

Christian Family.

Six Little Feet on The Fender.

I my heart there liveth a picture
Of a kitchen rude and old,
Where the firelight tripped o'er the rafters
And reddened the roof's brown mould:
Gilding the steam from the kettle
That hummed on the foot-worn hearth,
Throughout the livelong evening,
Its measures of drowsy mirth.

Because of the three light shadows
That frescoed the rude old room—
Because of the voices echoed
Up 'mid the rafters' gloom—
Because of the feet on the fender,
Six restless, white little feet—
The thoughts of the dear old kitchen
Are to me so dear and sweet.

When the first dash on the window
Told of the coming rain,
O! where are the fair young faces
That crowd against the pane?
While bits of firelight stealing,
Their dimpled cheeks between,
Went struggling out in the darkness,
In shreds of silver sheen.

Two of the feet grew weary
One dreary, dismal day,
And wetted them with snow white ribbons
Leaving him there by the way.
There was fresh clay on the fender
That weary wintry night,
For four little feet had tracked it
From his grave on the brown hill's
height.

O! why this darkness evening,
This evening of rain and sleet,
Rest my feet all alone on the hearthstone?
O! where are those other feet?
Are they treading in the pathway of virtue
That will bring us together above?
Or have they made steps that will dampen
A sister's tireless love?

Serenade in The Tropics.

When the nights are heavy with musk,
And the stars are ripe in the gloaming,
The low moon breaks like an apple of
dusk
Through the shadowy leaves like a pome-
granate husk,
And I know that my lady is coming:

By the primrose's javelin plume
And the cerise open, as though
An April frost, in its delicate loom,
Had woven the snow-flakes into bloom
Of capricious and odorous snow;

By the shadow that, like a glove,
The passion-flower's leaf has thrown
In the lists where the laurels breathe and
move,

By the sweet syringa's piping of love,
And the jessamine's bugles blown;

But the lisp and the laugh of the leaves
In the hushes are low and sweet,
At the peep, hid in the tamarind sheaves,
For the hour of blossom on midsummer
eves,

And the sounds of coming feet.

Like the sudden bloom through the husk
Of the primrose at even-tide,
She comes by eddies and pools of musk,
That flower to shape in the fragrant dusk,
And follow her open-eyed.

And the blush and the bloom afford
Such a harmony hour by hour,
My soul confesses a fond accord
To the sweet responsive word for word
Of night in its perfect flower.

—WILL WALLACE HARNEY, in *Harper's Magazine* for May.

The River Time.

BY L. G. CLARK.

Oh! a wonderful stream is the river Time
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical
rhyme,
And a broader sweep, and a surge sub-
lime.
As it blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of
snow,
And summer like buds between,
And the years in the sheaf so they come
and go
On the river's breast, with ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical Isle up the river Time,
Where the softest airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky, and a tropical
climate,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are stay-
ing.

The name of this Isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there,
There are brows of beauty, and bosoms of
snow,
They are now heaps of dust, but we loved
them so—
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song nobody sings
And a part of an infant's prayer,
There's a lute unswept, and a harp with-
out strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the
fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted to air,
And we sometimes hear through the tur-
bulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone
before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh! remember for aye be that blessed
Isle,
All the days of our life till night,
When the evening comes with its beauti-
ful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber
awhile,
May that Greenwood of soul be in sight.

If you will not let Christ dwell in your
heart, you may be sure that he will not let
you carry him along on your shoulder,

A Preacher's Story.

As I walked along in utter loneliness, I felt most keenly the Master's wisdom in sending out two and two. If I had only one friend, the feeling of loneliness would never have been experienced; but I was alone. Then I lifted up my heart to the Lord, asking that my utter failure might yet redound to His glory in the attempt I now resolved to make to speak in the open air.

On a spot where the beach shelved gently down I took my stand, with my back to the sea and my face to the crowded esplanade above. I read as loudly as possible, Isaiah 40, and then engaged in prayer. So prepared to speak for Jesus, I looked fully round for the first time and there were hundreds of people stopping to hear. I had to abandon the sermon I had prepared, and to cast myself on the Lord for a word in season; and then I commenced as follows:—

"I want you to think of a bitter east-wind, a declining day, fast falling snow, and a short, muddy street in London, at the far east. Put these thoughts together, and add to them the picture of a tall stout man, in a rough great-coat, and with a large comforter round his neck, buffeting through the wind and storm. The darkness is coming rapidly, as a man with a basket on his head turns the corner of the street, and there are two of us on opposite sides. He cries loudly as he goes, 'Herrings! three a penny! red herrings, good and cheap, at three a penny!' So crying he passes along the street, crosses at its end, and comes to where I am standing at the corner. Here he pauses, evidently wishing to fraternize with somebody, as a relief from the dull time and disappointed hopes of trade. I presume I appear a suitable object, as he comes close to me and commences conversation:

"Governor," (the rough coat and comforter look anything but professionally ministerial), "what do you think of these 'ere herrings?"

As he speaks, I note that he has three in his hand, while the remaining stock are deftly balanced in the basket on his head.

"Don't you think they're good?" and he offers me the opportunity of testing them by scent, which I firmly but courteously declined; "and don't you think they're cheap as well?"

I assert my decided opinion that they are good and cheap.

"Then, look you, why can't I sell 'em? yer have I walked a mile and a half along this dismal place, offering these good and cheap uns, and nobody don't buy none!"

"I do not at all wonder at that, I answer."

"Tell us why not, governor; tell us why not."

"The people have no work at all to do, and they are starving; there are plenty of houses round here that have not had a penny in them for many a day," was my convincing but unsatisfactory reply.

"Ah! then governor," he rejoined, "I've put my foot in this time; I knew they was werry poor, but I thought three a penny 'ud tempt 'em. But if they haven't the ha'pence, they can't spend 'em, sure enough; so there's nothing for it but to carry 'em back, and try to sell 'em elsewhere. I thought by selling cheap arter buying cheap, I could do them good and earn a trifle for myself. But I'm done this time."

"How much will you take for the lot?" I inquired.

"First a keen look at me—then down came the basket from his head—then a rapid calculation—then a grinning inquiry—

"Do you mean profit an' all, governor?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll take four shillin', and be glad to get 'm."

I put my hand in my pocket, produced that amount, and transferred it

to him.

"Right! governor, thank'ee! What'll I do with 'em?" he said, as he quickly transferred the coins to his own pocket.

"Go round this corner into the middle of the road, shout with all your might, *Herrings for nothing!* and give three to every man, woman, and child that comes to you, till the basket is emptied."

On hearing these instructions, he immediately reproduced the money, and carefully examined it piece by piece. Being satisfied of its genuineness, he again replaced it, and then looked very keenly and questioningly at me.

"Well," I said, "is it all right and good?"

"Yes," said he.

"Then the herrings are mine, and I can do as I like with them; but if you don't like to do as I tell you, give me my money back."

"All right! governor, an' they are yours; so if you says it, here goes?"

Accordingly he proceeded into the middle of the adjoining street, and went along shouting aloud, "*Herrings for nothin'! real good red herrings for nothin'!*"

"Out of sight myself, I stood at the corner to watch his progress; and speedily he neared the house where a tall woman I knew stood at the first-floor window, looking out upon him.

"Here you are, missus," he bawled, "herrings for nothin'! a fine chance for yer; come and take 'em!"

"The woman shook her head unbelievably, and left the window.

"Vot a fool!" said he; "but they won't be all so. Herrings for nothin'!" A little child came out to look at him, and he called to her, "Yer, my dear, take these in to yer mother, tell her how cheap they are—herrings for nothin'." But the child was afraid of him and them, and ran indoors. So down the street, in the snowy slush and mud, went the cheap fish, the vender crying loudly as he went, "*Herrings for nothin'!*" and then added, savagely, "*Oh, you fools!*"

Thus he reached the very end; and then turning to retrace his steps, he continued his double cry, as he came, "*Herrings for nothin'!*" and then in a lower, but very audible key, "*Oh, you fools!*"

"Well," I said to him calmly, as he reached me at the corner.

"Well," he repeated, "if yer think so! When you gave me the money for herrings as yer didn't want, I thought you was training for a lunatic 'sylum! Now, I think all the people round here are fit company for yer. But what'll I do with the herrings, if yer don't want 'em and they won't have 'em?"

"We'll try again together," I replied; "I will come with you this time, and we'll both shout."

Into the road we both went; and he shouted once more for the last time, "*Herrings for nothin'!*"

Then I called out loudly also, "Will any one have some herrings for tea?"

They heard the voice, and they knew it well; and they came out at once, in twos and threes and sixes, men and women and children, all striving to reach the welcome food.

As fast as I could take them from the basket, I handed three to each eager applicant, until all were speedily disposed of. When the basket was empty, the hungry crowd who had none was far greater than those that had been supplied; but they were too late; there were no more Herrings for nothing!

Foremost among the disappointed was a tall woman of a bitter tongue, who began vehemently: "Why haven't I got any? Ain't my children as hungry as theirs? Why haven't I got any?"

Before I had time to reply, the vender stretched out his arm toward her, saying: "Why, governor, that's the very woman as I offered 'em to first, and she turned up her nose at 'm."

"I didn't," she rejoined passionately; "I didn't believe you meant it!"

"Yer goes without for yer unbelief," he replied. "Good night, and thank'ee governor!"

As I told the story upon the sea-beach, the crowd gathered and increased, and looked at each other; first smiled, and laughed outright, and at length roared with laughter.

It was my time then, and I said, "You can not help laughing at the quaint story, which is strictly true. But are you sure you would not have done as they did? been as unbelieving as they? Nay, are you sure you are not ten thousand times worse than they? Their unbelief only cost them a hungry stomach a little longer; but what may your unbelief cost you?"

God—not man—God has sent his messengers to you repeatedly for many a year to offer pardon for nothing! He has sent to your houses, your homes, your hearts, the most loving and tender offers that even an Almighty God could frame; and what have you replied? Have you taken the trouble to reply at all? Have you not turned away in utter scornful unbelief, like the woman? or ran away in fear like the child?

Many have heard a voice they believed; and they received the gifts of God; but you are still without a hope on earth or a hope in heaven, because you will not believe God's messengers when they offer you, by His commandment, all that you need for time and eternity—for nothing.

"Take warning by that disappointed crowd of hungry applicants. When they were convinced the offer was in good faith, and would gladly have shared with their fellows, they were too late! They were thoroughly convinced; they were quite willing then to participate, but their faith and knowledge came only in time to increase their hunger and misery!"

Let it be not so with you! Do not go in that awfully large crowd of disappointed ones, who will be too late; whose knowledge, when it comes, as surely it will come, will only increase eternal sorrow that they put off believing until it was too late!

As I looked earnestly upon that vast crowd upon the sea-shore, the laughter was utterly gone, and an air of uneasy conviction was plainly traceable upon many faces.

"Will you come to God by Jesus now?" I entreated. "He is waiting, watching for, pleading with you! there is salvation, full, and free and eternal; uttermost, complete redemption; forgiveness, help, guidance and blessing—all for nothing! 'without money and without price.' Friends! the food was paid for, although afterward freely given. So your salvation is paid for (by a price which only He who paid it knows); and I am come from the great city to urge you to take, and be safe and happy forever."

Though we had no place to retire to, it was good to walk up and down on the beach, showing the way of God more perfectly to some who were attracted and impressed by this commencement of a sermon by the sea.—*British Workman*

The Three Wishes.

One evening in winter, a man and his wife seated by their fire were conversing about the happiness of their richer neighbors.

"O! if I were able to have all I wished, I'd soon be happier than all these people," said the wife.

"And I, also," said the husband. "I wish I had lived in the time of the fairies, and that one would have given me all that I wished for."

At that moment they saw in their room a beautiful lady. "I'm a fairy," said she. "I promise to give you three things; but take care, after having wished for three things I can give you nothing more."

The fairy disappeared; the man

and his wife were much embarrassed. "For myself," said the wife, "I know well what I will wish. I do not wish, yet wish it; but I think there is nothing so good as to be beautiful and rich."

"But," said her husband, "with that one may be sick, or die young. Wish for health and long life."

"And of what use is a long life if one is poor," said his wife. "That only helps to make one unhappy a longer time. In truth, the good fairy should have promised to give us a dozen gifts; for there are, at least, a dozen things which we need."

"That is true," said the husband. "But let us take time and consider, until to-morrow morning the three things which are the most necessary for us."

"I wish to think all night," said she. "In the meantime let us warm ourselves, for it is cold."

Then the woman took the tongs and stirred the fire; and as she saw she had much charcoal well-lighted, she said, without thinking:

"See the good fire. I wish I had a yard of black-pudding for our supper! We could easily cook it."

Hardly had she said these words when there fell a yard of pudding down the chimney.

"A pest upon the gourmand with her pudding!" said her husband. "Behold what a beautiful wish! As for myself, I am so angry that I wish that you had the pudding on the end of your nose!"

In a moment he perceived that he had been still more foolish than his wife. For at this second wish the pudding leaped to the end of the nose of the poor woman, who could not pull it off.

"How unhappy I am!" cried she. "You are wicked to wish this pudding on the end of my nose."

"I assure you, my dear wife, that I did not think of it," replied her husband. "But what shall we do? I will wish for great riches, and I will make you a golden case to hide the pudding."

"O, no!" replied she. "I will kill myself if it is necessary to live with this on the end of my nose, believe me. There remains to us one more wish. Let me have it, or I will throw myself from the window."

"Stop, my dear wife, I give you permission to wish what you will."

"Ah, well, then I wish this pudding should fall to the ground!"

It fell, and she said to her husband: "I see the fairy has mocked us, and she had reason to. Perhaps if we had riches we should be more unhappy than we are at present. Let us sup upon our pudding, since it is all that remains of our wishes."

The husband thought his wife was right; and they ate gaily, without troubling themselves more about the things they had meant to have wished for.—R. E. L., in *June Wide Awake*.

A Sociable.

They carried pie to the parson's house
And scattered the floor with crumbs,
And marked the leaves of his choicest
books

With the prints of their greasy thumbs.

They piled his dishes high and thick
With a lot of unhealthy cake,
While they gobbled the buttered toast and
rolls

Which the parson's wife did make.

They hung around Clytie's classic neck
Their apple parings for sport,
And every one laughed when a clumsy
lout

Spilled his tea on the piano forte.

Next day the farmer went down on his
knees

With his wife—but not to pray;
Oh, no, 'twas to scrape the grease and
dirt

From the carpet and stairs away.

—Selected.

—There are sixty-one graduates of Yale, thirty-five of Princeton, and thirty of Dartmouth occupying clerkships and other positions in the Government service at Washington.