

LIFE-SCULPTURE.

**H**ISEL in hand stood a sculptor-boy  
With his marble block before him—  
And his face lit up with a smile of joy  
As an angel dream passed o'er him.

He carved the dream on that shapeless stone  
With many a sharp incision,  
With heaven's own light the sculptor shone—  
He had caught the angel-vision.

Sculptors of life are we as we stand  
With our lives uncarved before us,  
Waiting the hour when at God's command  
Our life-dream passes o'er us.

If we carve it then on the yielding stone  
With many a sharp incision,  
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,—  
Our lives that angel-vision.

A SON'S FUTILE JOURNEY.

**I**T was an aged hack driver who  
told the story, and the old man  
spoke with such evident emotion  
that it was plain the incident  
had made a deep impression on his  
mind.

"I was," he said, "on my hack at  
the depot one day two years ago, look-  
ing out for a fare when a young gentle-  
man comes out of the cars, and, jump-  
ing into my hack, ordered me to drive  
as fast as I could to Rosemount Cot-  
tage, Madison Road. I knew Madison  
Road well enough, and drove off,  
making sure I should find out Rose-  
mount Cottage on the way. As we  
approached it, my fare opened the door  
himself, jumped out, and advanced to-  
ward the gate. Suddenly he started  
back and uttered a cry of pain as his  
eye caught the notice-board in the front  
garden, announcing that 'This house  
is to be let or sold.'

"Where are they?" he exclaimed,  
in a dreadful husky voice, his face as  
white as a sheet. 'Where are my  
father and mother, Mr. and Mrs.  
Kenrick?'

"Well, I was quite taken aback for  
a moment, and, not thinking much of  
what I was saying, told him that I  
believed Mr. Kenrick was dead, and  
Mrs. Kenrick had gone into the poor-  
house.

"Drive there," he cried, 'drive me  
there, quick, oh, quick!' and he  
jumped back into the hack. The way  
was not long, and we were soon there.  
With hurried steps the young man ran  
up the stairs and asked for Mrs.  
Kenrick.

"Mrs. Kenrick, Mrs. Kenrick,"  
muttered the old clerk in the office,  
'oh, yes, I remember, been dead and  
buried these three weeks.'

"O mother! mother!" sobbed the  
young man, 'and I not here to see  
you, and close your eyes!' We com-  
forted him as best we could, and after  
visiting his mother's grave, he rode  
back to the depot with me. He had  
to wait some time for a train, and  
while waiting he told me all about it.  
His parents were well off. Rosemount  
Cottage was their own, and his father,  
an old civil servant, had a small pen-  
sion. In his latter days he had given  
way to drink, and he, the son, who  
had been abroad, a clerk in the Odessa  
branch of a merchant's business, knew  
nothing of it, until he received a letter  
from his mother urging him to come  
home at once, and begging him to let  
nothing delay him, as his father was  
ill. It was not dangerous, the old  
lady said, but—then there came the  
old miserable tale of gradual giving  
way to the fondness for liquor, until  
he was scarcely ever sober. She

blushed to write it to her own son,  
but the old man was down with  
delirium tremens, and it was best the  
boy should know. Travelling day and  
night he reached his home to find it  
empty and both his parents dead.

"Much cut up, sir? I should say  
so. That young fellow, he wasn't  
more than five-and-twenty, he went on  
so as I never saw or heard. He asked  
if I was a total abstainer, and I owned  
I wasn't. Would you believe it, sir,  
that young man, cut up as he was,  
wouldn't leave me till I agreed to sign  
the pledge, and he said he meant to  
make everybody he met do the same.  
Well, it tried me a bit at first, but I  
soon got used to it, and I own the  
house and lot now. I guess I shouldn't  
have done that if I hadn't done as he  
wanted me. So I've good reason to  
remember driving to Rosemount Cot-  
tage, and I don't think that young  
man will forget the journey."

ON PRESENTATION OF A BIBLE.

**L**ET this blest Book of sacred truth  
Engage the fervour of your youth:  
Peruse it still, from day to day;  
Its holy precepts learn, obey:  
Treasures of wisdom here lie hid,—  
To those who seek within this lid  
Shall be revealed,—and still unfold  
Riches, while here on earth, untold;  
And let it not forgotten be  
In smiling bright prosperity,  
When all in gay and youthful prime,  
Is sparkling on the stream of time.  
Should clouds obscure your shining skies,  
Its bow of hope shall cheer your eyes;  
Through grace to prove, mid toil and strife,  
A peace-branch to the storms of life,  
And lead where all serenely rest,  
In happy mansions of the blest.

FLOORED BY A CATECHISM.

**A**N amusing episode occurred  
in Judge Barnum's court room  
during the hearing of an eject-  
ment case, says the Chicago

*Times*. A boy of eight years was  
presented by one side as a witness,  
and the opposing counsel objected to  
him on the probability that the child  
was unaware of the nature of an oath.

"Do you know what an oath is,  
Charlie?" asked the court.

"Yes, sir," answered Charlie, "It  
is to ask God to help you tell the  
truth."

"Where did you learn all this?"  
frowned the opposing counsel.

"In the ten catechism," said Charlie,  
not to be frowned down or sat upon  
by the biggest lawyer in the business.

"In the catechism? What cate-  
chism?"

"In the cent catechism, sir."

"Who told you to look into the  
catechism for the definition of an oath?"

"My sister. She told me last night,  
and I got it and studied it."

"Have you your catechism with  
you?"

"Yes, sir. Here it is," and the  
well-thumbed little pamphlet was  
forthwith produced from the depths of  
that mysterious receptacle for all odds  
and ends, the trousers-pocket.

"You see the boy has his docu-  
ments," interposed the court, with a  
smile, and a quiet titter went around  
the court room as it became evident  
that the legal luminary was being  
"downed" by the child.

"H'm! Let me see the book. I  
wonder if you know anything more  
that's in it? Who made you?"

"Why, God, o'course," was the  
reply, as if the lad pooh-poohed the  
idea of being asked such a simple

question, and wanted "somethin'  
hard."

Several questions were asked, and  
elicited ready replies. The lawyer  
saw that he was in for it, and accepted  
the defeat as gracefully as possible.  
Turning to the court he said:

"Your honor, I guess we will accept  
this witness, and for this little book, I  
would submit it to my learned friend,  
the counsel on the other side, and  
recommend its careful perusal by him.  
It will do him good."

AN INTERESTING BOOK.

**W**E have been favoured by  
the Rev. W. R. Parker,  
M.A., ex-President of the  
London Conference, with  
the reading of a very interesting book  
by a blind lady living at Chatham.  
Miss Snell—that is the writer's name  
—became blind at the age of seven  
years, while her father was lighthouse  
keeper on the island of Campobello, in  
the Bay of Fundy. She describes, with  
touching simplicity, her child-life—in  
the lonely lighthouse listening to the  
screams of the sea-gulls, the dash of  
the waves against the rocks, and the  
throbbing of the wheels of the passing  
steamers. Yet she learned to read the  
embossed books for the blind, and to  
play on a musical instrument, which  
was a great delight. One day, when a  
storm and high tide combined, the  
lighthouse was nearly swept away.  
One of the most touching scenes is  
where the famous Boston oculist, to  
whom she applied, told her that her  
blindness was incurable. There are  
other sketches, stories, and poems in  
the book, ranging from grave to gay.  
The afflicted author is, we believe, the  
sole support of an aged mother, and it  
would be doing her a great kindness to  
purchase her book. It is a neat little  
volume of 162 pages, and is sold for  
the small sum of 35 cents. May be  
ordered from the Rev. William Briggs,  
Toronto. The following are some  
verses written by the author after  
losing her sight:

When summer spreads its beauty,  
Though all by me unseen,  
I know that trees and meadows  
And fields are robed in green.  
I know the beauteous flowers  
Are opening into bloom,  
When I, in passing near them,  
Inhale their rich perfume.

The birds that sing so sweetly,  
I know are very near,  
When their soft strains of music  
Fall on my list'ning ear.  
And when the sun is sinking  
Gently down to rest,  
I know there's gold and crimson  
Gleaming in the west.

I know the darkness gathers,  
Silently around,  
When the day is ended,  
And the dew is found  
In the moonbeams sparkling,  
Gems of nature's store,  
All from me are hidden,  
Veiled for evermore.

Flowers brightly blooming,  
Wild birds soaring high,  
Verdure sweetly smiling,  
Evening sunset sky.  
All those charms of nature  
I shall never see,  
Twilight gently falling  
Brings no change to me.

True, my life is saddened,  
Yet in prayer I find,  
At the throne of mercy,  
Grace to be resigned.  
When life's journey closes  
I shall soar away,  
From this vale of darkness,  
To the realms of day.

A GREAT NATURALIST.

**A** GOOD story is told of Agassiz,  
the great naturalist. His  
father destined him for a com-  
mercial life, and was impatient  
at his devotion to frogs, snakes and  
fishes. His vacations he spent in  
making journeys on foot through  
Europe, examining the different species  
of fresh-water fishes. He came to  
London with letters of introduction to  
Sir Roderick Murchison. "You have  
been studying nature," said the great  
man bluntly. "What have you  
learned?" The lad was timid, not  
sure at that moment that he had  
learned anything. "I think," he said  
at last, "I know a little about fishes."

"Very well. There will be a meet-  
ing of the Royal Society to-night. I  
will take you with me there." All of  
the great scientific savants of England  
belonged to this Society. That even-  
ing, toward its close, Sir Roderick rose  
and said: "I have a young friend here  
from Switzerland, who thinks he knows  
something about fishes; how much I  
have a fancy to try. There is under  
this cloth a perfect skeleton of a fish  
which existed long before man." He  
then gave the precise locality in which  
it had been found, with one or two  
other facts concerning it. The species  
to which the specimen belonged was of  
course extinct. "Can you sketch for  
me on that blackboard your idea of  
this fish?" said Sir Roderick. Agassiz  
took up the chalk, hesitated a moment,  
and then sketched rapidly a skeleton  
fish. Sir Roderick held up the speci-  
men. The portrait was correct in  
every bone and line. The grave old  
doctors burst into loud applause.  
"Sir," Agassiz said, on telling the  
story, "that was the proudest moment  
of my life—no, the happiest; for I  
knew not my father would consent  
that I should give my life to science."

A BUMPTIOUS HEAD.

**A** CHURCH in a Maryland  
village was disturbed one Sun-  
day morning by the entrance  
of a small boy intent upon  
saving his Sunday dinner:

It seems that a certain good woman  
bought a calf's head and put it on to  
boil, leaving her little boy to mind it  
while she went to the church close by.

The minister had reached his fifthly,  
when a small boy stuck his head in the  
door, and whispered,

"Mamma!"

The good woman recognized her son  
instantly, and began to make signs for  
him to leave the door.

"Mamma!" again came the whis-  
per—this time a little louder than  
before.

The mother shook her finger at the  
boy warningly, and indulged in other  
familiar pantomime with which she  
was accustomed to awe her son. But  
it didn't work. The boy was excited  
and in dead earnest, as the denoue-  
ment will show. Raising his voice, he  
shouted—

"Mamma, you needn't wink and  
blink at me, but had better come home  
right away, for the calf's head is  
buttin' all the dumplins out of the  
pot!"—*Youth's Companion*.

TEACHER to little boy. "What is a  
reptile?" "Don't know." "Oh, yes,  
you do; something that crawls." "Oh,  
a baby."