

Our Young Folks.

FINDING A PLACE.

You are looking about,
I have never a doubt,
For a foothold upon this fair earth,
Oh! laddie, so trim,
With the well-rounded limb,
And pride in the place of your birth.

Surveying life's steep,
Your young pulses leap,
And your heart gives a rapturous bound
You would fain turn your hand,
To some work in the land,
If your place in the world can be found.

That is easy enough;
The way may seem rough;
At first, and your heart sometimes fail;
But, with resolute mind,
Your place you may find,
And speed on with a favouring gale.

Make not a false dash,
By being too rash,
But let your good sense have fair play;
"Brave, honest, and true."
Be your watchwords straight through,
Though meagre at first seem your pay.

Above all, don't shift,
And aimlessly drift
With the tide as it comes in and goes;
If you do, oh! my lad,
Your life will be sad;
Small joys with a great many woes.

As I look at your face,
Your limbs supply grace,
Your hands that have laid by their toys,
At your nimble young feet,
In pathway and street,
My prayer is, God bless all the boys!
Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

"AND THEN."

Tom had just returned from his first voyage, and it was no wonder that his younger brothers and sisters crowded round him, eager to hear of all the strange and wonderful things he had seen. "Let us come into the garden," said his pretty sister Grace, "where we can have you all to ourselves." Harry, whose great ambition was to be a captain some day, looked at his brother with admiring eyes as he gave a vivid description of a storm his ship encountered in the Atlantic.

"I am sure no one could describe the dangers of a storm at sea better than you, Tom," said Mary, looking up with proud loving eyes from her seat on the grass. "You make me think of the verses from the Psalms that father read at morning worship. Do you remember them, Grace?"

"Yes; after father spoke to us about them, they seemed so beautiful, that I learned them. May I repeat them to you, Tom?" asked Grace. Her brother wanted to hear them, so she said--

"They that go down to the sea in ships,
That do business in great waters;
These see the works of the Lord,
And His wonders in the deep.

For He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind,
Which lifteth up the waves thereof.

They mount up to heaven, they go down again to the depths;
Their soul melteth away because of trouble.

They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man,
And are at their wits' end.

Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble,
And He bringeth them out of their distresses.

He maketh the storm a calm,
So that the waves thereof are still.

Then are they glad because they be quiet;
So He bringeth them unto the haven where they would be."

Tom's bright face clouded for a moment when Grace's voice ceased, and then he said--

"I tell you what it is, girls, it's jolly hard for a fellow to keep straight at sea; I'd given up reading and praying when the other fellows were about, like the mean coward I was, until that stormy night, and then--"

The bell rang at that moment and cut short Tom's sentence. They all scampered into the house to make themselves tidy before tea. Mary paused once or twice in the middle of brushing her shining hair and said to herself softly, "And then."

At tea she took the chair next to her sailor brother, and found an opportunity to whisper to him, "Tom, do come up stairs to your old seat for half-an-hour to-night and finish your story."

He promised, and an hour later the two walked away together to the tiny attic room, where a small covered box formed a comfortable seat for two in the window. This seat had been a favorite place of theirs before Tom left home. There they had often formed their plans and learned their lessons. Many and many a time had Tom sat looking out at the distant sea, and wondering whether he would ever realize his cherished hope to be a sailor. "And then, Tom?" Mary asked, when they were both comfortably seated, softly repeating the two words.

"And then? Well, then I signed articles to serve under the Great Captain," the boy said, with a glad though somewhat shy look.

"Oh, Tom! I am so glad that Jesus is your Master. He is a good Master."

"That indeed He is," the lad answered with enthusiasm.

Are the boys who read this like Tom? Have they signed articles under the Great Captain? He is longing to have you, and has work for each one. If you try His service, you will never, never want to leave it.

LORD CLIVE IN INDIA.

Clive and Hastings stand pre-eminent for the romance of their careers. That of the former, indeed, was no less pathetic than romantic. The son of a small landowner in England, Clive seemed to be such an idle scapegrace of a boy that his friends were glad to get rid of him by dispatching him to Madras as a clerk in the service of John Company. Poor of pocket and shy of disposition, detesting the dry drudgery of the desk and haunted by homesickness, he twice attempted suicide, and it was only on the second failure that he flung down the defective pistol with a conviction that destiny had better things in store for him. His opportunity came a few weeks later, when, having resigned his clerkship for a commission in the company's army, he came forward with a daring scheme for the relief of Trichinopoly, then besieged by the French and their Indian allies. His scheme was accepted, and proved a brilliant success. He twice defeated the French and their Indian allies, foiled every effort of the dashing Dupleix, and razed to the ground a pompous pillar that the too sanguine French Governor had set up in honour of his earlier victories.

The defence of Arcot for fifty days with 320 men all told, against a besieging force numbering no less than 7,500, which finally retired in disorder; the marvellous victory of Plassey, when, to wreck vengeance upon Surajah Dowlah for the awful crime of the Black Hole of Calcutta, he attacked him with only 3,000 infantry against 50,000 foot and 14,000 horse, and sent the whole vast army in headlong rout before him, losing only 23 killed in the action--these and similar astonishing exploits raised him to the highest pinnacle of fame, and proved that Pitt had not spoken too strongly in calling him a "heaven-born general."

But alas! the clouds that had shadowed his earlier days reappeared in the very zenith of his career. Returning to England broken in health by his mighty exertions, he was met by false and cruel charges of abuse of power and extortion. He personally refuted these accusations, but took them so keenly to heart that in a fit of deep melancholy he died by his own hands in November, 1774, when he had just completed his forty-ninth year.--Harper's Young People.

By prayer we touch the Author of life, and live.

Of life's tempestuous sea,
Give heed to chart and compass,
Lest awful wreck for thee.
For fierce the winds are blowing,
And loud the billows roar;
The wind of strong temptation,
And breakers on the shore.
False lights for thee are gleaming,
On head-land and the sea,
To draw thee to destruction,
For time, eternally.
Beware! lest foul suggestion
May drive thee leagues away;
And siren song may cheat thee
Of everlasting day.

Teacher and Scholar.

May 28, 1893. } THE EXCELLENT WOMAN. { Prov. xxxi. 10-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.--Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised: Prov. xxxi. 30.

This eulogy of the prudent and industrious housewife, is in the form of an acrostic, the twenty-two verses commencing with the successive letters of the Hebrew alphabet. On this account, the structure is somewhat artificial, and the thought disconnected, some opening words must be selected which will agree with the order of the alphabet. The picture presented is one of beautiful attractive simplicity.

The virtuous woman is the one truly womanly, vigorous and energetic, forcible in character and mental ability, skillful and cultured, and withal morally good. Such a woman is not to be found without search, and is worthy of all search, for she is a more precious possession than all precious earthly things.

I. A true wife. She wins and justifies the full confidence of her husband's heart. Her personal loyalty to him is unquestionable. He can trust, without misgiving, every household concern to her management, assured of her ability and discretion. He turns to her as a valued counsellor in his own perplexities. Her prudent carefulness materially contributes to their mutual prosperity, so that he has no lack of gain (R. V.) She exerts a constant influence for good, and thus his life throughout is the better for her counsel, sympathy and help.

II. Diligence in daily duties. Diligently she makes provision for the clothing and food of her household, and supervises the work of her maidens. Seeking materials for clothing, which at that time had to be woven at home, she cheerfully herself works at it. Instruments of weaving are mentioned, v. 19. The distaff is a staff for holding the bunch of flax, from which the thread is drawn in spinning by hand, the spindle being the long, round, slender rod on which the thread is wound. A good provider, she supplements the domestic supplies for the table by food, secured through distant opportunities of profitable purchase. The duties of the day are commenced betimes. Rising early she distributes the daily necessary food, and allots to each servant her share of the household work.

III. Business ability. She is not ignorant in business methods. A neighbouring field being for sale, she thinks out a plan of purchasing. By selling the products of her labour, she secures means of planting it as a vineyard. She appreciates and relishes (lit. tastes) the fact that her merchandise procures such goods. Eager to accomplish some favourite task of her industry, she prolongs her labours into the night, making her merchantmen (v. 24) linen garments and girdles, which are employed to draw the loose outer garment in the oriental costume close to the person. For her work she prepares herself with energy and force (v. 17).

IV. Beneficence. The gain got by her industry and business transactions is not benefit. Her home is a centre of beneficence. Economy and generosity go hand in hand. She does not simply wait to have necessitous cases brought to her notice, but with large-hearted sympathy anticipates the pleas of the poor and needy. Seeking out those requiring help she stretched out her hand liberally filled.

V. Care for household comfort and beauty. The wintry cold occasions in her no fear for the comfort and health of her family, for she has provided them with warm and handsome clothing. Since the mere colour makes little difference in warmth, the mention of scarlet probably is intended to suggest that this colour was found in the better sort of garments. Her handiwork also provides for the furnishing and adornment of her house, with carpets (or cushions) of tapestry. Further, she is carefully regarding her personal appearance. Her clothing corresponds to the inward beauty of her character. It

seems to be suggested also that her influence has aided in giving her husband a place among the magistrates, who sit by the gates, and that he is arrayed as becomes his position. Abundantly provided for the time to come, she is cheerful (R. V. laughs) in prospect of it, not having any solicitude.

VI. Wisdom. All the characteristics named are indications of a wisdom, that shows itself in her utterances, and in the training of her family. Her speech like her deeds, is discreet and kindly. Her words full of wisdom and sympathy, are helpful both for counsel and comfort. She looks well to the demeanour of her household to guide them in ways of virtue and truth, and in this careful family training also reveals that she does not eat the bread of idleness.

VII. Her praise. Such a woman has among other rewards the approbation of those nearest to her. Her children, blessed in her, call her blessed. More grateful still to her, she receives the hearty commendation of her husband, in whose eyes there is no other woman in all the world, who has equalled her in efficacy. The foundation of her praise deeper than the fading attractions of loveliness and beauty of person, is the moral beauty of one who fears Jehovah. This reverential fear, the mark of true wisdom (Job xxviii. 28) gives to all the virtues before mentioned, their highest value.

AN ARTIST'S STORY.

Some years ago a now famous artist was sent by the late Capt. D-- to the mother country with a commission to paint an old manor house in the north of Scotland, almost a league away from any village. He arranged to sojourn at a farm house about two miles from the estate.

It was on a glorious, bright, and sunny morning that he left the old thatched cottage and crossed the purple heathered moor to the manor, whose historic fame dates back from the middle ages, now deserted and in ruins, surrounded by a moat with keep and drawbridge overgrown with moss and ivy.

A grassy, unkempt lawn slopes down from here to a little lake where the iris blooms, and the bitterns love to build their nests. And on each side were groves of monarch firs, where long before the sun in early morn has clothed the world in glory, the happy, feathered children of the air chant their sweet songs of praise. Above the topmost branches towers the gabled outline of the manor, and up the daisied path, and through the trees are seen the marble steps and fountain, where chieftains often stopped to rest their jaded steeds. This is the very spot the artist sketched that day, and made of it a study which critics would be charmed to see. Suddenly as the artist sketched, the branches behind him rustled, and turning quickly he came face to face with the old farmer, at whose cottage he had slept, and who had a hatchet in his right hand, in his left a rope, a noose at one end, a stone at the other. The farmer explained that it was his intention to visit the woods for faggots, and had come upon him unwittingly, and so passed on.

The more the artist thought about the farmer's expression and his implements, the more he became convinced that he had intended to murder and rob him, then to drag him with the noose to the lake, to hide his body in its depths with the rope and stone.

This so unnerved him, that he hastily packed up and returned to the cottage where the farmer's wife stood evidently surprised and agitated, and remarked "I didna think tae see ye back sae unco sune." This confirmed his suspicion, the woman must have been an accomplice, and never expected his return.

Although pressed to partake of supper, the artist refused, thinking that having failed to murder him in one way, they might resort to poison.

He retired, but not to rest, and seated himself in an old arm chair with the spike end of his sketching umbrella in his hand. At times in the night he thought he heard footfalls on the stair that seemed to come nearer and nearer, and he longed and prayed for just one glimpse of day light.

At last the rays of morning came, and every moment seemed an eternity; beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. Suddenly the latch moved, the door opened, he could stand the agony of suspense no longer. With a frantic cry he rushed through the door and found on the landing the sneaking, crouching figure of a collie dog.

It seems almost needless to say that the artist left that morning, and the manor house has never been painted by him. NEMO.