

The St. Lawrence.

BY THE REV. E. S. STOKES, D.D.

O noble, most noble St. Lawrence,
Whose waters unceasingly flow:
Whose waves like the footsteps of angels,
Come tenderly, softly and slow.
They bask in the rise of the morning,
They sleep in the heat of the noon;
They smile in the glow of the sunset,
They woo in the light of the moon.

O silent, majestic St. Lawrence,
With light on thy beautiful face,
Thy waves like the arms of Jehovah,
A thousand green islands embrace;
Thy mellow and musical murmurs,
In mystical silences roll,
Till they break like the voices of spirits,
In unspoken thoughts on the soul.

Thou peaceful and hazy St. Lawrence,
In the dream of thy quiet I rest;
Thy fairy-like islands of beauty
Seem types of the homes of the blest;
Around me these visions of splendour,
With me emotions of bliss;
Whatever the worlds still above me,
I rise to the grandeur of this.

Thy rocks, ever-honoured St. Lawrence,
Which through all the ages have stood,
The same in the storm and the sunshine,
Like God the eternally good;
Like the sturdy faith of the righteous,
While the world is passing away,
Sings on in the ear of the tempest,
Or smiles in the face of the day.

On, on, ever onward, St. Lawrence,
Through islands of gladness and green,
Where the sunbeams kissing the waters,
Leave ripples of laughter between;
These emerald islands, whose summits
Are bathed in the light of the noon,
Unfold like the smilings of friendship,
And pass from our vision as soon.

Dark rolling and fearful St. Lawrence,
Thy rapids rush on in their wrath,
O'er the hidden rocks of destruction,
Like sin in its perilous path;
Hold! hold, there is dash and defiance,
Who? who? these dangers may brave?
O God! though we cling to the human,
Thine arm, and thine only, can save.

Thou winding and widening St. Lawrence,
Still march in thy might to the sea;
Each league grows deeper and grander,
Thy might still mightier shall be.
Shores die in the haze of the distance,
Thy feet have stepped down to the sea,
Thy greatness has broken its fetters,
Thy sweep is unmeasured and free.

My life, O thou rolling St. Lawrence,
Thy waters have mirrored to me;
Calms, rapids, the sunlight and shadows,
Rough tempest and love's lullaby;
But Thy arm, Omnipotent Helmsman,
Shall pilot me down to the sea,
Where the soul sweeps out from the human,
Forever unfettered and free.

Curious Facts About the Sea.

As to the quantity of light at the bottom of the sea there has been much dispute. Animals dredged from below 700 fathoms either have no eyes or faint indications of them, or else their eyes are large and protruding. Another strange thing is that, if the creatures in those lower depths have any colour it is orange or red, or reddish-orange. Sea-anemones, corals, shrimp and crabs have this brilliant colour. Sometimes it is pure red or scarlet, and in many specimens it inclines toward purple. Not a green or blue fish is found. The orange-red is the fish's protection; for the bluish-green light in the bottom of the ocean makes the orange or the red fish appear neutral tint and hides it from its enemies. Many animals are black, others neutral in colour. Some fish are provided with boring tails, so that they can burrow the mud. Finally, the surface of the submarine mountain is covered with shells, like the ordinary sea beach, showing that it is the eating-house of vast schools of carnivorous animals. A codfish takes a whole oyster into its mouth, cracks

the shell, digests the meat, and spits out the rest. Crabs crack the shells and suck out the meat. In that way come whole mounds of shells that are dredged up. Not a fish bone is ever dredged up. A piece of wood may be dredged up once a year, but it is honey-combed by the boring shell-fish, and falls to pieces at the touch of the hand. This shows what destruction is constantly going on in those depths. If a ship sinks at sea with all on board, it would be eaten by fish with the exception of the metal, and that would corrode and disappear. Not a bone of a human body would remain after a few days. It is a constant display of the law of the survival of the fittest. Nothing made by the hand of man was dredged up after cruising for months in the track of ocean vessels excepting coal clinkers shoved overboard from steamships. Here, Prof. Verrill corrected himself. Twenty-five miles from land he dredged up an India-rubber doll. That, he said, was one thing the fish could not eat.—*Report of Lecture by Prof. Verrill.*

Rust.

A NEW ENGLAND manufacturer kept his mills running at a time when trade was depressed and the demand for his goods was intermitted. A neighbour, who knew this to be the fact, asked him if he was not running his mills at a daily loss. "Well, that depends on how you count the loss," replied the manufacturer. "I get less money than I pay out every day I run these mills. But after all I lose less by running at that loss than I should lose by stopping the mills and letting the machinery rust and everything about the establishment go to waste from not being used." And that manufacturer stated a truth which is operative in every department of human action. Rust is more destructive than friction. It is very common to say: "It is better to wear out than to rust out." There is nothing that keeps one's strength like tireless activity. There is nothing that wastes one's strength like idleness. This truth is admirably re-emphasized in a recent little poem by Alice Wellington Rollins, wherein she tells of watching a potter at his work, whose one foot was kept with "never slackening speed, turning his swift wheel round, while the other foot rested patiently on the ground. When he heard the exclamation of sympathy with him in his toil, "How tired his foot must be!" the potter corrected the common mistake as to the real source of weariness:

"Slowly he raised his patient eyes,
With homely truth inspired:
'No, marm, it isn't the foot that kicks,
The one that stands gets tired.'"

That's it! If you want to save your strength keep using it. If you want to get tired, do nothing. As a matter of fact we all know that the last man in the world to go for a helping hand in any new undertaking, is one who has plenty of time on his hands. (Time on one's hands is a heavy load; so heavy that one with that load can not very well use his hands for anything else). It is the man or woman who is doing most now who can easiest do one thing more.—*S. S. Times.*

THERE are 30,000 Christian Indians in the United States, and it is said that half of these are Baptists.

That Yacht "Glad Tidings."

REV. DR. C. H. FOWLER, mission secretary, writes:

This noble little steam yacht, which is in part the gift of the Sunday school children of Rock River and other western conferences, and was created by the zeal and liberality of W. E. Blackstone, of Chicago, is entering triumphantly upon its noble work. It was handled a little roughly in the Bay of Biscoay, but the damage was easily repaired. It is destined for the many waters of our Central China mission. It is to navigate the Yantze and its many tributaries. There are in this field, in the cities and regions accessible by this yacht, half as many people as in all the United States. The yacht is constructed to house comfortably two families. It is expected that our missionaries will push into the cities where we have no footing, and living in the moving parsonage, preach and open work. The curiosity of the people will bring multitudes to examine the strange vessel. Then the word can be spoken. The vast multitudes that dwell in the cities along these water-courses can be reached with comparative safety and economy.

The "Glad Tidings" is not the first in this noble line of agencies. Other fields and other churches have long utilized this means of missionary work. The Moravians, who are the pre-eminent missionaries of the world, have had nine vessels under different names, viz.: "Jersey Packet," "The Amity," "The Good Intent," "The Resolution," and "The Harmony." There have been four vessels of this last name. The London Missionary Society has also had a distinguished fleet of vessels. The first one, "The Duff," was captured by a French privateer. "The Hawaii," "The Endeavour," "The Messenger of Peace," "The Camden," and the noblest of them all, with a noble name—"The John Williams"—have done grand work. We must not omit "The Southern Cross," nor "The Morning Star," which was enthusiastically received in Honolulu by a procession of 2,000 Sunday-school children. Our "Glad Tidings" belongs to a worthy line, and we have a right to expect large success. Let the Church follow this work with her believing prayers. The children made this valuable yacht a fact by their gifts. They can keep it afloat by their prayers, as long as God can use it for this service. The mission ship of the Moravians dares a most stormy and perilous coast in Labrador. Its preservation seems most providential. So marked has been its deliverance and safety that Admiral Lord Gambier, lieutenant-governor of Newfoundland, frequently said that he regarded the preservation of the Labrador ship during so long a course of years as the most remarkable occurrence in maritime history. This preservation has become so conspicuous that the vessel is insured by the underwriters at Lloyd's, year after year, for less than is charged for vessels bound to other portions of British North America, including the territory of the Hudson Bay company. The faith of the children can undergird the "Glad Tidings" and make it outside the storm. We are glad to learn that Mr. Smithers, our American consul at Chinkiang, has determined to register the "Glad Tidings," and, flying the American colours, go with it on its first trip into the interior, up the Po Yang lake. God speed the "Glad Tidings."

Puzzledom.*Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.*

- 41.—Winnipeg, Germany.
42.—Ocean Grove, Androscooggin.
43.—SUBJECT
CLOTH
THE
N
ASS
GLORY
GRANITE
44.—BATING
ELIADA
LOWELL
OPAUQUE
NEWTON

New Puzzles.

45.—CHARADE.

A poltroon, congealed water. My whole is often seen in my first.
To vibrate, the grandfather of Saul.
A prominent musical composer.

46.—DIAMONDS.

A vowel, part of the body, a weapon, a household article, a letter.
A letter, a person, a lord's estate, a dwelling, clamour, an animal, a letter.

47.—HOUR-GLASS.

A range of mountains, an article, a letter, a drink, to stamp paper. Centrals a country in South America.

A Turkish Tradition.

'Tis said the Turk, when passing down
An Eastern street,
If any scrap of paper chance
His eyes to greet,

Will never look away, like us,
Unheedingly,
Or pass the little fragment thus
Regardless by,

But stop to pick it up, because,
Oh, lovely thought!
The name of God may thereupon
Perchance be wrought.

In every human soul remains,
However dim,
Some image of the Deity,
Some trace of Him.

And how can we, then, any scorn
As foul and dark,
That bear, though frail and lowly, still
That holy mark!

And since His impress is upon
All nature seen,
How can we aught disdain as common
Or unclean!

—Interior.

PROVOCATION.—George III. was extremely punctual, and expected punctuality from every one. Lord H— was the most punctual person who attended on his majesty. He had an appointment one day with the king at Windsor, at twelve o'clock. On passing through the hall the clock struck twelve, on which his lordship, in his rage at being a half minute too late, raised his case and broke the glass of the clock. The king reminded him that he was a little beyond his time, which he excused as well as he could. At the next audience the king, as he entered the room, exclaimed, "H— how came you to strike that clock!" "The clock struck first, your majesty." The king laughed heartily at the grave manner in which Lord H— justified himself, the mock solemnity of the answer adding zest to the bon mot.