

Jacques Cartier.

BY F. D'ARCY MOORE.

In the seaport of St. Malo, 'twas a smiling morn in May,
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward
sail'd away;

In the crowded old cathedral all the town were on their
knees

For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscover'd seas,
And every autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle and pier
Filled manly hearts with sorrow and gentle hearts with fear.

A year passed o'er St. Malo—again came round the day
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward
sailed away;

But no tidings from the absent had come the way they went
And tearful were the vigils that many a maiden spent;
And manly hearts were filled with gloom and gentle hearts
with fear

When no tidings came from Cartier at the closing of the
year.

But the earth is as the future, it hath its hidden side,
And the Captain of St. Malo was rejoicing in his pride;
In the forests of the North—while his townsmen mourned
his loss—

He was rearing on Mount Royal the fleur-de-lis and cross;
And when two months were over and added to the year,
Saint Malo hailed him home again, cheer answering to cheer.

He told them of a region, hard, iron-bound and cold,
Nor seas of pearl abounded nor mines of shining gold;
Where the wind from Thule freezes the word upon the lip,
And the ice in spring comes sailing athwart the early ship;
He told them of the frozen scene until they thrilled with
fear.

And piled fresh fuel on the hearth to make him better cheer.

But when he changed the strain—he told how soon are cast
In early spring the fetters that hold the waters fast
How the winter causeway broken, is drifted out to sea,
And the rills and rivers sing with pride the anthems of the
free;

How the magic wand of summer clad the landscape to his
eyes,

Like the dry bones of the just when they wake in Paradise.

He told them of the Algonquin braves—the hunters of the
wild,

Of how the Indian mother in the forest rocks her child;
Of how, poor souls! they fancy in every living thing
A spirit good or evil that claims their worshipping;
Of how they brought their sick and maim'd r him to
breathe upon,

And of the wonders wrought for them through the Gospel
of St. John.

He told them of the river whose mighty current gave
Its freshness for a hundred leagues to ocean's briny wave;
He told them of the glorious scene presented to his sight,
What time he reared the cross and crown on Hochelaga's
height,

And of the forest cliff that keeps of Canada the key,
And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier from his perils
over sea.

Little Johnny Twoboys. By Julia Holmes Boynton.
Pp. 57. Price, 60 cents.

Every boy has two boys buttoned up inside of his
jacket. He has a never-ending conversation with
them so long as he is awake. "Good" tells him one
thing, and "Bad" just the opposite. Sometimes
the boy minds one and sometimes the other—except
in those stories where the boy is too good to be a
real boy. "Johnny Twoboys" tells what a time
Johnny had with Good and Bad. It is a capital
book for little boys to read, and for girls too.

Boston and Chicago: Congregational Sunday-
School and Publishing Society.

Bertha Gordon. By Mary Kingston. Pages 118.
Price 75 cents. Same publisher.

Bertha is a little girl of eight years old or so.
She learns and teaches many good lessons, listens
with her readers to some bright stories for little
children, and is generally a bright and helpful play-
fellow. She will make an excellent summer or
winter companion for little girls and their brothers.

**THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND
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must be of incalculable benefit to enrolled students.
One of the mottoes expresses the purpose of the
Circle. "We study the words and works of God." A
thirst for knowledge thus excited will lead many
a student to surmount serious obstacles and to seek
the more complete culture which colleges and
universities supply. — *Wesleyan.*

A MOUSE THAT STOPPED A TRAIN.

DID any one ever imagine that a mouse could
stop a railway train? It seems to be impossible;
nevertheless, it was done recently at the town of
Carpi, near Modena, in Italy.

On the Italian railroads an electrical apparatus,
upon the departure of a train from any station,
rings six strokes upon a gong at the next station.
The station-master at Carpi, hearing the gong ring
three strokes where there should be six, immedi-
ately came to the conclusion that something was
wrong on the line, and ordered up the electric
signal of warning.

The train, which by this time was under full
headway, came to a dead stop. Then began a
transfer of telegraphic messages. The passengers
were anxious to know what was the matter. They
waited while the message went back and forth.
The inquiry established the fact that everything
was right on the line, the train was ordered for-
ward after considerable delay.

The station-master about this time thought it
might be well to look into his gong, and there he
found, stuck fast between the cogs of the electrical
apparatus, a poor little mouse. The unhappy little
animal had happened to be in the interior of the
clock when it "struck one," and down he attempted
to run, but was caught between the murderous
wheels. His little body was big enough to stop
the whole apparatus, and, consequently, the train
as well.

THE giant evil—yea crime—of our day is in-
temperance. . . . Two persons stand at the thresh-
old to protect the incoming generation from
becoming an easy prey to the devourers of health,
happiness and heaven. The natural protectors of
our youth are the parents and the teacher, as home
and schools are the citadels for their defence.
Formation, not reformation, is now the educational
watchword which woman has proclaimed as the
signal to be sent to all her allies in the world, and
the two words—*Woman* and *Temperance*—each the
symbol of the good and the true, shall be forever
united.

CHOOSING A BUSINESS.

It may be that with the coming year you are to
decide on your business or work for life, if so,
choose one. Have a trade or business to which
you give time, work, study. Our world is not
meant for idlers, there is something for each one
to do, and if some neglect their part, others must
do more, or somebody suffers. Though not com-
pelled now to work for a living, you may be forced
to it before old age comes. Then you will find
that there are more people ready to do the common
kinds of work than there is work to do. You will
find that such people receive very small wages and
at times are almost starving. Rarely is it so with
those who have a trade or some special business
requiring more than ordinary knowledge and skill.
Even though you never need to work for your own
living, you can use your knowledge or trade to help
and to teach others. There come times in the life
of each one when such knowledge is worth almost
everything; to have it will at once place you at
the head of those in need, and give you power that
you might not otherwise gain.

What trade or business shall be chosen? Not
the one that has the greatest number following it;
too many workers may make it almost as poor as
no business at all. Nor should one be chosen that
has outlived its day. Not a few trades and occu-
pations are steadily growing less and less valuable
because men do not need what they furnish, or can
get it in an easier and cheaper way.

Select an honest business. Be engaged in some-
thing of which you have no good reason to be
ashamed. Do not refuse one that happens to be
dirty or has hard work in it. There are profes-
sions and trades that are worse than dirty and have
greater difficulties than hard work. Many a man
and woman whose hands are clean and dress neatly
—even costly—do far meaner work and have more
trying occupations than those whose clothes are
begrimmed with dirt and hands hardened with toil.
No honest trade will disgrace a man or a woman.
A humble business will not hinder your rising.
Driving horses on a canal did not prevent Garfield
becoming President, not did splitting rails hinder
Abraham Lincoln from attaining the highest place
his countrymen could give.

Select a business for which you are fitted. We
are not all fitted for the same kind of business,
though some will succeed fairly well in almost any-
thing they may undertake. There is something for
which each is specially fitted by nature; find out
what it is in your case. If you try that, and work
with all your power, you will succeed in it, while
in some other occupation you may fail, or, at least,
meet with poor success.

Choose that to which you can give your heart, in
which you can work with pleasure; with the heart
in something else, failure is probable. A large
part of the secret of the success of some people in
humble occupations is that they enter their business
taking their hearts along. They show no ambition
or longing for other and nobler places, but deter-
mine to make the most possible out of their own.

Having chosen, stick to your business; make
the most of it that you can. If you give it your
best work, it will give you its best pay and best
honour. Despise your business, and it will soon
despise you. Keep at it, unless sure that some-
thing else will be better. Holding on and work-
ing steadily as well as faithfully will bring the best
reward your business can give—not only money
and respectability, but promotion and the confidence
of your fellow-men. — *Forward.*

WORDS are the daughters of earth; deeds are the
sons of heaven.