

**True Victory.**

BY M. A. MAITLAND.

He stood with a foot on the threshold,  
And a cloud on his boyish face,  
While his city comrade urged him  
To enter the gorgeous place.

There's nothing to fear, old fellow!  
It isn't a lion's den,  
Here waits you a royal welcome  
From the lips of the bravest men."

'Twas the old, old voice of the tempter,  
That sought, in the old, old way,  
To lure with a lying promise  
The innocent feet astray.

You'd think it was Blue Beard's closet,  
To see how you stare and shrink!  
I tell you, there's naught to harm you—  
It's only a game and a drink!"

He heard the words with a shudder—  
"It's only a game and a drink!"  
And his lips made bold to answer.  
"But what would my mother think?"

The name that his heart held dearest,  
Had started a secret spring,  
And forth from the wily tempter  
He fled like a hunted thing.

Away! till the glare of the city  
And its gilded halls of sin  
Are shut from his sense and vision  
The shadows of night within.

Away! till his feet have bounded  
O'er fields where his childhood trod,  
Away! in the name of virtue  
And the strength of his mother's God!

What though he was branded "coward!"  
In the blazoned hall of vice,  
And banned by his baffled tempter,  
Who sullenly tossed the dice.

On the page where the angel keepeth  
The record of deeds well done,  
That night was the story written  
Of a glorious battle won.

And he stood by his home in the star-  
light,  
All guiltless of sword and shield,  
A braver and nobler victor  
Than the hero of bloodiest field!

**A Short Cruise.**

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

During an hour Thomas Hardy alter-  
mately scolded because Captain Hiram  
had dared ask him to take a sail, and  
grumbled at his mother's delay in send-  
ing some one to their assistance; while  
little Ellen soothed the baby, bathed the  
wound on his cheek, and otherwise  
looked after his comfort regardless of  
her own.

Neither of the children had paid any  
attention to a tiny white sail on the  
water which was swiftly approaching  
their place of refuge, and not until it  
was within a quarter of a mile did Ellen  
espY it.

"O Thomas! Somebody is coming  
after us, and now all our troubles are  
over!"

"Perhaps they are, and perhaps they  
ain't."

In this case Ellen was correct; for  
fifteen minutes later Captain Hiram's  
cheery hail was heard; and while Thomas  
Hardy obstinately remained silent, Ellen  
answered it cheerfully and cried,—

"Here we are, Captain Hiram! Do  
you know if mother worried very much  
about us?"

"I don't allow she did, see'n's I ain't  
been back to Oldhaven yet; an' Maria-  
Littlefield would tell her Cap'n Hiram  
Stubbs was sailor-man enough to take  
care of a couple of children what he'd  
invited out for a cruise, even though he  
hasn't done it over and above well; so I  
allow your mother ain't been in much  
of a stew. It looks as though the Island  
Queen had made her last voyage, don't  
it?"

"I am afraid she's ruined, Captain  
Hiram; and it's all our fault."

"Not yours, little Ellen, I'll be bound.  
An' when it comes to the fact that all  
of you are alive, an' none the worse for  
wear, we won't say a word about the  
wreckin' of the sloop, even though she  
was the trimmest that ever sailed out of  
Oldhaven."

"Why didn't you come after us be-  
fore?" Master Seabury asked.

"Now, look here, lad; 'un don't want  
to wear any more sulks, where I am!  
I allow you've jest about worn your  
sister out with 'em since last night; an'  
after what's happened I sha'n't have the  
patience to put up with cranky talk."

"I suppose you are going to blame  
onto us all that happened."

"I don't count on doin' anything of  
that kind, lad; for I know what's been  
done, jest the same as if I'd been on  
board all the time, except when it comes  
to the wreckin'. The cable wasn't let  
go in any such deep water but that I  
could read the whole story from it."

"It slipped off the stick."

"The bowline I made never slipped,  
lad. It was after you had untied it, an'  
tried to put it on agin, that it went over.  
Then the current took you out of the  
cove, an' you didn't know enough to furl  
the canvas when the wind came up.  
You've been mighty nigh death, my boy;  
an' if anything had happened you'd have  
been answerable for the lives of your  
sister an' young Jones. If you'll allers  
keep in mind that it was your wilfulness  
that brought you an' the Island Queen  
to this pass, it may work some good in  
the future."

"I don't think Thomas Hardy will  
ever do anything of the kind again,  
Captain Hiram; and perhaps mother'll  
pay for the vessel we have ruined."

"I don't ask for anything like that,  
little Ellen, see'n's how I'm able to get  
a new one whenever I want it; an' I  
sha'n't take the loss of the Island Queen  
to heart if Thomas Hardy has learned  
the lesson what has been read out for  
him since last night."

"I hope he has, sir."

"So do I, little Ellen; but I doubt it.  
Howsomever, there's no great good can  
come of my sittin' here lecturin' you  
young people; for I allow you need to  
get back to Maria Littlefield's. This  
isn't a very fine craft to take you aboard  
of, but she's a deal better'n what's left  
of the Island Queen; and the sboner you  
scramble down, the quicker we'll be on  
our way to Oldhaven."

"How did you get another vessel so  
soon?" Ellen asked.

"This ain't what you might rightly  
call a vessel, little woman. It's nothing  
more or less than a dory with a leg-o-  
mutton sail; but she'll take us back to  
the Haven all right, an' that's as much  
as we have reason to expect. Hubbard  
owns her; an' I'm bound to get her to  
him before night, if possible, for she's  
the only craft he's got."

Thomas Hardy had already clambered  
down from the cliff, and was about to  
take his seat in the boat when Captain  
Hiram stopped him.

"See here, lad! you ain't the most  
important member of this party, by a  
long shot; an' I don't allow to give you  
a seat in the stern-sheets. That be-  
longs to your sister and young Jones; so  
you'll wait till they're aboard."

Then the old man would have ascended  
the cliff to assist little Ellen, but that  
she protested against anything of the  
kind, and scrambled down as best she  
could with Samuel Abner in her arms.

Not until an hour after noon did the  
rescued and rescuer sail into Oldhaven  
harbour; and during all the voyage  
Thomas Hardy had not spoken to his  
companions.

Ellen would have talked with him but  
that Captain Hiram motioned her to re-  
main silent; for he knew the boy would  
have no better opportunity to review the  
events of the previous twenty-four hours  
than at this time. And it is quite prob-  
able that out of the fearsome night came  
something of advantage to Master Sea-  
bury; for when the dory's bow grated  
on the sands of Oldhaven harbour, he  
leaped out of the boat, pulled her as far  
up on the shore as his strength would  
admit; after which he took Samuel Abner  
from Ellen's arms, carrying him care-  
fully to the edge of the dusty road.

"Now, little Ellen, will you give me  
one more kiss? An' then I'll put off  
for Dollar Island agin."

"But surely I shall see you before I  
leave Oldhaven, Captain Hiram?"

"Yes, indeed, little woman! It  
wasn't a good-bye kiss I wanted, but  
something in the nature of a thanks-  
giving that it was permitted you should  
come safely through the dangers of last  
night. It would have most broken my  
heart, child, if anything had happened  
to you; for I'm countin' on enjoyin' a  
good bit of your company the balance of  
this summer, an' on havin' you here  
when the new sloop is launched."

"Sha'n't you try to save the Island  
Queen, Captain Hiram?"

"It won't pay, deary. I'll strip her  
of her riggin' an' sich truck as can be  
worked over; but her hull is clean gone.  
I allow to leave her on the Needles as  
long as the waves will let her stay, to  
show to the young people of Oldhaven  
what wilfulness and ignorance ca. ac-  
complish without any very great effort."

The End.

It is impossible to be a hero in any-  
thing unless one is first a hero in faith.

**SOME FACTS ABOUT VOLCANOES.**

There are volcanoes all over the world.  
They are found all along the Pacific  
Coast, on the western side as well as the  
eastern, in Africa, in the West Indies  
and even amid the ice and snow that  
surround the southern pole. Iceland is  
specially noted for its volcanoes, which  
have burst forth from time to time in  
the most fearful eruptions. On one oc-  
casion a stream of liquid lava flowed  
into the bed of a river and dried it up;  
the stream of fire followed the bed of  
the river until it came to a lake, which  
it entirely filled up.

Of course, all volcanoes are not of the  
same age. Many have been formed  
within comparatively recent years.

About the middle of the last century  
there lived on the elevated plain of  
Malpais, in Mexico, a planter by the  
name of Jorullo. All had gone quietly  
in that neighbourhood until June, 1769,  
when, under the plain, were heard ter-  
rible subterranean noises. Then earth-  
quakes followed, and continued for two  
months. Presently the ground burst  
open, a terrific eruption took place, and  
a volcano was formed upon Senor  
Jorullo's plantation. When Humboldt  
visited the spot about forty years after-  
wards, he found, in addition to the prin-  
cipal volcano, an immense number of  
little oven-like vents scattered over the  
plain, and still hot and smoking.

Mount Vesuvius is perhaps the best-  
known volcano in the world. Seen from  
the bay of Naples, as in our picture, it is  
a wonderfully beautiful sight, with only  
the smoke from its top reminding one  
of the terrors that lie in its crater of  
fire, and that overwhelmed Herculaneum  
and Pompeii in the midst of their gay,  
careless prosperity, so many centuries  
ago.

Mount Etna, on the Island of Sicily,  
rises to a height of more than ten thou-  
sand feet. Around the mountain, at its  
base, is a fertile and delightful region.  
Here towns and villages cluster, and  
though in the frequent eruptions some  
of these are buried beneath the flow of  
lava, the attractions of the delightful  
climate and the productive soil overcome  
the fears of the people, and familiarity  
renders them indifferent.

The great crater of Etna is on a moun-  
tain of stones and ashes. The diameter  
of its mouth is estimated by different  
travellers at from one-quarter to one-  
half a mile. Sulphurous smoke and  
rumbling noises issue from it continu-  
ally. There are at least seventy re-  
corded eruptions. In an earthquake in  
1669, streams of lava broke forth from  
chasms which opened in different parts  
of the mountain, destroying fourteen  
villages. To protect the city of Catania,  
which lies at the foot of the mountain,  
the walls had been raised to the height  
of sixty feet, but the lava, in spite of  
this precaution, overtopped the rampart  
and poured a cascade of liquid fire into  
the midst of the houses.

**A FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR PIN.**

"Only two or three days ago an over-  
seer in an English mill found a pin  
which cost the company nearly one hun-  
dred pounds."

"Was it stolen?" asked Susie. "I  
suppose it must have been a very hand-  
some one. Was it a diamond pin?"

"Oh, no, my dear; not by any means.  
It was just such a pin as people buy  
every day and use without stint. Here  
is one upon my dress."

"Such a pin to cost nearly a hun-  
dred pounds," exclaimed John. "I don't  
believe it."

"But mamma says it is a true story,"  
interposed Susie.

"Yes, I know it to be true. And this  
is the way it happened to cost so much.  
You know that calicoes, after they are  
printed and washed and dried, are  
smoothed by being passed over heated  
rollers. Well, by some mischance a pin  
dropped so as to lie on the principal  
roller, the pin becoming wedged into it,  
the head standing out a little from the  
surface. Over and over went the roller  
and round and round went the cloth,  
windin' at length upon still another  
roller, until the piece was measured.  
Then another piece began to be  
dried and wound, and so on,  
till a hundred pieces had been  
counted off. These were not ex-  
amined immediately, but removed from  
the roller of the machine and laid aside.  
When at length they came to be in-  
spected, it was found that there were  
holes in every piece throughout the web,  
and only three-quarters of a yard apart.  
Now, in every piece there were thirty-  
five to forty-five yards, and at ninepence  
a yard, the whole would cost about one  
hundred and eighty pounds. Of course  
the goods could not be classed as per-  
fect goods, so they were sold as rem-  
nants, at about half the price they would

have brought had it not been for that  
hidden pin.

"Now, it seems to me that when a  
boy takes for a companion a profane  
swearer, a Sabbath breaker, or a lad  
who is untruthful, and a little girl has  
for her playmate one who is unkind and  
disobedient, are like the roller which  
took into its bosom the pin. Without  
their being able to help it, often the in-  
fluence clings to them and leaves its  
mark upon everybody it comes in con-  
tact with. That pin damaged irrepar-  
ably four thousand yards of new print,  
but bad company has ruined thousands  
of souls for whom Christ died. Remem-  
ber, 'One sin destroyeth much good,'  
therefore, avoid evil companions."

—From Z. Bond, Barrie, Ont.

**SOME LONG DAYS.**

It is quite important, when speaking  
of the longest day in the year, to say  
what part of the world we are talking  
about, as will be seen by reading the  
following list, which tells the length of  
the longest day in several places.  
Christmas, for instance, at the equator  
is very different from Christmas at  
Tornea, Finland, where the day is less  
than three hours in length.

At Stockholm, Sweden, the longest day  
is eighteen and one-half hours.

At Spitzbergen the longest day is three  
and one-half months.

At London, England, and Bremen,  
Prussia, the longest day has sixteen and  
one-half hours.

At Hamburg in Germany, and Dantzic  
in Prussia, the longest day has seventeen  
hours.

At Wardbury, Norway, the longest day  
lasts from May twenty-first to June  
twenty-second without interruption.

At St. Petersburg, Russia, and To-  
bolsk, Siberia, the longest day is nine-  
teen hours and the shortest five hours.

At Tornea, Finland, June twenty-first  
brings a day nearly twenty-two hours  
long.

At New York the longest day is about  
fifteen hours, and at Montreal, Canada,  
it is sixteen hours.

**JOCKO AT ROME, AND A SLAVE.**

At home Jocko lived in a grove of tall  
cocoanut-trees up which he could clam-  
ber as nimbly as a squirrel scampers up  
one of our maples or beeches.

The forest was full of chattering, play-  
ful comrades who thought there could  
be no better fun than to spring aloft  
and bring down a ripe cocoanut for  
breakfast; or, if he did not bring it down  
in his arm, to toss it down on the heads of  
his fellows who might be below, at the  
risk of cracking their skulls in the sport.

That seems like rough play, but you  
must remember that Jocko was only a  
poor East Indian monkey who had never  
seen the light of a civilized country like  
ours, much less been to college and  
learned to play the humane and con-  
siderate game of football.

Jocko often got his ears soundly boxed  
for his mischievousness, by his parents  
or some of the older and more sedate  
monkey uncles or grandfathers, or he  
got his hair soundly pulled by some en-  
raged companion.

When the natives wanted the nuts  
picked, all they needed to do was to  
pluck a few and throw or carry them to  
the ground, and go away.

Then the wondering monkeys, who  
had been watching the performance with  
keenest curiosity, would hasten to the  
tops of the trees and begin to gather  
the nuts with might and main, frantic  
to do what they had seen the men doing.

But Jocko ventured too near the men  
one day, and to his dismay he found  
himself a captive. Imprisoned in a cage  
with other unfortunate monkeys, he was  
taken across the wide ocean to a strange  
country where there were no cocoanut-  
trees.

He was whipped and starved to make  
him do what his masters wanted him to,  
and, after he understood, was dressed in  
a gay suit and made to dance until his  
legs ached, to amuse a crowd of laugh-  
ing children who, maybe, would throw a  
few cents into the hat he passed around  
for his master, the organ-grinder. What  
a different life he now led from his for-  
mer free and easy one.

"Westward the course of empire  
takes its way," until now the west be-  
comes the east. There are few greater  
romances in history than that suggested  
by the raising of the American flag over  
the Philippines. For they are a part  
of the land which Columbus sailed to  
seek and which he thought he had dis-  
covered, and they are now wrested from  
the land he served, by the land which  
he did discover. If we were back a few  
centuries, that would be a theme for an  
epic.