



#### PATIENCE.

BY MISS M. M. FORD.

"If your face burneth and faint you,  
If your heart burneth and faint you,  
If the world seem dark and dreary,  
Wait a wee, and duna weary."

"If the hopes you fondly cherish,  
Faded to earth, seem sure to perish,  
Wait a wee, patience, till the morning,  
Nae man's life is so dilly-dorey."

"If your plans don't work, please don't,  
If the future should vex and brow you,  
If you can be bright and cheery,  
Wait a wee, and duna weary."

"If you give your heart, take it,  
The life gift, a blessing make it,  
Faith in Him, no what a blessing,  
Nae man's life is so dilly-dorey."

"If it work instead of leisure,  
Pain instead of longed-for pleasure,  
Hunger or your lot seem dreary,  
Wait a wee, and duna weary."

#### The Uses of an Enemy.

BY REV. DR. DEEMS.

ALWAYS keep an enemy on hand, a brisk, hearty, active enemy.

Remark the uses of an enemy:

1. The having one is proof that you are somebody. Wily waxes, empty, worthless people never have enemies. Men who never move never run against anything; and when a man is thoroughly dead and utterly buried nothing ever, *unperceived* *his* *politics*, to run against something is proof of motion.

2. An enemy is, to say the least, not partial to you. He will not flatter you. He will not exaggerate your virtues. It is very probable that he will slightly magnify your faults. The benefit of that is two-fold; it permits you to know that you have faults, and are, therefore, not a monster, and it makes them of such size as to be visible and manageable. Of course, if you have a fault you desire to know it, when you become aware that you have a fault you desire to correct it. Your enemy does for you this valuable work which your friend cannot perform.

3. In addition, your enemy keeps you wide awake. He does not let you sleep at your post. There are two that always keep watch, namely, the lover and the hater. Your lover watches that you may sleep. He keeps off noises, excludes light, adjusts surroundings, that nothing may disturb you. Your hater watches that you may not sleep. He stirs you up when you are napping. He keeps your faculties on the alert. Even when he does nothing he will have put you in such a state of mind that you cannot tell what he will do next, and this mental *quatre* must be worth something.

4. He is a detective among your friends. You need to know who your friends are, and who are not and who are your enemies. The last of these three will discriminate the other two. When your enemy goes to one who is neither friend nor enemy, and assails you, the indifferent one will have nothing to say or chime in, not because he is your enemy, but because it is so much easier to assent than to oppose, and especially than to refute. But your friend will take up cudgels for you on the instant. He will deny everything and insist on proof, and *proving* is very hard work. There is not a truthful man in the world that could afford to undertake to prove one-tenth of all his assertions. Your friend will call your enemy to the proof, and if the indifferent person, through carelessness, repeats the assertions of your enemy, he is soon made to feel the inconvenience thereof by the zeal your friend manifests. Follow your enemy around and you will find your friends, for he will have developed them so that they cannot be mistaken.

The next best thing to having a hundred real friends is to have one open enemy.

#### Across the Arctic Circle.

BY THE LATE DR. ISAAC I. HAYES.

WHEN we came to cross the Arctic Circle, instead of having the midday sun, we had no sun at all; for one of those villainous fogs, so prevalent during the summer in the Arctic regions, set upon us and hung about us, hiding everything for several days.

It rolled over us like a great wave, submerging us in damp and darkness. The wind was southerly, and the air was charged with moisture, which was precipitated by the cold water and icebergs over which it passed. I verily believe there never was such another fog. A thin layer of mist rested on the sea, above which one could climb and sit upon the royal yard and be in sunshine, and that delightful elevation overlook the great waste of rolling vapor, and watch the glittering icebergs and then protruding through it into the light; and in the distance trace the great white mountain peaks and illimitable glaciers of Green-

land. This was the sublime aspect of it; but down on deck there was nothing to be seen at all. Three ship-lengths away the atmosphere was as impenetrable to vision as a stone wall. From the quarter-deck we could scarcely see the look-out on the fore-castle. The fog trailed about the rigging, sometimes in great streaks like festoons of white "illusion," and down upon the deck came dripping a perfect shower of the condensed vapor. In five minutes every thing was as wet as if the clouds had been dropping rain. The *Patience* was bewildered. Her compasses, never reliable at the best of times, were here, in the far North, utterly worthless. Every compass seemed to have an idea of its own as to where North was, and only changed its mind on being vigorously joggled, and no two of them agreeing after they were joggled. The situation was rather embarrassing, but for all the captain would not leave it. He would keep going somehow, at any rate. The danger was that he might hit an iceberg. The sea was dotted all over with them. "All right," said the captain; "I don't think we'll hurt it much."

That we should have a chance of proving it seemed the most likely thing in the world. For we sometimes heard from them as the billows broke against their sides or rolled within their wave-worn caverns, and their smothered voices were often painfully near; yet we did not see any of the huge monsters, until suddenly there came a thrilling cry from the look-out.

"Ice close ahead, dead ahead!" This warning went through the ship as if it had been "breakers," the worst of all sounds to hear. The captain and crew all went to their posts. "Stop her!" "Back astern!" "Full speed!"

Spokesmen on the deck, in a voice of alarm, to see before them a huge mass of white-ness looming through the fog. It seemed impossible that we should escape it. Notwithstanding the reversal of the screw, we were yet forging ahead.

The moments were like that terrible interval on a railway train between the first thump of the car off the track and on the ties, and the crash which follows, scattering death and destruction. It was one of those short periods of one's life when the memory is apt to be remarkably fresh respecting mispent time. Happily, this was the worst of it. The ship slowed to starboard, which saved her job-boom, and by that time the headway was stopped, and we began to go astern. But we were then in the very vortex of the breaking waves—in the hissing foam of the angry sea.

A few moments more, and the iceberg that had caused us such a fright was swallowed up in the gloom, and giving it a wide berth this time, we steamed on more cautiously at "dead slow," groping through the worse than darkness of the night.

We had no further adventuring of that description; but the uncertain currents of the sea, and the unreliable state of our compasses, caused us to become bewildered in our course. We did not once get even a glimpse of the sun for three days, and of course were running wholly by dead reckoning. The fog had become so deep that we could no longer climb above it and sit in the sun on the royal yard. "I'd give my old gun," said the captain, weary with watching, and disgusted with uncertainty—"I'd give my old gun (a rare instrument) to know where we are."

Now the captain had just come into the little cabin, which for the cruise we had "shoved up" on the main-deck amidships. The window overlooked the bulwarks, and the noises of the deck and of the machinery were kept away—a lucky circumstance, for at the very instant of the captain's speech my ear caught an ominous sound. I listened again to make quite sure, and then told the captain that if he kept on three minutes longer at the present rate of speed I would claim the gun. "Where would we be then?" inquired the captain, somewhat incredulously. "On the rocks!"

The sound was unmistakable. The low murmur that comes from the shore is very distinct

from the loud roar from the waves breaking on the iceberg in the deep sea, and the practiced ear can quickly distinguish the one from the other. The headway of the ship was arrested as soon as possible, and the fog lifting a little, we could faintly see the fatal line of surf. But we had still twenty fathoms water under us, and had plenty of room to wheel round, and crawl back upon our old track until we were beyond soundings, when we returned to our old trade of groping for another day, at the end of which, to our great joy and relief, and with the sudden boom of a mouse peeping from its dark hole, we did from under the oppressive canopy of vapor into the bright sunshine. Indeed, the limit of the fog was almost like a wall, sharp and well defined, and while the quarter-deck was still in shadow, the fore-castle was brightly illuminated. Fearful now that the fog might roll over us again, the *Patience* was made to do her best, and we steamed on into a sea of a very different description, still, however, among the icebergs, but now in a bright, instead of a cloudy atmosphere.

It was fortunate that the fog terminated when it did, for otherwise we would have been in great jeopardy. The icebergs were, in fact, so numerous, that the horizon was for a time quite obliterated. We turned and twisted among them to right and left, as one would follow the zigzags of the Boston streets, from Brattle Square to—well, any other place you choose to mention.

We might have been in a state of constant terror had we not been in a state of constant admiration. The atmosphere from a wonderful fog changed to a wonderful brightness. It gave rarely seen anything to compare with it. The haze was approaching midnight, and the horizon, with its upper limb just above the line of waters, for some time previous the sky had been peculiarly brilliant; but when the sun went fairly down, the little clouds, which had before been tipped with crimson, melted away, and the whole sky became uniformly golden; while the sea, quite motionless, unruffled by even the slightest breath of air, reflected the gorgeous color like a mirror; and the icebergs, of every size, from the puny fragment of a few fathoms only in diameter to the enormous block hundreds of feet in height, and of every shape, from the wall-sided semblance of a giant citadel to the spired cathedral of a huge, cathe-



SUMMER HARBOR.

dral presented an aspect of indescribable brilliancy as they floated there in the golden sea.

#### Interesting Facts for Little Folks.

COMETS. The beautiful comet which we saw recently in the heavens makes this whole company of visitors extremely interesting. Tycho Brahe first showed that comets are farther away than the moon. Newton and Halley gave much time to their study. Some comets which have had beautiful tails as they neared the sun, have, after coming close to him, had only a short tail, or none at all, while others have shown immense tails after having come within his atmosphere. The great comet of 1744 had six tails, and Biela's comet had two heads and two tails. Those two pursued their course side by side, first the one brighter and then the other. Meteors are believed to be broken portions of comets. Comets are probably made up of gases. Some of them when viewed through a spectroscopic present the same results as when carbon is looked at. The periods of comets vary, some it is believed going round the sun only once in 2,000 years.

#### Analysis of Man and Woman.

Man is strong; woman is beautiful. Man is daring and confident; woman is diffident and unassuming. Man is great in action; woman in suffering. Man shines abroad; woman at home. Man talks to convince, woman to persuade and please. Man has a rugged heart, woman a soft and tender one. Man prevents misery; woman relieves it. Man has science; woman taste. Man has judgment; woman sensibility. Man is a being of justice; woman of mercy.



#### TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT.

**NEVER SUCCEEDED.** The Temperance Reform movement was never more alive and active in England and America than it is to-day. Surely it must succeed.

**PROHIBITION SOUND.** The General Congressional Conference, whose sessions have just been held, representing all churches, declared its unqualified faith in the soundness of the Prohibitory law.

**TEMPERANCE AND PROSPERITY.** The wheat harvest of the State of Kansas proves to be the heaviest ever produced. It is said that "that State is on the high road to prosperity financially, churchwise, Sabbath-schoolwise and in the [observance of the] enforcement of Prohibition."

**THE THREE-STATE FOR PROHIBITION.** The people of the State of Iowa have recently voted on the Constitutional Amendment prohibiting the sale of liquor. There seems to have been great excitement over the question, a very full vote was cast, and the Prohibitionists carried the election by a very large majority. This is the first time since 1858 that Iowa has voted on the question.

**TESTIMONY TO THE EFFICIENCY OF THE MAINE LAW.** The largest Republican convention ever held in Maine, and which comprised 41,327 delegates, unanimously declared that the prohibition of the traffic in intoxicating liquor had "promoted the moral and material interest of Maine and had demonstrated the wisdom of the law through the practical annihilation of that traffic in a large portion of the State."

#### Which Profession?

We hear of professional thieves, professional burglars, professional gamblers and professional men. By the last term we are to understand ministers, doctors, teachers, artists, and lawyers. There is a sense, however, in which all men are professionals, *i. e.*, professors of good or bad principles, professors of religion or professed unbelievers. To which of these professions do you belong? Men often use their profession as a stepping-stone to certain social circles. That profession may justify be regarded the best which introduces us into the best society. Demons and angels are the lowest and highest grades of society. A profession of Christ and His religion admits us to the latter, while disbelief dooms us to the former. Our Lord says, "Whosoever shall confess Me before men I will the Son of Man also confess before the angels of God; but he that denieth Me before men shall be denied before the angels of God." This is the touchstone by which you may examine your title to a place in the heavenly mansions. You are either the friend or foe of Christ. He will not deny His friends, neither confess His enemies. Have you confessed Christ before men? Have you made a public profession of Christianity? Have you voluntarily assumed the vows and obligations of the Gospel according to Christ's requirements in the order of His Church? Have you acknowledged your faith in, and attachment to, Christ? Have you with the heart believed unto righteousness, and with the mouth made confession unto salvation? Do you own and confess Christ by the general course and tenor of your conduct, particularly by obedience to His commands and observance of the instituted ordinances of His church? Then will He confess you before His father in Heaven, and introduce you to the society of His holy angels. Your confession should be public because it is His declared will and express command. The profession should be public and open. His church cannot succeed and flourish if those who are its friends conceal their sentiments and fail to give it their open countenance and support. A. B. STOKES.

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**White Lies.**—Lord Bacon notes a sensible remark of Montaigne, "that a liar is brave toward God, and a coward toward men; for a lie faces God and shirks from men," and this is true in every departure from veracity, where the matter is addressed to a sane mind. Truth is essentially a unit which admits of no fractions, of no modifications; it is a sunbeam, clear, pure and direct; its fountain is God, and when resident in man, is the noblest of his principles, the most powerful of the sources of his usefulness. Such a virtue ought not to be tampered with; for when once turned from its thorough course, no one can say what may not be its ultimate sinistrousness.