

## Poetry.

## HEAVEN.

Oh talk to me of Heaven! I love  
To hear about my home above,  
For there doth many a loved one dwell  
In light and joy ineffable.  
Oh! tell me how they shine and sing,  
While every harp rings echoing,  
And every glad and tearless eye  
Beams, like the bright sun, gloriously;  
Tell me of that victorious palm  
Each hand in glory bears;  
Tell me of that celestial calm  
Each face in glory wears.

Oh, happy, happy country! where  
There entereth not a sin,  
And Death, who keeps its portals fair,  
May never come in.  
No grief can change their day to night;  
The darkness of that land is light,  
Sorrow and sighing God hath sent  
Far thence to endless banishment;  
And ne'er more may one dark tear  
Bedim their burning eyes,  
For every one they shed while here,  
In fearful agonies,  
Glitters a bright and dazzling gem  
In their immortal diadem.

Oh! lovely, blooming country! There  
Flourishes all that we deem fair;  
And, though no fields nor forests green,  
Nor bowery gardens there are seen,  
Nor perfumes land the breeze,  
Nor hears the ear material sound,  
Yet joys at God's right hand are found,  
The archetypes of these;  
There is the home, the land of birth,  
Of all we highest prize on earth.  
The storms that rack this world beneath  
Must there forever cease;  
The only air the blessed breathe  
Is purity and peace.

Oh! happy, happy land! In thee  
Shineth 'unveiled Divinity,  
Shedding through each adoring breast  
A holy calm, a hallowed rest;  
And those blest souls, whom death did sever,  
Have met to mingle joys forever.  
Oh, soon may Heaven unclose to me!  
Oh, may I soon that glory see!  
And my faint, weary spirit stand  
Within that happy, happy land!

BOWLER.

## Miscellaneous.

## THE PRIZE MEDAL.

"Tommy has got the medal!"  
"Tommy has won the prize!"  
Screaming out the good news, shouting, tumbling  
over each other, flinging up caps, and making more  
emotion than would be the fair share of ten  
boys, Tommy's three brothers burst into the sitting  
room where their father and mother were seated.  
After them came Tommy, grave and silent, and rather  
pale.

"So you were successful, my son," Mr. Amherst  
said, cordially, shaking his son's hand.  
"Yes," he said, in a low tone.  
"I am very glad," his mother said, kissing him;  
"you have worked very hard."

Tommy did not answer, only returned his mother's  
kisses, and then went up to his own room.  
"Mamma," said Willie, the youngest of the four  
lads, "Tommy don't seem glad at school."

"I would have been so proud if it was me," said  
Bertie, the next boy. "The medal is splendid  
and it is to have his name engraved on one side."

"The best of all was the little speech Mr. Wilbur  
made," said Harry. "He said Tommy had been  
one of his best scholars all the year, and that he  
was proud of him, and glad to bestow on him his  
well-earned reward—well-earned reward, those  
were his very words."

"I am sure Tom has worked hard," said Bertie,  
who cordially hated his lessons. "I could never  
stick to horrid old grammar and history and all  
the rest of the books as he has done."

"Three cheers for Thomas Amherst, the prize  
scholar!" shouted Harry. "Come, let's go skating."  
And the three noisy, happy boys, honestly rejoicing  
at their brother's success, ran off shouting to  
Tom to join them.

But Tommy did not answer. He was sitting in  
his own room, his hands folded idly in his lap,  
his face pale and troubled, looking more like a boy  
expecting some heavy punishment than the success-  
ful competitor for the school medal—the great ob-  
ject of ambition for all the Milburn boys. The  
afternoon wore away, and no one disturbed Tommy.  
His parents supposed he was skating with the other  
boys, all enjoying the half-holiday that followed  
the examination, and his brothers thought he was  
talking over the good news at home.

It was quite dusk, almost tea-time, when Mr.  
Amherst, sitting in his library, thinking he must  
have a light to finish his book, heard a soft step  
on the carpet, and, looking up, saw Tommy. Up  
on his face were traces of recent tears, and he was  
so pale and subdued that his father knew there must  
be something very wrong with his cheerful, bright  
boy.

"Father," he said, in a low voice, "if you are  
not very busy, will you go to Mr. Wilbur's with  
me? I must see him before he has the medal marked  
with my name. I can't bear it!" cried the boy,  
bursting into a passion of crying. "I can't bear to be  
a cheat for a whole year!"

Mr. Amherst drew the sobbing boy into his arms,  
and did not question him until he had gained his  
composure once more. Then he said, kindly and  
gently:

"Now tell me all about it, my son."  
"It was a month ago," said Tommy, humbly.  
"We were all late in school, trying some new prob-  
lems in geometry—all our class I mean—in the re-  
creation room, and Mr. Wilbur sent me to his desk  
for a new piece of chalk. I was shutting it down,  
when my elbow knocked against his portfolio on  
the desk, and it fell down. All the papers dropped  
out, and the very top one was the list of examina-  
tion questions. I did not mean to read it, fa-  
ther, but I picked up the papers, and I saw them  
all. Indeed, I tried to forget them; but I never  
remembered any lesson I learned so well as I re-  
membered those questions. I saw only for a minute  
or too. All the month I thought of them, and I  
studied over all the answers, though I am sure I  
could have passed the examination without look-  
ing at them."

"Are you quite sure of that, Tommy?"  
"Yes." But I did see the questions, father, and I  
should have seen at once and told Mr. Wilbur I  
had seen them. I never realized how wrong it was  
until this morning, when he praised me so—praised  
me for punctuality, obedience, and general good  
conduct, as well as good scholarship, and I felt all  
the time as if he ought to point me out to the  
whole school as a cheat! I must tell him now. I  
can't keep the medal a whole year, when perhaps

I would never have won it if I had not seen those  
questions."  
"Yes, my son, you must tell Mr. Wilbur. Our  
heavenly Father exacts confession as the first proof  
of repentance for any sin. I will go with you at  
once."

Mr. Wilbur listened very gravely to Tommy's  
confession, and sat silent a long time before he  
spoke. Then he said:

"I had discovered this myself, Tommy, I should  
merely take the medal from you, explain the matter  
to the school, and give the prize to the next best  
scholar; but you have tried to atone for your fault,  
and I will keep the affair a secret between us three.  
Still you must see that, in justice to the other  
scholars, I cannot let the matter stand as it is. You  
have been my best scholar this year, so I will give  
you one more chance to win the medal fairly, and  
at the same time give the other boys an opportu-  
nity to beat you, if they are able. Next week I  
will have another examination, and I will keep the  
list of questions under stricter care. My boy," he  
added, earnestly, taking Tommy's hand in his own,  
"whether you lose or win the prize, I shall always  
respect you for this evening's work."

The boys wondered, and more than one grumbled  
when Mr. Wilbur announced that, owing to a re-  
cently discovered irregularity in the last examina-  
tion, there would be another one the following  
week with a new list of questions.

Tommy studied hard, and honestly won the  
prize, greatly to the delight of his brothers, and the  
gratification of his father and teacher.

Yet, while to others the gold medal was a proud  
badge of honor, to Tommy it was a constant re-  
minder of the suffering he endured and the deep  
humiliation he experienced when he allowed deceit  
to govern him, even for one month. In after years  
when he became a noble, upright man, he would  
often say that the prize medal was one of his most  
valuable assistants in that education of the soul  
that teaches us to keep the heart pure and honest  
for the eyes of Jesus Christ, as well as our actions  
for the scrutiny of our fellow-men.

## BOB, THE CABIN BOY.

There had been a quarrel between the captain  
and the sailors, and in this instance, as is not usu-  
ally the case with such difficulties at sea, the sail-  
ors were to blame. The captain was a man of warm,  
tender feelings, and had been so yielding to those  
under him as to quite lose his authority, and his  
efforts to reassert it were resisted by all on board.

The captain thought long a sea-faring man, had  
a spirit that could be easily crushed. The mutin-  
ous conduct of the sailors so preyed upon his  
spirit as to produce *anemia*, and thus to make  
him very nervous, and at last very ill, so that he  
was confined to his room.

None of the sailors visited him. No one thought  
of speaking a kind word to the captain but poor  
little Bob.

Bob was the cabin boy. He had a pious mother  
whose precepts he had never forgotten amid the  
hardships of the sea. He had promised her that  
he would read the Bible daily, a promise which he  
had faithfully fulfilled. His Bible had taught him  
lessons that the other sailors little understood. It  
had taught him to be gentle, loving and forgiving;  
to be helpful in misfortune, a burden-bearer for  
those in need.

So Bob went to the captain's door and knocked.  
The captain was a changed man now; he had be-  
come irritable, and so despondent that he felt that  
life had nothing more for him, and he did not wish  
to be disturbed.

"Who's there?" asked he, in an impatient tone.  
"Bob, sir. Can I do nothing for you?"  
"Go about your work, boy, and don't come  
troubling me."

Bob stole away more softly than he came; but  
still he pitied the captain, and cherished no angry  
feelings. He prayed for him that night, as he lay  
down to sleep, and still hoped in some way to  
prove a comfort to him.

The next day Bob resolved to try again. He saw  
that the captain did not appear on deck, and again  
he went and knocked at the door.

"Who's there?"  
"Bob, sir. Can I do anything for you to-day,  
captain?"

"No, go away."  
Bob was pleased to notice that there was some-  
thing of hesitancy and indecision in the captain's  
answer this time, a certain mellowness and regretful-  
ness in his tone, and he resolved to try again.

Meantime the captain's heart grew warm towards  
the kind little fellow. He thought how differently  
the boy had acted from the unfeeling sailors, who  
had not once inquired for him all the time of his  
illness; and he resolved that, if he came again, he  
would let him in.

When Bob came the next day the captain said:  
"Come in."

Bob waited very softly, and said, very feelingly:  
"Please sir, can I do anything for you? Shall  
I make your bed, or get you a cup of coffee? I'll do  
it in a minute."

"Some coffee, if you are willing."  
Away ran Bob, and in a few minutes everything  
was ready, coffee and hot toast, which he brought  
on a tray to the captain's bedside.

Bob took the tray, and then sat down on a box  
near the captain's bed. He read the 13th, 14th and  
15th chapters of the gospel of St. John. The cap-  
tain listened very attentively.

Bob was about leaving the room, in the act of  
closing the door—

"Bob?"  
"What, sir?"  
"Come again to-morrow."

Bob came again on the following day. The cap-  
tain was paler and thinner. There were dark cir-  
cles under his eyes, and deep lines in his deathly  
face.

Bob read to him again. It was the raising of  
Lazarus.

"I am the resurrection and the life. He that  
believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he  
live."

"Bob, read that again."  
The boy read the verse again, more carefully than  
before.

"Bob."  
"Well, sir?"  
"I wish I could believe."

There was moisture in the captain's eye, and a  
hurt look in his face.  
Bob finished the chapter.

"Leave me that book of yours, Bob. I would  
like to look at it myself."  
The next morning the boy went, as usual, and  
knocked on the cabin door.  
No answer came.  
Again he tapped, and louder. Still no answer.  
He opened the door, and walked in.  
The captain was on his knees, and the Bible was  
lying open upon the chair before him.

"Captain?"

No answer.

Bob came nearer, but the captain did not stir.

He laid his hand on his shoulder and gazed into  
his face.

He started back—the captain was dead.

The morning light streamed over the solitary  
waters, and penetrated the room. It fell upon the  
captain's hair, sprinkled with gray, and upon the  
thin white hand that lay upon the book.

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