

Thou art an isle in the ocean wide;
Thou art a barque above the tide;
How vague and void is all beside!
I cling to thee.

O dreaded death! cold, pallid death,
Despair is in thy icy breath;
I shrink from thee.
What victims wilt thou next enrol?
Thou has a terror for my soul
Which will no reason can control;
I shrink from thee.

Then followed a sound that was like a low sob. This surely was Amy, Laura's cousin-friend, and already she had won the whole sympathy of his heart.

After ringing the bell he heard her step, and then she paused, as he rightly surmised, to wipe away the thickly-falling tears. He was almost startled when she appeared before him, for the maiden had inherited the peculiar and striking beauty of her mother. Sorrow and watching had brought unusual pallor to her cheeks; but her eyes were so large, so dark and intense, that they suggested spirit rather than flesh and blood.

"I think that this is Miss Poland," commenced Haldane, in a manner that was marked by both sympathy and respect, and he was about to hand her his card of introduction, when she stepped eagerly forward and took his hand, saying, "You are Mr. Haldane. I know it at a glance."

"Yes, and wholly at your service."

"Still retaining his hand, she looked for a second into his face, as if she would read his soul and gauge the compass of his nature. So intent and penetrating was her gaze that Haldane felt that if there had been any wavering or weakness on his part she would have known it as truly as himself.

Her face suddenly lighted up with gratitude and friendliness, and she said, earnestly:

"I do thank you for coming. I had purposed asking you not to take so great a risk for us, but to return; for, to be frank with you, our physician has told me that your risk is terribly great; but I see that you are one that would not turn back."

"You are right, Miss Poland." Then he added with a frank smile, "There is nothing terrible to me in the risk you speak of. I honestly feel it a privilege to come to your aid, and I have but one request to make: that you will let me serve you in any way and every way possible. By any hesitancy and undue delicacy in this respect you will greatly pain me."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, in a low and almost passionate tone, "I am so glad you have come, for I was almost desperate."

"Your father?" asked Haldane, very gravely.

"He is more quiet, and I try to think he is better; but the doctor won't say that he is. Ah, there he is coming now."

A carriage drove rapidly to the door, and the physician sprang up the steps as if the hours were short for the increasing pressure of his work.

"Miss Amy, why are you here yet? I hoped that you and your little sister were on your way to the mountains," he said, taking her hand.

"Please do not speak of it again," she replied, "I cannot leave father and mother; and Bertha, you know, is too young and nervous a child to be forced to go away alone. We must all remain together and hope the best from your skill."

"God knows I am doing all in my power to save my dear old friend Poland," said the physician huskily, and then he shook his head, as if he had little hope. "How is he now?"

"Better I think. Dr. Orton, this is the friend of whom I spoke—Mr. Haldane."

"You have always lived at the North?" asked the physician, looking the young man over with a quick glance.

"Yes, sir."

"Do you realize the probable consequences of this exposure to one not acclimated?"

"Dr. Orton, I am a medical student, and I have come to do my duty; which here will be to strictly carry out your directions. I have only one deep cause for anxiety, and that is that I may not be taken with the disease before I can be of much use. So please give me work at once."

"Give me your hand old fellow. You do our profession credit, if not fully fledged. You are right, we must all do what we can while we can, for the Lord only knows how many hours are left to any of us. But, Amy, my dear, it makes me feel like praying and swearing in the same breath to find you still in this infernal city. A friend promised to call this morning and take you and your sister away."

"We cannot go."

"Well, well, as long as the old doctor is above ground he will try to take care of you, and this young gentleman can be invaluable if he can hold on for a while before following a too general fashion. Come, sir, I will install you at once."

"Doctor—Doctor Orton, what have you brought for me?" cried a childish voice; and a little girl, fair and blue-eyed, came fluttering down the stairs, intercepting them on the way to Mr. Poland's room.

"Ah, there's my good little fairy," said the kind-hearted man, taking her in his arms and kissing her. "Look in my pockets, little one, and see what you can find."

With delightful unconsciousness of the shadows around her, the child fumbled in his pockets and soon pulled out a picture-book.

"No candy yet?" she exclaimed, in disappointment.

"No candy at all, Bertha; nothing but good, plain food till next winter. You make sure of this, I suppose?" he said significantly to the elder sister.

"Yes, as far as possible. I will wait for you here."

They ascended to a large, airy room on the second floor. Even to Haldane, Mr. Poland appeared far down in the dark valley; but he was in that quiet and conscious state which follows the first stage of the fever; which, in his

case, owing to his vigorous frame, had been unusually prolonged.

(To be continued.)

THE COST OF CARELESSNESS.

How often do we hear an excuse for some harm done or wrong committed, "I did not mean to do it. I had no thought of causing any such trouble." Certainly, "want of thought" draws after it a great train of evils, and leaves behind it a broad trail of cost and sorrow. We see the result of carelessness in all departments of life, and in all degrees, from the most trivial, causing only inconvenience and confusion, to the most far-reaching, casting a shadow into eternity.

A nurse fell down the stairs with an infant in her arms, and fifty years afterward there was a hump-backed man creeping about the streets. A child threw a piece of lemon-peel on the sidewalk, and there was an accident an hour after, in which an old lady was severely injured, so severely that she will never be able to walk again. A switch-tender opened the wrong switch, and the heavy train dashed into a big building that stood at the end of the short side track; and lives were lost amid the wreck. An operator gave a careless touch to his instrument, and there was a terrible collision on the rail. A boy shot an arrow from his bow; it went whizzing away from the string, and a comrade is blind for the rest of his life. A woman poured oil from a can into her stove to hasten her fire, and there was an explosion, and an outburst of flame, which burnt down the building about her. A young man pointed a gun, in sport, at his best friend, playfully saying that he would shoot him, and one noble youth was carried to his grave, and another goes through life with an awful shadow of memory hanging over him, which quenches all his joy and makes all life dark to him. A druggist's clerk compounded the prescription in haste, and in an hour a sick girl was dying in terrible pain and convulsions, from the poison in the prescription. A beautiful young lady danced at a party one chill midnight, and then raised a window in a side room to let the fresh air fan her hot cheeks, and in a little while they followed her to an untimely grave. What long chapters of incidents are every year recorded, all of which result from carelessness! A little careful thought on the part of the responsible persons would have prevented all of them, with their attendant horrors and their long train of suffering and sorrow.—S. S. Times.

WHAT SAVED HIM.

During the "hard winter" of 1877, when 30,000 unemployed workmen haunted the streets of New York, driven to beggary or too often theft, a man rang the door-bell of a house in one of our large cities, and asked for something to eat. He told a glib story of his discharge from a woollen mill, and said he had a wife starving not far away.

The mistress of the house made it a rule not to give alms that winter, except after personal examination of the case of each applicant.

She went to the kitchen and ordered a substantial meal set before the man, who ate ravenously. He was a young, honest looking fellow, but there were heavy marks of dissipation on his face. Suddenly he dropped his knife and fork and sat staring at the door.

"Who's that?" he cried. "Johnny, Johnny!"

The lady's little child, a girl of three, had followed her from the nursery, and stood in her white gown in the doorway, her fair curls tumbling over her face. The tramp recovered himself with a coarse laugh.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "It's your child of course. I—I haven't seen a child for a long time."

But his food seemed to choke him. In a few moments he started up again in agitation and said:

"Madam, I am not a workman. I am Jim Floyd, and I was discharged yesterday from Moyamensing prison where I had served out a sentence for burglarly. I was once a decent man. I left my wife and my old mother up in Pottsville, and my baby."

While he spoke his eyes were fixed on the child with a terrible hunger in them.

"Little one," he said, holding out his hands with a pitiful entreaty, "shake hands with me, won't you? I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head."

The mother's heart gave a throb. The man was foully dirty, just out of prison, full perhaps of disease.

But the baby (surely God sent it) ran forward smiling, with both hands out. Jim knelt down beside it, the tears rolling down his cheeks. "It is so like Johnny," he muttered. "It is so like Johnny!"

"You'll go back to Johnny, and your wife and your old mother?" said the lady.

He would make no promise. "It's too late to make a decent man of me," he said, and presently putting on his old cap, he went out.

Six months later the lady received an ill-spelled letter from Pottsville. "I am at work here," it said. "That night I had planned to meet the boys, but your little girl saved me. I came home instead. It wasn't too late."

WE ought always to deal justly, not only with those who are just to us, but likewise with those who endeavour to injure us; and this, too, for fear lest, rendering them evil for evil, we should fall into the same vice.—Hierodes.

PERHAPS all parties need to go back and study more closely the earliest and apostolical condition of the kingdom of Christ. Should they do so they might gain reason to suspect that churches are "strong" not so much when they are large and "prosperous," as when they are humble, consecrated, and willing to deny themselves, take up their cross, and work for Christ and their fellowmen; and that pastors are "successful" not so much when they are Chrysostoms in the pulpit, as when, like faithful men earlier than he, they cease not in every house to teach and preach Jesus Christ.—Congregationalist.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

FRANCE has voted two hundred millions of francs (\$40,000,000) to establish high-schools for girls. "No greater victory than this," says a writer, "has been gained by the Republic over 'the Church' since the great struggle between them began."

TWENTY-ONE boys in the Lutheran mission at Guntoor, India, have sent a donation of three rupees or \$1.50, towards building a Lutheran Mission Church in Brooklyn, N.Y. It was the fruit of their self-denial, being saved from their monthly allowance of food.

THE Viceroy of Egypt has given property to the mission of the United Presbyterians worth \$40,000, and the donations of the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh have amounted in all to \$80,000. It has thirty-five stations, nearly 1,000 communicants, and over 1,200 pupils.

THE activity of the Protestant agents and colporteurs in Rome has aroused the ire of the Roman correspondent of the "Tablet." He writes: "In all the principal thoroughfares men are hired to walk up and down and present those passing by with a Bible for a few soldi. On the steps of the Church of the Crocifissione of those agents had the audacity (!) to offer a Diodati's Bible to a learned prelate, with the observation, 'Take it, Monsignor, for you have more need of it than others.'"

THE death is announced of Monsignor Aliberti, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Syra, in the Archipelago. He was one of the persistent opponents of the doctrine of Papal Infallibility at the Vatican Council, openly voting against the decree. He was a man of moderate views and most tolerant in his practice, always living on the best terms with his fellow-Christians of the Greek communion. He was in the seventy-first year of his age, and had been bishop in Syra thirty-seven years.

THE Bishop of Manchester, speaking the other day at Burnley, said this country was rapidly passing into democratic tendencies. Wherever they looked they saw that the democratic spirit which existed thirty years ago had now spread, not only in the United States, but also over a great part of Europe. It had its perils—its great perils—but, as everything in this world, it had its blessings and advantages too. Some said that if those levelling doctrines prevailed it would be a bad time for wealthy men. He did not believe it would ever be a bad time for rich men, if rich men would only discharge themselves adequately of their duty. He believed the English people liked to see, and they had a right to expect to see, in those who had fortunes and estates that they should recognize their responsibilities.

FATHER HOJDA, the pastor of St. Wenceslaus Catholic Church in Baltimore, has made public renunciation of his adherence to the Church of Rome, and will begin at once a course of studies in Protestant doctrines, preparatory to being ordained a minister. He made this renunciation a week or two ago in the Trinity Lutheran Church, in the presence of two Lutheran pastors, the trustees of two Lutheran churches, and a large congregation. Soon after the services of the day began he stepped out to the front of the chancel, and after announcing his change of faith, signed a document setting forth the fact and renouncing his adherence to the Roman Church. On the day following this he sent a formal letter of resignation to Archbishop Gibbons, saying he had taken the step after long and careful consideration. Hojda was born in Bohemia, and is about thirty-two years of age. His Baltimore congregation was almost exclusively composed of Bohemians, and he was called to the church only about a year ago from the diocese of Bohemia. It is understood that he will be followed into the Protestant Church by several members of his former parish.

I, PHYA TAPE PHRA CHUNE, the royal representative of his Majesty the Supreme King of Siam at Chiengmai, and also for the Laos states and cities of Lakaun and Lampoon, hereby make a proclamation to the princes and rulers and officers of various grades, and the common people, in the states and cities named: That His Majesty the King of Siam was graciously pleased to send me a royal letter with the royal seal, to the effect that D. B. Sichel, the U. S. Consul had communicated to his Excellency the Foreign Minister of Siam a complaint, signed by the Rev. D. McGilvary and Dr. M. A. Cheek, against certain parties for molesting the Christians and compelling them to observe their old religious customs. The Foreign Minister had laid the subject before His Majesty, who had most graciously listened to the said complaint, and had given the following royal command in reference to the same. That religious and civil duties do not conflict, and that any religion that is seen to be true by any person, may be embraced without any restraint; that the responsibility of a correct or a wrong choice rests on the individual making it; that there is nothing in the Foreign Treaty nor in the laws and customs of Siam to throw any restriction on the religious worship of any. To be more specific, if any person or persons wish to embrace the Christian religion, they are freely allowed to follow their own choice; and this proclamation is designed from this time forth to remove any fear that may have existed to the contrary. It is, moreover, strictly enjoined on the princes and rulers and relatives and friends of those who may wish to embrace Christianity, that they throw no obstacle in the way, and that no creed be enforced on the Christians, nor work demanded of them, which their religion forbids them to hold or to do: as the worship and feasting of demons or departed spirits, and working on the Sabbath day. Except in case of war or other unavoidable or important work (and not feigned to be such), they are allowed to have the free observance of the Sabbath. No obstacle is to be thrown in the way of American citizens employing any person needed for their service. The Treaty in this respect must be observed. Whenever this proclamation is known by the princes and rulers and officers and people, they are to beware that they violate no precept contained therein. Proclamation made on the 11th of the 12th waxing moon, year of the Tiger, and 11th year of His Majesty's reign.