

Things in the Bottom Drawer.

Think are whips and tops and pieces of string,
There are shoes which no little feet wear,
There are bits of ribbon and broken rings,
And tresses of golden hair;
There are little dresses folded away
Out of the light of the sunny day.

There are dainty jackets that never are worn,
There are toys and models of ships;
There are books and pictures, all faded and torn
And marked by the finger tips
Of dimpled hands that have fallen to dust,
Yet I strive to think that the Lord is just.

But a feeling of bitterness fills my soul!
Sometimes when I try to pray,
That the Reaper has spared so many flowers
And taken mine away;
And I almost doubt that the Lord can know
That a mother's heart can love them so.

Then I think of the many weary ones
Who are waiting and watching to-night,
For the slow return of the faltering feet
That have strayed from the paths of right;
Who have darkened their lives by shame and sin,
Whom the snares of the tempter have gathered in.

They wander far in the distant climes,
They perish by fire and flood,
And their hands are black with the direst crimes
That kindled the wrath of God,
Yet a mother's song has soothed them to rest,
She hath lulled them to slumber upon her breast.

And then I think of my children three,
My babies that never grow old,
And know that they are waiting and watching
for me,
In the city with streets of gold,
Safe, safe from the cares of the weary years,
From sorrow and sin and war,
And I thank my God, with falling tears,
For the things in the bottom drawer.

An Indian Hero's Death.

MURDO was conjurer, bigamist, and idolator, when the missionary reached the Nels n River. Quiet and unassuming, generally, he was a man of wonderful activity when in difficulty or danger. He had a cool head, a kind heart, and willing hands. His small black eyes were wonderfully expressive, his forehead higher and broader than the average, his face generally wreathed in smiles, but sometimes very sad and meditative looking. His general appearance indicated benevolence, frankness, and intelligence. It was discovered that the man was all that outward appearances promised. Thoughtful he was, quick to perceive right, ready to admit the wrong when in error. He did not suddenly become a Christian. He was anxious to know as much as possible about Christianity before he embraced it; and so, day after day, he was in to ask some questions about this or that phase of Christian life, or Gospel teaching, always going away cheerful and happy when the explanations satisfied his mind.

The winter of '74 found him in the vicinity of Split Lake, through which flows the Nelson, in its journey to the sea. Here he met some Indians from Rossville mission, who had Bibles with them, and could read them well. Night after night Murdo was found in the tent of the Christians, spending many hours of earnest studentship, both in hearing and asking them questions. Everybody loved Murdo. He was so gentle, so kind, so witty, so honest, so joyous, that his company was sought for far and near. The Hudson Bay Company recognized his worth, and, when the old guide of the N. R. Brigade became incapacitated, through

the infirmities of old age, Murdo was appointed to serve in his stead.

In the fall of '75, the hero of our story met, near the shores of the sea, an erstwhile member of the Church at Norway House, who had forsaken the faith of his earlier years. Before long his newly formed resolutions began to feel the withering influence of this stranger's ungodly counsels. So disturbed was his peace, that he undertook a journey of more than a hundred miles to seek advice and obtain help at the Mission. From that time his heart was fixed to serve the Lord. He was baptized at his own request. A few months later he was admitted to the sacramental table, and everything heard or seen of him went to prove that this was a genuine and a thorough change of heart. He gave every promise of a faithful continuance in well-doing. When the Missionary was taken away he became a leading spirit in religious affairs, and the majority of the people looked up to him and accepted his counsels.

In the month of August, 1876, the three boats belonging to Nelson House, were bearing northward the year's outfit for that post; and in their descent of the Nelson they came to Island Falls. The custom was to unload the boats, run the rapids, only from ten to twelve feet high, and then reload below the island. The cargo was thrown ashore and the largest boat was taken over the fall. But the river was high, the current was strong, the experiment was unpleasant, the men were frightened, and the order was given to *portage* the other and smaller boats. Standing idly by was the gentleman who had charge of the cargo, and turning quickly round to the guide as he gave orders to his men, he said: "Murdo, you are a coward." Oh, hasty words, thoughtlessly spoken, how little estimate was made of your cruel power! How deeply and yet how vainly your utterance has since been regretted only one man knows!

The small black eyes flashed with indignation, the face coloured with undignified annoyance, but no angry word was spoken. "If anything happens to me," said the guide, "take care of my wife and children." Quick as thought the order to *portage* was reversed, and before five minutes had elapsed Murdo, with a volunteer crew, had the second boat out upon the current. On it came like an arrow shot out of a bow. Over it went, down ten feet, burying itself in seething foam at the foot of the fall, then leaping, like a maddened horse, it freed itself from the whirls, and reeled and staggered into quieter water. But where is Murdo? The long sweep with which he had steered over the fall became unmanageable through the heavy lurching of the boat, and in endeavouring to hold it he was knocked out of the sternsheets into the boiling flood. No sooner had he come to the surface than orders were given to the men in the boat to row for life, and try to escape the second fall, now just below them. Hearing their guide's voice above the noise of the water, the terrified men got out their oars, and forgetful of the swimmer's danger, struggled to save themselves and their craft. They were closely followed by the drowning man, who, as long as he had breath to speak, urged his men on. "Row hard, boys," he said, "never mind me, God will take care of me. Save yourselves and

your boat. Your wives and children need you. Pull away." Meantime the boat neared the lee of the island, and aided by a branch of the stream into which the guide's thoughtfulness had directed it, the keel grated on the rock in a little cove out of the reach of the current. When the boat reached land, Murdo lost both power of speech and strength to swim, and waving his hand in an affectionate farewell, he was borne down by the strong current and swept away towards the Bay of Hudson. God only knows where his body rests, but we think we know that his faithful and courageous soul is "forever with the Lord."—J. SEMMENS, in *Missionary Outlook*.

Electric Lamps.

If we examine one of the electric lamps in the street we shall find it consists of two rods, one pointing upward from the bottom of the lamp, the other hanging downward. The rods seem to touch, and the brilliant flame is exactly where they seem to meet. Once a day a man comes round with a bag of these rods. He takes off the old rods that were burned the night before, and places a new set in each lamp. After he has gone about, as if he were putting new wicks into the lamps, and each is ready for its night's work, all the lamps are lighted in broad day to see that all are in their proper trim. They are allowed to burn until the men have walked about in the streets and looked at each lamp. If all are burning well they are put out till it begins to grow dark. If one fails to burn properly, a man goes to that lamp to see what is the matter. The rods are made of a curious black substance, like charcoal, that is called carbon. When the lamp is out these two rods touch each other. In order to light the lamp they are pulled apart; and if you look at the flame through a smoked glass, you will see that the rods do not quite touch. There is a small space between their points, and this space is filled with fire. Look at the other parts of the rods, or the copper wires that extend along the streets. They have no heat, no sound. The wires are cold, dark, and silent. If we were to push the two rods in the lamp together, the light and the heat would disappear, and the curious hissing sound would stop. Why is this? Let us go to the woods near some brook, and it may be that we can understand the matter.

Here is the brook, flowing quietly along, smooth, deep, and without a ripple. We walk beside the stream, and come to a place where there are high rocks, and steep, stony banks. Here the channel is very narrow, and the water is no longer smooth and silent. It boils and foams between the rocks. There are eddies and whirlpools, and at last we come to the narrowest part of all. Here the once dark and silent water roars and foams in white, stormy rapids. There are sounds, and furious leaping, and rushing water, and clouds of spray. What is the matter? Why is the smooth, dark water so white with rage, so impetuous, so full of sounds and turmoil? The rocks are steep. The way is narrow and steep. The waters are hemmed in, and there is a grand display of flashing white foam and roaring waterfalls, as the water struggles to get past the narrow place. It is the

same with the electricity flowing through the large copper wires. It passes down one wire into the other, through the lamp, in the silence and darkness, so long as the rods touch and the path is clear. When the rods in the lamp are pulled apart there is a space to get over, an obstruction, like rocks in the bed of the brook. The electricity, like the water, struggles to get over the hindrance in its path, and it grows white-hot with anger, and flames and hisses as it leaps across the narrow space between the rods.

There is another kind of electric lamp, used in houses; it has a smaller and softer light, steady, white, and very beautiful.

In these lamps, also, we have something like the narrow place in the brook. They are made with slender loops of carbon, enclosed in glass globes. The electricity flowing silently through a dark wire, enters the lamp, and finds only a narrow thread on which it can travel to reach the home-going wire, and in its struggle to get past, it heats the tiny thread of carbon to whiteness. Like a live coal, this slender thread gives mild, soft light, as long as the current flows. It seems calm and still, but it is enduring the same fury of the electricity that is shown in the larger lamps.

This is the main idea on which these lamps are made: A stream of electricity is set flowing from a dynamo-electric machine through a wire until it meets a narrow place or break in the wire. Then it seeks to get past the obstruction, and there is a grand putting forth of energy, and this is the way the electric force, although itself invisible, is made known to our eyes by a beautiful light.—Charles Barnard, in *St. Nicholas*.

Young Man!

Stop and think! What you are to be will depend upon what you do. And what you do will depend upon what you are. Your words, and thoughts, and deeds are not fragile and perishable, but permanent and enduring. Do no wrong, battle for the right, and be sure you are right yourself. Then help and bless humanity. Honour and obey the Author of your being and your blessings.

Be not an idler. Work and win. It is toil rather than genius that is the creator of utilities. Great characters in history are always miracles of industry. Butler spent twenty years on his *Analogy*, and his work is immortal. Rittenhouse, who began to calculate eclipses on his plow handles, could not fail of eminence. To-morrow is the day in which idle men work and fools reform. Let your theatre and time of action be to-day.

Seek to be an intelligent worker. Read good books and papers. Cultivate and discipline the mind. Seek the society of thinkers. Aim at eminence in the arts and sciences. The paths along which the great men of a past generation walked are still open to willing feet. Enter and walk therein. Advance to the front. Be an intelligent toiler in the world's great workshops. You are in life's springtime. If you do not sow and plant now you cannot expect a rich harvest by-and-by. Up and be patient. Sow good seed. Keep the weeds down. Be patient and workful, and the future will not be without hope and blessedness.—Ex.