

now await the thoroughly equipped, practical man in work which lies outside of mere book learning, and the boy is wise who grapples with this work with his bare hands and tries to win them.—*Youth's Companion*.

A MEMORY.

The fire upon the hearth is low,
And there is stillness everywhere;
Like troubled spirits here and there
The firelight shadows fluttering go.
And as the shadows round me creep
A childish treble breaks the gloom,
And softly from a farther room
Comes, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

And somehow, with that little prayer
And that sweet treble in my ears,
My thought goes back to distant years,
And lingers with a dear one there;
Again I hear the child's Amen,
My mother's face comes back to me;
Crouched at her side I seem to be,
And mother holds my hand again.

Oh, for an hour in that dear place!
Oh, for the peace of that dear time!
Oh, for the childish trust sublime!
Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face!
Yet the shadows round me creep,
I do not seem to be alone—
Sweet magic of that treble tone—
And "Now I lay me down to sleep."
—*Eugene Field*.

MY DUTY TO THE EPWORTH LEAGUE.

BY REV. ARTHUR COPELAND, A.M.

ARE you a member of the Epworth League? Does anyone else know that you are a member? Do the president and cabinet count on you as a member? Or did you join once, because urged to do so, and long since ceased to attend? I fear this is the case with too many. Now stop and see what an unworthy light you are in. You hardly count anything at all in the great work of promoting intelligent and vital piety among the young people, and of training them in works of mercy and help. Surely you are in sympathy with these objects. But when roll call comes, you make no response. Your name is on some printed committee list, but you seldom meet with the committee. You have been asked to come to the business meeting, but you do not, or only once in a great while. In other words I fear that you are a shirk. Is this right? Is it charitable? Of course not. But you say, "They don't miss me." You are greatly mistaken. The president and cabinet and the few who are working hard to maintain an interest in the League miss you greatly. They thought of course you would help them; but how disappointed. What is the cause? Have you any excuse which would be approved by the society? I fear not. The fact is, your interest has died out. You are not awake. Something has come in to take the place of the pleasure you once had in the Epworth League work; what is it? Is it

anything that you will be proud to own ten years hence, when your chance to influence your present associates is gone? No, indeed. Is it not because you do not attend the meetings that you do not desire to? Habit is much. Form anew the good habit of meeting with the young people and encouraging them. Begin at once. Come out at the next social, or business meeting, and especially the League prayer meeting. Come to sing, to pray, to speak. Say, "I'm through being a shirk. I want to work. I desire to help. What can I do?" And in this spirit you will meet the Master in the way and go on rejoicing.

Epworth League—wake up!—*North-ern Christian Advocate*.

THE ST. CLAIR TUNNEL.

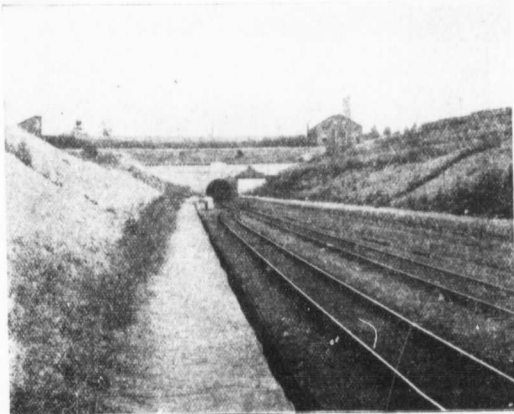
WHILE not nearly so long or so expensive as some of the great tunnels of the world, the tunnel under the St. Clair River con-

nected, every day in the year, the men working in three shifts, eight hours at a time, about 225 men in all being employed in the three shifts. About twelve and one third feet were cut every day of twenty four hours. The entire cost was \$2,700,000.

Special engines are used for tunnel work. There are four of them, and they are huge affairs, the largest in the world, and weigh 195,000 pounds each. They have ten drive wheels. Every day 4,000 cars can be hauled through. The amount of freight and the number of passengers passing this way in a year is vast.

"ANOTHER SHALL GIRD THEE."

WHEN thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself and walkedst whither thou wouldst; but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldst not."



ENTRANCE TO ST. CLAIR TUNNEL AT PORT HURON.

necting Canada with the United States is regarded as a wonderful feat of engineering skill. The entire length from portal to portal is 6,025 feet. The length under the river is 2,290 feet. It is the longest submarine tunnel in the world. It is a continuous iron tube, nineteen feet ten inches in diameter, put together in sections as the work of boring proceeded, and finally belted together, the total weight of the iron aggregating 56,000,000 pounds.

The work was commenced in September, 1888, and passenger trains began running through it December 7th, 1891, a little more than three years being required for its completion. It was opened for freight traffic in October 1894.

The work was begun at both sides, and carried on until the two sections met in mid-river, and with such accuracy that they were in perfect line as they came together. For the most part the work was prosecuted from both ends, day and

said our Lord to Peter. There is a sense in which that forecast is true of us all.

Youth is the time of strength, of power to choose, of untrammelled will to select our course and walk in it, but as we grow older it is not so easy to tread new paths. The will is not so strong, the mesh of circumstances is harder to break, and above all, habit has bound us with chains that we cannot rend. We look longingly toward fields once open to our feet, but we no longer have courage or energy to enter them. We find ourselves in some courses that seem to us not the wisest or best, not what our mature judgment would choose, but we are bound by too many entangling threads to change so late in life. We are girded by another—even by our own past selves—and carried whither we would not.

Youth is free to choose, it is true, but it is choosing its master—that power that shall control it by and by.

—*Forward*.