

ROSEBUD.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

O little maid in your rosebud bower,  
Dreaming of growing old,  
Wishing youth always would linger, a flower  
Never in haste to unfold;  
Lift from the shadow your sunshiny head,  
Growing old is nothing to dread.

O little maid in the rose-tree shade,  
See how its dry boughs shoot!  
The green leaves fall and the blossoms fade;  
But youth is a living root.  
There are always buds in the old tree's heart,  
Ready at beckon of Spring to start.

O little maid, there is joy to seek—  
Glory of earth and sky—  
When the rosebud streak fades out of your cheek,  
And the dewy gleam from your eye;  
Deeper and wider must life take root;  
Redder and higher must glow its fruit.

O little maid, be never afraid  
That youth from your heart will go;  
Reach forth unto heaven, through shower and shade  
We are always young, while we grow.  
Breathe out in a blessing your happy breath!  
For love keeps the spirit from age and death.

WHAT WILL CARRY ME OVER.

A few years ago, in a New England village, a little boy lay upon his death bed. Starting suddenly up, he exclaimed: "Oh! mother, mother, I see such a beautiful country, and so many little children, who are beckoning me to them, but there are high mountains between us, too high for me to climb. Who will carry me over?" After thus expressing himself he leaned back on his pillow, and for a while seemed to be in deep thought, when, once more arousing and stretching out his little hands, he cried, as loud as his feeble voice would permit: "Mother, mother, the strong man's come to carry me over the mountain!" He was peacefully asleep. The strong one had, indeed, come to carry the little one over.

TRUE GENTLEMEN.

"I beg your pardon," and with a smile and a touch of his hat, Harry Edmond handed to an old man, against whom he had accidentally stumbled, the cane which he had knocked from his hand. "I hope I did not hurt you. We were playing too roughly."

"Not a bit!" said the old man, cheerily. "Boys will be boys, and it's best they should be. You didn't harm me."

"I'm glad to hear it;" and lifting his hat again, Harry turned to join the playmates with whom he had been frolicking at the time of the accident.

"What do you raise your hat to that old fellow for?" asked his companion, Charlie Gray. "He is only Giles, the huckster."

"That makes no difference," said Harry. "The question is not whether he is a gentleman, but whether I am one; and no true gentleman will be less polite to a man because he wears a shabby coat, or hawks vegetables through the streets, instead of sitting in a counting-house." Which was right?

GRATITUDE.

There is a very touching little story told of a poor woman with two children, who had not a bed for them to lie upon, and scarcely any clothes to cover them. In the depth of winter they were nearly frozen, and the mother took the door of a cellar off the hinges, and set it up before the corner where they crouched down to sleep, that some of the draught and cold might be kept from them. One of the children whispered to her, when she complained how badly off they were, "Mother, what do those dear little children do who have no cellar door to put up in front of them?" Even there, you see, the little heart found cause for thankfulness.

HE COULD DIE; BUT LIE—NEVER.

Not long ago, on an English steamer, four days out from Liverpool, a small boy was hid away behind the cargo. He had neither father nor

mother, brother nor sister, friend nor protector among either passengers or crew. Who was he? Where did he come from? Where going? Only nine years old; the poor little stranger, with ragged clothes, but a beautiful face, full of innocence and truth! Of course he was carried before the first mate.

"How came you to steal a passage on board this ship?" asked the mate, sharply.

"My stepfather put me in," answered the boy; he could not afford to keep me or pay my passage to Halifax, where my aunt lives. I want to go to my aunt."

The mate did not believe to story. He had often been deceived by stowaways. Almost every ship finds, one or two days out at sea, men concealed among the cargo, who try to get a passage across the water without paying for it. And this is often troublesome and expensive. The mate suspected some of the sailors had a hand in the boy's escape, and treated him pretty roughly. Day after day he was questioned about his coming, and it was always the same story—nothing less, nothing more. At last the mate got out of patience, as mates will, and seizing him by the collar, told him unless he confessed the truth, in ten minutes, he would hang him on the yard arm—a frightful threat, indeed.

Poor child, with not a friend to stand by him! Around him were the passengers and sailors of the mid-day watch, and before him the stern first officer, with his watch in hand, counting the tick, tick of the minutes as they swiftly went. There he stood, pale and sorrowful, his head erect, and tears in his eyes, but afraid? no, not a bit! Eight minutes were already gone.

"Only two minutes more to live," cried the mate. "Speak the truth and save your life, boy."

"May I pray?" asked the child, looking up into the hard man's face.

The officer nodded his head, but said nothing. The brave boy knelt down on deck, and, with hands clasped and eyes raised to heaven, repeated the Lord's Prayer, and then prayed the dear Lord Jesus to take him home to heaven. He could die; but lie—never! All eyes were turned towards him, and sobs broke from stern hearts.

The mate could hold out no longer. He sprang to the boy, told him he believed his story, every word of it. A nobler sight never took place on a ship's deck, than this—a poor, unfriended child, willing to face death for truth's sake.

He could die; but lie—never! God bless him! And the rest of the voyage you may well think, he had friends enough. Nobody owned him before; everybody was now ready to do him a kindness. And every one who reads this will be strengthened to do right, come what will, by the noble conduct of this dear child.

A LOVING WATCH.—When Leech, the painter, was a boy, he was placed at a boarding-school, where he had to spend his vacation as well as his school days. His mother pined to see her boy, but the rules of the school precluded her from gratifying this desire. She, therefore, hired an upper room in one of the houses overlooking the playground. Here she watched her little boy. He did not know that any one was looking down upon him; but that eye followed him wherever he moved.

So, within the cloudy canopy in the wilderness was the Omniscient Eye of Israel's ever-watchful God. True, the eye of nature sees nothing but a moving or a halting mass; but, nevertheless the eye of faith can realize the Divine watchfulness, can trace the unseen hand or heavenly guidance, and can read the monitions of loving faithfulness. "When thou goest," says Solomon, "it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; when thou wakest, it shall talk with thee;" for the commandment is a lamp, and the law is light. The light of Scripture is the light of light. It is the hand of Christ, aye, it is the heart of Christ.

It is easier to censure than to praise; the former is a gratification of our self esteem, while to praise seems, with minds too ambitious and ungenerous, a tacit admission of others superiority.

The closest with God is the sweetest heaven that can be enjoyed on earth.—*Brainerd.*

THE PRAYER-BOOK SERVICE IN SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

My theory was a simple one. I have never seen reason to doubt its correctness. This theory is, that the Prayer-book service, as used in our congregations, not only contained, but was, in its entirety, the service suited to the children of the Church. Believing that the Church's worship was the inheritance of the Church's children, and was adapted to their wants and capacities, as well as to those of their elders, I could not approve of "Sunday-school Prayer-books," or special liturgies, or in fact, of the use of a shorter or a "third" service for the children's worship. If they were to learn to love and use the Church's prayers, there was no better time for doing this than in childhood; and it was far from wise to accustom them to liturgic uses, which, when they "put away childish things," would be forever forgotten. That they would learn the duty and privilege of worship, was an integral part of their training in the Church's ways, "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." That there was not, and never could be, a children's Bible, was proof that there could not be a children's Prayer-book. Besides, my school—and it is the same with all ordinary Sunday-schools—had its element of "mission" children—little ones coming from un-churchly and un-Christian homes, whose only opportunity for gaining acquaintance with the Church's worship was in connection with the Sunday-school. Unless the Prayer-book study was to be merely theoretical, the Prayer-book must be practically used by these very children; and when once they had become familiar with its words of prayer and praise, and had made them their own by use, they would not willingly exchange the Church's worship for any other form, or for extempore prayer at all.—*Bishop Perry.*

THE LOVE OF PRAISE.

A trait in our Saviour's character which is peculiarly deserving our notice and imitation was his constant superiority to motives of fame or reputation. The great sin which pollutes even the most illustrious actions of men, is vanity. We find it in characters otherwise almost faultless; we detect it in our best services. We often resort to it in education; and we find that it exercises an unsanctified influence where we should expect it. When we discover it in others, it is with a sentiment of regret, which impairs our admiration; and when we detect it in ourselves if our hearts are allowed to answer before God, it is with a sentiment of mortification and humility. It is certain that the most exalted minds are most free from this mixture; and it is the first and last object of the gospel thoroughly to discharge it from our motives.

Jesus was at an infinite distance from desiring to receive honor from men. Not a word which he ever uttered, nor an action which he ever did, was calculated merely to excite applause. It seemed to be his care not to awaken any stupid wonder by singularity or austerity, or by an imitation of the manner of popular teachers.

And the one secret of success is: Concentrate your forces. Do some one thing well. Be in earnest. Put your heart into your work. Select some one thing to do and live by it, or starve in it, though the heavens fall. And don't get discouraged. Keep sunny and serene, and bright. Don't find fault with the world, but fit yourself for a place in it, and quietly claim it. "The world is a nettle," of course. We all know that. But grasp it firmly and it stings not.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

NOT EXCEEDING FOUR LINES, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

DEATH.

On Sept. 18, at Pinxton, Derbyshire, in the 79th year of his age, the Rev. Charles Gustavus Owen, M.A. (Gentleman Commoner Queen's Coll., Oxon), Rector of Pinxton, formerly Rector (and Patron) of Dodbrook, and Vicar of Loddiswell, Devon, and Domestic Chaplain to the late Earl of Strafford. *Queramus superna.*