

To set the quick jerboa a-musing outside his sand house—
There are none such as he for a wonder, half bird and half mouse!
God made all the creatures and gave them our love and our fear,
To give sign, we and they are his children, one family here.

Then I played the help-tune of our reapers, their wine-song, when hand Grasps at hand, eye lights eye in good friendship, and great hearts expand
And grow one in the sense of this world's life.—And then, the last song
When the dead man is praised on his journey—Bear, bear him along,
With his few faults shut up like dead flowerets? Are balm seeds not here
To console us? The land has none left such as he on the bier.
Oh, would we might keep thee, my brother!—And then, the glad chaunt
Of the marriage,—first go the young maidens, next, she whom we vaunt
As the beauty, the pride of our dwelling.—
And then, the great march
Wherein man runs to man to assist him and buttress an arch
Nought can break; who shall harm them, our friends? Then, the chorus intoned
As the levites go up to the altar in glory enthroned.
But I stopped here: for here in the darkness Saul groaned.

And I paused, held my breath in such silence, and listened apart;
And the tent shook, for mighty Saul shuddered: and sparkles gan dart
From the jewels that woke in his turban, at once with a start,
All its lordly . . . male-sapphires, and rubies courageous at heart.
So the head: but the body still moved not, still hung there erect.
And I bent once again to my playing, pursued it unchecked,
As I sang:—

'Oh, our manhood's prime vigor! No spirit feels waste,
Not a muscle is stopped in its playing nor sinew unbraced.
Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping from rock up to rock,
The strong rending of boughs from the fir-tree, the cool silver shock
Of the plunge in a pool's living water, the hunt of the bear,
And the sultriness showing the lion is couched in his lair.
And the meal, the rich dates yellowed over with gold dust divine,
And the locust-flesh steeped in the pitcher, the full draught of wine,
And the sleep in the dried river-channel where bulrushes tell
That the water was wont to go warbling so softly and well,
How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!
Hast thou loved the white locks of thy father, whose sword thou didst guard
When he trusted thee forth with the armies, for glorious reward?
Didst thou see the thin hands of thy mother, held up as men sung
The low song of the nearly-departed, and hear her faint tongue
Joining in while it could to the witness, "Let one more attest,
I have lived, seen God's hand through a lifetime, and all was for best?"
Then they sung through their tears in strong triumph, not much, but the rest.
And thy brothers, the help and the contest, the working whence grew
Such result as, from seething grape-bundles, the spirit strained true:
And the friends of thy boyhood—that boyhood of wonder and hope,
Present promise and wealth of the future beyond the eye's scope,—
Till lo, thou art grown to a monarch; a people is thine;
And all gifts, which the world offers singly, on one head combine!
On one head, all the beauty and strength, love and rage (like the throe

That, a-work in the rock, helps its labor and lets the gold go)
High ambition and deeds which surpass it, fame crowning them,—all
Brought to blaze on the head of one creature—King Saul!

And lo, with that leap of my spirit,—heart, hand, harp and voice,
Each lifting Saul's name out of sorrow, each bidding rejoice
Saul's fame in the light it was made for—as when, dare I say,
The Lord's army, in rapture of service, strains through its array,
And upsoareth the cherubim-chariot—"Saul!" cried I, and stopped
And waited the thing that should follow.
Then Saul, who hung propped
By the tent's cross-support in the centre, was struck by his name.
Have ye seen when Spring's arrowy summons goes right to the aim,
And some mountain, the last to withstand her, that held (he alone,
While the vale laughed in freedom and flowers) on a broad bust of stone
A year's snow bound about for a breastplate, —leaves grasp of the sheet?
Fold on fold all at once it crowds thunderously down to his feet,
And there fronts you, stark, black, but alive yet, your mountain of old,
With his rents, the successive bequeathings of ages untold—
Yea, each harm got in fighting your battles, each furrow and scar
Of his head thrust 'twixt you and the tempest—all hail, there they are!
—Now again to be softened with verdure, again hold the nest
Of the dove, tempt the goat and its young to the green on its crest
For their food in the ardors of summer. One long shuddler thrilled
All the tent till the very air tingled, then sank and was stilled
At the King's self left standing before me, released and aware.
What was gone, what remained? All to traverse 'twixt hope and despair,
Death was past, life not come; so he waited.
Awhile his right hand
Held the brow, helped the eyes left too vacant forthwith to remand
To their place what new objects should enter! 't was Saul as before.
I looked up and dared gaze at those eyes, nor was hurt any more
Than by slow pallid sunsets in autumn, ye watch from the shore,
At their sad level gaze o'er the ocean—a sun's low decline
Over hills which, resolved in stern silence, o'erlap and entwine
Base with base to knit strength more intensely; so, arm folded arm
O'er the chest whose slow heavings subsided.

(To be continued.)

How to Give Cheerfully.

There lived in a little village an old man and woman who were very poor. They both earned their living by weaving. By working hard they could earn about four shillings a week. By being very careful they managed to live on this sum. They had no debts, but not a penny to spare.

One day they returned home from a missionary meeting feeling very sad. They had nothing to give.

'Wife,' said the husband, 'doesn't it make you feel badly to think that we haven't a penny to give for the heathen? We both know how blessed it is to have a Saviour, yet we cannot help to spread the news.'

'I've been thinking about it,' she said: 'if we only knew a way to earn a little money. There is what we put aside to bury us, but it wouldn't be right to take it! for then somebody else would have to pay for funeral expenses; and as for eating less than we do now, that is impossible; for then we should get sick, and other people would have to take care of us. I don't see any way.'

'We must tell the Lord about it,' the old man said. And then it was time for family worship, and they knelt down to pray.

Two months afterward, one cold winter morning, there came a knock at the minister's

door. When he opened it there stood the old woman, her face bright with joy.

'I've brought our money for the missionaries,' she said. 'My husband and I are so glad to show somebody the way to the Saviour.' Then she unwrapped a large piece of paper, and carefully counted five pennies.

The minister was surprised, for he knew that these two people were very poor. How could they spare even five pennies? But she had a joyful story to tell.

'Why, we wanted to give something, and we didn't see how; so we asked the Lord about it, and He put it into our hearts to save the potato parings. We have to use a dozen small potatoes in a day, for it is all we have to eat. Well, I dried them and kept them in a bag until I got a nice lot, and this morning I took them to a neighbor who keeps pigs, and she gave me five pennies. We are so glad to give it.'

Then the old woman, nearly eighty years, limped away leaning on her cane, her face aglow. Her pastor said he could not keep back the tears as he looked at the five pennies. 'O Thou faithful God!' said he, 'how well these children of Thine have understood Thee. And by-and-by Thou wilt give them good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over.'—Pussy, in the 'Way of Life.'

Shining in at Every Window.

We went, one cold, windy day last spring, to see a poor young girl, kept at home by a lame hip. The room was on the north side of a bleak house. It was not a pleasant prospect without, nor was there much that was pleasant or cheerful within.

'Poor girl! what a cheerless life she has of it,' I thought, as we went to see how she was situated; and I immediately thought what a pity it was that her room was on the north side of the house.

'You never have any sun,' I said; 'not a ray comes in at these windows. That I call a misfortune. Sunshine is everything. I love the sun.'

'Oh,' she answered, with the sweetest smile I ever saw, 'my sun pours in at every window, and even through the cracks.'

I am sure I looked surprised.

'The Sun of Righteousness,' she said, softly—'Jesus. He shines in here and makes everything bright to me.'

I could not doubt her. She looked happier than anyone I had seen for many a day.

Yes, Jesus shining in at the windows can make any spot beautiful and every home happy.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

The Meaning of 'Saul.'

(Continued from page 1.)

reapers at their toil and in their relaxation. The march for the dead is played, the dead, whose praises are sung and his faults forgotten in what he has accomplished for his land. After that comes the joyful marriage chant, and then the march expressing the cooperation of man with man in work for the progress of the race. More exalted strains follow, in the spirit of worship of the God of Israel. Then there is a pause, as it is evident the music has done the first part of its work. Saul's mind is arrested from its concentration on the dark thoughts which have held sway, 'the quiverings of returning vital force again to thrill his nerves.' David bends again to his playing, as he sings of the joy of being, 'how good is man's life, the mere living.' He recalls to Saul his boyhood and early manhood, the pride of his father in him, the faith of his mother, the comradeship of his brothers and friends,—the wonder and hope of his youth—and in a grand, triumphant crescendo strain he shows all the gifts which the world usually offers only singly—beauty and strength, love and power, high ambition and great deeds—all 'brought to blaze on the head of one creature—King Saul!'

At that cry, one long shudder thrills through the tent, the King is released from his despair; but he has yet to traverse the distance between despair and hope; so he waits.

(To be continued.)