

How Cyrus laid the Cable.

BY JOHN G. SANE.

Listen all unto my song; 'Tis no silly fable; 'Tis all about the mighty cord They call the Atlantic cable.
God Cyrus Field, he said, says he: 'I have a pretty notion That I can run a telegraph Across the Atlantic ocean.'
Then all the people laughed and said They'd like to see him do it, He blight get half seas over, but He never could get through it.
To carry out his foolish plan He never would be able; He might as well go hang himself With his Atlantic cable.
But Cyrus was a valiant man, A fellow of decision; and heeded not their mocking words, Their laughter and derision.
Twice did his bravest efforts fail, And yet his mind was stable; He wasn't the man to break his heart Because he broke his cable.
"Once more, my gallant boys!" he cried: "Three times!—you know the fable"— "I'll make it thirty," muttered he, "But I will lay the cable."
Once more they tried—hurrah! hurrah! What means this great commotion? The Lord he praised; the cable's laid Across the Atlantic ocean!
Loud ring the bells—for flashing through Six hundred leagues of water, Old Mother England's benison Salutes her eldest daughter.
O'er all the land the tidings speed, And soon in every nation They'll hear about the cable with Profoundest admiration!
Now long live Jamy and long live Vic, And long live gallant Cyrus; And may his courage, faith, and zeal With emulation live on.
And may we honour evermore The manly, bold, and stable, And tell our sons, to make them brave, How Cyrus laid the cable.

The Story of a Hymn-Book.

CHAPTER IX.

THE YOUNG PREACHER.

My readers will not be surprised when I tell them that the time came when I was Henry Duncan's constant companion at Methodist services.
About twelve months after the events referred to in the last chapter he offered himself, and was received, as a member of the Methodist Church.
All the teaching was directed towards the conversion of the young. Week by week Henry pointed his boys to "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world," and urged upon them the Lord's own imperative requirement, "Ye must be born again."
It was when nearly a year had passed away after Henry's happy union with the Methodist Church, that one of the ministers asked him if he had ever felt any desire for impulse towards preaching the gospel. A warm flush overspread the young man's cheek, and his heart throbbled with quickened feeling.
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day stand in "the holy place," and pray in the unsearchable riches of Christ.
After much thought, conversation, and prayer, Henry's spiritual guides and pastors deemed it was and right that he should make trial of his gifts in the pulpit.
How happy were those days, during which I was more than ever my friend and master's treasured companion.
Here are two verses of a hymn with the Scripture references as added by my owner's loving hand:—

"Ye virgin souls, arise, With all the dead awake! Unto salvation wist, Oil in our vessels take, Upstarting at the midnight cry, 'Behold the heavenly bridegroom nigh!'
" He comes, he comes to call The nations to his bar, And raise to glory all Who fit for glory are; Made ready for your full reward, Go forth with joy to meet your Lord."

The other verses are similarly annotated, but this example will serve to show how Henry used his hymn-book as a devotional companion to his Bible, and found therein its beautiful harmony.
In due time, after diligent study and careful self-scrutiny, Henry Duncan offered himself for the Methodist ministry, and after examination by the district meeting, and the Conference Committee in July, was accepted, and became in the following September a student in one of the theological colleges.
My owner's departure became the occasion of separation between him and myself. Henry had been compelled to resign his Sunday-school class for more than a year before he left home, on account of his new public duties. Nevertheless, he retained a strong interest in the boys for whom he had so faithfully toiled and prayed.

with him, and urged him to choose his and live. The youth was deeply affected, especially when his old teacher, taking the book, which has indeed been precious to me.
The tears were in the eyes of my poor owner as he took me from Henry's hand. I was loath to leave one with whom I had been so happily associated.
Henry was attended upon his departure from his native town, to enter upon a new and noble career, with the best wishes of all his true friends.
Emily Mayford, the daughter of Henry's employer, had been known to him from earliest school days. Always friends, there had grown up between them something more than ordinary acquaintance.
Yet he was still desirous that Emily should think well of him. And he would hardly have believed that her opinions and feelings could have been of so much importance to him.

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The words wounded Duncan to the quick, but he would not accept a challenge to disputation, and contented himself with saying, "I hope, Emily, you will come to have a better opinion of my Methodist friends by and by. Then I am sure you will respect my conscientious convictions, and know that it is no degradation but an honour to be a servant of the people of God."
Yet the words rankled long in the heart of Henry, as he turned away from the house where he had always been received as a son and brother, and it was only when the balm of faith and prayer had been applied that the pain was eased.
"Shall I for fear of feeble man The Spirit's course in me restrain? Or, undismayed, in deed or word, Be a true witness for my Lord?
" My life, my blood, I here present, If for thy truth they may be spent; Fulfil thy sovereign counsel, Lord, Thy will be done, thy name adored."

CHILD LIFE IN SIAM.

When the Chinese young folks get into the morning, they do not go to school, but to the market.
The boys in Siam are very fond of playing coins, and spend much of their time in this game.
In the month of March, though usually dry and hot, winds are blowing.
As the streets in Siam are almost all rivers and canals the Siamese boys and girls early learn to row, and paddle their little boats almost as soon as they learn to swim.

A SISTER'S INFLUENCE.

A few months ago we heard of a home where the son and daughter, a brilliant young man and an accomplished young lady, were always quarrelling.
A question arose. Might not that sister, bright, intelligent and handsome, whose society was sought by others, have exerted such an influence over her brother, as to save him?
And if this be true, is not that sister responsible in part for his downfall?
Second only to a mother's influence is that which may be exerted over her brother by a gentle and affectionate sister who interests herself, as a true sister should, in all that concerns her brother's happiness.—United Presbyterian.

LINCOLN AND THE KITTENS.

Yet will all love the memory of the great, gentle war President the more when you read this anecdote.
The day on which Grant's army began the final advance, the President sat at a small telegraph office at City Point, receiving telegrams and examining a pocket chart.
Three little kittens were rattling about the hut in which was the office.
The President of the nation whose fate was hanging in the scales picked up the kitten, placed them on the table, and said: "You poor little, miserable creatures, what brought you into this camp of warriors? Where is your mother?"
The mother was dead, answered the counsel in charge.
Then she can't grieve for them, said the President with a sigh, "as many a poor mother is grieving for the son who has fallen in battle. Ah, kittens, thank God you are alive, and can't understand this terrible strife. There, now, go on, my little friends," he continued wiping the dirt from their eyes with his handkerchief; "that is all I can do for you. Colonel, get them some milk, and don't let them starve. There is too much starvation going on in this land, say now, mitigate it when you can."
The great President, even of such a crisis, could, as Antonio Carter said, find time to look at God's creatures, and be so-beritous for their comfort.