

THE FATHER'S HAND.

"I'm only an old wife, now, sir, and I've time to sit on the strand, watching the boats come in, and the children at play on the sand,— Seventy years, sir—all my days—I have lived beside the sea, and it has been meet and money and joy and sorrow to me!

Father and husband and boys, sir—there was not a man of them all could have lain still in the house, sir, when the winds and the waters call:—My father and husband sleep in the graves of our folk by the shore, But both of the boys who left me,—they never came back any more!

Of I've been ready to sink, sir, but one thought would keep me afloat, —I learned it, sir, as a little lass at play in my father's boat. (Do you know, sir, it's often struck me, the lesson of life is writ plain out in the world around us, if we'd but give our minds to it?)

My father hadn't a lad, sir, so he paid the more heed to me: He would take me with him in summer, far out on the open sea, And he'd let me handle the oars, sir, and pull with my might and main, But if I'd been left to myself, sir, I'd ne'er have seen home again!

"Pull, little maid!" he would cheer me, but still kept his hand on the oar: Though sometimes I'd try to turn us to some pretty nook on the shore, Still straight went the boat to the harbour, and as I grew stronger each day, I found that the only wisdom was in rowing my father's way!

And I think, sir, that God our Father keeps hold of the world just so, We may strive and struggle our utmost, that we may stronger grow— Stronger, and wiser, and humbler, till at last we can understand The beauty and peace of his keeping the car of all life in His hand!

For the Father knows what we really want is labor and rest with Him, So He bears us straight through joy and loss, over discontent and whim; Though oft it's not till we sit, like me, a-watching life's sinking sun, We feel our best is our latest prayer, and that is "Thy will be done."

—Sunday at Home.

STICK TO YOUR BUSH.

ONE day when I was a lad a party of boys and girls were going to a distant pasture to pick whortleberries. I wanted to go with them but was fearful my father would not let me. When I told him what was going on, he at once gave me permission to go with them. I could hardly contain myself for joy, and rushed into the kitchen, and got a big basket, and asked mother for a luncheon. I had the basket on my arm, and was just going out of the gate when my father called me back.

He took hold of my hand and said in a very gentle voice: "Joseph, what are you going for—to pick berries or to play?" "To pick berries," I replied. "Then Joseph, I want to tell you one thing. It is this: When you find a pretty good bush, do not leave it to find a better one. The other boys and girls will run about, picking a little here and a little there, wasting a great deal of time and not getting many berries. If you do as they do, you will come home with an empty basket. If you want berries stick to your bush!"

I went with the party and we had a capital time. But it was just as my father said. No sooner had one found a good bush than he called all the rest, and they left their several places

and ran off to the new-found treasure. Not content more than a minute or two in one place, they rambled over the whole pasture, got very tired, and at night had very few berries. My father's words kept ringing in my ears; and I "stuck to my bush." When I had done with one, I found another. When night came I had a large basketful of nice berries, more than all the others put together, and was not half as tired as they were.

I went home happy; but when I entered I found that my father had been taken ill. He looked at my basketful of ripe berries, and said: "Well done, Joseph. Was it not just as I told you? Always stick to your bush."

He died a few days after, and I had to make my own way in the world as best I could. But my father's words sank deep into my mind, and I never forgot the experience of the whortleberry party; I stuck to my bush. When I had a fair place and was doing tolerably well I did not leave it and spend weeks and months in finding one a little better. When the other young men said, "Come with us, and we will make a fortune in a few weeks," I shook my head and "stuck to my bush." Presently my employers offered to take me into business with them. I staid with the old house until the principals died, and then I took their place. The habit of sticking to my business led people to trust me, and gave me a character. I owe all I have and am to this motto: "Stick to your bush."—Sunday-school Visitor.

AN OHIOAN'S OPINION OF CANADA.

M. R. W. J. CHAMBERLAIN, of Columbus, O., in the *Country Gentleman*, gives his impression of things Canadian and Torontonion in a complimentary fashion. He rather under-rates our one-hundred-thousand population, but nevertheless does the city justice in other respects. He says:—

We have been accustomed to regard the Canadians as "slow" and old-fogyish, and lacking in enterprise, and sadly needing to be annexed; and it makes us open our eyes when we travel in Canada. We have not found the expected "slowness" of the Canadians yet; and it will well repay an American to visit Toronto for a day or two at the time of the great fair, look over the grounds, buildings, and exhibits, and study the city and the people. The city is peculiar in some respects. It is more solid than our cities of the same size; there are finer wooden buildings, and those of brick and stone seem more substantial. It apparently does a heavier mercantile business than Cleveland or Buffalo with twice as large a population. One reason for this probably is that it is the distributing centre for a large area. I spoke of the substantial character of the buildings. Visit the Toronto University, of solid stone, with heavy walls and towers and finest architecture, and costing about a quarter of a million dollars itself, and surrounded by several denominational colleges, or theological schools, some of them with finer buildings than almost any Ohio or western college. Witness the Normal School buildings, with their galleries of paintings, engravings, photographs, and casts of statuary. Visit the Horticultural

Gardens (if you still have suspicions that Canada is outside the pale of civilization and needs annexing to the United States to make it amount to anything) and see the most intensely brilliant colour display of blossoms and foliage plants; acres of scarlet and crimson and purple and green in brilliant blending and beauty of design.

It diminishes our conceit, too, to find the Canadians more courteous, polite, than we are on this side. This appears in many ways; for example, in forms of expression. If a Yankee does not understand your question, he says "What?" or "Heaow?" or (at the West) "Which?" or "H'm?" or (if he can spare time) "What d'ye say?" But the Canadian says, "I beg pardon?" And the courtesy of the expression lies in the ellipsis, and in its generous assumption of all blame for not understanding the question on its first utterance.

DOING AND BEING.

A YOUNG girl had been trying to do something very good and had not succeeded very well. Her friend hearing her complaint said:

"God gives us many things to do, but don't you think he gives us something to be just as well?"

"O dear! tell me about being," said Marion, looking up, "I will think about being, if you will help me."

Her friend answered: God says: "Be kindly affectionate one to another."

- "Be ye also patient."
- "Be ye thankful."
- "Be not conformed to this world."
- "Be ye therefore perfect."
- "Be courteous."
- "Be not wise in your own conceit."
- "Be not overcome of evil."

Marion listened but made no reply. Twilight grew into darkness. The tea bell sounded bringing Marion to her feet. In the firelight Elizabeth could see that she was very serious.

"I'll have a better day to-morrow. I see that doing grows out of being."

"We cannot be what God loves without doing what he commands. It is easier to do with a rush, than to be patient, or unselfish, or humble, or just, or watchful."

"I think it is," returned Marion.—*Watchman*.

WHEN MEN KISS EACH OTHER

AN effusiveness pervades all classes of society in Germany, and one sees old men and boys saluting each other, if he haunts the railroad stations and watches the departures and arrivals. In America kissing of friends and acquaintances is left to be monopolized almost entirely by ladies, but in Germany the men take their share of the good thing—if good thing it may be called—and kiss and hug each other on occasion in a way that is truly affecting. You will see two friends standing on the platform at the railway station, one of them going off on a journey of perhaps six hours' duration. They stand there, hand in hand, talking very rapidly and regretting the stern necessity that compels them to part. The conductor calls, "All aboard!" The two friends throw themselves into each other's arms, kiss each other first on one cheek, and then on the other; pat each other on the back; kiss again;

SURE SIGNS.

WHEN a child is patient and persevering and conquers difficulties, it is a sign he will make his mark in the world.

If he worries and frets and stewes, it is a sign he is likely to die prematurely, and to live to little purpose.

If he is in a hurry to spend each cent as he gets it, he will never be rich, but a spendthrift.

If he hoards up his pennies, and will not part with one for any good cause, he is likely to be a miser.

If he is careful, and economical and generous, he may or may not be rich; but he will have the blessing of God, and, if he is a Christian, he will never want.

If he is obedient to his parents he has the promise that "his days shall be long in the land."

If he is lazy and indifferent, and neglects his studies, he will grow up a dunce, and men cannot respect him.

If he reads dime novels, or low, trashy, vile, five-cent papers, he will likely end his days in a prison or upon the gallows.

If he loves his Bible, and his church, and his Sunday-school, he will be good and useful and occupy an honourable position among men.

Are you patient, persevering, prayerful, contented, careful, generous, and good?

Are you trying to be?

AN EXCELLENT PLAN.

WHEN a girl is ten years old, she should be given household duties to perform according to her size and strength, for which a sum of money should be paid her weekly. She needs a little pocket money, and the knowledge how to spend it judiciously, which can so well be given by a mother to her little girl. She should be required to furnish a part of her wardrobe with this money. For instance, if she gets ten cents a week, she should purchase all her stockings, or all her gloves, as the mother may decide; and doing this under the mother's supervision, she will soon learn to trade with judgment and economy. Of course, the mother will see to it that the sum is sufficient to do this, and yet leave a trifle for the child to spend just as she pleases. This will supply a healthy stimulus; it will give her a proper ambition and pride in her labour, and the ability to use money properly. As she grows older these household duties should increase, with a proportionate increase of money paid for the performance of them. We know of a lady who divides the wages of a servant among her three daughters. There is a systematic arrangement of their labour, which is done with a thoroughness and alacrity rarely found, either with a hired girl, or a daughter who feels that she has to do it with nothing to encourage and stimulate her in the work.—*Woman's Journal*.