THE SUNDAY STONE.

BY MARY F. BIGELOW.

'TIS said an English coal-mine deep and dark,
Where weary men toil through a sunless day,
Has on its blackened sides a whitened mark;
And as the curious traveler gropes his way,
To such dense darkness not accustomed grown,
The miners tell him 'tis the "Sunday stone."

Along the sides of that deep, gloomy mine
The limestone forming would be fair and clean,
But when the colliers' blows strike out the dust,
Its plastic state receives the coal's dark stain;
'Tis only when the Sunday's rest comes on,
It hardens to the pure white "Sunday stone"

So in the delving of our week-day lives,
The dust of sin and self pollutes us all;
Down into hopeless darkness should we sink,
Were there no "Sunday stones" within life's wall.
Our Sabbaths shine amid the world's dark round,
Like precious gems 'mong common pebbles found.

The din of six days' busy toil is stilled;
A hallowed silence, or the gospel's sound;
Soothes heart and brain; or with true zeal,
We seek to sow good seed in hopeful ground;
Or work, or rest, or song, or silence—all
Place "Sunday stones" within our rising wall.

As every Sabbath draweth to its close,
And we review our work, tho' illy done,
Our lips and hearts take up a thankful song,
That we are counted worthy to have won.
A niche within the temple of the Lord,
A place to tell his love and teach his word.

OSBORNE'S LEAP.

HOW AN APPRENTICE JUMPED INTO FAME AND FORTUNE.

EDWARD Osborne was the youngest apprentice in the shop of Sir William Hewet, cloth-worker and Burgess of the City of London, who, in the days of "Good Queen Bess," had his shop on old London Bridge, which was then a regular mart of traffic, with its roadway flanked on either side by long lines of curious and tall old houses.

Sir William's house was larger than the rest, and stood just above the middle arch of the bridge. Beneath it flowed the Thames through the arches and past the "starlings" around each of the piers which supported the old bridge.

Young Edward Osborne was a blithe young lad, industrious and brave, and was accustomed to cheer himself while at his tasks by singing snatches of the old English songs which through all the different ages of our mother country's history have flowed spontaneously from her people's hearts. "Brave Lord Willoughby" was one of his pet songs, and he was continually trolling it out as he sat at his loom in the cloth-worker's shop. The glorious deeds of Lord Willoughby excited a spirit of emulation in the lad's breast, and he murmured to himself:

"Ah, I could do brave deeds too, if I had the chance."

Just as he spoke these words, his master had entered the room.

"Keep to work, my boy," said the hearty old man, "with a good heart and honest mind, and when the time comes God will give you a chance to do brave deeds enough."

"True, master," responded the lad. "In God's good time all things come to pass," and with renewed spirit he bent again to his work. The old Burgess left the room, congratulating himself on possessing the best apprentice of any master in London.

But God's good time for the brave deed that Edward Osborne had so longed for had already come. While he was still singing at his work, there came to his ears a sudden shriek from the balcony overhead, and looking up he saw something fall quickly past his window. Instantly he sprang up and learned the cause. The only child of his respected master had fallen from its nurse's arms into the rushing river below.

With Edward Osborne, to resolve was to do. Scarcely had the little baby reached the water, when the young apprentice had leaped from the window to rescue it. The tiny splash made by the child found an echo in that of the lad as he struck the water.

The hurrying current swept the little babe quickly along, but the boy's heart was brave and his arms strong. The distracted household rushed to the fatal balcony, and the old father then saw his darling far beyond in the turbulent Thames, followed closely by the brave apprentice, who soon caught up to the floating speck of white.

Intense anxiety was pictured on every countenance. Would he save her? Now he reached the child, now he turned. Could he get safely to shore?

The father's eyes streamed with tears which dimmed his sight, but the hearty shout told him that his child was in the strong grasp of the brave young apprentice.

But even then both might have yet been lost—for the current was strong, and Osborne's clothes, wet through and through, made his burden heavier and his arm weaker—had not a boat pulled by two sturdy watermen come sweeping up to the struggling lad. In it the babe and her rescuer were pulled, and the boat turned toward the shore. Scarcely had the boat touched the wharf, on her return, when old Hewet sprang into her like a madman, and finding his child unhurt, flung his arms round the neck of the half-drowned apprentice.

"God bless thee, my son!" cried he, fervently. "Let them never call thee a boy again, for few *men* would have dared as *much*."

"Let them call him a *hero*," said a voice from behind.

The boy looked up with a start. Beside him stood the handsomest man he had ever seen, in a rich court dress, looking down upon him with grave, kindly eyes. It was Sir Walter Raleigh, famous even then as one of the greatest men whom England had ever produced, but destined to become more famous still as the colonizer of Virginia.

Ah! the happy home that the two were taken to! The young apprentice modestly bore the praises and love which were heaped upon him, and roused his work with the cheerful consciousness of having done his duty.

Older he grew, and older grew the young child he had saved from a watery grave. And the old, old story came up again: these two loved each other, and when the day came that the young apprentice went to his master to ask the hand of his only daughter, the old man's response was hearty:

"Take her, my boy. You drew her out of the Thames, and she loves her preserver. Many a rich man has asked me for her, but you only shall possess her."

So, ten years from the day when *Edward Osborne made his famous leap* from London Bridge, he sat by the side of his bride at the head of the old knight's table amid a circle of guests that comprised many of the best of England's heroes, and the old knight said:

"I always told him, 'May the best man win.'"

"And so he has," cried Sir Walter Raleigh, grasping Osborne's hand; "and the fairest lass in London may be proud to bear his name, for I'll warrant it will be famous yet."

Raleigh spoke truly. A month later, the ex-apprentice was Sir Edward Osborne; yet a few years, and he had become sheriff; and when the Spanish Armada came, foremost among the defenders of England was Osborne, Lord Mayor of London, from whom the English Dukes of Leeds are still proud to trace their descent.

A WORD TO BOYS.

ASHAMED of work, boys? good, hard, honest work? Then I am ashamed of you—ashamed that you know so little about great men.

Open your old Roman history now and read of Cincinnatus. On the day when they wanted to make him dictator, where did they find him? In the field of plowing.

What about Marcus Curtius, who drove Pyrrhus out of Italy? Look him up; you will find him busy on his little farm.

The great Cato; you have surely heard of him—how he arose to all the honors of the Roman state—yet he was *often seen at work in his field* with the slaves. Scipio Africanus, who conquered Hannibal and won Carthage for Rome, was not ashamed to labour on his farm.

Lucretia, one of the noblest of Roman matrons, might have been seen many a day spinning among her maidens.

Better even than the example of noble Romans is the advice of the wise man: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Better than this, even, are the beautiful New Testament words: "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

There! after this you will feel ashamed not to work.

THE body of a young man was recently found in the Mersey. On a paper found in his pocket was written. "A wasted life. Do not ask anything about me. Drink was the cause. Let me die, let me rot." Within a week the coroner of Liverpool received more than two hundred letters from fathers and mothers all over England, asking for a description of the young man, and saying that the boy they had loved had been drawn away into the shining halls of sin and drink.

A LESSON ON PERSEVERANCE.

AT a recent Sunday-school concert in an Eastern city an anecdote was related to the children which is too good to be lost. It illustrates the benefit of perseverance in as strong a manner as ever did a Bruce. One of the corporations of the city being in want of a boy in their mill, a piece of paper was tacked on one of the posts in a prominent place, so that the boys could see it as they passed. The paper read:

"Boy wanted, call at the office tomorrow morning."

At the time indicated a host of boys was at the gate. All were admitted, but the overseer was a little perplexed as to the best way of choosing one from so many, and said he:

"Boys, I only wanted one, and here are a great many. How shall I choose?"

After thinking a moment, he invited them all into the yard, and driving a nail into one of the large trees, and taking a short stick, told them that the boy who could hit the nail with a stick, standing a little distance from the tree, should have the place. The boys all tried hard, and after three trials each signally failed to hit the nail. The boys were told to come again the next morning, and this time when the gate was opened there was but one boy, who, after being admitted, picked up the stick, and, throwing it at the nail, hit it every time.

"How is this?" said the overseer. "What have you been doing?"

And the boy, looking up with tears in his eyes, said:

"You see, sir, I have a poor old mother and I am a poor boy. I have no father, sir, and I thought I should like to get the place and so help her all I can; and after going home yesterday I drove a nail into the barn, and have been trying to hit it ever since, and have come down this morning to try again."

The boy was admitted to the place. Many years have passed since then, and this boy is now a prosperous and wealthy man, and at the time of the accident at the Pemberton Mills he was the first to step forward with a *gift of one hundred pounds to relieve* the sufferers. His success came by perseverance.

TWO WAYS OF KEEPING THE SABBATH.

THERE were two farmers. One loved his Bible, reverenced the Sabbath, loved his Creator, and believed that he was a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering Father.

The other was an infidel, regarding all days alike. He plowed, sowed, reaped, and labored on the seventh day the same as on the other six days.

When the harvesting was over and the grain had all been gathered into barns, the infidel's crop was found to be by far the largest, a hail-storm having visited his friend's farm, destroying the greater part of his grain.

"How now, Neighbor Brown," said the infidel, wishing to turn the joke upon his friend, you keep the Sabbath, and what have you gained? An empty barn. I worked on each day of the week alike, and see the result;" and he waved his hand toward his large and well-filled barn.

His neighbor quietly replied, "Friend Gray, God does not settle all his accounts in October."—*Advocate and Guardian.*