

AN INVOCATION.

Father, I'm very far from Thee;
The way is dark; I cannot see;
Stretch forth Thy hand and succor me,
And guide my feet.

Stay by me till the night be gone,
And shadows flee before the dawn;
Still hold my hand, and lead me on
Into the light.

How oft, when clouds obscured my sight,
And shut from view sweet Heaven's light,
I feared, and cried out in my fright:
"Keep by me, Lord!"

Yet thou wert never far from me,
Did I but lift my eyes and see.
Why should I have a doubt of Thee,
O blessed One!

So mindful when the sparrows fall,
Thou hearest when Thy children call;
Thou seest, and Thou knowest all
That we most need.

Help me to trust, whate'er betide,
Thee only, Lord; and none beside;
When fears assail, then may I hide
Beneath Thy wing.

Should doubt my spirit e'er consign
To dark despair, in close confine,
There is no other hand save Thine
Can pluck me thence.

Oft have I tried to pierce the gloom
That hangs 'twixt Heaven and the tomb—
Its depths so vast my thoughts consume
And waries me.

Whether, when Death shall claim its prize,
And this frail mortal body dies,
It shall again from dust arise,
I may not know.

Or if, when countless eons train,
And suns and constellations wane,
Shall naught but Thee alone remain,
I can not tell.

But this I know: when life is done,
The conflict o'er, the victory won,
We shall behold Thy glorious Son
Upon His Throne.

'T were best to leave it all with Thee,
Nor seek to learn the mystery
Of things unseen, O Deity,
For it is Thine.

With all his wisdom what is man,
That he should strive Thy works to scan?
His logic ends where it began—
In vanity.

Father, I'm thine; I cannot die,
E'en though I lay this body by;
My soul will soar to Thee on high,
And live for aye.

When sinks Life's sun within the west,
O, take me up, and let me rest
My weary head upon Thy breast
And bear me home.

Then Paradise! O, Paradise!
Such rapturous scenes shall greet my eyes;
And from my lips a song shall rise
In praise to Thee.

W. HERBERT LUGRIN.

TRUE.

One step won't take you very far—
You've got to keep on walking;
One word won't tell folks what you are—
You've got to keep on talking;
One inch won't make you very tall—
You've got to keep on growing;
One little 'ad' won't do it all—
You've got to keep 'em going.

An Amazing Fraud.

In many papers recently there have been accounts of a great discovery which was nothing more nor less than how to extract gold from sea water. As every one knows there must necessarily be a little of every thing in sea water. If we follow the course of a drop of water from the time it forms in the shape of rain until it reaches the ocean, we will see that it comes in contact with a vast variety of substances, and from each it must take away an infinitesimal portion, so that when it reaches the sea it bears with it a trace of its contact with all the solids on land which have come in its way. It follows that of all the rain

drops that have ever fallen some must have come in contact with gold or some thing in combination with gold, and that in the thousands of years during which rain has fallen upon the earth a very considerable quantity of gold must have found its way into the sea. Chemical tests have been made owning that the amount of gold held in solution in the sea may perhaps be estimated at a fabulous number of millions of dollars in value. This was the basis upon which a New York clergyman went to work, and like the whale which swallowed Jonah, he forthwith took a great profit out of water. In the first place he secured a place on a pier in an isolated place, built a little house upon it, rigged up a windlass and chain with a box on the end of it, put in an electric battery and then one night invited some gentlemen of means to witness his experiment. So that there might be no chance of collusion, the visitors were asked to bring an assortment of chemicals with them and some quicksilver. They then went into the shed and with their own hands put the chemicals into the box. They then put in the quicksilver. Then they lowered the box into the water, and the parson turned on the electric current. After waiting for a time the box was withdrawn, and to the delight of the visitors was found to contain an amalgam of mercury with some metal. With this they hid themselves to an analyst, who told them that there was nearly \$5 worth of gold in the amalgam. This was enough, and the parson raked in the shekels necessary to inaugurate the enterprise on a large scale.

But as has been often said, a secret is something which is not enough for one, but too much for two, and the parson had taken a friend into his scheme, with whom he quarrelled over the distribution of the spoils, and the friend has given away the whole snap. The part played by the friend was to don a suit of diver's armor, with an air chamber on the shoulders, and walk down under the water. When the box came down he simply emptied out the quicksilver and put in some amalgam. Could there be anything simpler, except the men who put in their money on the faith of such an experiment? It does not follow that no one will discover how to extract gold from sea water, but no one need sell out any mining shares for fear that any process yet made known will glut the market with the yellow metal extracted from the keeping of Father Neptune.—Victoria Colonist.

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