

## A Toronto Sabbath.

Th' Sabbath, an' a holy calm  
Has fallen o'er the land;  
The city, 'mid its toil an' din,  
Has stopp'd to grasp the hand

Of God, receive fresh courage, hope,  
And strength the world to meet,  
Out of the seven one day spend  
In worship at his feet.

No sounds of labour vex the ear,  
Of strife or revel none,  
As on its hundred spires shines  
Another Sabbath sun.

The birds are singing in the trees,  
Whose leaves are only stirred  
By gentle winds, that come and go,  
O'er restless mother-bird.

The daisies whisper—whisper low—  
To clover and to grass;  
The little flowers are softly kissed  
By butterflies that pass.

While now the church bells, loud and  
Ring out the call to prayer; [clear,  
And far and near the echo floats  
Upon the quiet air.

The peace of Christ, that passeth far  
Our feeble human thought,  
Has settled o'er the worshippers  
In heavenly wisdom taught.

O city fair! the God you serve  
Shall greatly prosper thee—  
Shall spread thy glory through the earth,  
Thy praise from sea to sea.

E'en now the nations call thee blessed,  
E'en now they speak thy fame—  
Unto their daughters and their sons  
Repeat thy honoured name.

Toronto I may it never be  
That thou must lose thy crown  
Because thou hast forgot the Lord  
And thrown his altars down.

"Queen City of the West" indeed—  
Queen City of the world;  
O keep thy Sabbath sacred still,  
Thy banner white unfurled.

## Hugh's Anger.

## AN OCEAN TALK.

"Ye canna' go eeling this night,  
Hugh, for I'm a-needin' ye at the mill."

Thus spoke the miller, old Peter  
Wilson, to his nephew, Hugh, a tall,  
well-built lad of seventeen years,  
whose face would have been handsome  
had it not been just now distorted  
with anger.

"Guy can help ye," Hugh said,  
sulkily.

"Ay, ay, Guy wull help me, but  
he's a leetle chap, an' I need yer help,  
too."

"I've promised George Lawton to  
set night-lines with him."

"Ye can set yer lines another time,  
lad; but to-night ye must help me  
with the grist. So off with yer coat,  
Hugh, an' remember what the minis-  
ter told ye about yer fearful temper,  
for it will bring ye into trouble yet,  
I'm afear'd, if ye don't conquer it."

Hugh turned away, almost blind  
with rage, and, as he did so, his foot  
struck a table, overturning it and the  
lamp that stood upon it. With a cry,  
the old man sprang forward, but he  
was too late. The lamp shattered to  
pieces as it struck the floor, the burn-  
ing oil was scattered all around, and,

almost instantaneously, the flames  
gathered headway, mounted higher  
and higher, and by midnight the mill  
was a mass of glowing embers.

Hugh and Guy Wilson were or-  
phans whom their uncle had adopted.  
The mill was his only fortune. When  
it burned down he lost all but a few  
hundred dollars that he had saved  
years before. Hugh's act had cast  
himself, his brother, and his uncle into  
poverty; and, though he suffered bitter  
remorse, that would not build the  
mill again.

The year 18— was noted for its  
gales of wind. On sea and on shore  
the tempest was severe. Many a  
brave ship sank under the violence of  
the wind and waves, and many others  
came into port with machinery out of  
order, or with torn sails and broken  
spars.

On the 15th of December, in this  
year 18—, the steamer *Sea Bird*  
steamed out of Liverpool, bound for  
New York. She was an old-fashioned,  
wooden ship, originally built to carry  
only freight; but within the past year  
she had been fitted with accommoda-  
tions for passengers, of whom, on this  
voyage, she carried some twenty-three.  
Among these were the Wilsons, who,  
after the destruction of the mill, had de-  
cided to seek their fortunes in America.

During the first week of the voyage  
the weather was pleasant. The pas-  
sengers became familiar with the rou-  
tine on shipboard, and acquainted  
with each other. They confided their  
plans one to another, and had already  
begun to speculate upon the date of  
their arrival in New York. But, with  
the opening of the second week, the  
weather changed. The sky was over-  
cast with masses of dull, loaden clouds,  
the wind increased in force, and the  
sea grew rougher. The steamer pitch-  
ed and tossed in a manner which, to  
the passengers, seemed most alarming;  
nor were their fears lessened when  
they observed the anxiety plainly  
written on the captain's face.

The storm grew in violence until,  
on Wednesday night, the waves were  
running mountains high and the wind  
was blowing a hurricane. The pas-  
sengers were locked in the cabin, and  
none but the officers and crew allowed  
on deck. Before morning the captain  
had been washed overboard, and the  
mate took command of the ship. On  
Thursday there was no abatement of  
the storm. The ship groaned and  
creaked in every timber, until the  
frightened passengers thought that  
every lurch would rend her in pieces.  
As night fell, a tremendous wave  
broke on the deck, sweeping off several  
of the crew and all the boats save  
two, and putting out the fires in the  
engine-room. At length, after great  
exertions, the sailors managed to set  
a sail, hoping thereby to scud before  
the wind; but the canvas was rotten,  
and blew away in tatters.

The ship was now low in the water,  
but the storm was very perceptibly

abating. Affairs might not have been  
so desperate if the mate had remained  
sober; but, unfortunately, he sought  
refuge from his troubles in drink, and  
his example was speedily followed by  
the seamen. Crazy by the liquor,  
which they had drunk, imaginary dan-  
gers had more terror for the crew than  
real ones; and in a fit of desperation  
they launched the life-boat, and, with  
the mate, put off from the ship.

The passengers, happily unconscious  
of their new danger, spent the night  
in prayer, whilst those who could  
caught short snatches of sleep; but  
when morning dawned, hearing no  
sound upon the deck, they burst open  
the doors that confined them to the  
cabin, and learned the terrible truth.  
They were forsaken in mid-ocean, and,  
to add to the horror of the scene, a  
thick fog shrouded everything. The  
wind had died down, and the sea had  
settled into that long, regular swell  
that follows a storm.

But the *Sea Bird* was well built,  
and her timbers and planking remain-  
ed intact in spite of the severe wrench-  
ing they had received. She was half  
full of water, it is true, but it had  
been shipped from the deck. Had  
there been among the passengers one  
who could have told the rest what to  
do, the voyage could have been quick-  
ly resumed; but all were ignorant of  
seamanship, and they could only put  
their trust in God, who stills the  
waves and holds the sea in the hollow  
of his hand.

So the day wore on and night came  
again, and one by one the weary pas-  
sengers retired, until only Hugh was  
left upon the deck. He could not  
sleep. All night long he paced the  
wet boards, his heart filled with bitter  
regrets and reproaches. But for his  
yielding to his anger, his brother and  
his uncle would have been safe in  
the old farm-house. His weakness  
had doomed them to death—for in the  
horror of that thick darkness and  
silence their doom seemed certain.  
Hot and bitter tears ran down his  
cheeks. Gladly would he have given  
his own life could that have assured  
the safety of those he loved. At  
length, in the extremity of his despair,  
he knelt on the deck and prayed that  
God would forgive and succour him.  
After his prayers were said he grew  
more calm, and at length he sought  
his berth and fell asleep. While he  
slept, a light wind blew the fog away,  
and the stars came out in a sky un-  
flecked by a single cloud.

Morning had scarcely dawned when  
Hugh was awakened by a shout. He  
sprang from his berth and hurried  
upon deck. The others were already  
there, gazing over the side of the  
vessel. Hugh looked, and saw a boat  
filled with water, yet floating, and  
bearing a man apparently helpless  
from injury or exhaustion, for he  
could only respond to the shouts and  
signals from the steamer by feebly  
waving his hand.

Hugh looked at the boat that swung

from the davits above his head, but  
he knew that it was a worthless,  
worm-eaten thing, which would not  
live ten minutes in the water, even if  
they could lower it, which they could  
not, for the ropes and blocks were  
jammed. If the man was to be saved,  
some one must swim to him with a  
rope. Who should that some one be?  
A sudden trembling came over Hugh.  
He knew how to swim; in the shallow  
mill-pond near his old home he would  
have had no fear; but the ocean  
seemed so vast, the sea so deep, that  
he felt a vague, indefinite dread about  
plunging into it. But he did not hesi-  
tate. He shut his teeth hard, and,  
with his eyes fixed upon the perishing  
man, began to strip off his clothing—  
for he, in common with the rest, had  
recognized the mate; and Hugh knew  
that, with him on board to tell them  
what to do, their chances of safety  
would be greater.

The mate was rescued, and the ship  
was navigated safely into port. Hugh's  
valour met with a substantial reward,  
for the law declared the passengers  
entitled to salvage: and the sum which  
came to the Wilsons was more than  
thrice the amount that had been lost  
by the burning of the mill.

But what Hugh valued more than  
the money was the lesson of self-  
restraint which he had learned. The  
experiences through which he had  
passed were never forgotten; and in  
after-life, though often tempted to  
yield to the angry feelings which had  
brought such trouble upon himself  
and others, he remembered the past,  
and, by God's grace, kept them in sub-  
jection.

"Boys," he would say to his own  
sons, "there is one text I want you  
to take to heart: 'He that is slow to  
anger is better than the mighty; and  
he that ruleth his spirit than he that  
taketh a city.'"—A. Dudley Vinton.

## A Word of Encouragement.

A DULL boy in a certain school was  
frequently reproached by his teacher,  
and made little progress. One day he  
made a first attempt to write. The  
scrawl was so wretched it amused the  
boys who sat near him. A gentleman,  
visiting the school, witnessing his dis-  
tress, said to him:

"Never mind, my lad, do not be  
discouraged, and you will be a writer  
some day. I recollect when I first  
began being quite as awkward as you,  
but I persevered, and now, look! See  
what I can do!"

He took his pen, and wrote his name  
in a large, legible hand. Years after-  
ward, when the dull boy had become  
one of the most celebrated men of his  
day, he met again the man who had  
spoken to him those few encouraging  
words. He said to him:

"It is my firm conviction that I owe  
my success in life, under God's blessing,  
to those few words you spoke to me  
that day when I sat so discouraged  
trying to write."