

"I do not want to make Dick selfish," she thought; "but there is something that I do wish for him, oh, so much!"

And that wish for Dick, whatever it was, made her fingers wonderfully skillful, just then, in the arrangement of her pretty room. She had an odd little way of talking to herself.

"I dare say that this fine Mr. Frank will laugh at my pictures. I suppose that in his home are none but the very best paintings and engravings. He cannot laugh at my books, though,—even he cannot have any better authors than Milton and Shakespeare and Jeremy Taylor. I don't suppose that there is anything in our house grand enough for him. Oh, well! he can look out on the beautiful hills and fields, no one can help thinking that they are lovely."

Five o'clock Wednesday afternoon! The carriage that had been sent to the station to meet the visitor was in sight at the turn of the road, by the school-house; just at that turn, the family at the farm always caught the first glimpse of their visitors from the city.

Joe was on the fence with his spy-glass. "He has come!" he exclaimed. "I can see him as plain as the nose on your face! He is riding in front with Dick."

Rosalie ran up stairs to open the shutters that had been closed all day against the sun; then into the parlour, a moment, for the same purpose, and afterward into the tea-room, to make sure that all was right about the table. By this time the carriage was at the door, and, as her mother's representative, she must go forward to welcome Dick's friend. She felt awkward and diffident. But, the next moment, she felt like laughing at herself.

"After all," she thought, "he is just a real, polite, warm-hearted boy,—even if Dick does call him a college man! I shall not be the least bit afraid of him."

"Come, old fellow!" said Dick, preparing to lead the way upstairs to his own room, waiting a moment to hear what Rosalie would say to him. She whispered a word or two. "To please you, Dick," she said in a low tone.

"Your room? Is that so?" he exclaimed, with a pleased smile. "Why, that is splendid! Thank you."

Rosalie felt very happy. She did not regret having given up her room, even though she had to go to a smaller one in the third story. She did not once think of herself at the tea-table. The chickens and coffee and muffins were a success, and Jane waited even better than usual.

Frank fell right in with the family ways. He seemed so much pleased with everything that nobody could help feeling pleased with him. They enjoyed the holidays all the more for his presence among them.

Yet there were times when Rosalie felt out of heart, and almost ready to give up the "race." Things seemed so tiresome, and she could see no good coming from all her self-denial; sometimes she was afraid that her wish for Dick would never come true. He was anxious to have a good time himself, that he appeared quite forgetful about the comfort of others.

"Dick never seems to think that I get tired, or that I have given up a great deal to please him," she thought. But Dick did think, although he appeared so careless and selfish. I really believe that he began to feel just the least bit ashamed of himself. "What

makes you so good, Rosalie?" she asked, one day.

One Sunday afternoon Rosalie did not feel like walking up the hill to the old school-house, to teach her class. She wondered if some one else could not take it for that day. Then, like a flash, came the thought of "running the race,"—doing one's own work! She put on her hat, and, taking an umbrella, went out of the gate up the hill.

Dick and Frank were on the fence, making plans for the future, when they should have become great men.

Rosalie invited them to go to Sunday-school, but they laughed, said that it was too warm, and begged to be excused. Each was busy with his own thoughts after that, till Frank looked up and said, in his bright, quick way: "Dick, what makes your sister so unselfish?"

"Just what makes some other persons so, I suppose," Dick replied after a moment's hesitation. "Don't you know, Frank?"

"Yes," said Frank, decidedly. "Now, why do not you and I try the same way? With all our fine talk, I do not believe we shall amount to much till we enlist."

Dick knew that Frank meant enlist as a soldier of Jesus Christ.

"I've been thinking a good deal about it lately," he said.

"So have I," said Frank. "Do you know what set me to thinking!—it was just that kind, unselfish way that your sister has!"

Dick grasped Frank's hand warmly, exclaiming, "Why, old fellow, that is just the way it has been with me!"

How do you suppose Rosalie felt, some time afterward, when she found that her wish had been granted!

#### The Truest Courage.

MANY a boy is led into a wrong course through cowardice. The meanest kind of cowardice consists in being afraid to be considered a coward. Evil companions tempt to wrong-doing, and when objection is urged, they find a convenient reply in the remark, "O, you're afraid! I wouldn't be a coward!" And the poor fellow to whom the remark is made, instead of standing up in a manly way and saying, "I am not a coward, and yet I am afraid to do wrong," blushes and hesitates, and finally stammers a reluctant consent. His cowardly heart gets the better of his conscience.

Several years ago a bright lad, a pupil in the celebrated school in Rugby, England, died. After his death his friends opened his school desk, and among his books and papers they found a little scrap on which was written, "O, God, give me courage that I may fear none but thee."

Doubtless, this boy had been exposed to temptation from wicked school-mates, and had found need to pray for courage to resist. He was no coward, and was not afraid to be called one.

There is a beautiful monument in Westminster Abbey to the memory of Lord Lawrence, a brave English soldier. It has this inscription: "He feared man so little because he feared God so much." His true, loving fear of God made him fearless in the presence of men.

This is the truest courage. It gives the victory over temptation and sin, and helps to a decision for the right.

Solomon has two proverbs we do well to remember: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

#### The Valley of Silence.

BY FATHER RYAN.

I WALKED down the Valley of Silence,  
Down the dim, voiceless valley—alone!  
And I hear not the fall of a footstep  
Around me—save God's and my own!  
And the hush of my heart is as holy  
As hovers where angels have flown.

Long ago was I weary of voices  
Whose music my heart could not win,  
Long ago I was weary of noises  
That fretted my soul with their din;  
Long ago was I weary of places  
Where I met but the Human and Sin.

And I tolled on, heart-tired of the human:  
And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men:  
Till I knelt long ago at an altar  
And heard a voice call me; since then  
I walked down the Valley of Silence  
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the Valley?  
'Tis my trusting-place with the Divine;  
And I fell at the feet of the Holy,  
And about me a voice said: "Be Mine!"  
And then rose from the depths of my spirit  
An echo, "My heart shall be thine."

Do you ask how I live in the Valley?  
I weep, and I dream, and I pray;  
But my tears are as sweet as the dewdrops  
That fall on the roses in May;  
And my prayer, like perfume from censor,  
Ascendeth to God, night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence,  
I dream all the songs that I sing;  
And the music floats down the dim Valley,  
Till each finds a word for a wing,  
That to men, like the doves of the Deluge  
The message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows  
That never shall break on the beach;  
And I have heard songs in the silence  
That never shall float into speech:  
And I have had dreams in the Valley  
Too lofty for language to reach,

And I have seen thoughts in the Valley—  
Ah, me, how my spirit was stirred!  
And they wear holy veils on their faces—  
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;  
They pass through the Valley, like Virgins,  
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the Valley,  
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?  
It lieth afar between mountains,  
And God and His Angels are there—  
And one is the dark mount of Sorrow,  
And one the bright mountain of Prayer.

#### Canalling the Isthmus.

It is well known that a French company is engaged in constructing a canal across the Isthmus of Panama, and every one can see that when it is completed it will separate the North American and South American continents, as Africa was severed from Asia by the Suez Canal.

Of course, too, it will shorten enormously the voyage of every vessel which is now forced to make the passage around Cape Horn. It will be much used in the trade between Europe on the one hand, and the Pacific States of America, British Columbia, the islands of the Pacific, Japan and China on the other.

"When it is completed," we say. There are not many people who doubt that it will be finished sooner or later, but as the construction of the canal involves overcoming some of the greatest engineering difficulties ever attacked, it is only the most sanguine believers in the canal who expect that it will be opened at the time now set by the company, in the year 1889.

The head of the canal company and the most enthusiastic believer in it is Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, to whose energy and persistency the world owes

the Suez Canal. M. de Lesseps made a visit to Panama a few months ago, was received with great enthusiasm on the isthmus, and on his return announced more confidently than ever that the canal was to be completed "on time."

He did not, however, convince unprejudiced observers who went at the same time to see what had been done and what was doing. These latter agree that much work has been accomplished, but they say that what remains is much the hardest and most costly part of the undertaking.

Besides the difficulty of excavation, and of removing vast bodies of rock, and beside the labour problem,—for the isthmus is one of the sickliest regions of the world,—there is the obstacle in the way of the engineers known as the Chagres River. The canal traverses the valley of this river. The Chagres is a very swift stream, and, as it is fed from the surrounding mountains, frequently rises suddenly and enormously.

In order to avoid crossing and re-crossing this river, it will be necessary to divert its channel; and the artificial banks must be very high and very strong to protect the canal from the overflow. M. de Lesseps asserts that the problem raised by the Chagres has been solved; but other people who take less rosy views do not agree with him.

Yet again the question of raising money to prosecute the work to completion is a puzzling one. The funds already provided are approaching exhaustion, and it is not decided yet how the additional sums shall be procured. One scheme is a grand lottery in France, under the sanction of the French Government, but it is not looked upon with much favour.

All the millions raised and expended have not yet done one-third of the work, and it needs very little foresight to predict that the work of providing means will become harder and harder. M. de Lesseps is as confident that there will be no financial difficulties as he is that the Chagres River can be controlled. Whether he is right or wrong, it is tolerably certain that at last, by the present company or another, the canal will be built.

#### A Good Creature of God.

I HAVE heard a man with a bottle of whiskey before him have the impudence to say, "Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving;" and he would persuade me that what was made in the still-pot was a creature of God. In one sense it is so, but in the same sense so is arsenic, so is oil of vitriol, so is prussic acid. Think of a fellow tossing off a glass of vitriol and excusing himself by saying that it is a creature of God! He would not use such creatures, that's all I say. Whiskey is good in its own place. There is nothing like whiskey in this world for preserving a man when he is dead, but it is one of the worst things for preserving a man when he is living. If you want to keep a dead man, put him in whiskey; if you want to kill a living man, put the whiskey into him. It was a capital thing for preserving the dead admiral when they put him in a rum-pancheon, but it was a bad thing for the sailors when they tapped the cask and drank the liquor and left the admiral as he never left his ship—high and dry.—Guthrie.