

**The Homestead Kitchen.**

How bright and warm a place it was,  
That quaint dear kitchen old,  
Where burning logs defied the frost -  
The breath of winter cold.

The tall clock from the corner dim  
The nightly silence broke,  
In tolling off the passing hours  
With slow and measured stroke.

The apples quartered and festooned  
On strings were hanging high,  
And ears of golden corn were hung  
Around the fire to dry.

'Twas there the busy mother made  
Her doughnuts, pies, and cakes;  
'Twas there she put her bread to rise,  
And watched it brown and bake.

'Twas there the spinning wheel was heard  
From early morn till night;  
For there dear grandma spun and reeled  
The fleecy wool so white.

A pretty picture grandma made,  
With snow-white hair and cap,  
When, weary with her work at times,  
Her hands lay in her lap.

She dreamed, no doubt, of bygone days,  
When life was new and sweet;  
She doubtless heard the patter, too,  
Of many little feet.

And now and then the children came  
To her with griefs and joys;  
And now and then she kissed and rocked  
The baby girls and boys.

The sunbeams played upon the wall  
And danced upon the floor,  
And lay in threads of golden light  
From crabs around the door.

No longer swing those hinges now,  
No merry children play,  
No buzz of spinning-wheel is heard  
Throughout the livelong day.

For restless time has closed the door—  
Has locked and barred it fast—  
And only to the memory come  
These visions of the past.

For as the winter snow falls soft,  
It brings to mind at times  
The pleasant scenes of long ago,  
Like sweet low-whispered rhymes.

Ye feathery flakes that drift around  
That dear beloved place,  
Tell to that kitchen, changing time  
Can ne'er its joys efface.

**THE MISSIONARY SKIFF,  
"MESSENGER."**

REV. J. CALVERT.

We have heard a great deal about the mission boat *Glad Tidings*, and the children of our Sunday-schools have done nobly in helping to build and in sustaining her in her work. All honour to them for their help and sympathy. I am sure that the missionaries on the Pacific Coast think of the kindness of the children of Ontario, and thank God that through their instrumentality they are enabled to pursue far more successfully the work they love so well; and I cannot help thinking that the Indians sometimes think of the children who have been instrumental in sending them the gospel, and I fancy that in the Indian's prayers those children are remembered.

But I remember once being connec-

ted with another missionary craft, a tiny little boat belonging to the Methodist Church of Port Chalmers, Otago, New Zealand, employed in taking the minister of Port Chalmers to his appointments at Broad Bay and Deborah's Bay. She was acknowledged to be one of the cleanest, prettiest, and fastest skills in the harbour, and was an imposing sight, when under full sail, on a bright summer's afternoon scudding before a "six knot breeze," or gently pushing her way through under the measured strokes of her sturdy crew, as they willingly plied oars and paddles, and brought *The Messenger* to time by sheer muscular force.

Well do we remember some of those journeys, sometimes so pleasant and sometimes so dangerous. Sometimes the route lay among hidden, sunken rocks; sometimes among large beds of sand, with scarcely enough water to float the tiny craft. The rocks were always the worst, and were considered to be very dangerous when the water above them was rough and "choppy." Under these circumstances, scarcely a word was spoken until the passage was made, when all hands seemed to breathe more freely, and to feel devoutly thankful to Almighty God for the safe deliverance just granted.

The writer will never forget his first passage through the "Upper Channel," as this rocky route was called. It was night. We had been over to Broad Bay with Rev. W—K—, and while over there a stiff "sou'-wester" had sprung up, the waves were getting higher and higher, the channel was rough and angry, the night was dark, the wind had increased almost to a gale, and nothing seemed to be in our favour, save the fact that "home" lay at the end of the journey. Two "old salts" were along, and they resolved to "put off" and try it. With a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull both together, they quickly brought the little boat to the channel in question, and by skilful management kept her from striking those fatal, treacherous rocks. Oh how thankful we were for this deliverance from what might have been instantaneous death.

Other journeys—voyages—have more pleasant recollections, and a fair wind and smooth sea are among the lingering impressions of the past.

Every Lord's day *The Messenger* does her part towards taking the Gospel to all mankind. Nobly she plows the waters of Otago Harbour, bearing precious freight, and many who are to-day enjoying the advantages of a "preached Gospel," may thank the kind friends whose subscriptions placed *The Messenger* at the disposal of the Church, and Sabbath after Sabbath forsake the comforts of home and push their way across the watery waste in order that the Word may be made plain among the settlers in other parts of their fair and lovely land.

Fenella, Ont.

**MUCH DISTURBED.**

SOLITUDE is better than company—when the company is too big. A baggage master on the Pennsylvania Railroad fully realized this fact. He had a travelling companion a little while the other day, but found there was too much of him. It was a small elephant belonging to a menagerie.

The elephant rode a short distance as quietly as could be asked of any well disposed member of his species; but soon the confinement grew tiresome, and he looked around for some means of amusement. While he was preparing for business the car had been gradually growing warmer; and with a view of reducing the temperature Harry, the baggage master, opened the stove-door. There was a chance for investigation of which the animal was quick to avail himself; and before the baggage-master could interpose any objections he had reached for the burning coals. He held them for about one second, when with a howl of agony he threw them on the floor and executed such a war-dance as Harry hopes never to see again. Papers and bundles flew in every direction through the car, baggage was tumbled about, and even the bale of hay which had been given him as provender was torn apart and scattered over everything. The baggage-master gained the farthest accessible point from the beast, and, intrenching himself behind some heavy baggage, shouted lustily for help. Fortunately the keeper was near by and answered his call. The elephant was prodded back into subjection, and apparent peace once more reigned. But there was blood in the elephant's eye; and as Harry for a moment turned his back on a basin of water which he had just filled with a view of washing off the traces of the excitement, the animal thrust his trunk into the water and sucked the basin dry. Then, as Harry turned around, with a snort he squirted it all over his face and body. That ended the battle; and the baggage-master was not left with spirit enough to dispute the victory. He has seen enough of elephants.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

**HOW TOWER-CLOCKS ARE WOUND.**

THE oldest tower-clock in New York is in St. Paul's steeple. It was made in 1778, by John Thwait, of London. The clock in St. John's Church was put in the tower in 1812. The Trinity clock was put in its lofty station, two hundred feet from the pavement, in 1846, by James Rogers. In dry weather this clock runs well; but in damp, chilly weather it sometimes stops, owing to the precipitation of moisture on the wheels. Originally two men were required to wind it, each of the three fifteen-hundred-pound weights having to be lifted over fifty feet. Some time ago the winding-gear was changed, so that one man can now wind it.

Describing the operations of winding the clock-keeper said, "The crank is about twenty inches long; and when I turn it around I make a sweep of thirty inches. It's a good deal harder than turning a grindstone; but the machine has a ratchet, so that I can stop and rest when I want to. The crank has to be turned seven hundred and fifty times to turn the barrel twenty-one times. Around the barrel is wound the wire rope that holds the fifteen-hundred-pound weight. The weight is simply a box with pieces of iron in it. That is very old-fashioned. Now we have iron weights so moulded that they can be added to or subtracted from, and the weight can be graded to a nicety. A new wire rope was put to the chimes weight the other day. The rope is what is called tiller-rope, and is two hundred and eighty feet long and three quarters of an inch thick. It takes me an hour and a half to wind up the clock."

St. Paul's clock has a single back-gear, and two weights of one thousand pounds each. It takes three-quarters of an hour to wind it. St. John's is wound in less than an hour, while the modern clock of St. George's, in charge of the same keeper, is wound in fifteen minutes.

**JACK'S OPINION.**

AN earnest Jack Tar was once called upon to address an audience composed of sailors and soldiers, when he used the following illustration:

"My friends, the drinker is, as it were, on the Niagara River. The river is bright and attractive. Down the stream he glides, all in full trim. But hark! a voice is heard from the shore. What is it? 'Young man, ahoy! Beware, the rapids are below you!' 'What care I for the rapids? Time enough yet to steer ashore!' 'Young man, ahoy! ahoy! ahoy! You are nearing the rapids!' 'I'm not such a fool as to get there—time enough yet. I'll steer out of danger when danger comes. I cannot give up my pleasure.' See now, he persists in his so-called pleasure; he has passed the point—his bark is now on the current of danger—he cannot escape. See how fast he goes now! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard! Quick! quick! Set the mast in the socket! Hoist sails! Ah! ah! it is too late! He would have it so!

"Now, my friends, thousands of drunkards go over the rapids. Hoist your sail in time, boys! Catch the breeze while it is high. Steer for Temperance Port. Give your hearts to Christ. Out of danger, out of trouble. Soldiers and brother sailors, prevention is better than cure!"

"You did not pay very close attention to the sermon, I fear, this morning." "Oh! yes, I did, mamma." "Well, what did the minister say?" "He said the picnic would start at ten o'clock Thursday morning; and oh! mamma, can I go?"