

A Lost Day.

What is the day I lost—
The golden day
And all price and cost,
That slipped away,

Out of my wandering sight,
My careless hold?
Where did it lift in flight
Its wings of gold?

What were the treasures rare
It bore for me?
What were the pleasures fair,
I shall not see?

Ah, never day was yet
So fine, so fair,
So rich with promise set,
So free from care,

As that we mourn and sigh
When we do say:
"Alas, how time doth fly,
I've lost a day!"

On Stilts.

"I REMEMBER," said the doctor, "a fancy which raged among the boys of my time for walking on stilts. Whether we were sent to school, or to the harvest-field, or to the village store, we must mount up on these high, unsteady sticks, and stagger along on them. It gave us a delicious feeling of superiority to look down on ordinary men and women, until suddenly we slipped, and fell flat in the mud.

"I remember my father saw me tumble into the gutter one day, and said sternly, 'Keep to your own legs, boy. Too many people in this world walk on stilts! Keep to your own legs.'

"I have never forgotten his warning. So many of us are on stilts! There is Judge C——, who was a leading lawyer in a Pennsylvania town. He lived in a large house surrounded by beautiful gardens, his family were the centre of a circle of cultivated and refined people, their life was busy, simple, and genuine, and therefore happy.

"Suddenly C——removed to New York, in order that his boys could have wider opportunities and his girls could make wealthy marriages. His large mansion in the village had cost two hundred dollars a year for rent, his cramped city flat cost three thousand. His wife and daughters had worn muslin; now they rustled in velvet and silk.

"Late balls took the place of the informal, friendly hospitality of their old home. The end of it was, the girls, having no dowry, were laughed at and neglected by the rich and fashionable men whom they courted, the boys plunged into all the vices of the city, and C—— in three years was a ruined man. He had tried to walk on stilts!

"When I see plain men trying to imitate the leaders in business or politics, women aping fashionable life, college-boys pluming themselves upon their acquisition of the alphabet of knowledge, or girls smiling and lisping with an affectation of sweetness and innocence which they do not possess,

I feel like calling, 'Come down from your stilts!'"

Imitation and sham in any character are but synonyms for weakness.
Youth's Companion.

Father Daniel's Last Mass.

JULY 4TH, 1618.

(Written for the Orillia Packet.)

ALONE in the forest's verdant shade, 'neath a towering pine he stood,
Erect, and agile, and strong of frame with a visage mild and good.
One hand to his broad, low brow was raised, in the other was clasped a book,
On which his half-closed eyes were cast with a dreamy, absent look.

Did a vision pass before his brain of the life he had left behind,
Of lofty hopes in glorious France for the love of the Lord resigned?
Or were his thoughts of the peril nigh, for the wolves prowled near the fold,
Those hungry wolves, the Iroquois, blood-thirsty, fierce, and bold?

Then he lifted his head and a tender light shone forth from the radiant eyes,
As he looked through a rent in the foliage green at the blue, unclouded skies,
And murmured: "Father, thy will be done!
I have driven the world from me;
Without reserve my naked soul I humbly offer thee."

With a gesture meek he turned away, and walked with a solemn air
Up the tangled, wild-wood path that led to the rustic place of prayer,
Where his faithful flock of Hurons had assembled, young and old,
To worship God at their pastor's feet in the shelter of the fold.

In gentle loving tones he told, in words they could understand,
The story of Christ, the infant God, to that simple, reverent band,
And, though full oft the wondrous tale he had told to them before,
With abated breath and willing ears they heard it o'er once more.

Then lowly they all knelt down to pray, and the birds and the trees around
Seemed to hush their songs and still their sighs as if filled with awe profound.
But, hark! What was that? "The Iroquois!" rang the warning wild and shrill,
And at once the dreaded battle-cry re-echoed from vale and hill.

Pere Daniel sprang erect to his feet, and a moment gazed around,
There were none could fight, for the braves had gone to a distant hunting ground,
And only the women, and aged men, and children met his gaze,
As horror-stricken they turned to him with looks of blank amazement.

His eye flashed fire. He lifted his hands, and his voice, like a trumpet clear,
Rang out o'er the din of approaching strife:
"My children, do not fear!
This day we shall be in heaven with Christ!
Plunge not from the chastening rod!"
And in tones of triumph baptized them all in the name of the Triune God.

Then wrapping his vestments round his frame, that seemed to increase in size,
He strode to the door with a smile on his lips and a luminous light in his eyes,
And facing undaunted his fiery foe, unflinching he braved the shock,
And died with the name of his God on his tongue at the front of his little flock.

—Charles N. Jakeray.

The Cunning Crows and Their Victim.

A TRUE STORY!

A WRITER in *Chatterbox* says: "I have a funny story to tell you from Burmah, about some clever crows. I dare say you have often noticed those bold, black birds, who gather so quickly over a newly-sown field, and are sometimes seen in hundreds holding a solemn conclave, or in ones or twos warming their feet on the back of some quiet cow!"

"The Burmah crows are not a whit behind their English cousins in boldness or cunning.

"One day I gave my dog, Rajah, a nice bone, and he went to enjoy it on the lawn opposite my window. Presently I saw about a dozen crows perch round him, at a respectful distance, with their glossy black heads first on one side and then on another. They seemed to be wondering how it was possible to get hold of the coveted morsel. Presently two old fellows hopped nearer and nearer to the tempting bait, when a deep growl from Rajah warned them that he meant to keep it for himself. They drew back, and then once more seemed to hold a whispered council. Soon, to my great amusement, I saw one of the conspirators hop quickly up behind the victim, and with his sharp, strong beak he seized the end of Rajah's tail! With a snarl of pain the dog turned upon his enemy, and in an instant the game was won. Before poor old Rajah very well knew what it was all about, his bone was gone! High up in the air went the wicked thieves, carrying their booty to some safe place, while Rajah lifted up his head and howled. He was answered by a distant 'Caw, caw, caw,' which sounded to me very much as if the crows were chuckling over their practical joke."

A New Kind of Happiness.

MANY boys have tender consciences and a great reverence for religion, but shrink from becoming Christians lest the change may make them sober and sedate like men, and take away their boyish cheerfulness and love of sports. They forget that if a great joy fills the heart, from peace with God and the forgiveness of sins, this joy will make all life pleasanter to them in study and work and play. Dr. Nehemiah Adams gives an account of a boy who became a Christian, without quite knowing what the change meant, or why he felt so happy. Dr. Adams says:—

"A lad was on his way from school with other lads, in playful conversation. When he entered his home he laid down his books in the entry, went to his chamber, locked the door, knelt down, and heedless whether anyone was in the room adjoining, prayed in childlike language nearly as follows: 'O God, my heavenly Father, I have come to pray to thee. I don't want

anything in particular, but I love thee. I have come just to say that I do not know what has made me feel as I have felt this forenoon; but I haven't been able to think of much besides God. I never loved anything so. Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth I desire besides thee. Yes, there is one thing that I do desire, and that is that all scholars may feel so towards thee.' After a few words more, he joined his brothers and sisters in their play."

This boy was happier than ever before in his life. He didn't know the reason, but it was because he had come to love God, and that made him love parents and brothers and sisters and schoolmates better, and all beautiful things in Nature better. He was much happier than his schoolmates who did not love God, and this new joy entered into his talk and play, and attracted their notice.

Religion helps children to better study and more faithful work. A little girl of twelve was telling, in a simple way, the evidence that she was a Christian. "I did not like to study but to play. I was idle at school, and often missed my lessons. Now I try to learn every lesson well to please God. I was mischievous at school when the teachers were not looking at me—making fun for the scholars to laugh at. Now I wish to please God by behaving well and keeping the school laws. I was selfish at home—didn't like to run errands—and was sulky when mother called me from play to help her in work. Now it is a real joy to me to help mother in any way, and to show that I love her."

Such a religion is essential to the best interest and moral growth of youth, and will make life sunny and cheerful.

Break the Chain.

THE fable story is told of some young and inexperienced sailors who once, when out fishing, cast anchor, as they thought, but soon found their boat moving along.

A great fish had hold of the chain, and was dragging them down to a rocky coast, near which was also a dreadful rapids.

What could they do? No time was to be lost. Their only hope was in breaking the chain. The fish was not in sight; but by cutting loose from it they could then move the boat with safety.

So it is every day in life. We seem to be safe; but a careful look will show us that we are moving towards danger. A bad habit, an ugly temper, laziness, dangerous company, evil desires, strong drink, and many other things, take strong hold on men.

Oh, break the chain! Cut loose from the enemy. Tear away from all that is unholy. And safety lies also in doing this at once. Waiting is dangerous. When too near the precipice death is certain.