

## (423) —Selected.

## Faith's Lesson.

I was dreading the dark to-morrow,  
For my heart was oppressed with fear,  
And the burden of sin and sorrow  
Seemed more than I could bear.

But out in the glad, bright sunshine  
My baby was playing the while,  
His face was so bright and joyous,  
Lit up with a sunny smile.

At last he came toddling towards me  
With outstretched hands, and said:  
"Mam-mam, me's awf'ol buddy,  
So me's tum for a bit of bread."

I gave it at once to my darling,  
But my eyes filled up with tears  
As I thought on the lesson he'd taught me  
Of faith for the future years.

He came to me in his hunger,  
He knew I would hear his cry,  
And his royal trust never doubted  
That I would his wants supply;

While I, with a Father in Heaven  
Who never refuses to hear  
The cry of His earthly children,  
Was living in doubt and fear.

For am I not one of His children?  
Through a wayward and sin-stained one?  
And has not He promised to hear me  
For the sake of His precious Son?

I know I should live in the sunshine,  
Not in the shadow dim;  
I know that that life is the brightest  
That trusteth in the most in Him;

And that just as my own dear baby  
Came straight with his want to me,  
So with faith as childlike  
I should draw near to Thee.

Come with my heart uplifted,  
Come with the bowed head,  
Crying, "Father, I too am hungry;  
Give me the living bread."

251 Parliament St., Toronto. JOE M. A. SPENCE.

## (424) —Selected.

## Total Annihilation

He was a Bowers bootblack bold,  
And his years they numbered nine;  
Rough and unpulsed was he, albeit  
He constantly aimed to shine.

As proud as a king on his box he sat,  
Munching an apple red;  
While the boys of his set looked wistfully on,  
And "Give us a bin," they said.

But the bootblack smiled a lordly smile;  
"No free bites here," he cried.  
Then the boys they sadly walked away,  
Save one, who stood at his side.

"Bin, give us the core," he whispered low,  
That bootblack smiled once more,  
And a mischievous gleam grew in his cheek,  
"There ain't goin' to be no core!"

O. H. FOSTER,

62 John Street South, Hamilton.

## (425) —Selected.

## "The Absent"

I live with my friends and love them,  
Although they are far away;  
The joy of their speaking presence  
Haunts each passing day.

I see their faces and greet them,  
At morning, at noon, and at eve,  
I gather their best thoughts to me,  
And miss around them weave.

Friendship ignores all distance,  
And love outlasts all time.  
The features of those we love best  
Are with us in every clime.

There is no death of affection;  
Unceasing, and sweet, and clear,  
Is the chime in my soul repeating,  
"The absent are ever near."

Oxendon, Ont. M. L. RUTHERFORD.

## (426) —Selected.

## A Temperance Appeal.

"Good will bear ye for others!"  
These words our Saviour gave;  
Then, let thy fallen brethren  
Now be thine aim to save.  
These wretched, crushed and low;  
Bound down by liquor's chain,  
With words, and tokens holy,  
Strive to uplift again.

With trust repose in Heaven,  
Obey each merciful call;  
God's help to thee is given,  
His care extends o'er all.  
Behold Christ's crowning glory,  
Ye aged, and ye youth!  
He sets His shining before thee,  
Thy guide be Him and Truth.

Resolve with firm endeavor,  
The wine-cup to forgo;  
And nevermore, oh! never  
Yield to that mocking foe.  
Then, where seemed woe and sorrow  
Upon life's tedious way,  
The dawning of to-morrow  
Will banish far away.

And sweeter joys possessing,  
Will bide with him that roams!  
And countless untold blessings  
Will cluster 'round our homes.  
Oh! fathers, sons, and mothers,  
Behold the shining ray!  
O! ye young men and brothers,  
Pursue this heavenly way!

Walton St., Toronto. MRS. BAILEY.

## (427) —Selected.

## Epigram.

Life is short and time is swift,  
Roses fade and shadows shift;  
But the ocean and the river  
Rise and fall and flow for ever.  
Bard! not vainly I save the ocean,  
Bard! not vainly I save the river,  
Be thy song then like their motion,  
Bleeding now, and bleeding ever.

Berley, Ont. R. H. ARCHERSON.

## (428) —Selected.

## The Great Point.

A genial old Chief of Police,  
For a joke once arrested his niece,  
For packing his pants  
With a quilt of her snugs,  
Which, he said, made them breeches  
(breeches) of piece (peace).

Now, the above undoubtedly contains a point, but cannot be considered to gain the prize, as TRUTH only offers that to the greatest point, and, under that rule, I would advise TRUTH to suspend all prizes until somebody presents him with the top of the North Pole, which I consider to be the greatest point, as all civilized nations are striving to get at it.

Chicago, Ill. A. J. POSER.

## (429) —Selected.

## To Make a Good Tempered Man.

First of all catch your man; it is easily done  
If you're pretty, lovable, and about twenty-one.  
When the knot has been tied and you have started  
In life,

Be all that he needs—a sweet, gentle little wife,  
Keep his socks well mended, his shirts repaired;  
And when he comes home have his slippers well aired.  
Have his dinners well cooked; the supper must be  
Cozy;

Go daily for a walk, so keep your cheeks rosy.  
Assist him with his coat; hang up his hat;  
And when supper is over you can have a quiet chat.  
By keeping these rules as nearly as you can,  
You will have what is rare—a good-tempered man.

Shelburne, Ont. LUCIAN FALCONER.

## (430) —Selected.

## A Borrowed Compliment.

Kindly imagine the accompanying tid-bit  
spoken by me to TRUTH, and its editor.  
I think it very applicable. I find it in the  
"Woman's Almanac" for 1720, a very  
quaint affair. The following was a commu-  
nication from Druselinda:—

When I with pleasure see the wit o' th' age  
With one consent in your applause engage;  
I wish, methinks, I could with them declare  
Your modest excellences and trathless care;  
By which you both oblige and please the fair;  
A task which many have essay'd in vain.  
Whilst you, secure in their good graces, reign  
To whose just praise you have a lasting claim  
Since your chests work o'er a envy cannot blame;  
For your strict—let's no line have place  
Which might with blushes dye a virgin's face;  
But 'tis throughout so useful and so pure,  
It will the blindest strictest endure;  
Such worth the brightest realms must rehearse,  
A theme too lofty for my humble verse;  
Which (since by others 'tis so well expressed)  
I'll silently admire; and (by wish the rest.  
Oh! may you thus; then peers be unmoved,  
And be by all judicious men approved;  
By us esteemed; and our own sex beloved  
May the success you merit still attend,  
And even your own wishes crown the end."

St. Lambert, P. Q. NORMAN HALPOND.

## (431) —Selected.

## He Smelled it All.

Complaints about our fishermen had be-  
come frequent and loud. More than once  
the feminine head of our establishment had  
thrown away Friday's dinner because she  
did not like the peculiar smell of the leaden-  
eyed fish. One day my neighbor, Rogers,  
sent his black man, Sambo, down after a  
fresh codfish. The darkey entered the  
monger's stall, and having made his way to  
the bench whereupon the larger fish lay, he  
took up a cod and began to smell of it. The  
fishman observing him, and fearing that  
other customers, then in the store, might  
catch the hint and the scent, called out  
angrily, "Hallo! you black rascal, what  
are you rubbin' your sooty nose against  
that fish for?" "I ain't rubbin' my nose  
agin'um, maa'r." "What were you d'ing?"  
"Me talk to um, dat's all." "Talk to a  
fish?" "Yah, yah." "And what do you  
say?" "Me ask im what's the news at  
sea." "And what does the fish answer to  
that?" "By golly! he says he don't know.  
He hadn't been dar dese two weeks."

Harriehburg, Ont. MRS. E. DUNHAM.

## (432) —Selected.

## He Wanted to Make Her Feel Bad.

"My dear," said a young wife, who had  
been married about a year, "will you stop  
at Smith & Smith's on your way home to-  
night and get a paper of safety pins?"

"Wouldn't Brown & Brown's do just as  
well?"

"Certainly. But why do you prefer  
Brown's?"

"There is a young lady behind the coun-  
ter there who refused to marry me not many  
years ago, and I want to buy those safety  
pins of her."

Windsor, N. S. ELLA HART.

## (433) —Selected.

## Underselling the fellow Next Door.

"Laisure is cheap at that chap's shop, Mr.  
Spicer," said a fellow-passenger in a Yonge  
St. horse car, pointing to the sign, "A  
superior lounge for \$5," in a furniture  
dealer's window.

"That is rather tempting," replied the  
other, "but the fellow next door undersells  
him," and he directed attention to the  
baker's window, in which was the legend  
"A family loaf, ten cents."

Rosedale. ALLIE ARTHURS.

## (434) —Selected.

## A Bad Look Out.

Yes, my son, it is a solemn, eternal fact  
that "Truth once crushed to earth, will rise  
again." And in these days of awful care-  
lessness, Truth is kept so busily engaged  
in performing the grand rising act that she  
looks like a man picking up pins.

Nashville, Iowa. MARY E. KNIGHT.

## (435) —Selected.

## A King in Disguise.

A pleasant story is told of King Humbert,  
of Italy, who is a skilful and enthusiastic  
sportman, and often goes out alone, gun  
in hand, in search of game, with two setters  
in attendance. During one of these solitary  
excursions he was met by a person who was  
amazed and delighted at the skill with  
which the king winded a covey of par-  
tridges. He complimented the sportman  
on his shooting, and told him if he would  
come to his farm the next morning at day-  
break, and kill a fox that had been stealing  
his chickens, he would not mind giving him  
a couple of francs. King Humbert kept the  
appointment, killed the fox, ate breakfast  
with the family, and received his two francs,  
delighting the humble family with his good  
nature and affability. Two days afterward  
the peasant was amazed by the visit of an  
officer in a gorgeous carriage, bringing pre-  
sents to the family from the king, and was  
greatly confused on learning that he had  
employed the King of Italy to rid his hen-  
roost of a thief.

Farmer'sville, Ont. MRS. H. CAMERON.

## (436) —Selected.

## Spicy.

There was a knot of sea-captains in a  
store at Honolulu, the keeper of which had  
just bought a barrel of black pepper. Old  
Captain —, of Salem, came in, and seeing  
the pepper took up a handful of it.

"What do you buy such stuff as that  
for?" said he to the storekeeper; "it's half  
peas."

"Peas!" replied the storekeeper; "there  
isn't a pea in it."

Taking up a handful as he spoke, he ap-  
pealed to the company. They all looked at  
it, and plunged their hands into the barrel,  
and bit a kernel or so, and then gave it as  
their universal opinion that there wasn't a  
pea in it.

"I tell you there is," said the old captain,  
again scooping up a handful; "and I'll bet  
a dollar on it."

The old Boston argument all over the  
world. They took him up.

"Well," said he, spell that," pointing to  
the word "p-e-p-p-e-r," painted on the side  
of the barrel. "If it isn't half p's then I'm  
no judge, that's all."

The bet was paid.  
London South, Ont. H. H. NELLEN.

## (437) —Selected.

## Young America at the Wheel.

A well known clergyman was crossing  
Lake Erie some years ago upon one of the  
lake steamers and seeing a small lad steering  
the vessel, accosted him as follows:

"My son, you appear to be a small boy  
to steer so large a boat!"

"Yes sir," was the reply "but you see  
I can do it though."

"Do you think you understand your busi-  
ness, my son?"

"Yes sir, I think I do."  
"Can you box the compass?"

"Yes sir."  
"Let me hear you box it."

The boy did as he was requested, when the  
minister said:

"Well, really you can do it! Can you  
box it backwards?"

"Yes sir."  
"Let me hear you."

The boy did again as requested, when the  
minister remarked:

"I declare my son! You do seem to  
understand your business."

The boy then took his turn at question  
asking, beginning:

"Pray sir, what might be your busi-  
ness?"

"I am a minister of the Gospel."  
"Do you think you understand your busi-  
ness?"

"I think I do, my son."  
"Can you say the Lord's Prayer?"

"Yes."  
"Say it."

The clergyman did so, repeating the  
words in a very fervent manner as though  
trying to make an impression on the lad.

"Well really," said the boy upon its con-  
clusion, "you do know it, don't you? Now  
say it backward."

"Oh, I can't do such a think as that."  
"Of course you can't do it, eh?" returned  
the boy. Well then, you see I understand  
my business a great deal better than you do  
yours."

The clergyman acknowledged himself  
beaten, and retired.

JANE A. RATTRAY.

Walkers P.O., Ont.

## (438) —Selected.

## Light Kids all the Rage Again.

The other day a very recent mother said  
to her accomplice:

"Oh, William, nurse says the baby  
weighs only six pounds. I'm so glad!"

"Why are you glad?" growled the hus-  
band, disgusted at having received so little  
for his money.

"Because the fashion papers say light  
kids are all the rage again!"

Barrie, Ont. ENMA PARKER.

## (439) —Selected.

## The Reverie of a Bachelor.

Somehow I never weary of watching the  
girl I am going to marry. It is so odd to  
think that she and I are to pass the greater  
part of our lives together. As I watch her  
close her eyes in a moment of reverie, I  
wonder if she will wake me in the morning  
with a sweet kiss, or whether she will pull  
the pillow from under my head with a jerk  
and make me dream I have fallen down a  
precipice 10,000 feet high. Will she be  
ready to open the door and receive me kind-  
ly when I come home late, or will she call  
me hard names and threaten to go home to  
her mother?

As I take her soft palm in mine and kiss  
the tips of her pink fingers, I wonder if they  
will ever give me a box that may make my  
ears tingle. She has a pretty little mouth  
and pearly teeth; and will she ever put  
them to bad use by reading me Caudle lec-  
tures? Will those mild blue eyes ever flash  
in anger at me, and will that wealth of au-  
burn hair, so neatly coiled, ever hang in  
frowzy disorder down her back? She has  
cunning little feet. She says they get cold  
very easily. Horror! Will she ever put  
them on me when they are cold?

No; my darling will do none of these  
things. She is a little lady, and I know  
that her greatest happiness will be to make  
me happy. If I began married life by an-  
ticipating so many sad things, I should do  
serve any fate which might befall me.

Eglinton, Ont. JULIA GIFFORD.