

ON THE LABRADOR COAST.

(October, 1885)

DOWN the coast of Labrador;
Rode the storm-wind conqueror:
In his train the surges roared,
From black clouds the torrents poured.
Miles on miles of frowning cliffs,
Marked with time's strange hieroglyphs,
Felt the waves their bases shock,
Heard strange cries that seemed to mock,
With their shrill, discordant glees,
Sounds of human agony,
Driving wildly with the blast,
Scores of vessels southward past;
Down upon their rain-swept decks
Leaped the surges with white necks:
Tumbled on their oaken sides
Angry force of mighty tides,
And through shrieking rigging tore
Fiercest gales that fled to shore,
On to land the vessels sped,
On to death the storm-wind led.

Miles on miles of blackened cliffs
Saw the helpless, feeble kiffs
Swung from schooners' sides, and then,
Oared by stout-armed fishermen,
Shattered, broken at their feet;
Heard mad waves the dirge repeat
Of the men who met their doom
Where the wildest surges boom,
When along stern Labrador
Rides the storm-wind conqueror!
—Oscar Fay Adams.

JOHNNY'S DIARY.

BY BESSIE P. MACLAUGHLIN.

"JOHNNY" said mamma, one spring morning, "What has become of that diary you teased so hard for at New Year's?"

Johnny, who was turning over the contents of his own special drawer in the sitting-room closet, stopped whistling "Bonnie Dundee," and looked somewhat confused. "I was in hopes that you would write in it every day," continued mamma. "Is that it?" as Johnny dragged forth a rumpled little book from under the mixture of tops, kite-tails, sail-boats, and half-whittled might-have-beens that occupied the drawer.

Yes, there it was! One would hardly know it for the book that had looked so bright beside Johnny's plate on New Year's morning. The pretty red cover was stained with ink, and sticky with molasses candy.

"Let me see it," said mamma.

Johnny handed it to her and then dived back into the closet.

Mamma looked at it in silence for a few moments. Perhaps a dozen pages had been written with tolerable neatness. Then came a skip of a few days.

"What made you stop writing here in the middle of January?" asked mamma.

"'Cause, you see I said on the first page I wasn't goin' to get mad this year, and then I had a row with Jo Harris about a jack-knife, and I didn't want to put that down to look at all the rest of the year."

Mamma continued her inspection. The entries became fewer and farther apart. Some leaves were torn out.

"How was this?" said mamma, gravely.

"Paper-wads," replied Johnny, coming out of the closet. "Threw 'em at Bert Austin's nose. It turns up, you know." This with a suppressed giggle.

A badly drawn picture of the school teacher was evidently Johnny's last effort before the diary was thrown aside.

Mamma took up her work again in silence.

"Do you care very much?" asked

Johnny, standing on one leg, and looking like a solemn kind of stork.

"I'm thinking about your other diary," she replied.

"What other one?" asked Johnny.

"The one God gave you to begin on New Year's day. A beautiful book with three hundred and sixty-five pages. Every page is a day, Johnny, and everything you think and say and do is written there. You cannot skip a single leaf, nor tear out any, nor give up making the record if you want to.

"What sort of a diary are you keeping, my boy? Do you think you will feel glad to have God see it, or will you want to hide away from him as you did from me just now?"

"O, mamma!" said Johnny, "there's old Mr. Sloane comin' up the path orful fast. Guess she wants you for somethin'."

While mamma talked with Mrs. Sloane, Johnny slipped out to the barn, but he made up with Jo Harris that very day.

A BIT OF LOGIC.

RUFUS lay at full length on the sofa and puffed a cigar, back parlour though it was; when Mr. Parker reminded him of it, he said there were no ladies present, and puffed away. Between the puffs he talked:

"There is one argument against foreign mission work which is unanswerable: the country cannot afford it. Two millions and a half of money taken out this year and sent to the cannibals, or somewhere else. No country can stand such a drain as that upon it, with everything else it has to do. Foreign missions are ruinously expensive."

The two young sisters of Rufus, Kate and Nannie, stood on the piazza and laughed.

"O Rufus!" said Kate, "you won't take a prize in college for logic, I'm sure."

"What do you mean, little monkey? And what do you know about logic?"

"More than you do, I should think. Just imagine the country not being able to afford two millions and a half for missions, when just a few years ago it paid over four millions for Havana cigars. Have you thought of that, Rufus?"

"And I wonder how much champagne is a bottle!" chimed in Nannie. "How much is it, Rufus? You know about ten million bottles are used every year. And oh! why, Rufus, don't you know that we spend about six millions for dogs? Something besides foreign missions might be given up to save money, I should think."

"Where did you two grow so wise? Where did you get all those absurd items?"

"We got them at the Mission Band; Kate is secretary, and I'm treasurer, and these figures were all in the dialogue that Dr. Stephens wrote for us to recite. If you choose to call what he says absurd I suppose you can; but he is a graduate from a college, and a theological seminary besides. I mean to tell him that you think two millions and a half for foreign missions will ruin the country; I want to hear him laugh." And then the two girls laughed merrily.

"You needn't tell him anything about it," said Rufus sharply. After the girls ran away he added thoughtfully:

"How fast girls grow up! I thought these two were children; and here they are with the Mission Bands and their large words about 'secretaries and treasurers.'"

"And their embarrassing facts about money," interrupted Mr. Parker. "Those girls had the best of the argument, Rufus;" and then he too laughed.

THE APPLE IN THE BOTTLE.

ON the mantel-piece of my grandmother's best parlour, among other marvels, was an apple in a vial. It quite filled up the body of the bottle; and my childish wonderment constantly was, "How could it have got there?" By stealth I climbed a chair to see if the bottle would unscrew, or if there had been a joint in the glass throughout the vial. I was satisfied by careful observation that neither of these theories could be supported, and the apple remained to me an enigma and a mystery.

One day, walking in the garden, I saw it all. There, on a tree, was a vial tied, and within it a tiny apple, which was growing within the crystal. The apple was put into the bottle while it was little, and it grew there.

More than thirty years ago we tried this experiment with a cucumber. We laid a large bottle upon the ground by a hill of cucumbers, and placed a tiny cucumber in the bottle to see what would be the result. It grew till it filled the bottle, when we cut it off from the stem, and then filled the bottle with alcohol and corked it up tight. We have it now, all as fresh, with the little pricklers on it, as it was when first corked up.

So sins will grow, if allowed, in the hearts of children, and cannot be easily removed when they have their growth. —*Youth's Companion.*

THE WIDOW AND THE SOVEREIGN.

AT a missionary meeting held soon after the accession of Queen Victoria, one of the speakers related the following anecdote:

A light-house on the southern coast was kept by a godly widow, who, not knowing how otherwise to aid in missionary work, resolved that during the summer season she would place in a box the total of one day's gratuities received from visitors. Among the callers on that particular day was a lady attired as a widow, accompanied by a little girl. The two widows, drawn together as it were by common sympathy, conversed on their bereavements, tears mingling with their words. On leaving, the lady left a sovereign with her humble friend.

The widow was thrown into a state of perplexity; her own need seeming to plead on the one hand, while her pledged word to place the receipts on that day in the missionary box confronted her on the other. After thinking about the thing for some time she put half a crown into the box; but, on retiring to rest, she found conscience sufficiently lively to deprive her of sleep. To obtain relief, she now rose, took back the silver and surrendered the gold, after which rest returned to her eyelids, and in the morning she felt comforted and refreshed.

The matter occasioned no further trouble, but a few days afterward the

widow received a franked letter containing £20 from the older lady and £25 from the younger, the first turning out to have been the Duchess of Kent, and the other the Princess Victoria, who now occupies the British throne.

THE SAVIOUR'S CALL.

THE Master is come, and he calleth for thee;
Accept of the call, and forever be free
When once he is come to the penitent heart,
He comes to abide, and shall never depart.

O sinner, come now, and no longer delay.
To Jesus, the life and the truth and the way.
His offered salvation accept and be free—
The Master is come, and he calleth for thee.

A TOUCHING SCENE.

A SCENE occurred recently in front of a "lurch-room" on Broad Street, says the *Providence Journal*, which caused tears to flow from many of the ladies who happened to be standing by. A well-dressed, genteel-appearing man and a tidy-looking girl, aged about fifteen years, came up Bennett Street; and it was noticed that the child was weeping, while the father was swearing at a furious rate. It seems that the child had taken the drunken father's pocket-book for safe keeping, as he was entering every drinking-saloon he came to. He swore at her, and said, "Mamie, give me that pocket-book."

The child replied, "But, father, what will mother do for food for breakfast? You have taken every cent from the house; and, remember, Gracie is ill—and mother could not send for the doctor, as she had no money. Oh, please, papa, come home with me! You promised Gracie when she was dying that you would not drink again."

At this point the father completely broke down, and wept like a child. He kissed his little Mamie and said, "Yes, dear, I do remember, and I will go home with you now."

He covered his face with his hands and moaned, "O Gracie, Gracie! Hark! Mamie, I can hear her sweet voice saying to me, 'Papa, dear papa, you will always love Mamie, and stop drinking.' Yes, dear, I will go home. Come!"

When the dialogue ended there was many a stout heart that could not hold back the tears, but said "amen" to that new resolve on the part of the father, and praised the courage of the child.

GREEK FISH.

FISH was a favourite diet, the tunny being probably coarser food, as the eel was one of the more costly and delicate, especially when stewed and smothered in beet-root. Many kinds of shell fish were in use, oysters being, as with the Romans, especial favourites. The cuttle-fish and the sea-urchin (*echinus*) do not seem to us tempting food; snails (eaten with bulbs), cray-fish, several kinds of crabs, prawns, mussels, and whelks are often mentioned. In truth, the anecdotes about the fish-market are endless. "It is a nice thing," says a poet of the "Middle Comedy," to see a well-stored fish shop when you have monny in your pocket—not otherwise. There was poor Corydus with just four coppers, who first looked at the crabs, eels, and tunnies, asked the price of each, and then—went off to the sprats." —*Fraser's Magazine.*