

had been possible, he would have endeavoured to escape from the eye of God. But ever since he known God by the name of Father, the thought of his perpetual presence had turned all his life into a solemn gladness and service.

By the diligent reading of his thumb-worn Bible, he had come across this saying of the Saviour: "I shall leave me alone, and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me." Tom thought he could not say the same words; and often at such times he sat in the dusky room, or when he was sheltered from the spring showers under some archway, resting his weary frame upon the steps of an old house, this verse came into his heart with a freshness and strength such as nothing else could give, and turning away his sad thoughts from his father, and his failing strength, and his sore heart, he would say to himself, "Yet I am not alone, because my Father is with me."

(To be continued.)

WHICH WAS THE COWARD?

BY M. E. WINSLOW.

Oh! you may talk all day, if you choose; I can't convince me. Girls always have been cowards, and they always will be, I suppose. It's not right enough to say you're afraid to do things, but when you expect ME to be afraid that's another matter; and I'd thank you not to mention such an idea again. I don't believe even you would like to have your brother known as a coward."

And Robert McKenzie closed the conversation and went down the street, not heeding—perhaps not hearing—his sister's "last word": "I don't think it's cowardly to be afraid to do things."

She went on in her study of her Sunday-school book, which had been interrupted by Robert; but her thoughts troubled her, and her thoughts would wander away from her book, in spite of all her efforts to become interested.

Robert joined a party of boys, and went off with them on the fishing party which had caused the conversation, and before long accepted the "glass of rum" with which the captain of the fishing-smack had treated the boys. He did not like the taste of rum, and he knew it was wrong to drink it; but he did not like to be laughed at by the other boys, so he was afraid to say "No."

It was Sunday morning when the party set out for their day's pleasure, and it was in reference to the sanctity of the sacred day that Ida had told Robert not to be "afraid" to go.

It was Sunday afternoon, when Ida—returning from Sunday school with a friend—saw at the bottom of the cliff along which the pathway ran, a returned smack in which the party of boys were coming so bravely and defiantly. Where were the boys? At first sight she thought they had all been washed away by the waves, but at length she saw two forms far below, vainly struggling to get hold on the wet rocks.

"You must get help to them somehow," she said to her companion. "I can get down by that rock and that one—don't you see?"

"Yes, but you can't get up again. You'll have to stay there till the tide rises, and then you and the boys will be drowned."

"I'll risk it," said Ida. "If some one stood on that rock and held out a hand to the boys they would scramble up and be safe till help came—that help came quickly. You hurry on to the village, and tell all the men to row round and pick us up before the tide rises; it's at the ebb now."

Ida ran away towards the village as fast as

she could, and Ida—agile as girls brought up among the rocks are apt to be—commenced the descent. She had no difficulty in reaching the bottom of the cliff, but there was a wide strip of foaming, angry water between her and the flat rock, to the bottom of which the two boys were clinging. They kept their heads above water by grasping the seaweed at the foot of the rock, but, bruised and beaten with the waves, they could not, unaided, gain a foothold upon the slippery stone.

Robert saw Ida descend the cliff; he saw, also, that were she on the rock her extended hand would so steady the boys that they could climb to temporary safety by its aid, and he shouted, impatiently, "Jump." His sister hesitated a moment, for the distance was considerable, the water looked very angry, and, should she miss the rock, she would be in the same predicament as the boys. It would be even more impossible for her, hampered with skirts, to climb the wet rock than for the boys, who, at least, know how to float. But it was only for a moment. To jump was the only chance, and the thing she ought to do; and, summoning all her resolution, she made the effort, and landed safely upon the broad, flat stone. After this, to lie flat down upon her face, and, stretching out her arm, assist the boys into a position of safety, was the work of a very few moments.

But now another difficulty arose. It was a long time—or so it seemed to the three, as they stood waiting upon the rock—before succour came, and meanwhile the tide began to rise, and Robert McKenzie's terror was extreme.

"You can't see this rock when the tide is high," he said. "We shall all be drowned very soon."

"We must wait," said Ida; "there is nothing else to do. The pebbles at the foot of the cliff are lower than this stone, and will be covered first. God will take care of us."

"He won't take care of me," said Robert, clinging to her. "I went fishing on Sunday, and drank rum—and—I an't the kind of boy he takes care of."

Robert was so completely unmanned by the danger of his position, added to the effects of the liquor he had drunk, that his sister had to use all her efforts to keep him from slipping off the wet rock till a boat came to their rescue, which happened just as their feet were wet with the first advancing wave; and then Robert fainted away altogether.

Boys! which of the two do you think was the coward?—*Temperance Banner.*

THE LIQUOR BUSINESS DEFINED.

It is a business which every merchant and business man hates and detests. It is a business which is the standing dread of every mother. It is a business which is the constant fear of every father. It is a business which is the horror of every wife. It is a business which makes 90 per cent. of the pauperism for which the taxpayer has to pay. It is a business which keeps employed an army of policemen in the cities. It is a business which puts out the fire on the hearth, and condemns wives and children to hunger, cold, and rags. It is a business which fosters vice for profit, and educates in wickedness for gain.

Drunkenness comprises all other vices. It is the dictionary of vice, for it includes every vice. Drunkenness means peculation, theft, robbery, arson, forgery, murder, for it leads to all these crimes.—*Irish Templar.*

NEITHER wine, spirits, nor malt liquors are necessary for health. We are better off without them.

As I Said.

Her eyes are not so lustrous,  
Her voice has less of cheer,  
While in her hair, once dark as night,  
The threads of gray appear.  
And, ah! I am reminded,  
When I her face behold,  
That, though she still is beautiful,  
Mother's growing old.

Her cheeks have lost their glory,—  
So like the blush of morn,—  
Her smiles are flown that used to bless  
The heart with sorrow worn;  
And when I mark her step, that  
Was buoyant once and bold,  
I cannot help the thought, so sad,  
That—Mother's growing old.

Turn back the years, O Father!  
And make her young once more,  
Just as my soul remembers her  
In happy days of yore.  
When at her side, my life in  
Full gladness did unfold,  
And I, a little child, dreamed not  
Mother would grow old.

Beyond these hours so fleeting,  
Beyond earth's toils and tears,  
In that sweet land I hope to gain  
When cease these mortal years,  
Nothing shall waste her pure life:  
But beauty, manifold  
With happiness, shall crown her lot,  
And—Mother'll ne'er grow old.

As I Now Say.

The long rough road is ended,  
Her weary feet have pressed,  
How rough to her weak footsteps,  
Perhaps we never guessed;  
But—with the weary journey  
She'll be no more distressed,  
That face we bend and softly kiss  
Bears no imprint but that of bliss.

We know that many pages  
Within the book of years  
She has perused with anguish,  
Amid her falling tears;  
That partings, change and doubtings  
Have caused her many fears.  
Forgotten now, each pang of woe,  
No grief again her soul will know.

We gaze at her dear features,  
Within the casket bound,  
And think that she is dwelling  
Where changeless peace is found;  
That there no painful partings  
Her loving heart will wound;  
And, weeping for her, "loved and gone,"  
We gather strength to walk—

Along the way before us,  
Whither—we do not know,  
It may be strewn with blessings,  
And pleasures we may know,  
Or thickly set with dangers,  
May bring us naught but woe,  
Yet—o'er life's pathway she has come,  
At last, unto a heavenly home.

HINDU CARPENTERS.

THEIR wood is mostly hard and it takes a long time to saw the planks, and when sawed they are very thick and fit only for rude workmanship. Carts, doors, frames for doors and windows and benches are about all they make, and they work very slowly. A carpenter likes to sit down on the ground and use his toes for a vise. The people generally use their toes to pick up little things from the ground. I once asked a man why he did not stoop over to pick up a stone. He said it was much better to pick it up with his toes and bring it up to the hand behind his body, for if he were facing a tiger and should stoop over for a stone, the tiger would spring upon him; whereas by picking it up with his foot he could keep his eye on the tiger all the time.