

Poetry.

WHAT THEN.

An old man crowed with honors nobly earned,
Once asked a youth what end in life he sought.
The hopeful boy said, "I would first be learned,
I would know all that all the schools e're taught."
The old man gravely shook his head;
"And when you have learned all this, what then?" he said.

"Then," said the boy, with all the warmth of youth,
"I'd be a lawyer, learned and eloquent;
Appearing always on the side of truth,
My mind would grow, as thus 'twas early bent."
The old man sadly shook his head;
"And when you have done all this, what then?" he said.

"I will be famous," said the hopeful boy;
"Clients will pour upon me fees and briefs;
'Twill be my pleasing task to bring back joy
To homes and hearts near crushed with darkest griefs."
But still the old man shook his head;
"And when all this is gained, what then?" he said.

"And then I will be rich, and in old age
I will withdraw from all this legal strife;
Known in retirement as an honored sage,
I'll pass the evening of an honored life."
Gravely again the old man shook his head;
"And when you have done all this, what then?" he said.

"And then—why then I know that I must die—
My body then must die, but not my fame;
Surrounded by the fallen great I'll lie,
And far posterity shall know my name."
Sadly the old man shook his head;
"And after all this what then?" he said.

"And then—and then?" but ceased the boy to speak,
His eyes, abashed, fell downward to the sod;
A silent tear dropped on each burning cheek;
The old man pointed silently to God,
Then laid his hand silently on his drooping head,
"Remember, there's a place beyond," he said.

BEGINNING TO SINK.

A ship was tossing in the wind
Upon the billowy sea,
And fearful mariners looked out
On storm-rocked Galilee,
When lo! upon the heaving floor,
Across the swelling wave
A form approached with fearless step—
A friend drew near to save.

"It is a spirit!" now they cried—
Each heart with fear dismayed;
"Be of good cheer!" a voice replied,
"Tis I, be not afraid."
The sanguine Peter heard, and called
"Lord bid me come to thee!"
"Come!" and he sprang from out the ship
Upon the rocking sea.

The silvery floor beneath his feet
Seemed opening for his grave,
Faithless and sinking, loud he cried
Unto his Lord to save.
How good the grasp of that firm hand,

With trouble girt about!
And still we ask, as Christ then asked,
"Oh! wherefore did'st thou doubt?"

We toes upon a wilder sea—
We hear a voice say, "Come!"
We leave the ship, and think to bo
Upon the wave at home.
And white our eyes are fixed on Him,
We from no danger shrink;
But ah, we turn to the waves,
And then begin sink.

An unused thimble—littl ring—
A book with half a cover—
Treasures of lost ones—how they sweep
Our sinking hearts all over.
A vacant seat within our pew,
An empty chair at table.
Oh, waves like these engulf us quite—
To walk we are not able.

When lo! a hand again stretched out,
A voice of love to cheer us;
We feel the grasp, we know the power.
'Tis Jesus drawing near us.

"Be of good cheer! Look unto me!"
The waves shall not come o'er us;
E'en now the harbor is in sight,
The land is just before us.

—Christian Weekly.

THE GRASS.

The grass, the grass the beautiful grass,
That brightens this land of ours,
Oh, why do we rudely let it pass,
And only praise the flowers?
The blossoms of spring small joys would bring,
And the summer bloom look sad,
Were the earth not green, and the distant scene
In its emerald robe not clad,

Then sing the grass, the beautiful grass,
That brightens this land of ours;
For there is not a blade by nature made
Less perfect than the flowers.

The grass, the grass, the feathery grass,
That waves in the summer wind,
That stays when the flowers all fade and pass
Like a dear old friend behind;
That clothes the hills and the valleys fills,
When the trees are stripped and bare;
Oh, the land would be like a wintry sea,
Did the grass not linger there.

Then sing to the grass, the bony green grass,
That to all such a charm can lend;
For 'tis staunch and true the whole year through,
And to all a faithful friend.

The grass, the grass, the bountiful grass,
Oh, well may the gift endure,
That never was meant for creed or class,
But grows for both rich and poor.
Long may the land be rich and grand
Where the emerald turf is spread;
May the bright green grass, when from earth we pass,
Lie lightly o'er each head.

Then sing the grass, the bountiful grass,
That stays like a dear old friend;
For whatever our fate, it kindly waits,
And it serves us to the end.