

[Dec. 2, 1886.]

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DOMINION CHURCHMAN.

749

## A HORSE'S FUNERAL.

So the poor old horse  
Is dead at last;  
His loads are all carried,  
His labours all past.  
He never complained,  
Or kicked, or cried,  
But just fell down  
On the road—and died.

We saw his shadow  
Of death on the road,  
Just where he fell  
With his heavy load.  
He fell in the snow,  
And the heat from his corse  
Thawed out the shape  
Of the poor dead horse.  
The shadow lay close  
To our old castle gate,  
Just where he fell,  
In his wearisome fate.

Many a ton  
For many a day  
He tugged and he pulled  
On his toiling way.  
He was big, and clumsy,  
And red—no beauty,  
Except in the sense  
He was doing his duty.

Ten hours every day  
He was drawing a ton.  
From dawning of morning  
To setting of sun.  
He was chained to the ton,  
And the ton to him,  
But he still plodded onward,  
So patient and grim,  
For ten hours each day  
In the changeable sun,  
Tugging and dragging  
His horrid dead ton.

Three miles every hour  
Was his pace on the road,  
With ever a ton  
As his wearisome load.  
He thought he would kill it  
By labour so grim;  
But ah! it was endless—  
The ton killed him.  
How strange that dead matter,  
Dull, brutal, and blind,  
Should murder its master,  
The animate mind.

For years ever onward  
He tramped with his ton;  
Round all the curved world  
Four times he hath run.  
For ten mighty years  
He tugged and he ploughed,  
Or pulled at his cart,  
Ever rumbling aloud!  
He hoped that his pulling  
Would finish some day;  
He found it was endless,  
So hope died away.  
But he didn't complain,  
He never outcried,  
He merely fell down  
In the snow there—and died!

We buried him deep  
In the big field below;  
His body shone red  
On the white field snow—  
A brave, worthy warrior,  
Who battled his best,  
Now slain in the warfare,  
Lies taking his rest.  
The old farmer stood  
At the head of the grave,  
And grieved as he buried  
This poor dead slave;  
And the back of his hand  
Brushed away a few tears  
For the faithful old friend  
Of so many long years.

We covered him in  
With his kind mother-clay,  
And hope he is quit  
Of his slave ton to-day.  
Perhaps he will gallop  
In fields of the air,  
Without any burden,  
Without any care,  
Hark! there, now, I fancied  
I heard his loud neigh,  
High up in that snow-cloud,  
So far, far away!

And thus it is also  
In pure human life;  
We tug and we strain  
In the grief and the strife,  
Till some wintry day,  
With a deep, weary sigh,  
We tumble down dead,  
And are happy to die.—J. W. M.

Those who preach, lecture, declaim  
or sing, will and do find Hale's Honey of  
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## AN ARABIAN PROVERB.

BY MRS. G. HALL.

The people of Arabia had a famous  
old proverb, which goes to prove that  
perseverance must win success! It is  
this: "He that seeketh, findeth, and  
to him who knocketh, the door shall be  
opened."

An ambitious young man who had  
often heard the words, determined to  
see, by actual application, whether the  
maxim be true or not, and with this  
resolution in his mind, he set out for  
Bagdad, and presented himself before  
the Vizier. When in the presence of  
this officer, he said to him: "Your  
highness, for many years, I have led  
a very solitary and monotonous life.  
Often and often, my master has  
repeated this proverb to me which you  
undoubtedly have heard: 'He that  
seeketh, findeth, and to him who  
knocketh, the door shall be opened,'  
and I have come to day many miles  
to tell you that out of it I have made  
a firm resolve to marry the daughter  
of the Caliph." "Are you insane or  
a fool—which?" replied the Vizier  
and immediately sent the audacious  
youth away.

But the next day he came again,  
nothing daunted, and asked to be pre-  
sented to the Caliph; and he kept on  
coming, always repeating the same  
resolution. At last, wearied out with  
his importunities, the Caliph deter-  
mined to see him, and once for all put  
an end to so audacious a desire.  
Greatly astonished at such a strange  
freak, and determining to amuse him-  
self at the young man's expense, he  
said to him:

"No one but a man distinguished  
by his rank, his courage, and his  
wisdom, can dare presume to wed a  
princess—even that is not always  
allowed—where are your titles, sir,  
pray tell me? What claim have you?  
Before you could become the husband  
of my daughter it would be necessary  
that you should be famous, either by  
some rare and excellent quality, or for  
some great enterprise! Listen, now!  
Many years ago, I dropped into the  
river Tigris, a large and beautiful  
diamond. It was of extraordinary  
value. I tell you now, if you will  
restore it to me I will not withhold my  
consent that you shall marry my  
daughter!"

The Caliph then left him, but satis-  
fied with the promise, the young man  
went, and procured lodgings upon the  
banks of the Tigris. Every morning  
he might be seen, with a little basin,  
dipping the water from the river, and  
pouring it upon the sand, continuing  
it for several hours each day, at the  
same time saying his prayers regularly,  
every evening.

For a whole year he continued this  
labor, not missing a day. The fishes  
became alarmed at his perseverance,

fearing that he would dip away the  
entire river. So they assembled in  
council. "What is the design of the  
young man?" asked the chairman of  
the assembly. "He wants to find a  
very valuable gem which the old Caliph  
has lost in the river," said another.  
"Then," said the chairman again,  
"you had better have it hunted up  
at once, and given to him, for his will  
is indomitable, and he will dip away  
the entire river before we know it, and  
leave us up high and dry on the sands  
sooner than he will relinquish his pro-  
ject."

To the young man's great astonish-  
ment, as well as delight, the very next  
day, the fishes threw the diamond  
into the basin as he was dipping, and  
as the Caliph never went back on his  
word, of course, he married his daugh-  
ter, emphatically proving the old pro-  
verb that "He that seeketh findeth,  
and to him who knocketh, the door  
shall be opened."

A GUILTY SACRIFICE should never be  
made, but ambition and enterprise de-  
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snug little fortunes.

## WORK AND PLAY.

The boys were waiting in the road  
For Joe to come and play:  
"We'd like to know what keeps you so,"  
Impatiently cried they;  
"We've nearly waited half an hour,  
Do hurry, Joe," they cried.  
"I'll be there—when my work is done;  
Not till then," he replied.

"Come on, come on! the work can wait,"  
They urged, "till by and by."  
"It might, of course, but I don't think  
it will," was his reply.  
"When I've a task to do, I like  
To do it right away;  
Work first, my father says, then fun;  
And what he says, I say."

Hurrah for Joe! such talk as that  
Is what I like to hear;  
But many boys will not agree  
With Joe and me, I fear.  
Play first, and last, and all the time,  
Would suit most boys, I know;  
But that, I'm very glad to say,  
Is not the way with Joe.

When you've a task to do, my boys,  
Don't put it off, and say  
You'll do it when you've had your fun;  
But do it right away.  
This "putting off" soon forms, my lads,  
A habit to deplore;  
Who promptly does his work, enjoys  
His pleasure all the more.

A STRANGE CASE.—Mr. Robert Kiskoek,  
of Coulson, Ont., has recently recovered  
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