

GENERAL READING

THE HUNGRY YEAR.

The war was over. Seven red years of blood. Had scourged the land from mountain-top to sea; (So long it took to rend the mighty frame Of England's empire in the western world) Rebellion won at last; and they who loved The cause that had been lost, and kept their faith To England's crown, and scorned an alien name, Passed into exile; leaving all behind Except their honour, and the conscious pride Of duty done to country and to king. Broad lands, ancestral homes, the gathered wealth Of patient toil and self-denying years Were confiscated and lost; for they had been The salt and savor of the land; trained up In honour, loyalty and fear of God. The wine upon the lees, decanted when They left their native soil, with sword-belts drawn The tighter; while the women only, wept At thought of old firesides no longer theirs; At household treasures reft, and all the land Upset, and ruled by rebels to the King. Not drooping like poor fugitives, they came In exodus to our Canadian wilds; But full of heart and hope, with heads erect, And fearless eyes, victorious in defeat.— With thousand toils they forced their way Through the great wilderness of silent woods That gloomed o'er lake and stream; till higher rose The northern star above the broad domain Of half a continent, still theirs to hold, Defend, and keep forever as their own; Their own and England's, to the end of time. The virgin forests, carpeted with leaves, Or many autumns fallen, crisp and scar, Put on their woodland state; while overhead Green seas of foliage roared a welcome home To the proud exiles, who for empire fought, And kept, though losing much, this northern land A refuge and defence for all who love The broader freedom of a commonwealth, Which wears upon its head a kingly crown. Amid the rage of famine and of fire, That spread a consternation through the land, It had been rumoured: Food was on the way As fast as ear and sail could speed it on! "From far Quebec to Frontenac," they said, "King's ships and forts gave up the half their stores; Bateau's were coming laden; while the Prince Himself accompanied, to cheer them on!" The news flew swiftly—was itself a feast, Gave strength and courage to the famished land, Fresh tidings followed. One day guns were fired And flags displayed all over Newark town. The people went in crowds to see the Prince— Their royal Edward, who had come in haste To succour and console in their distress The loyal subjects of his sire, the King. The Prince knew well, of no one but the King, Or in his name, would these proud loyalists Receive a gift. "But this," he earnest said, "Was not a gift, but royal debt and due. The King owed every man who had been true To his allegiance; and owed most to those Who fought to keep unbroken all the orb Of England's empire, rounded like the world." Where sluggish Chenonda comes stealing round The broken point whose other side is lashed By wild Niagara rushing madly by, Afloat with rapids, to his heap below. An ancient graveyard overlooks the place Of thunderous mists, which throb and rise and fall In tones and undertones, from out the depths, That never cease their wild, unearthly song. Among the oldest stones, moss-grown and gray, A rough-hewn block, half-sunken, weather-worn, Illegible, forgotten, may be found By one who loves the memory of the dead Who, living, were the founders of the land. It marks the spot where lies the mingled dust Of two who perished in the Hungry Year. Few seek the spot. The world goes rushing by. The ancient landmarks of a nobler time— When men bore deep the imprint of the law Of duty, truth, and loyalty unstained. Amid the quaking of a continent, Torn by the passions of an evil time, They counted neither cost nor danger, Defections, treasons, spoils; but feared God, Nor shamed of their allegiance to the King. To keep the empire one in unity And brotherhood of its imperial race,—

For that they nobly fought and bravely lost, Where losing was to win a higher fame! In building up our northern land to be A vast dominion stretched from sea to sea.— A land of labour, but of sure reward,— A land of men to rule with sober law,— A land of life's rich treasures, plenty, peace; Content and freedom, both to speak and do, A land of men to rule with sober law. This part of Britain's empire, next to the heart. Loyal as were their fathers and as free! —Wm. Kirby. In Canadian Methodist Magazine for February.

DAILY BREAD—A STORY FOR HARD TIMES.

BY JOE ALLISON. "It's dreadful to live in this way! I do wonder why God doesn't answer your prayers and send you some work, father." "Are you hungry, mother? I'm sure I thought we had a very good breakfast. And what a nice, pleasant house this is that we live in!" "But we're nothing for dinner!" "But it isn't dinner-time." "Well, I must confess I like to know what we are to have just a little before dinner-time." "God has said the bread and water shall be sure, but he has not promised we shall know beforehand where it is coming from." "Father," said little Maggie, "do you suppose God knows what time we have dinner?" "Yes dear, I do suppose he knows exactly that. I've done my best to get work, and I'll go out now and look round, and you go to school and don't you be the last mite afraid, little Maggie. There'll be some dinner." "But we're out of soap and starch and saleratus," said the mother. "As for the saleratus, you couldn't use it if you had it, unless you had some flour. I am sure I had some soap when I washed my hands this morning." "Yes, a little bit. But it's not enough to do the washing." "But the washing won't come till next Monday. As for the starch it isn't one of the necessities of life." "Why father! Your shirt-bosom." "I didn't say we shouldn't get it, for the Lord is wonderfully kind, and I shouldn't wonder if we did. But I don't believe I should suffer a mite if we didn't." "If I had some potatoes I could make some," said Mrs. Wilson musingly. "Well, I'm going out now to try what I can do. You just cast your care on the Lord, mother, and go about your house work just as if you knew what was coming next, and don't go and take it up again. That's the trouble with you. You can't trust the Lord to take as good care of it as you think you would, and so you go and take it up again, and go round groaning under the burden." "Well, I do wonder why he lets such troubles come. Here you've been out of work these three months, with an occasional work, and you've been a faithful, conscientious Christian ever since I knew you." "I've been an unfaithful, unprofitable servant, and that's true, mother, whatever you may think of me," replied Mr. Wilson, humbly. "God is trying our faith now. After he's provided for us so long, what will he think of us if we distrust him now just because want seems to be near, before ever it has touched us?" Mr. Wilson went away to seek work, and spent the forenoon seeking vainly. God saw that here was a diamond worth polishing. He subjected his servant's faith to a strain, but it bore the test. I will not say that no questioning or painful thoughts disturbed the man as he walked home at noon. Four eager, hungry little children, just home from school to find the table unspread and no dinner ready for them; an aged and infirm parent from whom he had concealed as far as possible all his difficulties and perplexities; lest he should feel himself a burden in his old age, awakened to the realization that there was not enough for him and them—these were not pleasant pictures to contemplate, and all through the long, weary forenoon Sam had been holding them up to his view, and it was only by clinging to the Lord, as drowning men cling to the rope that is thrown to them, that he was kept from utter despondency. "Thou knowest O Lord, that I've done my best to support my family. My abilities are small, but I've done my best. Now Lord, I'm waiting to see thy salvation. Appear for me. Let me not be put to shame." "Increase my faith, increase my hope, Or soothe my strength will fail." So he prayed in his own simple fashion as he walked along. It was true, as he had said. His abilities were not great. Some frivolous young people at the prayer-meeting smiled at the phraseology of his prayers. But there were educated men and earnest women who were helped and strengthened by those very prayers. Religion had raised a man to whom Nature had been niggardly above mediocrity. Without he would have been

a cipher in the community—or worse than a cipher.

He drew near to his own door with something of shirking and dread. But the children rushed out to meet him with joyous shouts.

"Come right in father; quick! We've got a splendid dinner all ready. And we've been waiting for you. And we're fearful hungry," they said.

The tired steps quickened, and the strongly-drawn lines softened in the weary face to a look of cheerful quietness, such as was oftentimes seen there. He came in and stood beside his wife, who was leaning over the stove dipping soup out of the dinner pot with a ladle.

"How's this, mother?" said he.

"Why, father! Mr. Giddings has been over from Bristol. He came in just as you went out. And he says a mistake was made in your accounts last August, which he has just found out by accident, and he owed you three dollars more, and he paid it to me. So I—"

"I don't think it was by accident, though," said Mr. Wilson interrupting her.

"Well, I thought as we had nothing for dinner, I'd better buy some meat and—"

"Do you think it was accident that sent us that money to day, mother?" persisted the thankful man.

"No, I don't think so," said his wife humbly. "I think it was Providence. And I'm thankful, I'm sure. I did try to trust; but I'll try harder next time. You haven't heard the whole though. Mr. Giddings wants you next Monday for all the week, and he thinks for all summer."

The grace at table was a long one, full of thanks and praise, but not even the youngest child was impatient at its length.—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

FOGS AND SIGNALS.

There is no need of describing fogs to you, for even though you may never have noticed them hanging over the rivers or blowing along the streets of cities you have often seen them overhead in the form of clouds—for fogs are only clouds touching the earth. Fogs are composed of very small portions of water, and are produced when a warm wind blows gently over a surface of cooler water or land.

A great many things have been tried as warnings: whistles, trumpets, bells, cannons and gongs, but objections have been found to many of these. The cannon makes a loud noise, but the sound doesn't last long enough; the sound of a bell is continuous, but not strong enough to be heard against the wind and across breakers. They are used, however, where it is necessary to send the signal a short distance only. They are rung by the falling of a weight regulated by clock-work.

In some localities a self-acting apparatus, moved by the waves, has been used for ringing the bells, but the sailors say that when they want them most they are generally out of order. The locomotive signal makes a good signal, but the most powerful of all is an instrument called the siren trumpet. Here is a description of it by Mr. Jos. Henry:—"The part of this which gives the impulse to the air producing the sound consists of a flat drum, or, in other words, of a hollow cylinder with a short axle, one end of which is perforated with an orifice which admits the steam from a pipe connected with a locomotive boiler. The other end of the drum is perforated with eight holes before, which, and almost in contact with this head, is a revolving disc, also perforated with eight holes. At each revolution of the disc eight holes are alternately opened and shut, allowing egress to as many impulses of steam, which in turn produce a violent agitation of the air, giving rise to a most powerful sound, reinforced by the resonance of a trumpet of suitable length. The disc is made to revolve at the required velocity by a small engine attached to the boiler, the motion being transmitted by a band over pulleys of proper size. The sound from this instrument can be distinctly heard in still air at a distance of from twenty to thirty miles even during the existence of a dense fog."

THE DEATH is announced of Sir James Matheson, remarkable as the second largest landed proprietor in the British Isles, and as a man who struggled to the top against difficulties of an unusual kind. He was compelled by family circumstances to accept, at a very early age, a clerkship in Calcutta, and was dismissed by his employers as "too stupid even for trade." At the earnest request of the Baptist missionary, the firm agreed to give him a further trial of six months in their China branch. He made in China a splendid fortune, and returned to Scotland probably the richest subject in that Kingdom. He purchased the Island of Lewes, and resided there the greater part of his subsequent life, expending, it is said, nearly £250,000 for the benefit of his tenants, who nevertheless never took to him.

FAMILY READING.

JUDGE IT FAIRLY.

(Golden Rule.)

When a prominent professed Christian turns out to be a scamp, as several have recently done in this vicinity, the religion which they have dishonored suffers in the popular esteem. But when a notorious "fast liver," like the fallen Angell, of the Pullman Car Company, runs off with the proceeds of his robbery, the irreligious world resent the use of the incident as a warning against a worldly life. The higher standard to which professed Christians are held is a significant tribute to the purity of the character of Jesus, and to the righteousness of his system. And so it is not strange that worldly men, seeing such rascality uncovered, or pointing at some small, mean, envious, backbiting character in the churches, should say, "If that is religion, I want nothing to do with it." They are right while the *if* stands. But let them judge fairly. Because one merchant in a hundred turns out a swindler, will they say, "If that is commercial honor, I want none of it."

Any form of injustice, or wrong, or meanness, is not religion, and they know it, though it may wear the cloak and mask of religion. If you wish to know what religion is, turn from these men to the New Testament; take your scrutiny from the hypocrites and fasten your eyes on the character of Jesus. Follow him in all the words he spoke, and all the deeds he did, from the manger to the cross; from Bethlehem to Calvary; and by the time you have come to the close of his life, we do not fear but that you will be melted in your mood and filled with inward admiration; so that you will say if that is religion, I do want something to do with it. Measure Christianity by Christ; and you will find it large enough to include all manliness, all honor and nobility of soul.

THE GIRL TO GET.

The true girl has to be sought for. She does not parade herself as show goods. She is not fashionable. Generally, she is not rich. But, oh! what a heart she has when you find her! So large and pure and womanly. When you see it, you wonder if these showy things outside were women. If you gain her love, your two thousand are millions. She'll not ask you for a carriage or a first class house. She'll wear simple dresses, and turn them when necessary, with no vulgar magnificence to frown upon her economy. She'll keep everything neat and nice in your sky parlor, and give you such a welcome when you come home that you'll think your parlor higher than ever. She'll entertain your friends on a dollar, and astonish you with the thought how little happiness depends on money. She'll make you love home (if you don't you are a brute), and teach you how to pity, while you see in a poor fashionable society that thinks itself rich, and vainly tries to think itself happy. Now, do not, I pray you, say any more, "I can't afford to marry." Go, find the true woman and you can. Throw away that cigar, burn up that switch cane, be sensible yourself, and seek your wife in a sensible way.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

A CHARMING INCIDENT.

In the City of Brotherly Love, some kindly souls built, years ago, a hospital for little children. There the sick and deformed little ones are taken out of their wretched homes, and nursed with the tenderness and most skillful care. There is a great shady yard about the building, and wide porches, to which, in warm days the little cots are moved, that the babies may feel the sun and breathe the pure air.

One winter's day, a year ago, there was a meeting of the directors—grave, middle-aged men—who inspected the wards, etc., in a grave and middle-aged way. But as they were passing out through the garden—covered then with snow—one of them looked up and saw a row of pale-faced little convalescents, in their checked bibs, peering down through the porch railings.

How solemn and woeful-begone the little men looked! One grave old director stopped, deliberately made a snow-ball and threw it at them.

There was a gasp of astonishment, and then a little pipe of a cheer; and at it they went, pelting down scraps of snow and icicles, while the visitors, one and all, joined in the fun. Such shouts and screams of laughter had never been heard there before. The nurses carried sick babies to the widows, and they, too, laughed and clapped their hands.

It was a pretty sight, and a passer-by, touched by it, told the little incident in a paper which travels all over the country.

In a week or two came a letter from a lady in New England, who "had money to give away, and would like to give it to so worthy a charity;" and another from a poor mother in the far West, whose one little child was just dead, and

who wished instead of building to her memory a memorial window or stately monument, to endow a bed in this hospital.

So the managers found themselves aided in their good work; and there is a bed marked, in memory of little Mary, where there will always be some poor child, saved from want, and possibly from death.

But they will never know that they owe it to the snow ball which the genial-hearted directors threw, following the momentary kindly impulse.

The echo of the little word I speak," says the Jewish proverb, "goes faster than I to heaven or hell."

GOOD NIGHT, PAPA.

The words of a blue-eyed child as she kissed her chubby hand and looked down the stairs—"Good-night, papa; Jessie see you in the morning."

It came to be a settled thing, and every evening, as the mother slipped the white night-gown over the plump shoulders, the little one stopped on the stairs and sang out, "Good-night, papa;" and as the father heard the silver accents of the child, he came and taking the cherub in his arms, kissed her tenderly, while the mother's eyes filled and a swift prayer went up, for strange to say, this man who loved his child with all the warmth of his great noble nature, had one fault to mar his manliness.— From his youth he loved his wine-cup. Gocial in spirit, and with a fascination of manner that won him friends, he could not resist when surrounded by his boon companions. Thus his home was darkened, the heart of his wife trusted and bleeding, the future of his child shadowed. Three years had the winsome prattle of the baby crept into the avenues of the father's heart, keeping him closer to his home, but still the fatal cup was in his hand. Alas for frail humanity, insensible to the calls of love! With unutterable tenderness God saw there was no other way; this father was dear to him, the purchase of His Son; He could not see him perish; and, calling a swift messenger, He said, "Speed thee to earth and bring the babe."

"Good night, papa," sounded from the stairs. What was there in the voice? Was it the echo of the mandate, "Bring me the Babe"—a silver plaintive sound, a lingering music that touched the father's heart, as when a cloud crosses the sun. "Good-night, my darling; but his lips quivered and his broad brow grew pale. "Is Jessie sick, mother? Her cheeks are flushed, and her eyes have a strange light." "Not sick," and the mother stopped to kiss the flushed brow; "she may have played too much. Pet is not sick!"

"Jessie tired, mamma; good night papa; Jessie see you in the morning." "That is all, she is only tired," said the mother as she took the small hand. Another kiss and the father turned away; but his heart was not satisfied. Sweet lullabies were sung; but Jessie was restless and could not sleep. "Tell me a story, mamma;" and the mother told of the blessed babe that Mary cradled, following along the story till the child had grown to walk and play. The blue, wide-open eyes filled with a strange light, as though she saw and comprehended more than the mother knew. That night the father did not visit the saloon; tossing on his bed, starting from a feverish sleep and bending over the crib, the long weary hours passed. Morning revealed the truth—Jessie was smitten with the fever.

"Keep her quiet," the doctor said; "a few days of good nursing and she will be all right."

Words easy said; but the father saw a look on the sweet face such as he had seen before. He knew the messenger was at the door. Night came. "Jessie is sick; can't say good-night, papa;" and the clasping little fingers clung to the father's hand. "O God, spare her! I cannot, bear it!" was wrung from his suffering heart. Days passed; the mother was tireless in her watching. With her babe cradled in her arms her heart was slow to take in the truth, doing her best to sooth the father's heart. "A light case, the Dr. says; Pet will soon be well." Calmly as one who knows his doom, the father laid his hand upon the hot brow, looked into the eyes even then covered with the film of death, and with all the strength of his manhood cried: "Spare her, O God! spare my child, and I will follow thee." With a last painful effort the parched lips opened: "Jessie's too sick; can't say good night, papa—in the morning." There was a convulsive shudder, and the clasping fingers relaxed their hold; the messenger had taken the child. Months have passed. Jessie's crib stands by the side of her father's couch; her blue embroidered dress and white hat hang in his closet; her boots with the print of her feet just as she had last worn them, as sacred in his eyes as they are in the mother's. Not dead, but merely risen to a higher life; while, sounding down from the upper stairs, "Good-night, papa; Jessie see you in the morning," has been the means of winning to a better way one who has shown himself deaf to every former call.

AN INCIDENT

BY REE

As showing beside all following incident George F. Reesor of the Erie Ohio. In 1841 ing a protest which was the ace, in Penns house to house across an open was digging reached a de As he came to heard the de leaning over down to him, working down be prepared for The man bel of his pick, way, and aus air?" "Be passer-by on foot-step, lo stones, who ch would kill yo ment's warni tinned," pr an; then, wi he hastened o

Eighteen y there arose to the Erie Co name of Jam whose eloque the people w pulpit. And it will be so very many we the time na Conference, of Father Reso "Let us take I wish to tell Resor, I shall ence I shall Brother Gilb of retiring fr "Oh, no," be have a strong is done, and and now I w "Do you rem at Eagle Fur dressing a w down in a well sedation he ber it now v have not thou years." "W ever I am wh I never heard he replied. "I am the ma Resor, in gre not be possib he, "and to y debited for w minister. Af "Prepare to m ing in my ear until my dist had to quit w it grew upon e cast nor sleep. "Jamie, Jam mind!" but I is worse than Finally, one y Methodists, w pised and shun a prayer-meet some two mil ed them to pra saved from th brought great for they knew what a wicked that night I shouted all the wife was broug converted, and now a local pr account which the man of God a venture," gives encourag workers to be out of season," about three me of the Conferen In this coun the manifold Spirit, I am re some years ago victed by his o rferred to the name of Wheat physically, and At the close of protracted serv name of M'C, w church to hear by-stander, "V name is Wheat "I am sure tha year." But no remark than he conviction, for slightly of G there came rush ry of all his sin so great that ne for mercy, and the blessed Spi will faithfully o to it that men upon Him whom mourn."