

An Emigrant's Service at Sea.

In the dimly lighted steege,
Of a ship fast westward bound,
A congregation met to hear
The Gospel's joyful sound.

Four hundred toilworn wanderers,
Stand around the preacher's chair,
From England's towns and village homes,
They go to a land afar.

They all are worn with sorrow,
With anguish, and want, and care,
And sin has set his mark upon
Most faces assembled there.

And most of them earnestly listen
For words of comfort and cheer;
For the life that is before them,
For the sorrows of many a year.

And above their heads on the deck,
To each other the sailors call,
And down below, the ocean's surf
Is beating the wooden wall.

And how above this confusion,
The preacher's clear voice they hear,
"What is your favourite hymn," he says,
And "Who will offer prayer?"

A woman starts "Rock of Ages,"
And a rough old labourer prays,
Not in conventional phrases,
But right heartily he says,

"O Lord, take care of us all,
Be with us where'er we roam,
Help us to find some honest work,
And a happy, peaceful home.

"Care for the friends left behind us,
Grant us true rest and peace,
And let us meet again, O Lord,
Where toils and wanderings cease."

And this was the text that evening,
The words of our Blessed Lord,
"I am the Way, the Truth, the Life,"
As is writ in his Holy Word.

"In the land to which you are going,"
(The speaker began to say,)
"You will wander very far and wide,
And oftentimes lose your way.

"Its prairies are almost trackless,
No hedge-rows, no fields you'll see,
And you'll need a friend to guide you
To the haven where you would be.

"When you are alone on those prairies,
Oh, think of the Lord on high,
Who is himself the only Way
To his mansions in the sky.

"Few churches you'll find for landmarks,
But he will be with you always;
Follow his steps by faith and prayer,
He will never let you stray.

"In that distant land, and lonely,
There is very much that deceives,
And many fond hopes that you cherish
Will turn out 'nothing but leaves.'

"But the Truth of God is steadfast
Wherever you may be,
As changeless as are the mountains,
Or this mighty rolling sea.

"So walk in Christ's blessed footsteps,
Fight daily in his own strife,
Then death to you will only be
The entering into life."

M. E. BIRD.

Broadview, N. W. T.

His mother put him in the corner
because he would not say "Please."
After he had been there awhile she
wanted to make him useful in running
an errand. "You may come out now,
Johnny," she said, in a flute-like voice.
"Not till you say please, mother," was
the reply of the little boy.

A SHIP'S "LOG."

THE speed of vessels is approxi-
mately determined by the use of the
log and log-line. The log is a trian-
gular, or quadrangular, piece of wood
about a quarter of an inch thick, so
balanced by means of a plate of lead
as to swim perpendicularly in the
water, with about two-thirds of it
under water. The log-line is a small
cord, the end of which—divided into
three, so that the wood hangs from the
cord as a scale-pan from a balance-
beam—is fastened to the log, while
the other is wound around a reel on
the ship. The log, thus poised, keeps
its place in the water, while the line
is unwound from the reel as the ship
moves through the water, and the
length of line unwound in a given
time gives the rate of the ship's sail-
ing. This is calculated by knots made
on the line at certain distances, while
the time is measured by a sand-glass
of a certain number of seconds. The
length between the knots is so pro-
portioned to the time of the glass that
the knots unwound while the glass
runs down show the number of miles
the ship is sailing per hour. The first
knot is placed about five fathoms from
the log, to allow the latter to get clear
of the ship before the reckoning com-
mences. This is called the stray-line.
The log-book, sometimes called the
log for brevity, is the record that the
proper officer keeps of the speed of the
ship from day to day, and of any and
all matters that occur that are deemed
worthy of note, of the winds and
storms and especially of ships that are
sighted.

"GO HOME AND MAKE THE BEST OF YOUR SORROW."

BY HELEN M. GOUGAR.

LAST evening after tea, a gray-
haired mother accompanied by her
beautiful daughter, called at my house
to ask me if there was any way to
save herself and her family of children
from the curse of the rum traffic.
For two weeks her eldest son and her
husband have been on a drunken
debauch. Night after night these
men have returned from the saloon
near by, drunk and abusive; night
after night these women have been
obliged to endure all this with no
redress whatever at their command.
They have begged, they have pleaded,
they have threatened these diseased
men, but to no avail. Heart-broken
they came to see if there was no pro-
tection for them under the law. The
following interview took place:

"Do you know where they get
their drink?"

"Yes," replied the mother, "at
John R.'s saloon."

"Have you warned him not to sell
to your husband and son?" was asked.

"Yes," the mother replied. "I
have gone to him and pleaded with
him, telling him how he was ruining
my family, and that seemed to do no
good; then I took witnesses and

warned him according to law, and he
told me insultingly, that I 'had better
get a pair of pantaloons to wear,' and
blew a policeman's whistle to frighten
me. He gives them drink at all times;
his place is open on Sunday, and poor,
ragged, destitute children can be seen
going in and out of his place on that day
carrying beer to their homes, and we
have no rest from this curse even on
the Sabbath."

What could I say to this woman?
I could reply, "Madam, Mr. John R.
does business under the seal of State.
Back of his bar he has an official docu-
ment, duly signed and paid for, that
licenses him to destroy your son and
your husband and your home. He
has a right under the protection of the
State, to break your heart, to silver
your hair with sorrow, to make paupers
of your children. You must grin and
bear it as best you can." "But my
son is in jail to-day—beaten up by a
drunken man, poor boy—and it seems
as if my heart would break," said the
poor mother.

"O, yes," we replied, "Mr. John R.
is protected by law in making men
drink, and, of course, this brings their
brutal passions to the surface, and our
jails and prisons must take these
dangerous men out of the streets. An
Act of Parliament makes all this
strictly legal, and there is no redress
for you. Mr. R. is all right—you are
all wrong. You are a woman; go
home and make the best of your sor-
row; there are hundreds and thou-
sands of wives and sisters who have
the same trouble to bear; all over this
land whose laws are built upon this
foundation principle that all law
derives its just power from the consent
of the governed."—*Home Protection
Monthly.*

AN HEROIC BOY.

EVERY year on the occasion of the
national fetes the Belgian Government
makes a public distribution of awards
to persons who have performed re-
markable acts of courage in good
causes. Among those who were re-
warded the other day was a little boy
of nine, whose exploit may be con-
trasted with the behaviour of the
people who allowed the little girl to
be drowned in Kensington Gardens.
Genin, playing in a field a few months
ago, saw a little girl fall into the
Sambre. Without knowing who the
child was, he plunged into the river,
and after some trouble saved her.
The child turned out to be his own
sister. Not content with having
rescued her from death, Genin, like a
good-hearted little boy, wanted to
shield her from the punishment she
had deserved by playing too near the
river contrary to parents' orders. So
he took the blame of her disobedience
on himself and received a beating from
his father. The little girl, however,
could not bear to see him suffer in
this way, and afterwards told the
whole truth, which was corroborated
by the evidence of an eye-witness.

The facts then became public, and
young Genin was summoned to Brus-
sels at the fetes to receive a national
recompense. He was, of course, loudly
cheered as he stepped up to the plat-
form, and M. Rolin-Jacquemyns, the
home minister, in pinning a medal to
his breast, called him a little hero.—
St. James' Gazette.

Evening on the Prairies.

NORTH to the winding deep Qu'Appelle,
Gleam the tossing prairie acacia,
And far to south the trackless bush
Waves in each passing breeze.

I hear the insects' ceaseless hum,
The chirp of birds in trees;
A fox rushing thro' the bushes,
The rustling, falling of leaves.

The oxen moving around me,
A far-off Indian's gun,
The whir of the water-fowl rising
From a lake below, in the sun.

But I hearken in vain for voices,
Or a footstep passing this way,
Or even a herd-boy calling
His cattle at close of day.

The setting sun lights up the scene
With a gleaming, yellow light,
And the fast length'ning shadows prove
That quick comes on the night.

Across the prairie phantoms move,
Round the bluffs strange forms arise,
Horses go past, deer cross the trail,
Towers and churches meet my eyes.

And my life seems like this prairie,
As still, as lonely, as free;
I hearken to voices that are not,
See faces far, far from me.

And I think of him whose presence
Fills this wide, wide, empty room,
And pray that at my evening time
His light may guide me home.

M. E. BIRD.

DON'T BE AFRAID OF WORK.

DON'T be afraid of killing yourself
with overwork, son, is the facetious
way the Burlington *Hawkeye* has of
counseling young men to thrift. Men
seldom work so hard as that on the
sunny side of thirty. They die some-
times; but it is because they quit
work at 6 p.m. and don't get home
until 2 a.m. It's the intervals that
kill, my son. The work gives you an
appetite for your meals; it lends
solidity to your slumber; it gives you
a perfect and grateful appreciation of
a holiday. There are young men who
do not work, my son—young men who
make a living by sucking the end of a
cane, and who can tie a necktie in
eleven different knots, and never lay
a wrinkle in it; who can spend more
money in a day than you can earn in
a month, son. So find out what you
want to be and to do, son, and take off
your coat and make success in the
world. The busier you are, the less
evil you will be apt to get into, the
sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter
and happier your holiday, and the
better satisfied will the world be with
you.

* When on the prairie in the evening all kinds of
illusions present themselves, and many people un-
accustomed to these parts are alarmed by them.