers were to be brought home to him, he would become a mere walking pincushion, stuck full of sharp remarks. If we would be happy, when among good men we should open our ears, when among bad men shut them. It is not worth while to hear what our neighbours say about our children, or what rivals say about our business, our dress, or our affairs.

This art of not hearing, though untaught in the schools, is by no means unpracticed in society. We have noticed that a well bred woman never hears a vulgar or impertinent remark. A kind of discreet deafness saves one from many insults, from much blame, from not a little connivance in dishonourable conversation.—*United Presbyterian.*