

THE CHIMES OF ENGLAND

REV. ARTHUR CLEVELAND COKE, D.D.

These chimes, the chimes of Motherland
O' England, green and old
That from fane and ivied tower
A thousand years have tolled;
How glorious must their music be
As breaks the hallowed day,
And alooth with a seraph's voice
A nation up to pray

These chimes that tell a thousand tales.
Sweet tales of olden times
And ring a thousand memories,
A' vesper, and at primo,
At bridal and at burial,
For cottager and king—
These chimes— those glorious Christian chimes
How blessedly they ring!

These chimes, those chimes of Motherland.
Upon a Christmas morn,
Outbreking, as the angels did,
For a Redeemer born,
How merrily they all afar,
To rot and flaron's hall,
With holly decked and mistletoe,
To keep the festival!

The chimes of England, how they peal
From tower and Gothic pile,
Where hymn and swelling anthem fill
The dim cathedral aisle;
Where windows bathe the holy light
On priestly heads, that falls
And dim the florid tracery
And banner-dighted walls!

And then, those Easter bells, in Spring,
Those glorious Easter chimes,
How loyally they hail thee round,
Old queen of holy times!
From hill to hill, like sentinels,
Responsively they cry,
And sing the rising of the Lord,
From vail to mountain high.

I love ye, chimes of Motherland,
With all this soul of mine,
And bless the Lord that I am sprung
Of good old English line!
And, like a son, I sing the lay
That England's glory tells;
For she is lovely to the Lord,
For you, ye Christian bells!

And heir of her ancestral fame,
And happy in my birth,
Thee too I love, my fore-land,
The joy of all the earth,
For thine thy mother's voice shall be,
And here—where God is King—
With English chimes, from Christian spires,
The wilderness shall ring.

"MY BOY."

WHEN addressing an audience in Connecticut, I related the following incident:

Mrs. Falkener, who lives a little way out from here, gave me some interesting incidents with regard to her son.

"My boy," she said, "was a drunkard; but he signed the pledge, and said, 'Mother, I will go away from home, away from the midst of temptation; but I will keep the pledge.'"

"By and by, after he had been gone a little over two years, a letter came, saying, 'Mother, I am coming home to spend Thanksgiving with you.'"

"And he came into the town by the stage, which stopped at the door of Solomon Parsons' tavern. It was just after dusk. Some young men were in at the bar.

"'Halloo, Fred; and how are you? What will you have to drink?'"

"'Nothing.'"

"'Not on Thanksgiving? Come, take something.'"

"'No, I'd rather not. I've come home to see my mother. She hardly expects me to-night. I thought I'd wait till dark, and go in and surprise her.'"

"By and by Solomon Parsons, who was leaning his elbow on the counter, looked at him and said, 'Fred Falkener, if I were six foot tall, and broad in proportion, as you are, and yet was afraid of a paltry glass of ale, by George! I'd go to the woods and hang myself.'"

"'But I am not afraid.'"

"'Oh, yes you are. Ha, ha, ha! I say, boys, here's a big fellow afraid of a glass of liquor. I suppose he's afraid of his mother.'"

"'Well,' he said, 'I'm going to mother; and I may as well show you that I'm not afraid to drink it.'"

He drank it, then came another glass; and they plied him with more. Twelve o'clock that night he went into a barn, and was found in the morning—dead! They brought him to his mother stretched on a plank, with a buffalo-robe thrown over his body.

She said to me, "Parsons came, and I said, 'You tempted my boy.'"

"'Well, I didn't know he was your son.'"

"'You did! You called him by name; you knew he was Frederick Falkener, the only son of his poor crippled mother; and you have killed him.'"

"'Mrs. Falkener, I am not used to have such language applied to me.'"

"'God forgive me if I have sinned,' said the poor woman, "but I put my hand on the face of my dead boy, and I lifted up my fingers, and I cursed him. He went out with a face as white as chalk.'"

Then I said, "Ladies and gentlemen, Solomon Parsons, the man who tempted Frederick Falkener to his ruin, is in this hall, and he sits right there; and this same Solomon Parsons keeps a grog-shop on the bridge of your city, licensed by the state! Connecticut! rout him out!" And before twenty-four hours had elapsed, bag and baggage, bottles and demijohns of liquors, furniture, licenses, and all, were carted out of the city. They violated no law. They laid no hand upon him; but they made him go out himself. They helped him not to pack up a single article of his furniture; but they went to him in a body and declared that such a man should not be tolerated in the city, and he was obliged to leave.—*J. B. Gough.*

HOW UNCLE SAM GAVE 'EM "FITS."

AFTER having been "passed" by the doctor, we were mustered into service, and so made, in a peculiar sense, the sons of Uncle Sam. As we now belonged to his family, it was only to be expected that he would next proceed to clothe us. We had no little merriment when we were called out, formed in line, and marched up to the quarter-master's department, at one side of the camp, to draw our uniforms. There were so many men to be uniformed, and so little time in which to do it, that the blue clothes were passed out to us almost regardless of the size and weight of the prospective wearer. Each man received a pair of pantaloons, a coat, cap, overcoat, shoes, blanket and underwear. With our clothes on our arms, we marched back to our tents, and there proceeded to put on our new uniforms. The result was in the majority of cases astonishing. For, as might have been expected, scarcely one man in ten was fitted. The tall men

had invariably received the short pantaloons, and presented an appearance, when they emerged from their tents, which was equalled only by that of the short men, who had, of course, received the long pantaloons. One man's cap sat on the top of his head, while another's rested on his ears. Andy, who was not very tall, waddled forth into the company street, amid shouts of laughter, with his pantaloons turned up some six inches or more from the bottoms. The laughter was increased when he wittily remarked: "Uncle Sam must have got the patterns for his boys' pantaloons somewhere over in France, for he seems to have cut them after the style of two French towns, Toulon and Toulouse." "Hello, fellows! What do you think of this? Now just look here, once!" exclaimed Pointer Donacley, the tallest man in the company, as he came out of his tent in a pair of pantaloons that were little more than knee-breeches for him, and paraded the street with a tentpole for a musket. "Ah," said Andy, "Pointer's uniform reminds one of what the poet says.

"Man needs but little here below,
Nor needs that little long!"

"You're rather poor at quoting poetry, Andy," answered Pointer. "Because I need more than a little here below, I need at least six inches!" But, by trading off, the big men gradually got the large garments, and the little men the small, so that in a few days we were pretty well suited.—*St. Nicholas.*

KINGLY TOIL.

DO IT WELL.

WHATEVER you do, do it well. A job slighted, because it is apparently unimportant, leads to habitual neglect, so that men degenerate insensibly into bad workmen.

"That is a rough job," said a foreman in our hearing recently, and he meant that it was a piece of work not elegant of itself, but strongly made and well put together.

Training the hand and eye to do work will lead individuals to form correct habits in other respects, and a good workman is, in most cases, a good citizen. No one need hope to rise above his present situation who suffers small things to pass by unimproved, or who neglects, metaphorically speaking, to pick up a cent because it is not a dollar.

Some of the wisest law makers, the best statesmen, the most gifted artists, the most merciful judges, the most ingenious mechanics, rose from the great mass.

A rival of a certain lawyer sought to humiliate him publicly by saying, "You blacked my boots once." "Yes," replied the lawyer unabashed, "and did it well."

And because of his habit of doing even mean things well, he rose into a position where he could do greater.

Take heart all who toil; all youths in humble situation, or in adverse circumstances, and those who labour unappreciated.

If it be but to drive the plow, do it well; if it be but to wax thread, wax it well, if only to cut bolts, cut good ones, or to blow the bellows, keep the iron hot. It is attention to business that lifts the feet higher up the ladder.

TREELESS REGIONS.



THE steppes of Asia are the grandest of all in extent, and perhaps the most varied in character; for not only are the vast areas of that nearly level and treeless country, which lie along the northern and northwestern side of all the great central elevated masses of that continent, usually designated as steppe, but a large part of that central region itself is described under that name by recent geographical authorities, so that we may include in the various forms of steppe existing in Russia and central Asia the grass-covered plains of the lower regions, and the almost entirely barren valleys lying between the various mountain ranges which are piled up over so large a portion of High Asia. Absence of trees is the essential feature in both the "steppe" and the "high steppe," as these regions have been, and may perhaps with propriety be designated, but the lower regions are in large part well covered with grass, and suitable for occupation by a pastoral people, dependent chiefly for the means of sustenance on their flocks and herds, while the higher valleys are almost uninhabitable, very sparsely covered with a shrubby vegetation, and both too cold and too dry to offer any attractions except to the adventurous geographical explorer, who has still much to accomplish on the great central plateau of High Asia before its topography and natural history will have been anything like satisfactorily made out, even in their most general features. The vastness of the area which may be designated as steppe on the Asiatic continent is almost overwhelming. Nearly half of the eighteen million square miles which Asia covers is essentially a treeless region, and perhaps a half of that half belongs to the high steppe division, in which cold and dryness are the predominant characteristics. From the fact that the steppes of Russian Asia have been longer known, and more written about than any others in the world, the term steppe has been most ordinarily applied to similar areas in other countries. This is especially the case because such a use of the word has been sanctioned by Humboldt, who was the first to draw popular attention to this variety of surface as a feature of importance in physical geography. In North America, where the treeless regions occupy so large an area, and where many of the physical conditions so closely resemble those prevailing on the Asiatic continent, the use of the term steppe has never been introduced among the people. Here, in fact, the character of the surface, and distribution of vegetation over it, as well as its climatological peculiarities, have all been more satisfactorily and fully made out than in Asia, in spite of the fact that the latter country has been so much longer an object of scientific study.—*Scottish-American Journal.*

At a party an "extra" maid of Erin was engaged by the hostess to assist the "regular" in passing round the tea and cake. The "extra hand," to whom this sort of thing was quite new, bustled to and fro with more ease than grace. When about to retire she suddenly stopped, and enquired of the "regular" housemaid, loud enough for the whole company to hear, "How do you feed them crathurs over there?"