

young men give up farming, it is only fair to state that many have not been justly dealt with by their fathers, on whose farm they have worked. The distant prospect of inheriting the farm by-and-bye—perhaps with a heavy mortgage on it—is not enough, there must be some system of honest pay for honest work—or better still, a strictly apportioned share in the products of the farm or the profits of the year. Otherwise the son will naturally prefer to work for strangers. Let this injustice be remedied. Let our country lads be taught the nobility of the farmer's calling. Let their eyes be opened to see that all that glitters in city life is not gold, and a new era of prosperity will dawn upon our land. Fewer big fortunes it may be here and there, but more widespread contentment and happiness with fewer failures in business and fewer sad wrecks among our young men.

F. H. DUVERNET.

A LIVING LADDER.

MOST of us remember an interesting story which appeared in the newspapers. A house was on fire; two men at the fourth story window appeared; they were half stifled with smoke; no one could reach them; the greatest ladder proved too short to reach the height. But the firemen put what they had straight up in the air, and a brave fellow started for the top of it; it leaned against the bricks safely, but clear below the scorching men; then he shouted for a shorter ladder, and they passed it up and he tied it on, but even then he could not reach them. Time was hurrying, and the desperate flames were dashing and roaring nearer; then that courageous man undid the cords, took that short piece of ladder up on his own living shoulders, and thrust it powerfully against the window-sill; that was enough: now the scorched men came along slowly down over him—his shoulders, his hips, his knees, stepping across his body, one after another, till they touched the long ladder below and were safe. That fireman spliced the ladder out with the limbs of a living man when the mere wooden instrument proved too short for the awful need.

And if those grateful creatures, saved in this unusual way, had in the years which followed been asked what saved them, they would have answered

that it was a most gloriously brave deed and a quick and ingenious plan which had taken them from the sure fire by death; and if they had made canes and boxes out of the timber, as sailors have out of the masts and boats which they remembered, we should have pardoned their enthusiasm. But no one can doubt that they would have said, as they looked at their preserver, "There! the best four rounds in that ladder were the limbs of that human friend who stands there: we were saved by the living splice!"—*Christian at Work.*

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

"SORROW ENDURETH FOR A NIGHT, BUT JOY COMETH WITH THE MORNING."

My heart went out in yearning,
I clasped my hands before me,
Whilst, like the shadows of my life,
The shades of eve fell o'er me.

In fold on fold of grayness
They fell and deepened round me,
I almost thought I felt their weight
As like a cloak they wound me.

From head to foot they wrapped me,
The outside world was hidden,
And—not for this, but what it typed,
The quick tears came unbidden.

The clouds whose shadows reached me
Had each a silver lining,
And by-and-bye would roll away
And shade be turned to shining.

But now my faithless vision
Saw but the shades which bound me,
Nor would believe there could be light
Above, before, around me!

Ah, how God's love rebuked me!
'Tis but an old, old story
How moon and stars their kingdom claim,
And gloom is turned to glory.

But to my heart that evening,
It came with new revealing
Of mortal lack of sight and faith
In God's all-loving dealing.

Or soon or late, the shadows
Which cloud our life's short story,
His loving hand will brush aside,
And gloom be turned to glory.

If not before, most surely
When, through death's friendly portal,
Our faltering mortal steps have passed
To life and light immortal.

—A. M. ARDAGH.

MR. JAY and John Newton were one day speaking about the conversion of the heathen, when the latter replied to some remark, "My dear brother, I never doubted the possibility of the conversion of the heathen since God converted me."

HAPPY LIVES

ONE day, as I was entering a railway station, I met a handsome carriage rolling away, and sitting in it was a young girl of eighteen or twenty, fashionably dressed, having a look of discontent on her otherwise pretty face which was sad to see. I recognized her as one who had apparently all gifts of fortune, but who, I knew, was singularly unpopular with other young people of her own set. As I looked at the restless, dissatisfied face I could not wonder. How can others be happy with us if we are not happy in ourselves?

I am quite sure that most young people have a secret feeling that they have a *right* to be happy, and that something or someone is to blame when they are not happy. Very often they become discontented and envious when they see others so much more favored than they are, and they think, "If I had only their good fortune, I should be quite happy." How often the lesson needs to be repeated, "Happiness does not depend on what we *have*, but upon what we *are*." Not large fortune, not brilliant social position, could bring into that face, which looked out to me from luxurious cushions, half the brightness or sweetness that I have seen in many a hard-working man and woman's face.

What, then, is this open secret of happiness? How is it that we find this rare jewel sometimes in most unlooked-for places, and seek it in vain where we expected surely to find it?

I was visiting one day in the infirmary of a large workhouse, where the beaten ones of this life had found their last refuge, and among the wrinkled, care-lined faces was an old woman wearing such a bright look on her withered features. As I was talking to her her face lit up: "Oh, my dear, I am as happy as a queen, just waiting His time." As happy as a queen! Old, friendless, destitute! Surely, then, we say again, happiness does not depend on what we *have*, but on what we *are*.

I am always sorry when I see young girls with that, restless dissatisfied look I have spoken of, and one meets with it among all classes. It always reveals a heart ill at ease, and shows plainly that the right road to true happiness has been missed. Will you let me say that if you make your own