

Ready to Sleep.

MRS. MARGARET J. PRESTON.

For three score years and ten,
Burdened with care and woe,
She has traveled the weary ways of men,
She is tired and wants to go.

It has been so hard to live;
And even her stunted store,
It seems as if Fate had grudged to give,
And she wished her need was o'er.

So musing, one afternoon,
With her knitting upon her lap,
She hears at her door a drift of tune,
And a quick, familiar tap.

In flashes a child's fresh face,
And her bird-like voice sounds gay,
As she says, "Shall I find you a pretty
place,

And read you a Psalm to-day?

"Aye, read me a Psalm—'The Lord
Is my Shepherd'—soft, not fast;
Then turn the leaves of the Holy Word,
Till you come to the very last—

"Where it tells of the wondrous walls
Of jacinth and sapphire stone,
And the shins of the crystal light that falls
In rainbows about the Throne;

"Where there never are any tears—
You see how the verse so saith—
Nor pain nor crying through all God's
years,

Nor hunger, nor cold, nor death;

"Of the city whose streets are gold;
Ah! here it was not my share
One single piece in my hands to hold,
But my feet shall tread on it there!

Yes, read it all; it lifts
My soul up into the light,
And I look straight through the leaden
riffs,

To the land where there's no more
night."

Rising, she nearer stepped—
How easy it all had been!
The gates had unclosed as the sleeper
slept,

And an angel had drawn her in!

—Children's Friend.

God's Behind The Loom.

BY MISS E. L. BARNES.

O weaver at the loom of life!
Amid the din, the care, the strife,
Though a tangled web may be thy doom,
Fear not; thy God's behind the loom.

Fling the shuttle fearlessly,
Press the treadle strengthfully,
Draw the selva carefully,
Bear the breakage patiently;
For God's behind the loom.

Although the storm is fierce and strong,
Although the web is fine and long,
Though darkest clouds have cast a gloom
Weave on; for God's behind the loom.

Though sickness, and death surround,
And dear ones lie beneath the ground,
Above the grave some flower shall bloom;
Still weave for God's behind the loom.

O mourner at the tomb of love!
No threads shall ever break above,
Tie up the ends this side the tomb,
And weave; for God's behind the loom.

Fling the shuttle fearlessly,
Press the treadle strengthfully,
Draw the selva carefully,
Bear the breaking patiently;
For God's behind the loom.

—Ballou's.

Lord Keep My Memory Green.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

My feet approach life's western slope,
Above me bend the noonday skies;
Beyond me spread the realms of Hope,
Before the land of memory lies:
I know not what the years may bring
Of dangers wild, or joy serene,
But turning to the east, I sing,—
"Lord keep my memory green."

O! land of Winter and of bloom,
Of singing bird and moaning pine,
Thy golden light, thy tender gloom,
Thy vales and mountains all are mine;
The holy loves of other years
With beck'ning hands toward me lean,—
And whisper through their falling tears,
"Lord keep our memory green."

Dear Memory,—whose unclouded eye
Can pierce the darkest wilds of space,—
I see her watch-fires burning high,
I feel her breezes fan my face.
I would not give the light she flings
Across my future's landscape scene
For all the pomp and power of kings,—
"Lord keep my memory green."

Let Memory near my soul abide,
With eye and voice to warn and win,
Till Hope and Memory, side by side,
Shall walk above the tides of sin,—
Till from life's western lakes and rills
The angel lifts the sunset sheen,
And hange it o'er the eastern hills,
"Lord keep my memory green."

Saint Nicholas's Eve in Belgium.

For two weeks the shop windows
had been growing gayer, and the usual scanty supply of toys on the numerous booths in the Vreitag Market had increased, both in quantity and brilliancy. I remarked this to a Flemish friend, saying it seemed early to begin preparations for Christmas.

"But it isn't for Christmas! We celebrate that holiday only by extra church ceremonies. Our day is Saint Nicholas's birthday, and our children receive their gifts from the hand of a representative of a dear old saint, instead of having them hung from a tree as in Germany; or stuffed into stockings, as I have heard they do in America. But suppose you come and take an English tea with us that evening and see how we keep the festival."

I was too glad of the chance to see one of the national institutions of the country to refuse such an invitation; so in the interim I studied up the history of the saint, that I might run no risk of showing my ignorance, should he or his deeds be under discussion on his festival day.

In my researches, I found he was born the 6th of December, 326, of illustrious Christian parents, in Panthéra, a city of Lycia, in the Asia Minor; and was early dedicated to the service of the Church. His parents dying while he was still young, he regarded himself as only God's steward over the vast wealth they had left him.

After their death, he went to Myra, in Syria, where he lived in great humility. When the bishop of that city died, a revelation was made to the effect that God had chosen for their bishop the man who should enter the church first the next morning. So when Nicholas went early to pray, as was his custom, the clergy led him into the church and consecrated him. He proved himself worthy of his new dignity in every way, but especially by his charities, of which tradition recounts hundreds of instances.

After a life spent in doing all manner of good works, he died in great peace and joy, and was buried in a magnificent church in Myra, where his tomb was, for centuries, a resort for pilgrims.

In 807, the church was attacked by Achmet, commander of the fleet of Haroun Al Raschid. But the watchfulness of the monks prevented his doing any harm, and putting to sea, he and his entire fleet were destroyed.

The remains of the saint rested in Myra till 1804, when the city was desolated by Saracens and the remains stolen away by some merchants of Bari, who took them home, where a splendid church was erected for their resting-place.

In Greek pictures, Nicholas is dressed like an eastern bishop, with no miter, a cross in place of a crosier, and the three Persons of the Trinity embroidered on his cap. In western art he wears a miter, crosier, cap and jeweled gloves.

He is not only the chief patron of Russia, but the most popular of all the saints in Catholic Europe, being the patron of children and school-boys in particular.

Having thus fortified myself with the chief points of interest in the history of his saintship, I donned hat and cloak on the eve of December 6th, and sauntered along the Rue digne de Brabant, which presented very much the appearance of Christmas Eve in a small German town; shortly after reaching Sedeberg, a suburb of the city, the English tea was served. Oh! ye gods, what a sight for a hungry mortal! Cups were filled with some colorless fluid were passed about, accompanied by two caraffes, one containing vanilla and the other rum, which our kind hostess urged us to use—saying, when we declined, "Your tea will have no taste without it." This assertion was true, as our palates certified. Thin slices of black bread,

spread with the smallest amount of butter, and so dry that the edges curled, were offered to eat with our tea. I had never had any especial affinity for dogs, but blessings most fervent were heaped that evening on the head of a tiny spaniel who aided me in consuming the tartines I was forced, for politeness sake, to take; stealthily I conveyed them under the table, where he gladly devoured them.

This duty finished, a loud rapping outside gave notice of an arrival. The door was opened, and a short, stout gentleman, with long white beard, wearing a miter, and carrying a crosier in one hand, and holding by the other a pretty young girl, who held a heaped-up basket of toys, picture books, and bonbons. Following them and fastened by a chain, came a grinning imp, bearing a huge bunch of switches. What a flutter of excitement was caused by the arrival among the little ones! The baby clung to her mother's neck, half frightened, and yet pleased. Little Jacques, mindful of his sins of omission, snatched up his spelling-book and dropped upon his knees in genuine terror and despair, while Amelie, whose conscience was clear, or who was old enough to remember the previous 6th of December, stood bravely up to answer all questions which might be put to her by saint or demon. The were evidently jolly old fellows both, and their lectures delivered in Flemish, of which I understood not a word, could not have been very awful, since they turned Jacques' sobs to smiles, and baby Therese held out her arms to go with them as they waved a good-by after dividing the contents of baskets and bundle among children and guests.

The saint having departed, we were invited into dining-room, where to our gratification we found a Flemish supper awaiting us. How delicious was the delicate soup, served in the daintiest of Sevres cups, the sweetbreads, roast ducks, Brussels sprouts, etc. We were not slow in doing justice to the hospitable feast, made more pleasant still by laughter and merry talk, so that when, as preventative of indigestion, the huge china bowl brimming with a national drink, fragrant of oranges and lemons, was placed on the table, we delightedly gave us our toast. "*A bas les thies anglais, et vive les soupers Flamands!*" —*Demorest's Monthly Magazine.*

Happy Mary.

Away off among the eastern hills
nestles a pretty little white village,
and three miles from that village is a little farm where once lived a man of the name of John Linn.

He was a wicked, intemperate, profane man, cross to his children, and unkind to all about him. Perhaps he had not always been so, but his being an intemperate man accounts for all the rest.

Some of his children grew up wicked, and left the old homestead, and were scattered abroad, and only one little girl, his youngest daughter, was left with him upon the farm.

A kind lady in the village, who felt sorry for little Mary Linn, persuaded her father to let the child go and live with her, and she took good care of her, and sent her to a weekday school and to Sabbath school.

Mary was a pleasant child, with a bright, happy face; but when, after she had attended Sabbath school a short time, the love of Jesus was shed abroad in her heart, and she became a humble, happy Christian. I doubt not there was a beauty upon her face which had never been seen there before.

Not long after Mary became a Christian a good minister came to preach in that village, and he talked so earnestly to sinners, and urged them in such tender tones to come to the Savior, that little Mary kept saying to herself, "Oh, if my poor father could only hear this good man

preach." And the more she thought of it the more she seemed to be convinced that if her father could only be brought to hear this good minister preach, he would be converted, and turned from being a wicked, drunken, profane man, to be a humble child of God, Mary could not rest till she had seen her father.

It was bitter cold winter weather, and the snow deep, and it was three long miles out to the farm; but love warmed the heart of little Mary as she plowed along through the snow, lifting up her heart in prayer to God that her mission might be successful. This was a great thing for a little girl to undertake, she must have been afraid of that cross, scolding father. She had not been brought up to run and climb on his knee, put her arms round his neck and ask of him what she wanted, as many children have.

John Linn had not been to church for years, and it was a great thing to ask him to show his face in the place of prayer. But we can do all things through Christ strengthening us, and on little Mary hurried towards the farm; and when she reached it, and saw her father; she did not wait for her courage to ooze out, but she ran right up to him and called out, "Father, dear father, I have come to ask you to go to meeting with me this evening, such a good man preaches there, father. Will you not go with me?"

The father looked at her as if she was crazy, "I go to meeting!" said John Linn; "I should like to know how long it is since I have been to meeting. No, no, go away; let me alone child."

But little Mary was not to be up off so; she clung to her father, again and again in piteous, earnest tones she implored him to go with her; and at length out came the thought of her heart was so full, "Oh, father, if you will only go, I feel as if you would be converted and become a good man."

This made John Linn more angry than ever, and with an oath he pushed his little daughter rudely away, and putting on his old coat, he went out to the barn.

Mary turned away with a sad heart, and walked slowly towards the village. Pretty soon she stopped and said, "I cannot give it up so; I must go back and speak to father again."

And who can tell what was in that father's heart all this time? He who prepared Peter to go to Cornelius, and at the same time prepared Cornelius to receive the message of Peter, was now working in the hearts of father and daughter. And when Mary again appeared beside her father, as he was working in the barn, and began to plead with him once more, he left his work, went to the house, put on his best coat, and, taking happy little Mary's hand, walked towards the village, and took his seat in the place of prayer.

It seemed as if God had send a special message to John Linn that night by the mouth of the preacher; and he, poor man, listened as if he were the only person present. At length his sobs and groans were heard all over the room; and when the minister had finished preaching, John Linn called on Christians to pray for him, that his poor soul might not be lost.

He did not leave that house till there was reason to hope he became a believing, humble Christian. And now, like Paul, his first question was, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

For many years John Linn labored, especially for the reformation of the intemperate, and wherever he was he "went about doing good."

Happy influences will never cease to flow from the act of little Mary's, when, with a courageous heart, she took her way to her father's farm that cold winter evening.

Dear children, would you wear as bright crown as little Mary's in

heaven? Then look about you, and see if there be not some, who, through your means, may be brought to the blessed Savior.—*Selected by P. H. Murphy.*

Killed by a Falling Meteor.

Nemaha County, Kansas, papers report the death of a stockman, on the 12th instant, by a falling meteor. At eight o'clock in the morning, when the sky was perfectly clear and the weather very cold, the man had gone from his home to a pasture about five hundred yards distant to drive some cattle. He was walking toward the barn on his return, and, while standing about twenty feet from the trunk of a maple tree, was killed. The aerolite which caused his death came from an easterly direction, and first struck the tree trunk, which caused it to glance slightly, and in its flight it cut the upper branches of the maple and entered the stockman's body from below the right shoulder, coming out at the left hip, and then partially burying itself in the frozen ground. The aerolite is said to be about as large as an ordinary man's head, and egg-shaped and rough, as if taken from a hot furnace and cooled in its flight through space. It resembled in appearance iron taken from a blast furnace and cooled by rolling in sand, and is composed of iron pyrites. It was perfectly cool when discovered about half an hour after its fall, and lay not more than two feet below the surface of the ground.

Cook's Grand Excursions to Europe.

People who contemplate traveling in Europe will consult their own interest by investigating the grand Excursions arranged by Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son, of London and New York, for the year 1880. We have before us a handsome pamphlet of 64 pages, just issued by the above firm, giving full particulars of their Tours, with details of routes and rates, which include all necessary expenses of traveling from the time the Tourist leaves New York till his return. A handsome Map of Europe shows the routes which Cook's parties will follow.

Three Grand Excursions will leave New York for Europe during the spring and summer. The first is the "Annual May Party," which will leave April 29th. The second is the "Annual Educational vacation Party," specially arranged for Teachers and students, and leaving New York July 3d. The third is Cook's "Midsummer Party," which will leave New York July 31st. The two last Excursions give the choice of three routes. Each of these three Grand Excursions will be under the personal supervision of capable and experienced Conductors, and it is announced that there will be no crowding on the steamers, only two persons occupying a state-room.

Many people have fallen into the error of supposing that to secure the advantages of Cook's system it is necessary to travel in parties and by arbitrary routes. This is not so. Three-fourths of the enormous business of the firm consists in supplying single travelers with International Traveling Tickets by all chief lines of steamers and railways to any part of the globe.

Private Family Parties can secure very favorable terms, with choice of routes and many advantages, by availing themselves of the admirable system which nearly 40 years' experience has enabled this firm to perfect. We have not space for a more extended notice of the interesting pamphlet from which we have culled these facts.

We notice many useful hints for tourists, brief descriptions of the principal cities of Europe, and a very useful table, showing the comparative value of United States and European Currencies.

The book in question will be sent free by return mail on receipt of stamp for postage. Address Thomas Cook & Son, 261 Broadway, New York.

—It is said that the great pencil manufacturer, Faber, who began business in Nuremberg about thirty years ago with a capital of £250, has decided to commemorate this event by setting aside £5,000, the interest of which, at 5 per cent, £250, is to be annually given, under direction of trustees, to some poor and worthy young man who is about to start in business, and is, presumably, a native of Nuremberg.