

HOME AND SCHOOL

Do unto others
As ye would
that they
should
do unto
you.

ROBERT SMITH - C. TORONTO.

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The Heavenly Traveller.

I saw a blood-washed traveller
In garments white as snow,
While travelling on the highway,
Where heavenly breezes blow;
His path was full of trials,
And yet his face was bright;
He shouted as he journeyed,
"I'm glad the burden's light!"

I saw him in the conflict,
When all around was strife,
While wicked men and devils
Combined to take his life;
I saw him cast in prison,
A dungeon dark as night;
And yet I heard him shouting,
"I'm glad the burden's light."

I saw him led from prison,
And chained unto the stake;
I heard him shout triumphant,
"It's all for Jesus' sake;"
I saw the fire when kindled,
The fagots blazing bright,
He said, "The yoke is easy,
The burden is so light."

I saw the flames surround him,
His body racked with pain;
He shouted, "Jesus saves me;
I know that death is gain;"
Then casting his eyes upward,
Before he took his flight,
He shouted, "Hallelujah!
The city heaves in sight."

I saw his soul departing,
It seemed the vail was rent,
And I could see the angels
Which Jesus Christ had sent;
They bore him to the Saviour,
The ever blessed one,
The brightest star in glory,
And Jesus said, "Well done."

Under the Falls.

CLOSE to the cataract, there is now a shaft, down which you will descend to the level of the river, and pass between the rock and the torrent. The visitor stands on a broad, safe path, between the rock over which the water rushes and the rushing water. He will go in so far that the spray rising back from the bed of the torrent does not incommodate him. And then let him stand with his back to the entrance, thus hiding the last glimmer of the expiring day. For the first five minutes he will be looking but at the



UNDER THE FALLS.

waters of a cataract,—at the waters, indeed, of such a cataract as we know no other, and at their interior curves, which elsewhere we can not see. But by-and-by all this will change. He will feel as though the floods surrounded him, coming and going with their wild sounds, and he will hardly recognize, that, though among them, he is not in them. And they, as they fall with a continual roar, not hurting the ear, but musical withal, will seem to move as the vast ocean waters may perhaps move in their internal currents. The broken spray that rises from the depths below, rises so strongly, so palpably, so rapidly, that the motion in every direction will seem equal. And, as he looks on, strange colours will show themselves through the mist; the shades of gray will become green or blue, with ever and anon a flash of white; and then, when some gust of wind blows in with greater violence, the sea-girt cavern will become all dark and black. Oh, my friend, let there be no one there to speak to thee then; no, not even a brother. As you stand there, speak only to the waters.

The Teetotaler.

THERE was a soldier down in Tennessee when I was there—a great, strong hearty fellow who was a teetotaler. One day when the army was going on a long march, a man offered him a drink of whiskey.

"I am a teetotaler," was the reply.

"Never mind that. You're in the army now: besides, you need some stimulant to help you on this long march."

Taking out a pocket Bible, he held it up before the face of his tempter, and said—

"This is all the stimulant I want."