

Poetry.

ROCK OF INFINITE AGES.

Black and sullen the ocean,
Black and sullen the sky;
Drifting fast to the leeward,
Never a harbor nigh.
Rent the sails and cordage,
Torn and shattered the deck;
Alas, alas! for the ship,
Drifting so fast to wreck.
Ah! but the loss of the ship
Is only so much gold;
Alas! for the souls that perish,
Whose price can never be told.
Hark! o'er the whining waters,
Cometh their pleading cry—
"Help, Jesus, or we perish!"
O Christ! O Christ! we die.
No; though the night grows darker,
And over each shrinking soul
The cold and angry billows
Swifter and swifter roll;
No; though the rocks frown blackly,
And white with foam break high;
For that cry for "help" has reached
The strong One in the sky.
Hopefully through the tempest
Chimes out the church bell;
Out of the black above
A blessed splendor fell;
Fell on the Rock of Ages,
Fell on the cross of love,
Making the midnight waters
White as the wings of a dove.
Joy for the strong, glad spirits,
Grasping at the rock;
Out of the danger and darkness,
Out of the tempest and shock,
Out of the cruel waters,
Out of the dreary night,
On to the Rock of Ages,
Into the glad, warm light.
Help for the weak and weary!
Help, they are sinking fast!
Try to catch their fainting,
As they float sadly past.
Fear not the storm or danger,
Count not the gain or loss;
So you can help the drowning,
On to the Rock of the cross.

Rock of Infinite Ages!
Cross of Infinite Love!
Never the waves of sorrow
Over these break above.
Always there, is safety,
Always there, are we right;
And in the darkest midnight,
Always there, is light.

—Lilla E. Barry, in Christian Weekly.

RICHEST AND POOREST.

Richest are they
That live for Christ so well,
The longest day
Would scarce suffice to tell
In what wide ways their benefactions fell.
Poorest are they
That live to self so true,
Their longest day
Brings but such good to view
As they may need self a service to pursue.

The Fireside.

TOMMY.

Mr. Pritchard lifted him out of the wagon and set him down on the door-step. What a little fellow he was, and what a wondering, pleased look there was in his eyes! He had on coarse shoes, a blue check apron, and his pretty brown hair was cropped close under the shabby cap. It was almost too odd a day for such a little boy to be out with a coat. Mrs. Pritchard took him by the hand to lead him in, and the little hand clung confidently to hers.

"What's your name, dear?" she asked, pleasantly.

"Tommy Bobbitt," he answered, readily. "Am I going to stay here?"

"Folk all dead," said Mr. Pritchard. "Mother went a month or so back. I told them over to the country-house we'd take him and try him; and if he suited, we'd keep him, and do well by him. We don't know what kind of stock he is yet; and if I find any mean, dishonest tricks in him, back he goes. We don't want to adopt a boy, and set by him, and have him sting us like a serpent in our old age."

"Oh! I know Tommy will be a nice little boy," said the wife, kindly.

The Pritchards were farming people, and well-to-do. They had never had a child of their own, and after much consideration, had decided to adopt a boy when a suitable one could be found. Word reached that a child four years old had recently been left upon the town; and Mr. Pritchard, on driving over to see about it, had brought the little fellow home on trial.

Nobody knew how dreary and forlorn it had been in the country-house for a little four-year-old boy, suddenly left friendless. He had wandered, shivering, in the yard, sometimes picking up a red leaf here and there to play with. He had hung around in the big, cheerless room, where a few, decrepit old women sat, because in the men's room there was a light, half-witted fellow who frightened him. Lately he slept with a dreadful boy, three times as old as himself, who said things to scare him, and who pulled all the bed-clothes away, and kicked in his sleep. And nobody knew how his little heart had ached for the dead mother, who, though very poor and unfortunate, had sheltered him to the last.

But now in his warm, new home, he brightened into a rosy, pretty boy. He had new shoes and stockings, and Mrs. Pritchard made him the little coat, with a mothy instinct growing in her heart with every stitch. He learned the different rooms, and ran about them, and made funny little speeches, he jumped and laughed like other happy boys, and climbed boldly upon Farmer Pritchard's knee, when that good man sat down to take his ease after supper.

"He's got meat in him," said the farmer nodding approvingly; "but I don't know whether he's honest yet. That's the thing to my mind."

Tommy had been there a week—had one week of sunshine—when the black cloud came down upon him.

Farmer Pritchard had a cough which was apt to trouble him at night, and on the bureau, near the head of his bed, he kept a few gumdrops, which he could reach out and get to soothe his throat when the coughing came on. One forenoon, chasing to go into the bed-room, his eye fell on the little paper bag, and he saw there was not a single gumdrop there.

"That rogue, Tommy, has been here," he said to himself. "I know there were five or six when I went to bed last night; and, for a wonder, I did not have to take a single one. Tommy! Tommy! Look here! Have you been getting my gumdrops?"

Tommy, who was playing in the door, looked up brightly, and said: "No! I did not get any."

"Did you take them, Lucy?" asked the farmer, turning to his wife.

Mrs. Pritchard had not touched them, and her heart sank as she said so; for who was there left to do it but little Tommy? Her husband's face grew grave.

"Tommy," he said, "you need not be afraid to tell the truth. Didn't you take the gumdrops?"

"No, I didn't," replied Tommy, readily.

"Oh! yes, you did, Tommy. Now tell the truth."

"No, I didn't,"

"This is bad, very bad, indeed," said Mr. Pritchard, sternly. "This is what I have been afraid of."

Tommy! pleaded Mrs. Pritchard. "If you took them, do say so."

"If he took them," repeated her husband, "Why, it's clear as daylight. He has been running in an out of the room all morning."

But Tommy still denied the deed, though the farmer commanded, and his wife implored. Mr. Pritchard's face grew ominous.

"I'll give you till noon to tell the truth," he said; "and then, if you don't confess—why, I'll have nothing to do with a boy who lies. We'll ride back to the poor-house this very afternoon."

"O Joseph!" said Mrs. Pritchard, following her husband into the entry. "He is so little! Give him one more trial."

"Lucy," he said, firmly, "when a youngster can tell a falsehood like that with so calm a face, he is ready to tell them by the dozen. I tell you, it's in the blood. I'll have nothing to do with a boy that lies. Perhaps the fear of going back will bring him to his senses."

He went out to his work; and Mrs. Pritchard returned to Tommy, and talked with him a long while, very kindly and patiently, but all for no effect. He replied, as often as she asked him, that he had not touched the gumdrops. At last she gave it up, and with misgivings resumed her occupations; while Tommy went to playing with the cat on the floor.

On farm Pritchard came into the house, and they had dinner. After dinner he called Tommy to him.

"Tommy," he asked, "did you take the gumdrops?"

"No, I didn't," said Tommy.

"Very well said the farmer; "say horse is harnessed. Lucy put the boy's cap on. I shall carry him back to the poor-house, because he will not tell me the truth."

"Why, I don't want to go back," said Tommy, very soberly.

But still he denied taking the gumdrops. Mr. Pritchard told his wife to get the boy ready. She hurried to his room, and brought him his little warm coat and cap and put them on him. But Tommy did not cry. He comprehended that an injustice was done to him, and he knitted his brow and held his little lips tight. The horse was brought round, Mr. Pritchard came in for the boy. I think he believed up to the last moment that Tommy would confess; but the little fellow stood steadfast.

He was lifted into the wagon. Such a little boy he looked, as they drove away. The wind blew cold, and he had to hold on to his cap. Nothing was said, as they drove along, though Farmer Pritchard really felt a little sorry that he had gone so far.

But Tommy had no hope to bear him up. He only knew that the happy life of the past few days was over; snatched from him suddenly. He thought of the cold, forlorn home to which he was returning, and shuddered. The helpless old women, the jostling boys, the nights of terror—all these he thought of, when, with pale face and blue lips he was taken down from the wagon and set up to the house. Farmer Pritchard watched him as he went up the steps, a slow, forlorn little boy. He went in. The matron came out for an explanation. It was given and the farmer drove away.

He drove home. It was not a pleasant ride. He missed his little companion; but he reasoned judiciously within himself that he had done all for the best. His wife met him tearfully at the door. The kitchen looked lonely as they went into it together. A top lay in one corner, a primer was on the footstool. Mrs. Pritchard put them out of sight.

The farmer laid a fresh coat of gumdrops on his bureau at night, and thought grimly that the candle was put out, and the house was still. She was thinking of the poor little boy, even then, peeping, cowering in his cold bed with terror.

Suddenly a curious, small sound attracted her attention. It was repeated again and again, and now and then there was a tiny rustle of the paper. The sound came from the bureau. She listened intently, and her heart beat loud with excitement. She knew the sound well.

"Joseph!" she whispered. "Joseph!"

"What, Lucy," said her husband, in a voice that sounded as if he, too, had been lying awake.

"Do you hear that noise, Joseph? It's nice!"

"I know it. What of it?"

"It's nice, Joseph, and they're after your gumdrops."

"Good gracious, Lucy!" groaned Farmer Pritchard upon his pillow. It flashed upon him instantly. He, and not Tommy, was the sinner. The noise stopped. The little deprecators were frightened, but soon began again. And a rare feat they made of it.

It seemed as if that night would never end. The farmer heard every hour the clock tick, and at five he got up and made a fire in the kitchen. His wife arose at the same time and began to get breakfast.

"I won't wait for breakfast," he said. "I'll have it hot and ready when we get back. I'll harness up and start now, so as to get over there by dawn."

In a few moments the wheels rolled noisily over the frozen ground out on the road, and away drove Mr. Pritchard in the morning starlight.

Mrs. Pritchard brought out the top and the primer again, and made the kitchen look its very potatoes, and broiled a chicken, and made fritters. She put the nicest syrup on the table, and a plate of jelly tarts. She laid Tommy's plate, and knife and fork in their place, and set up his chair. The sun had risen, and the bright beams fell across the table. She went to the door and looked up the road.

Yes, they were coming! They drove into the yard; they stepped at the door; and the wondering, smiling little Tommy was lifted down in Mrs. Pritchard's eager arms. She held him very tight.

"Oh! my lamb! my blessing!" she murmured, woman-like.

"Lucy, come let's have breakfast now," said the farmer, cheerfully. "This little chap's hungry. He's our own little boy now, Lucy. He's never going away from us again."—Mary L. B. Branch, in Independent.

NAN, THE NEWSBOY.

Nan, the newsboy, is among the latest of the odd characters which spring into fame from time to time out of the varied life of the great city of New York.

A year ago he formed a little band, consisting of himself and two others, to patrol the East River docks at night and rescue persons from drowning.

Some charitable persons live in boats, beat blue uniforms, and a small weekly salary, to devote their whole time to the work.

Nan's real name is William J. O'Neill. He is a thorough Arab in his manners, and uses the dialect common among ragged newsboys and boat-blacks.

The regulations by which the association should be governed, according to his idea, are few and simple. As far as dealing with other matters in his rough log-book, they are:

1. Members shall do whatever the president orders them.

2. No one shall be a member who drinks or gets drunk.

3. Any member not down in Dover Dock, and miss one night except sickness, shall be fined fifty cents by order of the president.

4. No nursing allowed.

Spelling is not Nan's strong point, and I have taken the liberty to arrange this according to the usual custom. Nor does he keep records in a scientific manner. Case four, in his list of rescued, sets down only "A Jew boy." Case five is "A red-headed boy who fell in the water, but could not find his name."

The first meeting of the association took place one pleasant day in June, 1878.

"We was a-study on Dover Dock," Nan says, "telling stories. We got talked about how we took out most every day, and some said two hundred was taken in a year. We heard about life saving on the Jersey coast, too. So I says: 'Say we make a 'sociation of it boys, for to go along the docks pickin' 'em upregular.' All right!" they says, and they nominate me for president.

We thought we might as well be doin' that as loatin' on the corners.

Might as well be brave and humane fellows, that is, as idle and dangerous loungers! Yes, indeed they might, and this modest way of putting it is infinitely to Nan's credit.

The three have nothing very distinctive in their appearance, excepting their plain uniform. Nan has a rosy complexion and a serious manner. He has a coal paper almost ever since he can remember. Edward Kelly is paler and slighter, and has quite a decided air of dignity. Gilbert Long is sunburned, and has a merry twinkle in his eye. He looks as if he likely to be the most reckless and persistent of the lot in any dangerous strait. Long has been a tinsmith's apprentice, and Kelly a leather-cutter.

They have also with them five unpaid volunteers who serve at night. The force is divided into three patrols.

Cherry street and its vicinity abound with tenements, sailor boarding-houses and drinking saloons. The upper part of South Street is a kind of breathing place for this squalid quarter. It is much favoured by idle youths especially, who find a hundred ways to amuse themselves among the boxes and barrels. A breeze blows from the water across the edge of the dusty, coffee-coloured piers and gives a breath of fresh air.

The fish dock and the old "dirt" dock in Peck Slip on summer evenings are white with the figures of bathers. Often, too, even when the law was more stringent against it than now, they found more to swim in the day-time. They wrestle and tumble over one another in the water for hours; swim across the swift stream in Brooklyn and back, and dive to the muddy bottom for coins thrown to them by spectators.

This was the training-school of our life-savers. Accidents were very frequent here, and the boys made many rescues without thinking much of them. Their house is a little box of a place, painted bright blue, moored under the shade of the great Brooklyn bridge, and close to both Fulton and Roosevelt street ferries. The front door of the establishment, as it may be called is through a hole in a dilapidated fence; then down a ladder, and perhaps across a canal boat or two, to where it lies wedged in, in the crowded lanes. They have a row-boat, and a life-saving raft of the catamaran fashion.

Inside, the station has three bunks, some lockers to hold miscellaneous articles, a small stove to heat and a small case of books contributed by the Seaman's Friend Society. These are largely accounts of courage and ingenuity in danger likely to be appreciated by boys in their circumstances. When they unbend, after duty is over, Nan plays the banjo and what he calls the "corden," and there is quite a social time.

Nan had saved eight persons, Long six, and Kelly four, before the association was formed, and Nan had received a silver medal from the United States Life-Saving Association.

His most brilliant case was the rescue of three young men overturned from a row boat by the collision with the Harlem steamer off Eleventh street. He was selling his papers on the dock at the time. When his notice was attracted to the accident, he at once threw the papers down and plunged in. He was taken out himself in a drowning condition.

"When you drown," he says, speaking feelingly from experience, "not a thing you ever did but comes up in your head. Then, may be, after that, you hear a kind of noise like music in your ears."

Long's best case was the saving of a son of Police Sergeant Webb's in Dover Dock, and Kelly's, a boy at Bay Ridge, who drew him down twice in the effort.—St. Nicholas.

TABLE MANNERS—FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

In silence I must take my seat,
And give God thanks before I eat;
Must for my food in patience wait,
Till I am asked to hand my plate.
I must not speak, nor whine, nor pout,
Nor move my chair or plate about.
With knife, or fork, or napkin-rings,
I must not play, nor must I sing.
I must not speak a useless word.
For children must be seen, not heard.
I must not talk about my food,
Nor fret if I don't like it good.
My mouth with food I must not crowd,
Nor while I'm eating speak aloud.
Must turn my head to cough or sneeze,
And when I ask, say, "If you please."

The table-cloth I must not spoil,
Nor with my food my fingers soil;
Must keep my seat when I am done,
Nor round the table sport or run.
When told to rise, then I must put
My chair away with noiseless foot,
And lift my heart to God above,
In praise for all his wondrous love.

"WHY WASH ARE YOU GOING?"—A little girl, named Sarah, went home from Church full of what she had seen and heard. Sitting at table with the family, she asked her father, who was a very wicked man, whether he ever prayed. He did not like the question, and in a very angry manner replied: "Is it your mother or your Aunt Sally, that has put you up to that girl?"

"No, father, said the little creature; 'the preacher said all good people pray; and those who do not pray must be saved. Father, do you pray?'"

This was more than the father could stand, and, in a rough way, he said:

"Well, you and your mother and your Aunt Sally may go your way, and I will go mine."

"Father," said the little creature with great simplicity, "which way are you going?"

This question pierced his heart. It flashed upon him that he was in the way to death. He started from his chair, burst into tears, and began to pray for mercy.

Reader, which way are you going?—Bible Banner.

Domine H., one of the old-time circuit riders, whose rough exterior and somewhat non-social ways often obscured his real goodness of heart. One day he was caught in a shower in Illinois, and going to a rude cabin near by, he knocked at the door. A sharp-looking old dame opened the door. He asked for shelter. "I don't know you," she replied, suspiciously. "Remember the Scriptures," said the Domine. "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." "You needn't say that," quickly returned the other; "no angel in his mouth!" She shut the door in his face, leaving the good man to the mercy of the rain and his own reflections.

A THIN USEFUL LITTLE GIRL.—How pleasant it is to see a little girl trying to be useful. There is little Rhoda May sitting in old Mrs. Cooper's cottage, and writing a letter for her to her absent son. It is a most trifling act of kindness, and yet it is one of great value to the old lady; for she does not like to let her "dear boy John" hear from her at all, if "some one" is good little Rhoda. She has given up her play this afternoon—and no one loves to play more dearly than Rhoda—in order that she may, in this way help old Mrs. Cooper. Rhoda wishes very much to be useful. I wonder whether you are like her.

NEW RICH BLOOD!

Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who takes only each night from 1 to 2 weeks may be restored to sound health. Each a thing, and a thing, sent by mail for a letter stamps, 1-5 JOHNSTON & CO., Bangor, Me.

MAKE HENS LAY.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now in London, has discovered a new and powerful medicine for curing all diseases of the Cattle and Poultry, and is now offering it to the public. It is a most valuable and powerful medicine, and is now offered to the public. It is a most valuable and powerful medicine, and is now offered to the public.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT.

For Internal and External Use. Cures—Neuritis, Rheumatism, Gout, Arthritis, Bronchitis, Influenza, Sore Throat, Bleeding at the Lungs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Chronic Bronchitis, Chronic Catarrh of the Stomach, Chronic Catarrh of the Bladder, Chronic Catarrh of the Uterus, Chronic Catarrh of the Vagina, Chronic Catarrh of the Rectum, Chronic Catarrh of the Prostate, Chronic Catarrh of the Seminal Vesicles, Chronic Catarrh of the Urethra, Chronic Catarrh of the Penis, Chronic Catarrh of the Scrotum, Chronic Catarrh of the Testes, Chronic Catarrh of the Epididymis, Chronic Catarrh of the Vas Deferens, Chronic Catarrh of the Utricle, Chronic Catarrh of the Prostate, Chronic Catarrh of the Seminal Vesicles, Chronic Catarrh of the Urethra, Chronic Catarrh of the Penis, Chronic Catarrh of the Scrotum, Chronic Catarrh of the Testes, Chronic Catarrh of the Epididymis, Chronic Catarrh of the Vas Deferens, Chronic Catarrh of the Utricle, Chronic Catarrh of the Prostate, Chronic Catarrh of the Seminal Vesicles, Chronic Catarrh 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