

## Chautauqua.

BY REV. ALFRED J. HOUGH.

WITH college, hall, professor's chair  
No faculty to rule,  
Chautauqua meets us everywhere,  
The nation is her school.

Her pupils throng the cities vast,  
The hamlets far apart;  
The mantle of her brow is cast  
Around the nation's heart.

The sages breathe out from their shades  
Sweet thought, at her command;  
A classic atmosphere pervades  
The households of the land.

High themes prevail where friendship meets  
At rout or festive board;  
A purer language to the streets  
Chautauqua has restored.

She pours, amidst the coarse day's din,  
Through open mental blinds,  
A forty-minute sunburst in  
Upon a million minds.

We may call ours a single rose,  
Or measureless domains,  
He owns the greater world who knows  
The wealth the world contains.

To busy minds Chautauqua brings  
This wealth in lavish stores,  
Reveals the hidden heart of things,  
The wonders at our doors.

Beneath her constant, cultured sway  
Refinement grows refined;  
She raises at a word each day  
The altitude of mind.

The matron keeps, untouched by time,  
Though cares her life may fill,  
The freshness of her early prime—  
She is a school girl still.

She finds the weary hour beguiled  
With noble Socrates,  
Or rocks the cradle of her child  
With Homer on her knees.

To-day she hears the cries and groans  
That filled great Caesar's wars,  
To-morrow, in sweet undertones,  
The story of the stars.

She sees the floods to oceans drift,  
The mountains upward hurled,  
And God, from out of chaos, lift  
The fair face of the world.

Beside old Time's historic streams  
With sages she may roam,  
And dream the poet's wondrous dreams,  
In a green mountain home.

The rocks tell out their stories grand;  
The trees with leaves arid,  
And all the flowers that deck the land,  
Are known by name to her.

Her hair with silvered strands inwrought  
Life's story may unfold,  
Amidst the freshening power of thought  
She never can grow old.

Her eye its early fire will keep  
In spite of blinding tears,  
Th' horizon of her mental sweep  
Still widening with her years.

No nation may with ours compare,  
Her fame the world may fill—  
A cultured motherhood will rear  
A nation grander still.

Chautauqua crowns her with a dower  
More rich than precious stones,  
For knowledge ever will be power,  
And power climbs up to thrones.

The brush, the chisel, and the pen  
Shall win the nation fame,  
A race of purer, nobler men  
Shall glorify her name.

A mightier arm shall wield her sword,  
A clearer voice command,  
Because Chautauqua spoke her word,  
Blessing all the land.

A LITTLE six-year-old boy went into the country on a visit. About the first thing he had was a bowl of bread and milk. He tasted it, and then hesitated a moment, when his mother asked him if he didn't like it, to which he replied, smacking his lips, "Yes, mamma; I was only wishing our milkman would keep a cow."

## Iron Bridges.

A FAMILIAR illustration of the extent to which engineers have become able to dispense with matter and yet to secure the forces which alone they require, is furnished in the construction of modern railway bridges. In these structures the requirement is, that the heaviest trains moving at the most rapid speeds, and thus transferring their weight rapidly from one point of the structure to another, shall cross spans which often need to be of considerable length, and also that such trains, coming from opposite directions, and moving at these speeds, shall pass each other on these bridges, and that the stresses and shocks thus produced shall be repeated incessantly, and yet the bridges shall remain entirely safe. We glide over them, and they are so firm that the change in the reverberation from that which is heard when the train is moving over the solid ground is hardly observable, but when we look at the structures we see that, as compared with bridges of former times, which were intended to bear on'y insignificant weights in addition to their own, they seem almost like spiders' webs. In the construction of these bridges every stress that can come upon them is exactly known, and is met in the most advantageous, practicable direction, and with a resistance equal to several times its greatest possible intensity. That material only is employed in which the resisting force is known to be contained in the highest degree, and this material is so disposed that not a pound of it is wasted. Each member of the structure has its special function and is designed and proportioned in such a manner that the amount of resisting force residing in every part of it bears a uniform ratio to the amount of stress that can come upon such part.

## Novel Killed.

SOME years ago a young lady began to visit her pastor's study as a religious inquirer. Prayer was offered for her, and the plainest instructions given, but she remained unmoved, excepting to regret that she could not become a Christian. At last, after three months of labour and anxiety, her pastor said, "I can do nothing with Sophia L—; she is perfectly unmanageable. I doubt if she will ever yield to the claims of the gospel."

"Can you not discover the obstacle in her way?" was asked.

"Can she not be persuaded to give up her novels?"

"That is not the point entirely. She has wasted her sensibilities over unreal subjects so long—so continually reversed right and wrong, looking at vice in the garb of virtue, and of virtue in that of unworthiness and injustice that she has destroyed her moral sense. She assents to truth, but seems to have no power to grasp it; she knows what is right, but has no energy of will to do it. Her mind is diseased and enervated, and I fear hopelessly so."

When we look at the young people daily flocking to the public libraries for the latest novels, or see them lounging away their best hours over the story papers and the magazines, when we hear of this one or that who "does nothing but read novels the whole day through," we think of Sophia L—, who is "perfectly unmanageable" on the points of truth and duty, and wonder if they too must be given over to mental and moral disease and death.

## A Prayer.

BY STUART LIVINGSTON.

[We have pleasure in reproducing from the *Guardian*, the following admirable poem by a talented young Canadian writer.—Ed.]

O SAVIOUR, when the tide is outward flowing  
That bears my spirit to a land unknown,  
And storm winds wildly round my head are blowing,  
And all the strand with shattered wrecks is strewn;

When tremblingly I feel death's mighty ocean  
Roll up its formless billows at my feet,  
O whisper to me mid the wild commotion,  
A last prayer to repeat.

O Saviour, when upon my latest vision,  
My life is shadowed forth a finished tale,  
And I can see how oft the world's derision  
Has made so utterly my purpose fail;  
And I am covered over with affliction  
To see so little through all the years,  
Speak to my chastened soul a benediction,  
And wipe away my tears.

O Saviour, when the shadows dark are falling,  
And dying eyes gaze into nought but night,  
While round me the deep densely appalling  
Would lead my soul to shudder with affright;  
When all my being's fire low is burning,  
O wrap me round with thy all-saving grace,  
And when my sightless eyes are upward turning,  
O may they see thy face.

HAMILTON, MARCH 10th, 1886.

## Enlisting for Life.

"GOING to meeting to-night Rob?" asked Ned Granger.

"I—don't know," replied Rob, hesitatingly.

"Well, I'll stop for you, any way. I think you will decide to go," said Ned, as he turned in at his own gate.

Rob went slowly and thoughtfully down the street.

Should he go to this meeting to-night? Something told him that his going or not going meant a great deal; it meant the decision of a question that had followed him night and day for over a week. If he went, it was decided in the affirmative, if he did not go—how could he ever again look up into those brave, loving eyes in the pictured face on the wall, for he would have determined not to "fight the good fight!"

Oh dear, why could he not let the matter drop for a while, and go on contentedly as he had done? He was good enough as it was. Of course sometimes he might be better, but then everybody got out of sorts once in a while; it was to be expected. He would try harder, perhaps, not to lose his temper as he had sometimes done, and— But no, that would not do; that was not fighting the good fight as papa had wanted him to. Was he ready now to enlist in that warfare for life?

That was the question that had been ringing in Rob's ears so persistently, and demanding an answer. In vain had he tried to forget it, to delay answering it now. There was time enough, he pleaded with himself, by and by. After a year or two of fun he would enlist, of course. But supposing he should not live that year or two more, something within suggested. But he should, probably. Still there was Will Snow drowned only last week. Had he enlisted, had he thought that there was plenty of time!

Mamma came to him in the library just before tea.

"Rob," she said gently, "cannot you decide this question now?"

"I—don't know how, and— can't help it, mamma, but it seems to me it will spoil all my fun."

"I know, dear; but that is because you do not understand. Does your love for me make you any the less happy?"

"Oh, mamma," exclaimed Rob. "But my son, you have often to give up pleasures to me; you deny yourself in many ways for my comfort and happiness."

"But I love you," replied Rob earnestly. "And so of course I am happier if I can do anything for you."

"Yes, dear, and when you love Christ, you will not only be willing, but happier for giving up some things for Him."

There was a long pause, and then Rob spoke again.

"But—I don't know how."

"Just tell Him you want to be His child, and ask Him to show you the way: He is ready and waiting to forgive and accept you if you will ask Him. You haven't a long way to go to find Him, Robbie. He is here waiting for you."

Rob went upstairs to his own room to think it over again. Of course he was happier for loving mamma. Oh, he would not give her up for anything in the world, he said to himself, with a queer little choke at the mere thought. But this was different; and yet God had given him his mother, and everything else and Christ had died for him. That did not seem real to him, but he knew it was so. Could he refuse to love and serve Him?

Suddenly Rob stood up. "I will be His child, if He will take and help," he said decidedly.

Then he knelt down by the bed-side, and sought help and forgiveness.

When Rob went down stairs the question was settled; he had enlisted for life. Mamma knew it directly she saw him. Beattie came shyly up to him as he sat by the open grate.

"I want to tell you Robbie, I've asked Jesus to help me to be truly his child, and fight as papa wanted us to, and I think he will."

"So have I," was Rob's whispered reply.

"Oh—oh, Robbie, I'm so glad, and we'll help each other won't we?" was Beattie's answer, as it had been so often before.

T. DEWITT TALMAGE does most of his work on railway trains, and the entire series of sermons on "The Marriage Ring" were composed on the cars on a week's trip last September. When he loses sleep he keeps an account of it and balances the account in summer time by sleeping right straight ahead.

A GOOD minister of the Gospel was visiting among the poor one winter's day, in a large city in Scotland. He climbed up into a garret at the top of a very high house. He had been told that there was a poor old woman there, that nobody seemed to know about. He went on climbing up until he found his way into that garret-room. As he entered the room he looked around; there was the bed, and a chair, and a table with a candle burning dimly on it; a very little fire on the hearth, and an old woman sitting by it, with a large Testament on her lap. The minister asked her what she was doing there. She said she was reading. "Don't you feel lonely here?" he asked. "No, no," was her reply. "What do you do here all these long winter nights?" "Oh," she said, "I just sit here, with my light and with my New Testament on my knees, talking with Jesus!"