

"Oh no! I am not obliged to be at — until 12 noon, and I start two hours earlier than the old driver did."

"In order to oblige the farmers along the route!" I asked.

"In part; but Pope says, 'Self-love and social are the same.' I love the morning air, I love to speak a word to the good people, to break the monotony of their work day lives by a bit of stirring news. Truly these hours on the road are the pleasantest of my life."

"You are never lonely?"

"Never! With God and nature can one be lonely?"

A gentleman with a fine pair of blood horses, passed us, and they exchanged cordial greetings. The driver said:

"A woman, who had worked in the family of that gentleman's father for many years, he took care of the last ten. She had become helpless and nearly blind, so when she died last month, she was past mourning for. After she was made ready for burial and laid in the parlour, a well-dressed stranger called to see her. He was told she was dead. He said he had not been East for thirty years, and would like to see her. He stood for a few minutes looking upon her, and then bent down and kissed that cold, brown, wrinkled forehead, and left two great tear drops on it, and with a choking voice said:

"My mother's dearest friend!"

After a moment the driver turned to me and said:

"Do you suppose those friends knew each other when they met?"

"I am sure they did," I said.

"It is a question I often ponder. My wife died when she had just passed into full and beautiful womanhood. She had touched her thirtieth year, and I was but a little older, in the vigor of my manhood. She is now in the freshness of her womanhood with the eternal freshness of heaven. If, as Milton has it, 'From the lowest deep a lower deep still opens,' so, from the highest height a higher height must rise; and she, who was purity itself here, must be purer now. And we grow like those with whom we mingle, she, so lovely here, has been for twenty-seven years the companion of angels! How glorious she must be! Will she—can she know me there?"

Almost my first question on reaching my friend was:

"Who is that driver?"

"I have not the honour of his acquaintance?" she laughingly said.

"I have!" I said.

So soon as the post-waggon drove on, I started for the post-office.

"Will you please tell me who that driver is?"

The postmaster gave his name and said he was once an editor of —, naming one of the best papers in one of our largest cities.

"He is a man of elegant culture," I said.

"He is that. I don't know of anybody that can touch a match to him. He has been through college, and been to Europe, and has been acquainted with a good many distinguished men."

"What has brought him to this?"

"DRINK."—Mrs. Lucy E. Sanford in *N. Y. Observer*.

"Why didn't the missionaries come before?" said an old Armenian woman. "If they had only come when I was young, I too might have worked for Christ."

Canada's Invitation.

LISTEN to my invitation,
Borne afar o'er land and sea
Unto each and every nation;
Come, I ask you, live with me!
I will give you homes and homesteads,
Fertile farms and freedom too,
Come then with the coming thousands,
Come and you will never rue!

I have room, aye, room for plenty,
Room for millions—come along!
For the free air of the prairie
Leave the struggling, stifling throng.
Leap from out the ruts around you,
Men and women, up, awake!
Burst the bonds that long have bound you,
For your own, your children's sake.

Will you tamely bear the burthen
Of long years of hopeless toil,
When I willingly will make you,
Lords and masters of the soil?
Who is there would rather struggle
All his life on hunger's brim,
Than accept the bounteous offer,
That I now hold out to him?

Youth's ambitious, upward pathway
Here's not barred by customs old,
Here you may by honest labour
Win both honour, lands, and gold.
Fiery youth, with hot-blood throbbing
In each young impulsive breast,
Every noble aspiration
You may work out in the West.

Over Manitoba's prairies,
And the North-West, wide and far,
Pour the teeming myriads finding
Homes no despot hand can mar.
Come, and help them build a nation,
Free and glorious, grand and great!
Come, for life is swiftly passing,
And it will not pay to wait!

—C. E. Jakeway, M. D.

A Mistaken Idea.

As soon as a boy leaves school and looks about to see what he shall do next, he is very likely to be told by some unwise person, "The world owes you a living." This probably strikes him as being a very wise remark, and the boy says to himself, "If it is true that the world owes me a living, then I'm all right." He finds a place, and goes to work manfully; but after a time he concludes that there is no fun in it, and he stops to consider: "If the world owes me a living, why should I trouble myself? Let the world pay its debt to me." Suddenly he loses his place and has nothing to do. He is surprised, and wonders why the world does not give him is due. "A nice bed, warm clothes, and regular dinners are good things, and I ought to have them. The world owes them to me, and if I do not get them I've been cheated out of my rights."

At one time this country was a wilderness, where no man could live, save by fighting the wild beasts. Some one chased away the bears and wolves, cut down the forests, laid out roads, built towns, and dug canals. Somebody spent vast sums of money in constructing railroads, steam-boats, docks, light-houses, schools, libraries, and all the fine things you enjoy so freely. More than this, somebody pays the policeman, the fireman, the soldier, the sailor, the light-house keeper, and school-master. From the day you were born your father and mother have fed, clothed, and sheltered you. It has cost you nothing. None of these great public works, roads, canals, towns, navies, and armies cost you anything. How can you say the world owes you a living? Is it not you who are in debt? What has a boy done to deserve all this? Not a thing. It is you who must pay—not the world.

Ah! boys, he was a foolish creature who first said, "The world owes me a

living." He told a very silly fable. The world owes no man a living till he has done some worthy deed, some good work to make the world better and a fairer place to live in. Those old fellows who dug canals, and laid out towns, who built cities and invented all these splendid things,—these telegraphs, these ships, these magnificent engines,—had the right idea. They worked manfully, and the world at last did owe them a living, and paid it many times over. If you mean to get out of the great debt you owe the world, do something, go to work and show you are a man. Then, when you have shown the world you can work, it will gladly pay you a living, and the finer and more noble your work the greater will be your reward.—From "*A Fable for Boys*," by Charles Burnard, in, *St. Nicholas for May*.

The Rum Traffic.

THERE was a large audience present in Shaftesbury Hall to listen to a lecture by Rev. Dr. Searle, Chaplain of the Auburn State Prison. He related a number of striking incidents—illustrating the evils of intemperance which came to his notice during the eleven years he has been connected with the Auburn Prison. He described in pathetic language all the misfortunes, disgrace, and ruin which had befallen thousands of unfortunate victims of that great evil, which was the curse of thousands of homes and society, and remarked how singular it was that at this advanced period of civilization comparatively nothing was enacted to destroy this greatest foe of domestic and national happiness. Nineteen-twentieths of all crimes were the direct result of intemperance, and millions of lives with bright prospects and promising futures were blasted through its evil effects. He paid a tribute to Toronto for the manner in which the Sabbath day was observed, the liquor traffic being suspended for nearly sixty days in the year, and claimed that complete prohibition was possible if it was desired, and clearly demonstrated that it was desirable.

Which is the Fool?

PROF. GEORGE E. FOSTER.

THE beer or spirit drinker is wont to look with ill-concealed contempt upon the simple water drinker, and as he tosses off the glass he has just paid his money for, he imagines that he has swallowed something far better, and performed an act far more sensible. Yet if he would stop a moment to ask what he has just taken, he might think quite differently. Let us see. A barrel of beer contains about five hundred glasses. The seller gives about eight dollars for it, and sells it for five cents per glass, or twenty-five dollars. His profit is two hundred and fifteen per cent. The drinker drops in ten times per day and takes his glass of beer; in fifty days he has consumed the five hundred glasses, and paid twenty-five dollars therefor. What has he swallowed? Scientific men say that in the five hundred glasses of beer there were four hundred and sixty glasses of mere water, twenty-five glasses of pure alcohol, fifteen glasses of extracts and gums. So the beer drinker has paid twenty-three dollars for four hundred and sixty glasses of water, and impure at that, which he could have had at the nearest spring for nothing, and pure as

nature made it. He has had in addition, twenty-five glasses of pure alcohol, which is a poison,—at enmity with every function of the system, no food nor heat producer. And besides all this, he has taken fifteen glasses of extract of malt, sugary matter, indigestible gums, etc.

Surely there is no absurdity so absurd. To pay twenty-three dollars for four hundred and sixty glasses of impure water, when he could have it pure for nothing, and two dollars for forty glasses of poison and mostly indigestible dregs! But it pays the brewer and saloon keeper to sell water at two hundred and fifteen per cent. advance on all their trouble for barreling and bottling it.

A Word to Young Men.

WE love young men, and would commend to their notice some good advice which we clip from an exchange. Read and ponder it:

Don't be mean, my boy; don't do mean things and say mean things. Cultivate a feeling of kindness, a spirit of charity broad and pure for men and things. Believe the best of everybody, have faith in humanity, and as you think better of other people, you will be better yourself. You can with some accuracy, measure a man's character by the esteem in which he holds other men. When I hear a man repeatedly declare that all other men are knaves, I want a strong endorsement on that man's paper before I'll lend him money. When a man assures me that all the temperance men in the town take their drink on the sly, I wouldn't leave that man and my private demijohn—if I had one—together in a room five minutes. When a man tells me he don't know one preacher who isn't a hypocrite, I have all the evidence I want that that man is a liar. Nine times in ten, and frequently oftener, you will find that men endeavour to disfigure all other men with their own weaknesses, failings, and vices. So do you, my boy, think well and charitably of people, for the world is full of good people.

Confucius and the Deep Pit.

A LITTLE SERMON BY A CHINAMAN.

A MAN had fallen into a deep pit, and lay groaning in the miry bottom, utterly unable to move. Confucius passed that way, and looking over into the pit, said,

"Poor fellow! I am very sorry for you. Why were you such a fool as to get in there? Let me give you a piece of advice: If you ever get out, be careful you don't get in again." And that was all he could do for him.

Next came a Buddhist priest, and looking down at him, said,

"Poor fellow! I am pained to find you in such a condition. I think if you could scramble up two-thirds of the way, or even half, I might reach down and help you out." But the man was utterly unable to move.

Last of all the Saviour came by, and, hearing his cries, went to the edge of the pit, and reached entirely down to the bottom, and lifted him up, and set him on his feet, and said, "Go, and sin no more."

If we read without inclination, half the mind is employed in fixing the attention, so there is but one half to be employed on what we read.