

Immanuel's Land.

FAIR island of the Southern seas,
Fair land of azure 'sies,
Land of a light and balmy breeze,
Whose summer never dies:
O land of the date! O land of the palm!
Land of a golden sand!
There all is joy, there all is rest,
There all is bright and ever blest;
No waves of care;
The very air
Is life and light,
And my delight:
But this is not Immanuel's land.

Thy sun will set, and set in night,
And thy fair scenes will fade:
That which was once all beaming light
Will die in evening's shade.
O land of the date! O land of the palm!
Land of a golden sand!
Where is thy light! where is thy bloom?
Now buried in an obscure gloom!
Ye stars of light
Now shining bright,
Gleam from afar
Each falling star:
But this is not Immanuel's land.

But oh, what rapture steals me o'er
To cross death's sullen stream,
And as I near that blissful shore
The lights of Eden beam.
O land of the harp! O land of the crown!
Land of a golden strand!
Those golden streets so bright I see:
Oh, had I wings to fly to thee!
This gained by death,
I yield my breath;
My soul aspires
For heavenly choirs,
My soul yearns for Immanuel's land.

What One Boy Did.

BY M. V. M.

HE was only fourteen years old, and an apprenticed boy at that; but he changed a poor little peasant village into a great manufacturing town, and, more than this, left to his country a profitable industry which has grown into her principal resource for wealth. This is the way he did it:

A couple of hundred years ago a horse-trader came to the present village of Chaux-de-fonds, in the Jura mountains of Switzerland, bringing with him a silver watch. The villagers had never seen any thing of the kind, and it was a great curiosity. People came from far and near to see the wonderful little machine work. But one day it stopped! Nobody knew what to do, and not only the owner but the whole town felt the loss. Every body was talking about the misfortune, and with good reason. Imagine living in a town where there was never a time-piece of any description!

At last Jean Richard, a smith's apprentice, made his appearance. He was a clear-headed, clever boy, and looking carefully among the wheels and cogs of the watch he fancied that he might put it in order. He asked if he might try, and permission was readily given. He put the watch in order very quickly, and at once became the hero of the village.

But he was not satisfied. If he could mend a watch he could make one, he believed, and so he set about the work without tools, machinery, patterns, experience, or any thing, in fact, save his own will and purpose and ingenuity. He worked bravely on, toiling late at night and early in the morning, and in a little less than two years he saw his first watch measuring time!

It was a triumph, and the brave boy deserved all his satisfaction. A few years more and Jean himself was at the head of a large and successful watch-making business, and before many years had passed Switzerland was noted as a watch-producing country.

You see, boys, what the qualities were which led to this success—faith in his own power, perseverance, courage, and hope. Jean Richard had no more of these, perhaps, than many a boy who does little or nothing; but he was willing to try the seemingly impossible thing. Are you?

Singular Scripture Readings.

PERHAPS a few specimens of the various translations of the Holy Scriptures into the English language may be interesting to our readers. We will take, as an example, one text, Psalm viii. 5:

Authorized Version: "For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour."

I. Wyclif: "Thou lassedest hym a litil lasse fro angels; with glorie and worships thou crownedest hym."

II. Wyclif: "Thou hast maad hym a litil lasse than aungels; thou hast crowned hym with glorie and onour."

The two specimens from Wyclif are from the catalogue of Sir Richard R. Madden, in the British Museum.

Miles Coverdale: "After thou haddest for a reason made him lower the angels thou crownedest him with honour and glory."

Cranmer: "Thou madest hym lower then ye Angels, to croune hym with glory and worship."

Matthews: "After thou haddest for a reason made him lower the Angels thou crownedest him with honour and glory."

The Bishop's Bible: "Thou hast made hym something inferiour to Angels, thou hadst crowned hym with glory and worship."

The Douay or Rheims, (Roman Catholic Version): "Thou hast made him a little less than the Angels, thou hast crowned him with glory and honor."

English Book of Common Prayer. "Thou madest him lower than the angels; to crown him with glory and worship."

Geneva, (vulgarly called the Breeches Bible): "For thou hast made him a little lower than God, and crowned him with glory and worship."

I have given the Geneva version last, because it differs so much from all the other versions, and in my judgment is the only true translation. The word rendered in the other translations "Angels" is always Elohim in the Hebrew Bible, which not only means God, but also the Trinity, as all Hebrew words ending with *m* are plural.

If the last rendering of the passage be the true one, then man's fall must have been a much greater fall than it is commonly supposed to have been.

J. B. WRIGHT.

Delicacy.

THE true gentleman never alludes to the infirmities of the people in whose company he may be. He has too great respect for their feelings to do that. Boys and girls who wish to become true gentlemen and ladies soon learn to regard the feelings of others, and are careful not to wound them. This was once beautifully illustrated among a company of robust, active boys who were very busy playing base-ball. A little lame fellow about twelve years old, pale and sickly, stood leaning on his

crutches, evidently very sorry that he was not able to take part in the exciting game. Indeed he seemed to lose sight of the fact how much his infirmity unfitted him to join in the sport of his stout and healthy companions. The other boys good-naturedly tried to persuade him to stand on one side and let another take his place; but they were thoughtful enough to put it on the ground that they feared he might get hurt.

"Jimmy," said one at last, forgetting himself for a moment, "you can't run, you know."

"Oh, hush!" answered another, the tallest boy of the party. "Never mind; I'll run for him, and you can count it for him."

So saying, the noble fellow took his place by Jimmy's side, saying to the other in a lower tone, "if you were like him you wouldn't like to be told of it all the time."

Was he not a true gentleman? He knew his little playmate was lame; and rightly judging that he did not care to be reminded of it, he acted accordingly. His thoughtfulness of the feelings of others is greatly to be commended, and is worthy of imitation, not only by boys and girls but by older persons also.—*Classmate.*

Ships at Sea.

I HAVE ships that went to sea
More than fifty years ago,
None have yet come back to me,
But are sailing to and fro.
Great the treasures that they hold,
Silks and plumes and bars of gold;
While the spices that they bear
Fill with fragrance all the air,
As they sail, as they sail.

I have waited on the piers,
Gazing for them down the bay,
Days and nights for many years,
Till I turn heart-sick away.
But the pilots, when they land,
Stop and take me by the hand,
Saying: "You will live to see
Your proud vessels come from sea
One and all, one and all."

Hold on to the End.

IN the battle of Gettysburg a young color-bearer of the Sixteenth Regiment of Vermont Volunteers fell mortally wounded. Holding on firmly to his color-staff, he felt some hand taking hold, and heard a voice saying, "Give us the flag." Death was already blinding his eyes, and he was unable to see who it was. "Are you friends, or enemies?" he asked. "We are friends," they replied. "Then if you are friends," the dying boy continued, "let me hold the flag till I die." And uttering these words he fell back and expired. That was the impulse and the act of a brave and true heart. The flag had been entrusted to his keeping. He could not and would not yield it to an enemy. He could not yield it to a friend, because he would cling to his trust to the end. His example, though but that of a boy, is one of the noblest and truest in history. Have you a trust committed to you? Yes. God has entrusted you with gifts and opportunities and duties. And Jesus says, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Paul just before his martyrdom wrote to Timothy, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, will give me at that day."

Woman's Work.

WOMAN'S work for woman, in the sense of missions to heathen women, grows in significance every hour. The necessity for it, the fruitfulness of the work, the fitness of Christian women to do for their sisters of the unevangelized lands, are no longer open questions. "Until the women are reached, nothing can be considered as permanently accomplished," says a recent writer on Missions in China. Reading this sentence in the faces of 150,000,000 Chinese girls and women we can well believe it the sober truth. "It is they," he goes on to say, "who teach the nation to be idolatrous, training the children in superstition from the very dawn of reason." This is only what we claim for women in this land of ours, except that here they turr the faces of the children to the light. It is the recognition of women as the trainers of the next generation, pitching its life to a key that regulates their own. Heathenism and false religion moves on, a swollen, turbid stream, in spite of every effort, if this great mass of heathen women cannot be leavened by the Gospel which has set the women of Christian lands in their high places and given them queenly power.

It is equally true of India as of China—and no more true of either than of Africa, though for a somewhat different reason. Another fact, fully established, is that men cannot do this work. Women must break their fetters or they will not be broken. That she can carry the torch of life into the darkness is fully proven. No brighter chapter of modern missions is there, than that written by her hand. No field is riper than that which awaits her sickle.

Upward.

THERE'S not a cloud that sails the sky
But has a silver lining:
Above each mist that veils the eye
The glorious sun is shining.
As travellers on the mountain slope,
And oft with clouds enveloped,
Find as they clamber higher up
A clearer sky developed.
So we on wings of faith should rise
And not sit down repining,
But soar aloft to brighter skies
Where the sun is always shining.
—R. GEO. HALLS.

A CAPTAIN of a vessel returning from Australia found that she sprung a leak soon after leaving Sydney, and the course did not allow him to put in at Cape of Good Hope. Nothing could be done but to endeavour to keep the ship afloat all the way home. At first he issued to the men their regular allowance of grog, but he soon found that they were fast running down in strength. Labouring at the pumps so constantly fatigued them extremely. At the end of the watch they would drink and turn in. At the end of four hours they would awake unrefreshed. He saw that this must be changed. He stopped the grog and ordered that at the end of the watch each man should be given a mess of cocoa and sugar with his meat. This changed matters very much. They took this food before they turned in, and this sugared cocoa renewed the material of their muscles and put them into a condition in which they could sleep soundly and awake refreshed. He assured me that he brought his men into harbour, after all that severe work, in as high a condition as ever a crew came home.—*Dr. Carpenter.*