

## He Took Time to Die.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

There was an old fellow who never had time  
For a fresh morning look at the Volume  
sublime,  
Who never had time for the soft hand of  
prayer  
To smooth out the wrinkles of labour and  
care,  
Who could not find time for that service  
so sweet  
At the altar of home where the dear ones  
all meet,  
And never found time with the people  
of God  
To learn the good way that the fathers  
have trod;  
But he found time to die;  
Oh, yes!  
He found time to die.

This busy old fellow, too busy was he  
To linger at breakfast, at dinner, or tea,  
For the merry small chatter of children  
and wife,

But led in his marriage a bachelor life;  
Too busy for kisses, too busy for play,  
No time to be loving, no time to be gay,  
No time to replenish his vanishing health,  
No time to enjoy his swift-gathering  
wealth;  
But he found time to die;  
Oh, yes!  
He found time to die.

This beautiful world had no beauty for  
him;  
Its colours were black and its sunshine  
was dim.

No leisure for woodland, for river, or hill,  
No time in his life just to think and be  
still;

No time for his neighbours, no time for  
his friends,

No time for those highest immutable  
ends

Of the life of a man who is not for a day,  
But, for worse or for better, for ever and  
aye.

But he found time to die;  
Oh, yes!  
He found time to die.

## DRIFTED AWAY.

By Edward William Thomson.

## CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

Mr. Lancely's boat-house could be seen from the upper windows of his suburban residence at three hundred yards' distance. The house stood far back in a garden-orchard separated from the shore by the highway to the Humber, and by the Great Western Railway track, which runs along the lake shore for miles.

Mrs. Lancely had been sitting in the afternoon beside her bedroom window knitting a long stocking for Charley, when she bethought her that she had not heard his voice for an unusually long time. Where was he?

Safe with Isidore, of course; perhaps searching the hay-mow for eggs, perhaps giving the tall French boy one more exposition of the great truth that little d should always be recognized by its peculiarity of becoming little p when turned upside down.

Scarcely had her mind formed that picture when it was replaced by a vision of Isidore as she had first seen him. He had come up the St. Lawrence as stow-away and been, as he said, booted ashore at Toronto, where he soon found himself worse off than in his native poverty.

The police, he said, had "tried to catch him," he didn't know why. The city boys had "piled onto him." Everybody said, "Get out of that, Frenchy," when he asked for a job. He had obtained some meals at the soup kitchen; but on the whole, he could not remember how he had lived throughout the terrible months before Charley found him devouring broken meat set out in the woodshed for the absent dog.

"Hello, that's for Bruno!" said Charley, coming round the corner of the house.

The little boy had never before seen such a tattered fellow, but he was not at all afraid. Indeed, Charley never seemed to know fear. In that bullet-headed, fair-haired, clear-eyed young Saxon there was a rare assumption that all living creatures would behave amiably. His self-confidence was perfect; the sourest dogs yielded to his patronage at sight. This boy was at once easy, imperative, and kind.

"I suppose you didn't have your dinner," said he to Isidore at that first meeting; "but you oughtn't to take Bruno's. Wait till I come back."

Isidore put back the pieces as if without any alternative but to obey this young commander, who soon returned with permission to bring the ragamuffin into the kitchen and have him fed.

So, then, Isidore had his first good meal in Toronto, and with that began his employment by the Lancelys. Since that time, two years before, he had been a treasure of obedience, industry, and gratitude to them all. But Charley was his hero, his general, his schoolmaster, his earthly saviour, the very lamp of his life and soul.

Mrs. Lancely, turning again to the window, saw a man clamber up the ridge of earth which separates the highway from the shore, and point out something on the sullen expanse of Lake Ontario to others who came after him. Her eyes were not good enough to see that they gazed at anything except water almost unbroken by whitecaps, and rolling away to the gray of the southern horizon.

She called on her house-maid to bring her the field-glass from down-stairs. Then she clearly made out her husband's boat lifting and dipping far away. She clearly saw Isidore waving his cap, and Charley floating out his white handkerchief for aid.

Aid! She could give them none. The nearest boats were either in front of the city, fully two miles away in one direction, or at the Humber River mouth, as far distant in the other. Her impulse was to run down into the lake rather than stand idly watching that lessening boat.

Then she remembered that she could communicate with her husband from the suburban telegraph station. When she had sent the despatch and nothing remained to be done, she again took her stand at the window.

Through a cold opaline light the boat wavered away. The snow-storm passed. Darkness drew on. Some lights faintly twinkled on the long island a mile east of where the boys seemed to be, and still the poor mother fancied she could see Charley waving his speck of white.

No sign, except the trembling clutch of her interwrought fingers, indicated the agony of her strife to maintain sense and calm. All that night she sat there, intensely alive to every sigh of the falling wind, every creak of the trees and the timbers of the house, every thrill from distant trains that came on and on, bearing crowds of the living across the vague field of her vision, and away out of the deepened silence they left her.

Stars and stars emerged dilating from the horizon; the house grew stiller and chill as the wind died away to a frosty quiet; the galaxies of heaven long wavered on a lake whereon they at last sparkled at rest in unruffled calm; and daylight crept into the welkin. Then the low island's outline slowly separated from the water; tints of amethyst and rose flushed high from the coming sun; glints multiplied and brightened to a wide shine over the lake, and nowhere on its immense expanse could Mrs. Lancely see a boat or tug.

"Ma'am, dear, you've sat here all night," said Hannah, entering the room. "Yes," said the mother, in a faint and tranquil voice. "In the night for a long time I thought he must be dead. But he is coming back to me, for God has had my boy in his keeping."

On the south shore of Lake Ontario, near the mouth of Eighteen-mile Creek, in the State of New York, a farmer, Elihu Walcott, was up that morning with the sun, when the whistling of steamers away toward the mouth of the Niagara River, drew him in curiosity toward the lake shore. Had navigation begun at so early a season? he wondered.

There could be no doubt, at any rate, that six tugs were coming quickly eastward, nearly abreast, and about half a mile apart. The most distant was little more than a smoke to Walcott's eyes. The foremost ran parallel with the shore, well out from the main drift of ice that had been blown in by the wind of the night.

As the sun rose higher, a light breeze from the east sprang up, and dissipated the little and low mist that had gathered during the short calm before dawn. Walcott saw a row-boat about a mile away to the north. Almost at that moment the two innermost tugs, keeping up a prolonged whistling, ran out for the skiff, upon which the little fleet soon converged.

Walcott kept his eyes fixed on the row-boat. He could see a figure in its middle seat. This figure was motionless. It stooped forward, its breast embraced by its arms, its head bowed over. In that attitude one might sleep.

The innermost tugs, as they neared the skiff, hid her from Walcott. When they slowed they still kept whistling. But before they stopped the steam shrieks ceased.

For a few seconds the air was blank of sound. Then a cheer, which passed from steamer to steamer, came faintly ashore.

Soon afterward Walcott thought he saw two forms carried round the deck-house of one of the tugs. Then the skiff, empty of the figure he had seen, was hauled upon one of the vessels. After a few silent minutes, during which the crews of all the tugs gathered upon that to which the forms had been brought, this one started northward. The others fell into procession, and all slowly vanished, leaving behind funeral trails of smoke on the horizon.

## CHAPTER II.—FOUND.

Mr. Lancely's boat-house, built on a sloping shore, was in winter hauled farther in, and lifted on skids, so that crests blowing off from the surf might not freeze and mass on its end. The skiff's stern then rested against the inside of the outer doors, and would, were these suddenly opened, have run out on the floor rollers till the stern stopped on the gravel.

The boat did not move when Isidore flung open these doors, for he had taken the precaution to tie the painter to an upright in front.

From the boat-house to the water a slope of ice extended. Hence, when Charley, standing in the bow, drew his knife across the cord, the boat instantly started down the slope.

Isidore had been sitting astern, cutting the floor carpet loose from a little ice there. His weight threw the bow up as the stern slid down to the ice slope, then the skiff slapped over to one side, and before the boys could pick themselves up the boat was in the water. They were afloat, and moving gently outward.

Charley rubbed the back of his head, turned to Isidore, and laughed. "Hooray!" said Charley.

"Why, I tied her tight!" said Isidore. "I cut her loose. I never thought," said Charley, seeking his Jack-knife. "There's my overcoat getting wet," said the servant-boy. He and Charley both crawled along to pull the dragging sleeve from the water. Then they sat facing each other on the two middle seats.

"It was like sliding down hill," laughed Charley. "But we can't get back!" Charley looked around the boat, saw neither oar nor paddle, and measured the distance to shore.

"I could swim it, Isidore," said he. "No, no, Mr. Charley. The water's too cold. And besides, we can't let the boat go."

She was now moving sidewise before wind and current with some speed. Charley looked up to the house, coming into view above the spruces, and shouted for the servant-girls:

"Mary! Hannah!" Isidore joined in; but they could see no one. "Mary! Hannah!" they cried again.

"There's Bruno!" said Charley. The dog ran down to the shore, barked, went into the water, turned back, stood, barked again, ran along the shore as if seeking a better place to enter, came back, stood whining, and then stalked morosely to the house and lay down in his kennel.

"I think I can see my mother at the window," said Charley, "but she isn't looking, is she, Isidore?"

"No. How would it do to call to her, Mr. Charley?"

"Mother! mother!" Charley cried. "She doesn't hear, Isidore. You try."

"Ma'am! ma'am!" called Isidore.

"Say 'Mrs. Lancely!'" But she did not look out, even when they called with the full strength of their lungs and exhausted all their devices for attracting attention. Soon the opacity of the double windows concealed the faint outline of her head.

"I wish I had swim it," said Charley. "It's too far now."

He fell into a strong anxiety for his mother. How often had he promised not to leave home without her permission! Now he was drifting out with a feeling that he was breaking his word.

"Do you s'pose I could swim it now?" he asked.

"Mr. Charley! Don't think of that at all. Somebody will see us soon."

"Then they'll come out with the oars," The youngster spoke hopefully.

"The worst is there ain't no other boat," said Isidore. Charley looked blankly along the shore.

"How ever will they get to us?" said he.

"That's what I'm wondering. But they'll come, don't you be a bit afraid."

"I'm not afraid, Isidore. Only my mother will be so anxious! I'm glad she didn't see us. I wish my father was home."

"Yes. The master 'ud soon fix it." "Let us think, Isidore. My father always says that's the way to do in trouble." They stared at one another, determinedly thinking. The more they

thought, the more clearly they saw their danger.

"We may go out past the island!" said Charley.

"I'm afraid of that," said Isidore, placing his hand on his scapulary, a little consecrated leather covered church medal, tied with string about his neck. He believed it to be a charm against drowning.

"But somebody must see us and come!" said Charley, imperiously.

"Oh, somebody will. They's people on the island that has boats."

"Well, that's all right then, Isidore. Only it's getting cold."

"Put my great big coat round you, Mr. Charley. That's right, put your arms in."

"I wish I had my own. You'll be cold yourself," said the little boy, snuggling into the heavy garment.

The fur-lined collar went up over his ears, and the coat wrapped him to the feet as he sat down.

"I tell you that's a great coat for warmin' you up," said Isidore. "Your pa's new overcoat ain't half so heavy."

"He used to have this one for driving, you know, Isidore."

They discussed the garment at such length that Charley quite forgot how Isidore was sacrificing himself. The French boy all the time scanned the shore. Charley kept his eyes fixed pretty steadily on his mother's window. "Isn't it queer nobody is going round anywhere?" said he.

Out they drifted, past the fortified point that hid Toronto Bay, its wharves and its tied-up, smokeless shipping. Clouds, brown curving down, went out to sea from the city's factory chimneys. On the bay nothing moved, nor could they make out anything back of the wharves except buildings, spires, domes, chimneys pouring smoke, and white puffs from locomotives shunting along the water-front. From the westward a faint rumble grew, and they soon saw the five o'clock train from Hamilton hurry past their homes. Its black trail lay out far over the water, and they could smell the smoky particles after a while.

(To be continued.)

## DUTCH SIMPLICITY.

Kempen, a town in Holland, on the lower Rhine (the birthplace of Thomas a Kempis), is a favourite residence of people with small incomes. The imagination of these Dutchmen must be as limited as their incomes, judging from the droll stories that are told of them.

At one time a fire broke out, and much damage was done because the engines were out of repair. The council met, and after much argument it was voted that on the eve preceding every fire in the town, officers should carefully examine the engines, pumps, etc.

One of the greatest profits of the town was the toll exacted at the gates. The council wished to increase the income, and instead of increasing the toll it voted to double the number of the gates.

This same council also ordered the sundial to be taken from the court-house common and placed under cover, where it would be protected from the weather.

But of the queer things that are told of Kempen and its people, nothing is so absurd as this: Grass grew on the top of a very high tower, and the only way these droll Dutchmen could think of to get it off was to hoist a cow up and let her eat it.—Harper's Young People.

## BURDENS.

"Ah," sighed an old, faithful clock, which I had in my room, "what a burden is life! These weights wear me out. With much pleasure would I say, 'Tick, tick,' and strike, as is my duty, if I only need not carry these dreadful heavy weights; I am not free from them one single hour." So it sighed daily until I, moved with pity to my dear old, faithful clock, took away its weights, when its complaints stopped; but it never gave me a sign of gratitude since; it was henceforth as silent as the grave. So it would be with many of us if we were without the burdens of life. No doubt they are heavy and wearisome, but needful to our spiritual life.—Christian Standard.

## A PATHETIC INCIDENT.

Superintendent Haun tells the story of a hen who was found after the forest fires in Wisconsin sitting over her brood and stone dead. When the scorched body was turned over, the chickens ran out unharmed. What a pathetic instance of the great life-sacrificing, world instinct of motherhood! And what added meaning and tenderness it lends to the Saviour's simile: "As a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings?"