



SIGNAL STATION, ST. JOHN'S HARBOUR.

What I Live For.

I'm not made for idle play,
Like the butterfly, all day;
Shameful would it be to grow
Like a dunce, and nothing know;
I must learn to read, and look
Often in God's holy book.

Busy I must be, and do
What is right and useful, too;
What my parents, fond and kind,
Bid me. I will gladly mind
Never cause them grief and pain,
Nor will disobey again.

But to God I still will pray,
"Take my wicked heart away,"
He from sin can make me free,
For the Saviour died for me.
Oh, how happy, life to spend
With the Saviour for my friend.

"FATHER, DO LET ME BE WITH YOU."

A lady was once in a dreadful storm at sea. In speaking of it she says: "We were for many hours tossed about in sight of dangerous rocks. The steam-engines would work no longer; the wind raged violently, and all around were heard the terrific roar of the breakers, and the dash of the waves, as they broke over the deck.

"While we lay thus at the mercy of the waves, I was comforted and supported by the captain's child, a little girl of eight or nine years old, who was in the cabin with us. Her father came in several times during the lulls of the storm to see his child; and the sight of the captain is always cheering in such a time of danger. As the storm increased, I saw the little girl rising on her elbows and looking eagerly towards the door, as if longing for her father's coming again. He came at last. He was a big, rough, sailor-looking man. He had an immense coat, great sea-boots, and an oil-skin cap, with flaps hanging down his neck, streaming with water. He fell on his knees on the floor beside the low berth of his child, and stretched his arm over her, but did not speak.

"After a while he asked her if she was afraid. 'Father,' said the child, 'let me be with you, and I will not be afraid.'

"'With me!' he said; 'why, my child, you could not stand on the deck.'

"'Father, do let me be with you,' she replied.

"'My darling, you would be more frightened then,' he said, kissing her, while the tears were rolling down his rough, weather-beaten cheeks.

"'No, father, I will not be afraid if I am only with you. Oh, father, do let me be with you,' and she threw her arms around his neck, and clung fast to him. The strong man was overcome. He folded her in his arms, and, wrapping his huge coat about her, carried her with him. The storm was howling dreadfully, but, quiet as a lamb, the child knew no fear, because she was nestling in her father's arms."

And when the child had left the cabin, the lady passenger said to herself: "Let me learn a lesson from this child. She is not afraid of her father's arms. And have I no Father? Is not God my heavenly Father? Are not His everlasting arms around me? Then why should I be afraid?"

This thought took away all her fear. She felt that God was with her, and found peace and comfort in the thought till the storm was over.—Dr. R. Newton's "Pebbles from the Brook."

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

St. John's, Newfoundland, is one of the prettiest cities in the whole world, and its situation one of the grandest. The entrance to its magnificent harbour is by a strait which seems narrow because of the high bluffs which it pierces. Once through the strait, a beautiful, quiet deep water basin, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, comes into view, which is spacious enough to accommodate any fleet. The city lies across the basin, and on either side of it the arms of the coast are built up with fish drying and preserving establishments. Around the edge of the harbour are the great storehouses of the merchants. Back from Water Street, where an enormous business is annually done by wealthy business houses a century old, the splendid cathedrals occupy a commanding eminence, and back of the city, on ever-rising green slopes, are the villas of the merchant princes. For its size St. John's has quite a number of fine buildings, the Roman Catholic cathedral being an especially fine structure.

MISSION LIFE IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

A hard working missionary in remote portions of Newfoundland describes well the nature of the work that the missionary is obliged to do there. In the summer the whole population seem busy with the occupation of catching fish, and in winter they retire to the woods for shelter and live comfortably, though with but little to help them either spiritually or morally. "The wind," he says, "and storm might howl without, and the snow-drift whirl in fury all around, and the deep ponds become almost solid blocks of ice; yet within, the little room was thoroughly warmed by a huge square-piled fire of wood, which sometimes half-filled the area of the floor; and as the flame blazed up the wide open wooden chimney, it mattered little if it caught fire, for a cup of water extinguished the flame as soon as it was caught, and a little clay repaired the damage."

During the fishing season, he says: "I have known men not to take off their clothes for a week together, or get more than a snatch of an hour's broken sleep with their clothes and boots on for the whole time. Except at this season, the men begin to come away from the fishing-ground a few hours before sunset; the splitting and salting are done shortly after dark, and then follow supper and bed. This is the opportunity of the missionary; when on his visits he arrives at one of the smaller of these settlements, where there is no school, and few families, he can occupy himself most profitably in teaching the children and women, or if they are not ripe for even this partial and occasional instruction, he has to wait patiently for the hour when the cod fishing has ceased, and his fishing of men can begin. Then he has his time; and, wearied as

they are, in most cases they willingly attend prayers, as soon as they have concluded their hasty meal; and, in many cases, though not so generally, they will also attend prayers in the morning before setting off to fish, if the missionary can be early enough on his ground.

In 1856 the Rev T Boland was frozen to death within a mile of his own house. Mr Le Gault, another missionary, was called in October, 1869, to visit a sick woman six miles away from him. On his return he was caught in a gale, his small open boat could not live in the stormy sea, and of himself and his companions nothing more was heard or seen. Such is the nature of the work that has to be done in this rigorous mission field.

BRICK OR CLAY?

When Dr. Charles H. Fowler (now bishop) left the pastorate to accept the presidency of Northwestern University a gentleman said to him: "Well, I hear you are to stop teaching men, and are going to teach boys!" The doctor paused a moment, and asked: "If you wanted to write your name on a brick so it would say, would you write it when the clay was plastic and impressible, or after it had been burned?" The gentleman saw the point, and replied: "Why, on the brick before it was burned, of course." Dr. Fowler did not apply the illustration. That was unnecessary.

Oh, Sunday-school teacher and Junior League worker, what an opportunity you have! The pastor and evangelist and worker among adults are striving to write truth upon burned and hardened bricks. It is difficult and discouraging work. But you have the unspeakable privilege of writing upon the soft and receptive clay. The marks you make upon youthful hearts will last. Be careful what you write!

BOY WANTED.

A merchant advertised for a boy. Many had answered the advertisement, but they had all been told that they would not suit. At last a bright-looking, honest-faced boy appeared. His answers to the merchant's questions were satisfactory, but when the merchant told him the wages he would receive, he said "That is twenty-five cents more than I have been getting." "When can you begin work?" "At once, sir. I brought an apron and a few things with me." The merchant laughed. "That was rather premature, was it not? You are one of hundreds after the place; do you know that?" "Yes, sir, but mother and I had it out before I came, and she very seldom goes far wrong, sir," said the boy. "'Had it out'? What do you mean, boy?" "Mother just prayed about it, sir; mother loves to pray." "Well, the son of a praying mother ought to be pretty good, so I'll take your name and that of your late employer."

The references were found to be quite satisfactory, and John Sears entered the merchant's office to do anything he was bidden. He did not leave that office until all under him did as he bade them. He became head of the firm and a successful Christian merchant.

ARE THEY IN YOUR LIBRARY?

BOOKS FOR BOYS.

- Snap Shots from Boy Life.
A Boy's Talks to Boys. By F. C. T. O'Hara. Illustrated by A. P. Cooper. Cloth..... \$0 75
- Architects of Fate; or, Steps to Success and Power. A book designed to inspire youth to Character-Building, Self-Culture, and Noble Achievement. By Orison Swett Marden. Cloth..... 1 25
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A book of Ideals, Helps and Examples for all desiring to make the most of life. By Orison Swett Marden. Illustrated with ten fine portraits of eminent persons. Cloth.. 1 25
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