

The Boys We Want

By A. SAKRIST.

Boys, we want you - Our Country wants
The hearty, noble boys,
To make your world a happier place,
To purify its joys,
To stand among the leaders
Of every righteous cause,
To spread a sun the nation
Right, just and blessed laws.

Boys, we want you - Patriots call
You to the conflict now,
Beneath the sign of fashion's power
See millions daily bow
There are hearts with grief o'erflowing,
Let us cheer them, if we can,
Come and help to burst the fetters
Which surround your fellow man

Boys, we want you - Temperance wants
Firm, consistent lives to-day
Victory marks her glorious progress,
Henceforth bright beneath her rays,
Shall the drunkard, lost forever
In despair and anguish, die?
Let us take the pledge to save him -
All together - you and I

Boys, we want you - Jesus wants
Your hearts his truths to spread,
Follow him in storm and sunshine,
Ever in his footsteps tread,
There's a world of light and beauty,
This is not the traveller's home,
We are pressing on to Zion,
And we want you all to come.

Boys, we want you - Glory wants
Every one her crown to wear,
Each soul we've happier made on earth
Will increase its lustre there.
Time is flying, rushing onward,
Soon our day's work must be done;
And an earnest, prayerful life boys,
Is eternally begun

ADRIFT IN ARCTIC SEAS.

The picture of an unfortunate steamship cut adrift in the Arctic Ocean. She was called the *Polaris*, and was specially fitted up in the United States for conducting an expedition under Mr. Hall in the year 1871. Merely she sailed from New London on July 3rd, of that year, with about thirty persons on board, and by the 23th of August managed to reach higher latitude than had ever been reached before. But here she encountered so much ice that she could proceed no further. Indeed, if she had not been very strong she would have been crushed to pieces by the enormous blocks of ice that surrounded her. For months, many weary, anxious months, she lay helpless under the shelter of an enormous iceberg, and completely hemmed in by huge jams of ice which pressed in upon her feet all sides. The commander of the expedition, Mr. Hall, left the ship here and took a short journey in the direction of the Pole. He found high lands and a bay and a country that seemed much warmer than he expected, for there were places without snow. He also saw many wild animals, such as geese, ducks, wolves, rabbits, foxes, bears and musk-rattle. He returned after an absence of fourteen days full of hopes and said that he meant to make another trip of the same kind, but he was suddenly taken ill and died on the *Polaris* on the 28th of November. These unfortunate people, after the death of their leader, made several attempts to reach the Pole, but in every case they failed, and in the midst of their trouble the *Polaris* sprang a leak, and the pumps had to be kept going twelve hours out of the twenty-four. They then in despair, turned homeward, but they got into an ice-pack and the *Polaris* drifted about helplessly in a field of ice, as seen in the picture. Some of the unfortunate people left her and made themselves comfortable as they could on a piece of floating ice for their home for a whole winter. In the spring of the year they were rescued by a ship from Newfoundland. Strange to say, they had perished. Even a little baby that had been born among them was

saved. The people on the *Polaris* were also rescued afterwards by a Scotch vessel. Mr. Hall had with him an Eskimo hunter named Eberburg and his wife Tookoo-to-to, otherwise called Joe and Hannah. These, in their way, were a very worthy couple, and gave great assistance to Hall in his expedition. They had been in England and had been pre-

sent to the Queen and could both speak English fairly well. When poor Hall was being buried nothing was heard but the burial service, the earth falling upon the coffin, and the sobs of Hannah. And it was Joe who saved the people during that terrible winter when they were living on the large ice-boat. With his spear and his gun he provided food for all. He could have left them had he chosen to do so, for, knowing the country, he could easily have escaped, but he remained faithful to them to the last. Hannah afterwards lived in Croton, Connecticut, and there, on December 31st, 1876, she died, aged only thirty-eight. He had become a Christian, and having lived the Christian life died in the Christian's faith, her last words being, "Come, Lord Jesus, and take thy poor creature home." This shows that good there is in the Eskimo, and how they might be improved if they were taught by missionaries the ways of Christ and his holy religion.

HOW AILSIE SAVED THE BIBLE.

By MARY S. HITCHCOCK.

It was in the year 1565, when Queen Mary sat upon the English throne with her Spanish husband at her side, and filled the land with trouble because of her terrible persecution of the Protestants. In the west of England there was a little village called Harrant. At one end of the hamlet, standing apart from the few dwellings scattered along either side of its single street, was the blacksmith's shop, with his small house just back of it, and a tiny garden in the rear. The smith's wife was dead, but his bonny, blue-eyed little daughter kept his house. When lonely, she pushed aside

a small opening. Into this he thrust a dark, leather-bound book, and quickly, but carefully, fitted the chip into place, so that no sign of the hidden space remained. "Seeing his daughter, he started, and said sternly, "Ailsie! what! How dare you spy upon your father?" "O father! I am not spying!" and the blue eyes filled with tears. "Of course you were not, I was wrong to say so, child!" said the smith, remorsefully. "But you saw what I did?" "You put the holy book into the beam, father. It is a fine hiding-place, too, for neither priest nor soldier can find it there." "I would you knew not its place of concealment, for the knowledge may bring you into danger, lass. You must never betray it. When Parson Stout went away to foreign lands he gave me the sacred word, and told me to keep it as my life. For, by the queen's orders, all the Bibles have been gathered up and burned, and we are forbidden to read from the holy pages. This is the only one between here and the sea; and it more precious than the crown jewels. You are fifteen, Ailsie, and old enough to understand, so I told you all." "You need not fear, father," said Ailsie, firmly; "I will not tell." But the rosy cheeks grew pale as she remembered all that her promise might mean. Now, there was a certain priest that came sometimes to Harrant to preach to the villagers. But, being all Protestants, they would neither listen to him nor pay him tithes. He was very angry at their behaviour, and spied about until he became sure there was a Bible among them; and he knew that it was in the blacksmith's possession, because he was the only man in the village who could read. After trying in vain to find the holy

book, he went to the nearest town and lodged information with the officers there on one day when the smith chanced to be away from home an officer and six men marched into Harrant. They called upon the cottagers to surrender their Bible; but one and all declared that they had none. Then the soldiers searched the cottages, and threatened to burn them, every one, unless the book was found.

But that did not suit the priest at all. He would get fewer tithes than ever if the village was destroyed. So he told the soldiers to let the rest of the villagers alone, for the Bible was in the blacksmith's possession. It was getting late, and the soldiers were in a great hurry to go home. So they returned to burn the two little buildings, and thus destroy the book quickly and surely.

At the first sight of the strange men, Ailsie had fled through the garden, out upon the moor, and hidden among the furze bushes. She was terrified, for she feared that they might find her and demand the hiding-place of the precious Bible.

It was growing dark when she saw a bright light against the sky and sprang to her feet. Her father's house was on fire! The sight made the shy child a heroine. She forgot, but at last she reached the Bible and hid out in the open air. She only remembers that she must save the Bible at all cost.

Swift as an arrow, she flew homeward. The soldiers were intent upon pillaging stables round the burning buildings, and did not see the little figure that darted in between the house and the shop, whose thatched roofs were all ablaze. Breathless and determined, she pushed aside the mud and stumbled through the blazing smoke.

The hungry flames scorched her dress and her hair, and burned and blistered her hands and face before she reached the Bible and hid out in the open air.

No one had noticed her in the darkness, and she crept safely into the little garden and sank down, choked and suffering, among the vines that the Bible was in danger even now. She slipped off her woollen petticoat and wrapped it around the volume; then digging with her little burned hands in the soft soil, she buried it under an immense cabbage. Then she crawled upon her hands and knees to the spring at the foot of the garden, where her father found her an hour later half-unconscious with pain and fright. He never ceased to praise and to praise his little daughter for her brave deed of that day.

The Bible always remained in the family, and years and years after, Ailsie's great-grandfather carried it with her when she followed her Puritan husband across the sea to the lonely coast of New England. - Morning Star.

The Mysterious Guest.

By H. C. FABER.

I had three friends. I asked one day That they would dine with me; But when they came I found that they Were six instead of three.

My good wife whispered, "We at best, I'd say, had four to dine. Send one away." I did. The rest Remaining numbered nine.

"I too will go," the second cried, "I'll sit at once, but not at all. Although to count but eight I tried, There were remaining ten."

"Go call them back!" my wife implored; "I fear the third may go. And leave behind to share our board, Perhaps a score or so."

The second one then straight returned, "As might be then expected; He with the ten, we quickly learned, Eleven made. Dejected,

We saw the first returning; he, With all the rest turned round, And there, behold I saw my friends three. Though six they still were found.

(For those of you who yet may find My riddle too complex, I'll say the third and in mine Were "S" and "1" and "X.")

- St. Nicholas.

About Fathers.

When fathers jump up and they hover,
"Here, Jim! you rascal! you scamp!"
And huddle you round by the collar,
And wrangle their cares and stamp,
You can laugh right out at the riot.
They like to be gassed and dived;
But when they say, "James, real good!
"Go on!" - that's the time to be saved!



THE MINISTRY OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.



ADRIFT IN THE ARCTIC SEAS.