

Poetry.

THE LAST HYMN.

The Sabbath day was ending in a village by the sea,
Theatrical benediction touched the people tenderly,
And they rose to face the sunset in the glowing
lighted west,
And then to dwellings for God's
blessed host of rest.

But they looked across the waters, and a storm
was raging there:
A fierce spirit moved above them—the wild spirit
of the air—
And it heaved, and shook, and tore them, till they
thundered, groaned, and boomed,
And alas for any vessel in their yawning gulfs en-
tomb'd.

Very anxious were the people on that rocky coast
of Wales,
Lest the dawns of coming morrows should be tell-
ing awful tales,
When the sea had spent its passion, and should cast
about the shore
Bits of wreck, and swollen victims as it had done
heretofore.

With the rough wind blowing round her, a brave
woman strained her eyes,
And she saw along the billows a large vessel fall
and rise.
Oh! it did not need a prophet to tell what the end
must be,
For no ship could ride in safety near that shore on
such a sea.

Then the pitying people hurried from their homes
and thronged upon the beach,
Oh! for the power to cross the waters and the
perishing to reach.
Helpless hands were wrung for sorrow, tender
hearts grew cold with dread,
And the ship, urged by the tempest, to the fatal
rock shore sped.

"She has parted in the middle! Oh! the half of
her goes down!"
God have mercy! Is heaven far to seek for those
who drown?
Lo when next the white shocked faces looked with
terror on the sea,
Only one last clinging figure on the spar was seen
to be.

Nearer the trembling watchers came the wreck
tossed by the wave,
And the man still clung and floated, though no
power on earth could save,
"Could we send him a short message? Here's a
trumpet. Shout away!"
'Twas the preacher's hand that took it, and he won-
dered what to say.

Any memory of his sermon? Firstly! Secondly!
Ah, no!
There was but one thing to utter in the awful hour
of woe;
So he shouted through the trumpet, "Look to
Jesus! Can you hear?"
And "Ay, sir," rang the answer o'er the waters
loud and clear.

Then they listened. He is singing! "Jesus, lover
of my soul,"
And the winds brought back the echo, "While the
nearer waters roll!"
Strange indeed it was to hear him, "Till the storm
of life is past,"
Singing bravely from the waters, "Oh, receive my
soul at last."

He could have no other refuge! "Hange my help-
less soul on thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not!—The singer dropped at
last into the sea,
And the watchers looked onward, through their
eyes with tears made dim,
Said, "He passed to be with Jesus in the singing
of that hymn."

—Marianne Farquhar.

READY TO DEPART.

Her step grows slower on the flowery sward;
Friend after friend draws nigh with aching heart,
And whispers, "Lo, the husband of the Lord
Is ready to depart."
They ask her if she weeps for summers flown,
For the old hopes—the old loves tried and true!
She answers, "He that sitteth on the throne
Said, 'I make all things new.'"

They ask her if she feels no vain regret,
For joys that stand like earth's ungodly grain!
She answers, "Christ hath richer harvest yet;
For me, to die is gain."
They ask her if she has no tear to shed,
For her old home and all the pleasant lands!
She answers, "God shall give me in its stead
A home not made with hands."

Thus calmly trusting in the Saviour's grace
She rests upon the margin of the tide,
And sees the light of her fair dwelling-place
Upon the other side.
—Sarah Doudley.

The Fireside.

HOW EVERYTHING CHANGED.
John Lewis, the drunken carpenter, had left
drinking just one week. On Saturday night,
when he had returned home from his work,
with his whole week's wages, he said:
"Here, Mary, you'll be wanting to go a market-
ing, directly, I suppose; there's the money," throw-
ing it into her lap.

"Can't be possible!" she thought, "seven dollars
and a half!" "Is all this for me, John?"
"Yes," said John, "and I hope you'll spend it
well."
"I hope," said Mary, trembling, "you haven't
done anything wrong to get so much, John."
"No, my lass," said John, with his heart trem-
bling with emotion; "I have done wrong long
enough, and I am going to do right for the future."
"Get your bonnet and shawl, Mary, and let us
both go to market."

John then told her his decision; he hoped she
would forgive him for the past, and help him do
better in the time to come; to all of which Mary
listened, with trembling yet joyful interest. Their
conversation was soon interrupted by approaching
the butcher's. He thought they wouldn't wait
much, so he continued looking at his stock of meat
with his back toward them.

He was soon aroused, however, by hearing John's
voice, "I say, guvener, what's this leg mutton a
pound?"
"The idea of your asking such a question!"
thought the butcher; but in a moment he said:
"Sixteen cents."
"Take it down and see what it weighs," said
John.

"Yes," said the butcher thinking to himself,
"I'll weigh it, and that will be enough for you I
know."
"It weighs just eight pounds, and comes to one
dollar and a quarter."
"I'll have it," said John.

"Yes," thinks the butcher, "when you've paid
for it."
"Here Mary," said John, "give him the money."
So Mary brought out the gold-piece and laid it
on the butcher's block carefully, as if she was
afraid of rubbing the gold-dust off.

The butcher thought probably that the money
was lost; so taking it up, he bounced it hard upon
the block to test its quality, but when its ring as-
sured him that it was all right, in a moment his face
changed its expression and his voice its tone, while
he said, with great politeness:
"Can I send it home for you, sir? And is there
any other article, beef, pork, &c.?" while the
change rested between his fingers.

"No," said John, feeling rather vexed, "noth-
ing else to-night."

"Thank you, sir. You live at No. 20 Broad
street, don't you?"
"Yes," said John.

We won't follow them to the other places, and
will only say that each shop-keeper was surprised
and pleased to receive large orders and, as a matter
of course, showed an extra amount of politeness.
Meanwhile, the children at home had their talk
about the matter.

"How funny," said Tommy, "to see father and
mother go out to market together!"
"Yes," said Sally, "isn't it?"
A sharp rap at the door disturbed them.
Sally went to the door, and there stood a butch-
er and a leg of mutton.

"Does Mr. Lewis live here?" said the boy.
"No," said Sally, "there is no one of the name
lives here."
"Is a strange?" said the boy. "I was told this
was the house." "Isn't this No. 20?"
"Yes," said Sally, "this is No. 20, but no one
of that name lives here."

"Well, who does live here?" said the boy.
"My father and mother and me," said Sally.
"And your father's name?" said the boy.
"They call him Jack Lewis," said Sally.
"Well, that's the same man; mister and Jack's
all the same," said the boy, "and here's a leg of
mutton for him."

"Oh! I'm sure you're wrong," said Sally; "we
never have such things as come to our house."
"But I tell you it's all right," said the boy, "and
its paid for."
"My word," said Tommy, "isn't it a whopper?
Only fancy if this was our'n wouldn't we have a
tuck in for dinner?" and the little fellow danced
around the room for joy; and while he was cutting
his capers in this manner, another knock was heard
at the door.

"Here he comes," said Tommy. But on open-
ing the door, a baker's boy presented himself with
three large loaves.
"Does Mr. Lewis live here?" said the boy.
"Well," said Sally, thinking it strange, "my
father's called Jack Lewis, if that's him."
"All right, here's these loaves for him."
"Are they paid for?" said the boy.
"Yes," said the boy, "come, make haste."

"I'll take 'em in seeing as how they are paid
for, but we never have such big loaves as them,
and I'm sure you'll have to fetch 'em back again.
There's a mistake somewhere."
"There, that's all fudge," said the boy, and off
he went.

"My word," said Tommy, "ain't they busters!
See, sister, they are new, and well baked too, ain't
they? Only fancy if they were ours, wouldn't we
make a hole in them soon?"
And again he started off with a dance and a shout,
in the midst of which another rap at the door
was heard.

"Here they are," he said, "I'll bring them to
the door."
But upon the door being opened, there was a lad
with parcels of tea, sugar, coffee, &c., and the same
question was asked. But Sally by this time had
decided to take all that was paid for, at the same
time telling each one: "They mustn't be sur-
prised if they had to fetch them back again."

The grocer sent potatoes and cabbages; the but-
cherman, eggs, bacon, and butter, and other articles
from different shops arrived, until the table began
to be quite full.
"I do wish father and mother would come home,"
said Sally. "Suppose a policeman was to come
up and find all these things here, what could we do?"
"I wonder," said Tommy, "whether father's
going to keep shop?"

"Don't be silly, Tommy. It would make you
still, I know, if we were all to go to prison," said
Sally.
In the midst of this dialogue, much to the joy of
the children, father and mother returned, and soon
told them that the things on the table were for the
evening week, and that all of them would have a
share if they were good; and giving them a piece
of the new loaf and a bit of cheese, off they were
sent to bed. But quitters was out of the question.
No sooner were they up-stairs than they began to
talk of the morrow's feasting, and their tongues
made such a noise that it awoke the other children,
and then Tommy had to tell them that down stairs
there was such a shopping leg of mutton, and such
big loaves, and lots of other things; and they soon
set up a shout which brought the mother to the foot
of the stairs, and she said:

"If you children don't be quiet, you shan't have
any pudding to-morrow."
"Puddin', puddin', said the little ones, 'what's
that?' And again the voice of Tommy was heard
telling the others that down-stairs there was four
and currants, and that on the morrow mother had
promised to make them a plum-pudding. Of course
with this additional piece of news, it was any wonder
that their eyes were not much troubled with sleep-
lessness, and that long before the time for getting up
had arrived, Tommy was showing them by the aid
of the pillow, how big the loaves were, and how
mother would make a bit of pudding, and then they
waited for the time to arrive when they might be
able to experience in reality that the "proof of the
pudding is in the eating."

However, the day was at length fairly ushered in,
and it is more easily imagined than described how
the day passed away with so much to talk about
and so many things to enjoy; and in the afternoon,
while all were seated around the table, mother
brought out a plate of ripe cherries, was it any
wonder, when the children set up a shout of joy,
that Mary's heart was too full to contain its emotion!
And while the children were making carolings of
the cherries, she drew close to John, and kissing
him quietly, the tears trickling down her cheeks
meanwhile, she whispered in his ear we may be
happy yet."

And so it was, for in a short time John found
that he could buy clothes for his children, and then
for himself and wife. Soon he moved into a better
neighborhood, and soon after he began to put his
savings in the Building Society, and this enabled
him to build a house for himself. Meantime the
mother, finding him more than ever attentive to his
work, appointed him as foreman, at advanced wages.
And step by step he arose until he became a man
himself. He has built a nice row of houses, from
which he receives sufficient to keep him and his wife
the remainder of his days. His son Tommy
is now a physician with a good practice, and the
rest of his children have been well educated; and
added to all this, he and his wife are consistent
members of a Christian church. —Ez.

BED-TIME.

"Wait till bed-time, sir, and I will attend to
you!"
We heard the stern promise with an aching heart,
The lad to whom it was addressed turned away with
a defiant, unrepentant, to brood all day with
the punishment in prospect, merited, no doubt, but
we thought cruelly deferred. The whipping was
mentally undergone throughout the long, sunny day,
when the bright-eyed boy took only a listless share
in the sports of his companions, and listened over
his fault and the coming expiation. Bed-time came
and the father thought of the misdeed and in-
flicted the whipping, never weighing as part of the
punishment, the long day of agonizing suspense, the
hours of sleepless misery.

And we, looking on sally, thought that bed-time
should be the happiest hour of the day. Let it be
stated that we were altogether in favor of punishment
for faults, but we also believe in even-handed justice
where the children are concerned. The world will
come with advancing years. The world will mete
out even hard measure for small offences; but spare
the child! If a whipping is earned, give it promptly,
with a full understanding of the reason for its in-
fliction; and, oh, by all parental love, let the rod
be the last resort; try all parental punishment first.
Above all, take any time but bed-time. Let the
woeful tale, and the heavy prayer be said in the
day. Let the evening prayer be said in loving
tones to a Saviour who calls little children in to
himself.

Let the father's caress, the mother's kiss be
the last link of the day's pain or pleasure and
the night's sleep. Send the children to bed happy.
If there is sorrow, punishment, disgrace, let them
meet it in the day and have hours of play or thought
in which to recover again the happiness that is
childhood's right. When night comes let only ten-
der thought, loving care, whispered blessings, prayer,
and caresses hover over the pillow where children's
heads rest.—Hearth and Home.

DOCTOR AND PATIENT.—"Save me, doctor, and
I'll give you a thousand dollars."
The doctor gave him a remedy that eased him,
and he called out:
"Keep at it, doctor, and I'll give you a check
for five hundred dollars!"
In half an hour more he was able to sit up, and
he calmly remarked:
"Doctor, I feel like giving you a fifty dollar bill."
When the doctor was ready to go the sick man
was up and dressed; he followed the doctor to the
door and said:
"Say, doctor, send in your bill the first of the
month."
When six months had been gathered to Tim's
locom, the doctor sent in a bill amounting to five
hundred dollars. Tim was pressed to get it down to three,
so doing he sued to get it, got judgment, and the
patient put in a stay of execution.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.
EDITED BY ELLSWORTH, P. O. BOX 242, LOWELL, MASS.
Contributions and answers respectfully solicited.
562.—RIDDLE.
My face is lovely to look upon,
And beauty is seen everywhere;
Especially in spring and summer,
But it fades with the autumn air.
SUSSEX STATION. C. EKE.

563.—CHARADE.
My first is a title used by a child.
My second is an animal sometimes wild.
My third and last is a part of a tree,
Guess the answer now or never—
My whole you will find to be
A very beautiful tropical tree.
ANAGRAM. BERTHA.

564.—STAR DIAMOND.
I'll take 'em in seeing as how they are paid
for, but we never have such big loaves as them,
and I'm sure you'll have to fetch 'em back again.
There's a mistake somewhere."
"There, that's all fudge," said the boy, and off
he went.

565.—WORD SQUARE.
An auxiliary verb; a cutting tool; a word often
used when questioned.
JOHNSTON. X. F.

566.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
I am composed of 11 letters.
My 7, 8, 9, 10 is a fruit.
My 7, 8, 9 is a plant.
My 2, 5, 10 is a poison.
My 4, 5, 10 is a part of the head.
My 1, 3, 4, 11 is a second.
My 6, 11, 9 is the ocean.
My whole is a great poet.
Cape Island, N. S. EMMA IDA SWIM.

567.—GEOGRAPHICAL TRANSPOSITIONS.
Ahi-pah-dah-pih. Cal-ah-tai-lah.
Mih-lah-ay. Mgh-ah-ah.
Jerusalem. JOHN C. MACHIN.

568.—PRIZE DELITION.
I'm an edible substance bound in fetters,
In many a land I grow;
But I deleted of two letters,
Full many a ship I'll know.
Cambridge. ED.

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My sixth is in pen, but not in ink;
My seventh is in pen, but not in ink;
My eighth is in pen, but not in ink;
My ninth is in pen, but not in ink;
My tenth is in pen, but not in ink;
My whole is a great poet.
Cape Island, N. S. EMMA IDA SWIM.

569.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.
My first is in pen, but not in ink.
My second is in pen, but not in ink;
My third is in pen, but not in ink;
My fourth is in pen, but not in ink;
My fifth is in pen, but not in ink;
My sixth is in pen, but not in ink;
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