

HOME

A Tiny Shoe.

THEY found him by the roadside dead,
 A ragged tramp unknown;
 His face upturned in mute despair,
 His helpless arms out thrown,
 The lark above him sang a song
 Of greeting to the day,
 The breeze blew fresh and sweet, and stirred
 His hair in wanton play.

They found no clue to home or name,
 But tied with a ribbon blue
 They found a package, and it held
 A baby's tiny shoe
 Half worn and old, a button off,
 It seemed a sacred thing;
 With reverence they wrapped it close
 And tied the faded string,

And laid it on the peaceful breast
 That kept the secret well:
 And God will know and understand
 The story it will tell
 Of happy times and peaceful home
 That dead tramp sometimes knew,
 Whose only relic left him was
 The baby's tiny shoe.

Are You Responsible?

A MINISTER once induced a brother minister to accompany him on a visit to a family in the deepest distress. The sight which presented itself as the two friends crossed the threshold was sad indeed. In a room destitute of all the comforts that make an attractive home was a woman. She was young in years, but on her face the traces of want and suffering and care were plainly visible. A babe was wailing feebly on the bed beside the mother, but her ears were closed to its cries. A third person was present—the husband and father: but he seemed deaf to the voice of his child, as well as unable to comprehend the fact that his wife was even then passing away from earth. He was a man, tall and well-formed, with a finely shaped head and large, full eye. He arose and staggered toward the two gentlemen as they entered, and muttered something meant to be a welcome and an apology for the condition in which they found his home. As his eyes met the gentleman who had been won to accompany his friend, the two stood for a moment as if spell-bound. The clergyman was the first to speak.

"Bond, can it be possible that you have come to this?"

The man thus addressed turned away his face a moment from the sad, reproachful gaze bent upon him by the clergyman, and in that moment he seemed to rally his scattered senses: then he turned fiercely upon his questioner: "You see me in a ruined home, and drink has brought me here. I have killed her," he added, pointing to his wife, "and you, sir, are responsible!"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the clergyman in amazement. "I once attended your church," continued the man. "I know," answered the clergyman; "but as I have not seen you since your marriage, I concluded that you had left the city." "You married me," he continued. "At my wedding the wine cup was

Seal-Fishing Off Newfoundland.

THERE is always great excitement connected with the seal fisheries. The perils and hardships to be encountered, the skill and courage required in battling with the ice-giants, and the possible rich prizes to be won, throw a romantic interest around this adventure. Not the seal-hunters alone, but the whole population, from the richest

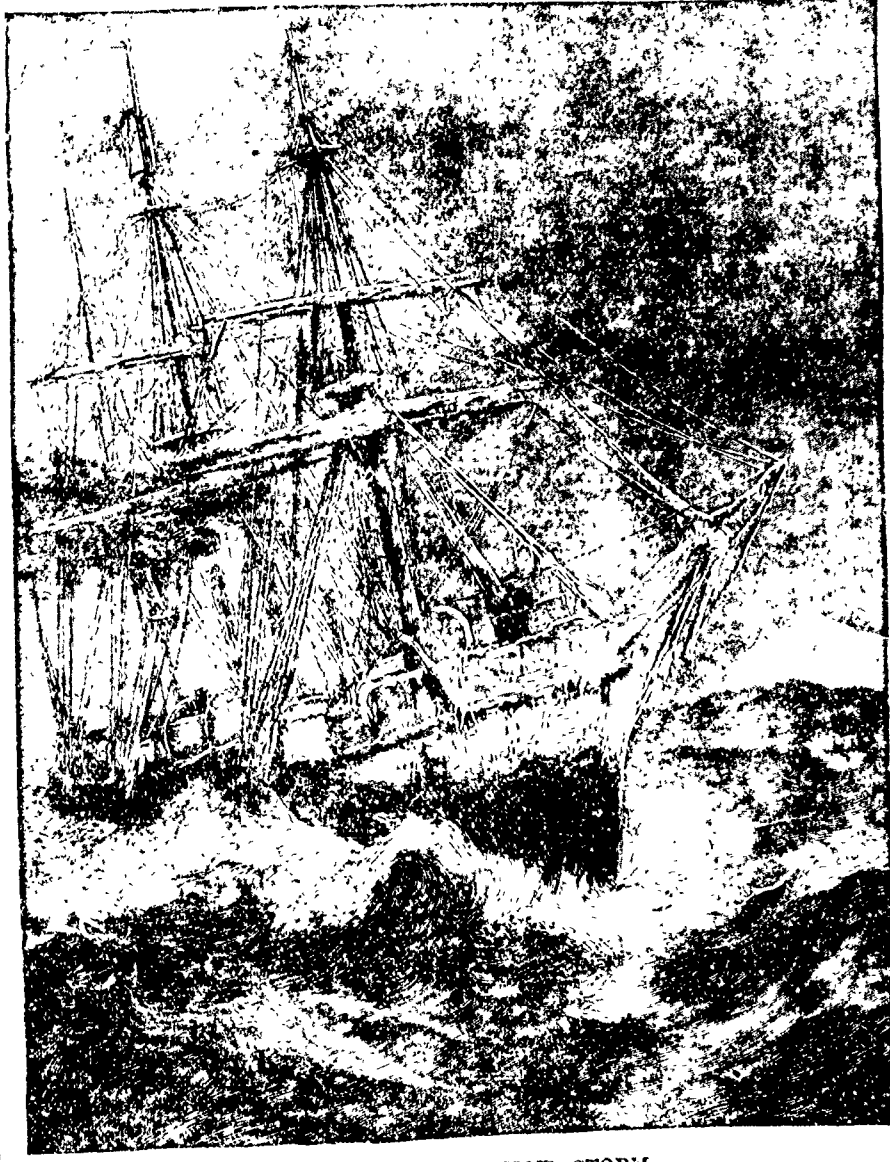
worth two and a half or three dollars. The successful hunters are welcomed with thundering cheers, like returning conquerors, and are the heroes of the hour. No wonder the young Newfoundlanders pants for the day when he will get "a berth for the ice," and a share in the wild joys and excitement of the hunt.

According to law, no sailing vessel can be cleared for the ice before the 1st of March, and no steamer before the 10th of March; a start in advance of ten days being thus accorded to the vessels which depend on wind alone.

As the time for starting approaches, the streets and wharves of the capital assume an appearance of bustle which contrasts pleasantly with the previous stagnation. The steamers and sailing vessels begin to take in stores and complete their repairs. Rough berths are fitted up for the sealers; bags of biscuit, barrels of pork, and other necessaries are stowed away; water, fuel, and ballast are taken on board; the sheathing of the ships, which has to stand the grinding of the heavy Arctic ice, is carefully inspected. A crowd of eager applicants surrounds the shipping offices, powerful-looking men in rough jackets and long boots, splashing tobacco-juice over the white snow in all directions, and shouldering one another in their anxiety to get booked. The great object is to secure a place on board one of the steamers, the chances of success being considered much better than on board the sailing vessels. The masters of the steamers are thus able to make up their crews with picked men. Each steamer has on board from one hundred and fifty to three hundred men, and it would be difficult to find a more stalwart lot of fellows in the royal navy itself.

The steamers have an immense advantage over the sailing vessels. They can cleave their way through the heavy ice-packs against the wind: they can double and beat about in search of the "seal-patches;" and when the prey is found they can hold on to the ice-fields, while sailing vessels are liable to be driven off by a change of wind, and if beset with ice are often powerless to escape. It is not to be wondered at that steamers are rapidly superseding sailing vessels in the seal-fishery. They can make two and even three trips to the ice-field during the season, and thus leave behind the antiquated sealer dependent on the winds.

Before the introduction of steamers



SEAL HUNTER IN SNOW STORM.

passed. I had never tasted the accursed cup, but that night, seeing you, my pastor, take a glass, I felt that I could not be wrong to follow your example—that it could do no harm to take just one glass on my wedding night. But that glass has proved my ruin, for it awakened an appetite for the intoxicating cup, and now I am its slave; and you, I repeat, are responsible."—Selected.

to the poorest, take a deep interest in the fortunes of the hunt. It is like an army going out to do battle for those who remain at home. In this case the enemies to be encountered are the icebergs, the tempest, and the blinding snowstorm. A steamer will sometimes go out and return in two or three weeks, laden to the gunwale, occasionally bringing home as many as thirty or forty thousand seals, each