



Jacques Cartier.

BY HON. T. D. MOORE.

In the sea-port of Saint Malo 'twas a smiling day in May,
When the commodore, Jacques Cartier,
to the westward sailed away;
In the crowded old cathedral all the town
were on their knees
For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscovered seas;
And every autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle and pier,
Filled manly hearts with sorrow, and gentle hearts with fear.
A year passed o'er Saint Malo—again came round the day
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away;
But no tidings from the absent had come the way they went,
And tearful were the vigils that many a maiden spent;
And manly hearts were filled with gloom, and gentle hearts with fear,
When no tidings came from Cartier at the closing of the year.
But the earth is as the future, it hath its hidden side,
And the captain of St. Malo was rejoicing in his pride,
In the forests of the north—while his townsmen mourned his loss,
He was rearing on Mount Royal the fleur-de-lis and cross;
And when 'twelve months were over and added to the year,
Saint Malo hailed him home again, cheer answering to cheer.
He told them of a region, hard, iron-bound and cold,
For seas of pearl abounded, nor mines of shining gold,
Where the wind from Thule freezes the word upon the lip,
And the ice in spring comes sailing athwart the early ship;
He told them of the frozen scene until they thrilled with fear,
And piled fresh fuel on the hearth to make them better cheer.
But when he chang'd the strain—he told how soon are cast
In early spring the fetters that hold the waters fast;
How the winter causeway broken is drifted out to sea,
And the rills and rivers sing with pride the anthem of the free;
How the magic wand of summer clad the landscape to his eyes,
Like the dry bones of the just, when they wake in Paradise.
He told them of the Algonquin braves—the hunters of the wild,
Of how the Indian mother in the forest rocks her child,
Of how, poor souls, they fancy in every living thing
A spirit good or evil, that claims their worshipping;
Of how they brought their sick and maim'd for him to breathe upon,
And of the wonders wrought for them thro' the Gospel of St. John
He told them of the river whose mighty current gave
Its freshness for a hundred leagues to ocean's briny wave;
He told them of the glorious scene presented to his sight
What time he reared the cross and crown on Hochelaga's height,
And of the fortress cliff that keeps of Canada the key,
And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier from his perils o'er sea.

WHERE LITTLE THINGS COUNT.

Bookkeeping has been reduced to such an exact science in the big metropolitan banks that the clerks are expected to strike a correct balance at the close of each day's work, no matter if the transactions run into the millions of dollars. When the books fall to balance the whole force of the bank is put to work to discover the error, and no clerk starts for home until it is discovered, whether it amounts to two cents or \$2,000. Generally a quarter of an hour will bring the mistake to light, but sometimes the hunt is kept up until late into the night.

Such a search was being conducted in a New York bank located in the vicinity of Wall Street. Forty-five cents was missing. At six o'clock not a trace of the errant sum had been discovered. Dinner was sent in for the whole force from an adjoining restaurant, and after half an hour's rest the search was again taken up. Midnight came, but still no clue, so sandwiches and coffee were served.

"Hello!" said a clerk. "The Blank National people are working to-night, too. Guess they're in the same box."

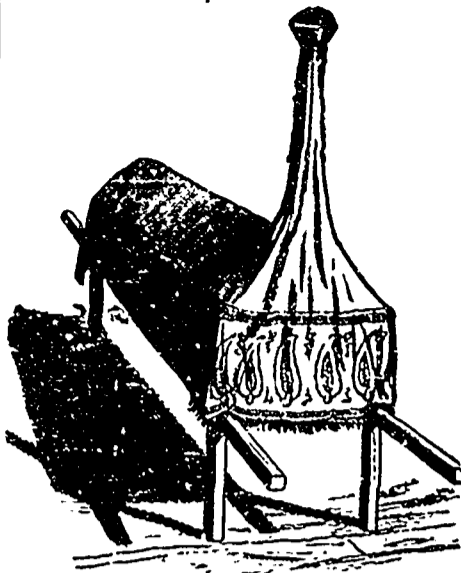
Sure enough, the windows of the bank across the street were brilliantly lighted. The incident was soon forgotten when the wearying hunt after that elusive forty-five cents was resumed. Shortly after one o'clock in the morning, as they were about to give up for the night, a loud rapping was heard at the front door of the bank.

"Hello! Hello! What's the matter?" called the cashier through the key-hole.

"Matter, you chumps! Why, we've got your old forty-five cents' Come along home to bed!"

Outside stood the crowd of clerks from the neighbouring bank. It appeared that, in making a cash transaction, one of the banks had paid the other forty-five cents too much. As a result half a hundred men had worked for nine hours, and the search was only ended then because a bright clerk, noticing the light in the bank opposite, shrewdly guessed the cause, hunted up the cash list, and discovered the error. —Harper's Round Table.

ried to his tomb. He was carried on a bier, such as is shown in one of our cuts. Just such a procession as this must have been I once met one evening in the streets of Jerusalem. I heard a strange wailing and soon saw a funeral procession. A number of men were carrying on their shoulders an odd-looking bier, as shown in the picture (shown more in detail in the smaller cut), going without the city to bury their dead. It was a procession like this, doubtless, that our Saviour met when, entering Nain, he raised the widow's son to life. The weeping and wailing of the mourners was saddening in the extreme. This custom, old as humanity, yet ever new, reminds us how through the ages "man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets."



FUNERAL BIER.

1. That a good man's death is cause for lamentation?
2. That indifference to divine command brings disaster?
3. That none of God's words fail?

BITS OF FUN.

A preacher having married a couple in the church the other day unfortunately gave out as the very next hymn, "Mistaken souls that dream of heaven."

"You are a regular miser!" exclaimed Mrs. Snooper, when her husband refused to give her twenty-five dollars she asked for. "No, not a miser," replied Snooper; "merely an economizer."

"Is it possible, miss, that you do not know the names of some of your best friends?" inquired a gentleman of a lady. "Certainly," she replied; "I don't even know what my own will be a year hence."

A Brooklyn woman said to her servant girl, a fresh arrival on the latest boat from Cork: "Bridget, go out and see if Mr. Block, the butcher on the corner, has pig's feet." The dutiful servant went out and returned. "Well, what did he say?" asked the mistress. "Sure, he said nuthin', mum." "Has he got pig's feet?" "Faith, I couldn't see, mum—he had his boots on."

A man never knows what he can do till he doesn't get the chance.
"I beg your pardon" sang out the convict, as the Governor passed by his cell.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF THE TEN TRIBES.

LESSON X.—SEPTEMBER 4.

THE DEATH OF ELISHA.

2 Kings 13. 14-25. Memory verses, 20, 21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.—Psalm 116. 15.

OUTLINE.

1. Lack of Faith, v. 14-19.
2. Divine Power, v. 20, 21.
3. Reward of Faith, v. 22-25.

Time.—Probably B.C. 838 (?).
Place.—Unknown.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Syrian oppression.—2 Kings 13. 1-9.
- Tu. The death of Elisha.—2 Kings 13. 14-25.
- W. Death of Moses.—Deut. 34.
- Th. Reward to the upright.—Isa. 33. 13-17.
- F. Christ in life or death.—Phil. 1. 12-24.



FUNERAL IN JERUSALEM.

- S. Fear of death removed.—2 Cor. 5. 1-10.
- Su. A peaceful end.—Psalm 37. 23-37.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Lack of Faith, v. 14-19.
Who was dying?
What king came to see him?
Why was Joash so sorrowful?
What was the significance of his exclamation?
What did Elisha direct the king to do?
What did Elisha mean by putting his hands upon the king's hands?
Why was the arrow shot eastward?
What explanation of the arrow did the prophet give?
What was the king told to do?
Why did he smite only thrice?
2. Divine Power, v. 20, 21.
What occasioned the hurried burial?
What occurred when the body touched Elisha's bones?
What was its significance?
3. Reward of Faith, v. 22-25.
What prophecy of Elisha was fulfilled concerning Hazael? 2 Kings 8. 12.
Why did God preserve Israel?
What other prophecy of Elisha was fulfilled?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.
Where in this lesson do we learn—

AND ELISHA DIED AND THEY BURIED HIM.

(2 Kings 13. 20.)

Such is the brief epitaph of this great prophet of God, and such shall be the history of all now living on the earth as it has been with those who have passed away with the exception of Enoch and Elijah, and of those whose bodies have remained unburied. It is enough to humble man's pride to think that the lord of many lands, that the sovereign of many lands, must be at last content with the narrow limits of the grave.

But the good die not. It is but the casket that decays, the precious gem is imperishable in its essence. We may be sure the disciples of Elijah made great mourning for him as he was car-

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