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IHE FARMER'S ADVOCATE.



Lullaby.

O hush thee, my baby, and close thy bright eyes. And gaze not at mother with wondering surprise. The sun now is sinking far down in the west, And all the dear children are taking their rest: The bees and the birds are now quiet and still, And each little flower that blooms on the hill Is sleeping, to wake when the sun brightly beams; So enter now, darling, the land of sweet dreams.

O hush thee, dear baby, the moon rises high, And studded with stars is the beautiful sky. The soft breeze all gently wafts in at the door, And tells that the duties of daytime are o'er. Now, sweet one, I'll leave thee, -for quiet art thou. Contentment lies peacefully on thy pure brow, -To the care of the Heavenly Father above. Who blesses the little ones all with His love.

Miss A. Stetson in Good Housekeeping.

PRIZE STORY (Original).

JACK.

BY ION G. WARNER, ELGINFIELD, ONT.

JACK. BY 10X G. WARNER, EDISTIELD, ONT. It was New Year's Eve, but how different everything the eyes of one coming fresh from the c ild winter of New York. Tailway over the mountains, and as the work promised to be one full of reverses and difficulty. I naturally felt somewhat proud of the confidence the heads of the great engineering int to which I belonged had placed in me. It was growing dusk when the train stemed into the little station of Mud Creek. I was the only passenger to alight, and leaving my luggage in the station. I made my way to the only hotel the way was one of the most hospitable men it has ever been my conjog a smoke and a char. "Take a char and make yourself at home." It was growing dusk when the train stemed into the little station of Mud Creek. I was the only passenger to alight, and leaving my luggage in the station. I made my way to the only hotel the way was one of the most hospitable men it has ever been my conjog a smoke and a char. "Take a char and make yourself at home." He said. Take a char and make yourself at home." He said. Take a char and make yourself in a confortable-looking. Take a char and make yourself in a confortable-looking to ince Jack left. Sit down here, sir, and I'll tell you the story. Twas away back when the big rush to the gold diggings that dhar I first met the boy. He was fresh from college to a good family—with a title. I heard – but being for here, and he waked into camp one day about dimer, and the way. And as I found out afterwards, foresh from the yalley from here, and he waked into camp one day about dimer, and the work at first, but the day in reversed at he offer, and the work at first, but dead grit, and pretty soon could shoot at more months, and the make with her looks, lottered there and the work at first, but dead grit, and pretty soon could shoot at more months, and the have never rested till he gol sown in the store one day, and Jack had gone down to get some down the the chard, here was some thing here way alo for I suspected what was up; but how to comfort him I did not know. I ain't much used to making soft speeches, sir, and I was afraid I might hurt him worse. After a while I went over to him and laid my hand on his shoulder. 'Jack, lad,' I said, 'you're in trouble, boy: speak out and tell your pard, and if there's anything he can do, he'll do it.' He raised his head, and if you'll believe me, sir, I never want to see such a look on a man's face again : the agony in that boy's look might have touched a stone : it seemed as if his very soul was being torn.

""What is it, pardner: why don't you speak? Why do you only stand and look at me? Out with it. What is it?" "Jack, lad. I said, as well as I could, 'I'm afeared you're too late: she's going to be married." I feared an outburst, but he said, quite calmly: ""To whom?" "Some city fellow.'I said. 'I dont know who he is, only that he comes in here and drinks a good deal." "Cursehim? cursehim, Bill! She'stoo good for any man that drinks. He shall never marry her. I swear it; by heaven, I swear it."

that he comes in here and drinks a good deal.' "Cursehim' cursehim, Bill' She'stoo good for any man that drinks. He shall never marry her. I swear it; by heaven. I swear it.' "He picked up his hat and rushed out of the house, and was gone before I could stop him. What followed, I found out afterwards through his ravings; for when he was brought in here again. his brain had given way. He had walked out to the house where she lived, just outside the town, and looking in at the window, there he saw her and (with his arm round her) the fellow she was going to marry. How long he stood there gazing at them. I don't know; but the devil got in the boy, and he pulled out his shooter, with murder ringing in his brain. He took aim at the girl, but he never fired, for just then the clock struck midnight and the bells of the old church pealed out: "Peace on earth, good will to men;" it was the morning of the New Year. Jack dropped his gun and turned away : he couldn't do it. The sound of the chimes brought back visions of parents and home : he couldn't stain their name with murder. Some of the boys brought him in in the carly morning. They were coming home from a dance, up country, and found him wandering about on the road, dazed like. We put him to bed and sent for the doctor. 'Brain fever,' he said when he looked at him. 'No, he'll hard'ly live,' in answer to my question whether he'd get better or not. All day and night he raved about the girl, calling for her all the time. I sent down and told her the state he was in, and said if she cared to see him alive, to come at once. She came, but he didn't know her, or, for that matter, anybody else. She stayed right by his bed, gave him his medicine and kept ice on his forchead. There she learned the fulness of the love she had spurned; for in his ravings she read his very soul. After a while he became conscious, and the look he gave her spoke better than words of the love he had borne for years. "'It's too late now, Olive, to tell you,' he said: 'Tm going; but oh 'how I loved y

May you be happy : God bless you, dear.' "He closed his eyes, and we thought he was gone; but after a while he opened them and looked at her. Such a look !--full of love. His soul seemed to be speaking in that look. He tried to speak again, but was not able. She put her arm round him and raised him a little, and quietly he passed away his head resting on her breast-the best-hearted fellow that ever lived."

his head resting on her breast-the best-hearted fellow that ever lived." "Did she marry the other fellow ?" "No. sir ; she found out that he was given to drinking, and discovered, too late, that she had loved Jack as something more than a friend. If you walk out to the cemetery to-morrow afternoon you may seeher: she decorates poor Jack's grave every New Year's day ; but for the matter of that, she always keeps it pretty, but more so on that day. No, she never married ; and I don't think she ever will. The memory of Jack's great love is still too fresh. Now, sir, that's the reason I don't care to see another seated in Jack's chair ; it may be foolish, but I can't help it. You see, this is the anniversary of the last night my pardner came back, and his empty chair brings the thing back to memory ; that's why I have that little black bow on the chair - kind of mourning like, 'causeit's Jack's, sir."

The Cry for Rest. REST SLEEP.

In the tropics, where no labor is required of men, the night is scarcely divided from the day; but in temperate climes, where man's working powers are in the highest state of activity, the night nearly halves the day, -at the season of intensest activity it does halve it,-God lights His candle late and puts it out early. All the remainder of the time is for rest. Then labor naturally stops : office and shop are shut : machinery is still. The decree goes forth that the places of business shall be deserted. Then comes sleep the long sleep, knitting up the ravelled sleeve of care; pouring balm into hurt minds ; immersing Nature in her bath of oblivion; untying the knots of the brain : sifting and disentangling the thoughts : carrying sufferers away into the land of

JANUARY 15, 1895

THE QUIET HOUR.

Vineyard Laborers.

vineyard Laborers. Toiling among the vines one day. In the Master's vineyard sweet, I saw my sister bow her head 'Neath the burden and the heat. She was not weary of working, For she loved the Master well : And she thought of the blessed hour When the shades of evening fell. She portioned a task out bravely, And thought, "He would have it so;" Then the Master stood beside her, And his voice was soft and low : And thought, "He would have it so:" Then the Master stood beside her, And his voice was soft and low: "I have not need of thee to-day. In the vineyard so fair and sweet;" And she whisper d low, "My Master-Let Him do what seemeth meet." But her heart was sad and heavy, As she left her work that day: She knew not where she was going. Or aught of that untried way. He led her forth to the desert, And He spoke to her of rest: Then she smilled and whisper'd gladly: "O Master, Thy way is best." The burning blast of the desert Made her quiver and start with pain : She looked in His face for comfort, Nor shrank from the dreary plain. I watch for my sister sadly, -Will she come again to me ? He hath said that where He dwelleth There shall His servant be. Perhaps He will bring her, rested, And meet for some higher toil, To work once more in the vineyard. Or reap th fruit of the soil. But perhaps He will lead her onward To His glory and His rest : I know she will smile and whisper, -"Master, Thy way is best."

Rests.

-B. C.

God sends a time of forced leist residences, dis-appointed plans. frustrated effect and makes a sudden pause in the choral hyperest values and we lament that our voices must silent, and our parts missing in the music which ever goes up to the ear of the Creator.

How does the musician read the rest! See him beat the time with unvarying count, and catch up the next note true and steady, as if no breaking place had come between.

Not without design does God write the music of our lives. Be it ours to learn the tune, and not to be dismayed at the *rests*. They are not to be slurred over, not to be omitted, not to destroy the melody, not to change the key-note. If we look up, God Himself will beat the time for us.

With the eye on Him, we should strike the next note full and clear. If we say sadly to ourselves, "There is no music in a rest," let us not forget that there is the "making of music" in it. The making of music is often a slow and painful process in this life. How patiently God works to teach us! How long he waits for us to learn the lesson !-|Ruskin.

Little Things.

I asked the Lord to let me do a sked the Lord to let me do Some mighty work for Him; To fight amidst His battle host, Then sing the victor's hymn. Honged my ardent love to show, But Jesus would not have it so.

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on a man's have again i the agony in that boy's look night have touched a stone i it seemed as if his very soul was being torn. "Thank you, Bill,' says he,' you can do nothing." "Thank you, Bill,' says he,' you can do nothing." "Thenk you, Bill, 'asys he,' you can do nothing." "Thenk you, Bill, 'asys he,' you can do nothing." "Thenk you, Bill, 'asys he,' you can do nothing." "The it the girl, Jack?" "Yes, Bill, 'she's gone back on me - Leave me, Bill, Ifeel as if I were going mad. Leave me alone for a while : I'll feel better after a bit. I, the think it over alone, pard." "Is aw 'twould be better so I left thg had and went to bed. In the morning, I noticed all his little traps packed. "Back." I says, 'surely you're never going to leave the place for the whim of a girl who ain't good enough for you? "Aye, Bill, 'his best. This sorry to leave you you've been a good triend to me, Bill, but I couldn't stay around here any honger couldn't benet to see her tace. Bill, after last night "I tried to argue with him, but I saw it was no use, and I had to let him go. He went off up country. The place didn't seem the same after Jack left, and I sold our my claim and bought this place, the bown was just springing up thet. When I left the canon I took Jack's chair with me : twould look like old times, I though, and I imagined I could see the had's face every time I looked at it. I placed if there i it's ready for hit, who accure the counts to see his old paramet. He came ever al times to see me in the taxi two or three yearts he seem duo betes to a sind ouldn't stay ave ylong from the old place. He had struck it rich, though, and was making money hand over test, but he neves ween car the girl that had hined place. We had struck at her with a longing you couldn't help her speaking to her. He came in the morning without ever speaking to her. He came in the morning without ever speaking to her. He came in the girl that had hined into the place is sundary in the morning without ever speaking to her. He came in hagent, and tired

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direct met-ometic was ' But I couldn

Sava Word.

-7-2.26- --

dreams, and bearing the weepers off among their loved and lost ones. Sleep, answering questions that could be answered in the day-time; putting to rest doubts that had made the mid-day wretched ; keeping all low cares and tribulations in their place, and calling out the imagination which revives and transports the mind.

MURDERING SLEEP.

But we murder sleep. We turn its darkness nto day: its silence into revelry; its peace into pain. Fashion murders sleep : pleasure murders it: yes, and work murders it. In the days of youth, when we might cultivate the habit of long, still, deep sleep, we scorn its heavenly privilege, and throw its divine opportunity away; and then in middle age too many of us cannot sleep. We are nervous and restless; and God's great, immeasurable night is all in vain for us. We wake exhausted: the night's fever spoils our day. We stumble and bungle in all we do. That is a touching story in the Gospel which tells how Christ was asleep in the fishing beat when the storm came up, and shipwreck seemed inevitable. His companions, who had been watching their nets all night, were nerveless, and had lost command of the vessel. He wakes from slumber, rebukes the winds and seas, and there is a great calm. The good sleeper goes safely over life's turbulent sea. He rules the storm, for he has rested. He is kimself. We should cultivate sleep while we can. Woe be unto us if we do not. In sleeplessness is utter weakness : there may be madness in it at last. Get all you can of it ; it is God's daily boon of rest to the workers.

Mrs. Slimdiet "So your ancestors came over with William Penn. By the way, have some more dressing with your turkey. Well, as I was going to remark, I think pride of ancestry very justifiable. Now, I came over in the Mayflower." Thin Boarder struggling with a drum stick "Did you bring this surkey with you?

He placed me in a quiet home. Where life was calm and still, And gave me little things to do. My daily round to ill. I could not think it good to be Just put aside so silently.

Small duties gathered round my way: They seemed of earth alone: I, who had longed for conquests bright. To lay before His Throne, Had common things to do and bear. To watch and strive with daily care

So then I thought my prayer unheard. 🦔 And asked the Lord once more, That He would give me work for Him, And open wide the door : Forgetting that my Master knew Just what was best for me to do.

Then quietly the answer came : "My child, I hear thy cry : Think not that mighty deeds alone Will bring thee victory ; Thy life work has been planned by Me. Let daily life thy conquests see."

-E. A. Godwin.

God's presence is enough for toil and enough for rest. If He journey with us by the way, He will abide with us when nightfall comes : and His companionship will be sufficient for direction on the road, and for solace and safety in the evening Maclaren. camp.

There are days in our lives when our hearts seemed filled There are days in our lives when our hearts seeme With htter confusion and pain. And into the darkness of heavy hearts Comes nought b at the fall of rain : And the web of our lives stretches onward In the tangled mass of threads : And our God has forgotten and stoops not toward The sad and bowed down heads Of His children helplessly e dling, calling.

- Hush! did I say forgotton Does the Father ever forget : The web of our lives shall stretch onward In perfect beauty, while yet Sweet Fath keeps her foot on the treadle. And Hope lifts her beautiful eyes; For God's finger smooths out the tangles. And lo ! aloft in the skies. Is the sun still cheerily shming, shining.

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