

Poetry.

HEAVEN.

Oh, Heaven is nearer than mortal think,  
When they look with a trembling dread  
At the misty future that stretches on  
From the silent home of the dead.  
'Tis no lone isle in a boundless main—  
No brilliant but distant shore,  
Where the lovely ones that are called away,  
Must go to return no more.

No; Heaven is near us; the mighty veil  
Of mortality blinds the eye,  
That we see not the hovering angel bands  
On the shores of eternity.

Yet oft in the hours of holy thought  
To the thrilling song is given  
The power to pierce through the mist of sense  
To the beatific scenes of Heaven.

Then very near seem its pearly gates,  
And sweetly its harp notes fall,  
Till the soul is restless to soar away,  
And longs for the angel call.

I know when the silver cord is loosed,  
When the veil is rent away,  
Not long and dark shall the passage be  
To the realms of endless day.

The eye that shuts in a dying hour  
Will open next in bliss;  
The welcome will sound in a heavenly world  
For the farewell is hushed in this.

We pass from the clasp of mourning friends  
To the arms of the loved and lost;  
And those smiling faces will greet us then  
Which on earth we have valued most.

Miscellaneous.

JOHNNY RAY,

THE LITTLE NEWSPAPER BOY.

A cold, drizzling sleet, and a biting east wind, had almost cleared the streets of passers-by. Certainly no person would walk such a night for pleasure. Even business must have been urged to coax any one out who had a home to stay in. But, empty as the streets were, a passenger might be seen here and there: a well-dressed gentleman walking briskly under the shelter of his large umbrella, or a splendidly dressed lady wending past in her carriage to some evening party. Did either of them notice that little newspaper boy shivering at the corner? The gas-light shows that his face, over which hangs a tangled lock of red hair, is sharp and colorless, and the ragged clothes scarcely cover a thin and wasted body. Johnny Ray had wandered that evening, trying to find a few customers for some of those penny papers which were hidden from the rain under his jacket. He had crept slowly through some of the grand squares, where the servants sometimes bought a newspaper from him; and, as he looked up at the parlor windows, the rays that glimmered through the warm curtains made him feel more cold than ever. Once the curtains had been flung aside by a boy about his own age, and Johnny got a peep into what seemed to him quite another world: a happy family gathered round a richly covered tea-table. Home, friends, love, rest, food, fire—just everything Johnny wanted was there. But the laughing little face withdrew, the curtains' heavy folds closed again, and Johnny painfully felt that he was outside.

Then he tried a poor part of the city. He dragged his weary feet down narrow streets and gloomy courts. At the top of his voice he called out his newspapers for sale, until a hollow cough made him stop; but no one came to buy.

Tired from walking, and hopeless of success, Johnny rested on a doorstep, and gazed up fixedly into the opposite windows. There were no blinds here. Johnny could see all that was passing within. In one room, near the top of a tall old house, the feeble light of one poor candle showed a woman bending over her sick child's bed, whispering something to the little one, and smoothing its coarse pillow. Johnny brushed away a tear with the sleeve of his wet coat; his mother was sleeping in the churchyard. In another room there was no candle, but a bright fire sent up flickering shadows on the streaming panes. A group of children sat round the hearth, watching a cake that was toasting before the fire. The kettle hummed a song; the teapot softly toasted its brown sides on the hob, and the cups seemed to invite it to come to table. Then the father came home, and the children sprang to meet him. Johnny thought he could almost hear the kisses, taste the cake, and feel the fire glow. But his father was dead, and he was himself out in the cold.

Johnny got up and moved slowly on, he scarcely knew where. At the farthest end of the court a door stood ajar, and so bright a stream of light came through that the little boy wondered if some new gin shop had been opened. He resolved to go and see. Stepping up to the door, he peeped in. A grand fire roared up the chimney, but it was no gin-shop. There were desks, and forms, and books, and slates, and ragged boys like himself. There was a kind-looking gentleman too, who seemed to have a good word for each of those rough fellows. Johnny waited until all the scholars came out, and then he went in. He knew this must be a school, though he never had been in one, and hoped the master might buy a paper; so, lifting off his cap, and giving a pull to the little red lock that hung over his forehead, he held out a newspaper, crying, in his shrill voice, "Second edition, only one penny."

Mr. Egan turned round and saw his little visitor. With a look of tender pity and kindness he drew the dripping boy to a seat near the fire, and, having bought a paper, sat down beside him. "Do you sell many papers?" asked Mr. Egan.

"Sometimes; not many of an evening like this," answered Johnny, twirling his cap. "I often walk miles without selling one."

"And where do you live, my little boy?"

"I don't live anywhere now, sir; mother's dead—and father too, indeed."

"But where do you sleep at night?"

"In any place, sir, just as the season is. This weather does not seem very good, and the policeman makes one up with their 'move on.' But I can't buy bread honestly, and don't steal. Mother would not like that, and I'll never do it while my name is Johnny."

"Can you read?"

"No, sir; though 'twould be very useful in my business; the newspaper line, you know," he added, with a nod. "I know all the newspapers by their look, and make a guess at what is in them, too, by listening to other boys talking; but I wish I could spell the words. Mother used to read. She had a big book, with a nice cover; it was in the bed near where she died; but father sold it, and her ring too. We never had one pretty thing since."

"Then, Johnny, if you come here to me every evening, I will teach you to read; and when you can read, I will give you a book like your mother's, which I am sure is the Bible. Do you ever hear the Bible read in God's house?"

"Oh, sir, I never do there. Very nice these ragged clothes would look next to a gentleman like you. A

long while ago, when we lived in the country, I used to go to church with mother: the singing was very nice, almost like the birds. Mother used to tell me nice things about the good place she was going to; but I did not learn the right way then, and I have had no one to teach me ever since."

"Johnny, I think I can tell you the way to the happy land where your mother is gone."

"Oh, sir, can you?" cried the little boy, with a look of joy that made even his plain, pinched features lose their harshness: "I will give you every one of these papers for nothing if you can."

"Johnny, there is one friend, and only one, who is able to take you to your mother's home. His name is the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Jesus means Saviour, for he came to seek and save the lost. You and I are sinners, Johnny, and therefore lost—lost like travellers who have missed their way, or poor prisoners condemned to die." Johnny's bright look faded, and he said only, "But God in his great love and pity, sent his only Son to die for us; and Jesus died."

"I'm sorry for that," said Johnny, as the old sad look crept over his face again. "I thought you told me he could show us the way to mother. I wanted to go to him this very night."

"And so you can, my boy. The Lord Jesus lives again, and will bear you if you pray. He has gone up to heaven, and is willing to take you there. Trust him alone."

Then Mr. Egan drew a little testament from his pocket, and read the Saviour's own sweet words about the lost sheep, and the good Shepherd. Clasp Johnny's thin hand in his, they knelt down together. An earnest prayer that God would, for Christ's sake, show them the way to heaven, and enable them to walk in it, was simply offered. It was the first time that Johnny had tried to pray.

The fire burned low. The old church clock struck ten. It was time to close the school-room and go home. But where was Johnny's home? Some doorway or bridge-arch. Mr. Egan resolved it should be no longer. He remembered a very poor couple, living night at hand, whose only child had died lately. They lived in a garret: he thought they might give Johnny a bed in the corner of it. Of course he would pay the orphan's small rent; so, leading the weary boy down one or two streets, and up a long creaking stair, he knocked at a broken door. The old people, though much startled at so late a visit from the ragged-school teacher, consented to let Johnny share the shelter of their room, and promise to be kind to him for their own little Jim's sake.

Here Johnny lived for several months. He spent his days in selling newspapers about the streets, as usual, and his evenings most happily at the ragged-school; but he never failed to repeat to his landlady, whom he now called grandmother, the Bible stories he learned there, or the good news about the open way to heaven through faith in the death and risen life of our Lord Jesus; and he never forgot to pray. "Show me thy way, O Lord!" and through his simple teaching a blessing came to that house. But day by day, Johnny grew weaker. His cough made the old garret echo all the night long. The poor woman and her husband nursed him with the greatest care, refusing any payment for kindness which they said was all for the sake of their poor little Jim. At length he could not walk even to the ragged school, and his teacher, alarmed at his absence, went one evening to see him. Johnny lay on a heap of straw in the garret corner. He was dying, but the voice of his friend aroused him, and, stretching out both his worn hands to welcome him, he cried, "Oh, sir, I see the way now! 'Tis very plain and very short. But the good Shepherd is coming to carry me home, like the lost sheep, you know; for I'm sick and tired. Yes, most, I am coming. Good night. You must all come soon. Granny, don't forget the way."

It was death, not sleep, that folded Johnny in his arms.—Child's Companion.

THE TEMPTER.

"Mother, may I go for some chips?" said Jimmy Anver.

"No," said his mother: "I have enough now, and the sun is very hot. I want you to stay in till it gets cooler."

"But, mother, Jake Marden is going, and he is waiting for me."

"Then I certainly shan't let you go, for he is a bad boy, and will coax you into the water; and you can't swim very well; besides, the water is deep."

"But, mother, if you will only let me go, I won't swim at all; I will only get the chips, and come right back."

"Jimmy, I told you the sun was too hot, and I want you to stay in while I go to Mrs. Clarke's and do some work for her."

Jimmy watched his mother until she got out of sight, then taking his basket from the shed, he ran after Jake, who praised him for his daring. They went on together to the shipyard, and after filling their baskets, ran up and down the long planks and jumped over the great logs.

"Come," said Jake, "it's so hot, let's go in to swim. Don't mind your mother. She won't care."

"Ay, ay," said one of the men, "You'd better be careful how you swim around here."

Jake waited a while, then whispered to Jimmy, "Let's go round to the other side of the vessel, behind those planks where the men won't see us. And round they went and into the water. Soon, however, Jimmy called out,

"O Jake, my head," and soon sank.

Jake, instead of trying to help him, got out of the water as quickly as he could, and ran home.

When Mrs. Anver came home and found her boy gone, she hastened to find Jake, who was eating his supper.

"Where is Jimmy?" said she.

"I don't know," said Jake.

"Where was he last time you saw him?"

"In the water," said Jake, holding down his head. "Oh! then he is drowned! Oh! what shall I do?" said the poor woman.

Jake's father made him tell the whole story, and said, "Why didn't you run and call the men, and let them get him out?"

"Cause I was afraid," said Jake, "for they told us not to go in the water."

"And so you have been the cause of the poor boy's death; you persuaded him to disobey his mother, and then left him to die."

None of my little readers would want to have been Jake Marden, when, on the next day, his little friend Jimmy was laid away in the grave, and when he saw the grief of his mother and sisters, and knew that he had caused it all. Jake has learned a lesson, and I hope that he will be a wiser and better boy.—S. S. Visitor.

THE UNIVERSALIST ANSWERED.—A Universalist asked Rev. Mr. W., "If God was willing all men should be saved?"

Mr. W. replied, "Do you believe God is willing all men should live moral and virtuous lives in this world?"

The man answered, "Yes."

Then said Mr. W., "Do all men live thus?"

After a little hesitancy he answered, "No."

Mr. W. then proceeded, "According to your own reasoning, the will of God is not accomplished. But to answer your question more fully—God is as willing all men should be saved, as that all men should live virtuously; but if you mean by *all*, a determination that I would say God has not determined that men should maintain good moral lives, for if he had, they would; nor has he determined to save all, if he had, all would be saved?"

**HARNESSES!** The subscriber would respectfully inform the public that he has rented the Store, 104-106, Chalmers Street, for the purpose of manufacturing HARNESSES and COLLARS of every description, and hopes by strict attention to business to merit a share of public patronage. Whips, Whip Leashes, Curry Combs, &c., always on hand. Orders promptly attended to. Repairing done at short notice.

Remember the place—Union Street, Crosby's Building. (Jan 20-31) WILLIAM JONES.

**REMOVAL.** C. SALMON has removed his CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT to No. 2 South side of Market Square, where he will keep in Stock BROAD CLOTHS, DOESKINS, TWEEDS, Silk Mixtures, Melton Cloths, and Gent's Furnishing Goods.

P. S.—Clothing made to Order on reasonable terms. June 28-1885.

**FLLOUR AND CORN MEAL.**—Landing 14 May—200 bbls Extra Super FLOUR, 200 bbls CORN MEAL.

June 28-1885. DEFOREST & COLLINS, 111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 121, 123, 125, 127, 129, 131, 133, 135, 137, 139, 141, 143, 145, 147, 149, 151, 153, 155, 157, 159, 161, 163, 165, 167, 169, 171, 173, 175, 177, 179, 181, 183, 185, 187, 189, 191, 193, 195, 197, 199, 201, 203, 205, 207, 209, 211, 213, 215, 217, 219, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 231, 233, 235, 237, 239, 241, 243, 245, 247, 249, 251, 253, 255, 257, 259, 261, 263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, 277, 279, 281, 283, 285, 287, 289, 291, 293, 295, 297, 299, 301, 303, 305, 307, 309, 311, 313, 315, 317, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387, 389, 391, 393, 395, 397, 399, 401, 403, 405, 407, 409, 411, 413, 415, 417, 419, 421, 423, 425, 427, 429, 431, 433, 435, 437, 439, 441, 443, 445, 447, 449, 451, 453, 455, 457, 459, 461, 463, 465, 467, 469, 471, 473, 475, 477, 479, 481, 483, 485, 487, 489, 491, 493, 495, 497, 499, 501, 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