

WHAT THE GRANDMOTHERS SAY.

BY JESSIE M'DRUMOTT.

Oh, sixty years ago to a day  
Three maidens lived—so the grand-  
mothers say—

In a farm house under an old elm tree,  
And they were as busy as maids could be,  
And as fair and busy—the grandmothers  
say—

Oh, sixty years ago to a day.

For Molly must spin, and Dolly must bake,  
And Polly had all the butter to make.  
And never an idle moment had they  
To spend with the village girls at play;  
For Molly must spin, and Dolly must bake,  
And Polly had all the butter to make.

Those were good old times—so the grand-  
mothers say—

Oh, sixty years ago to a day,  
When the bread was baked in the proper  
way,  
And butter was sweet as new-mown hay,  
And yarn was yarn—so the grandmothers  
say—

Oh, sixty years ago to a day.

Know you who were these maidens so clever  
and quick,

Who never were idle, or naughty, or sick,  
Who were busy and healthy and handsome  
and gay.

Oh, sixty years ago to a day!

I think you will not have to go very far  
Before you find who these maidens are:  
Your grandmother's one, and my grand-  
mother's one,

And, in fact, every grandmother under the  
sun

Was one of the Mollys or Dollys or Pollys  
Who did such wonderful things they say,  
Oh, sixty years ago to a day.

—Harper's Young People.

PRAYER ANSWERED IN DUE  
TIME.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON used to  
say that never a prayer went up to  
God from a sincere heart, but it was  
sure to come back sometime, some-  
where, purified by having passed  
through the heart of the Lord Jesus  
Christ.

A few years ago in the sunland of  
the southwest, I stopped with a family  
from New England who had not been  
long in their new home in that frontier  
village. After tea, the good lady  
asked me to look at the photograph of  
her brother. "Before that brother was  
born," said she, "my mother gave him  
to God to be a minister, moved thereto  
she felt by the Holy Spirit. After  
his birth she took him and gave him  
to God in the presence of all the people,  
and she always called him her boy-  
minister. But he grew up so strangely  
wild, so careless and wicked, that  
father and the rest of us often laughed  
at mother, for my brother was really  
the worst in the family. He grew to  
young manhood; the whirlwind of war  
swept him away from us; he came  
back bronzed and strong, untouched  
by harm, sword or bullet—but oh! so  
wicked, and worst of all, an open  
scuffer at things sacred or holy. Then  
father and the rest looked sad; but  
mother never gave up. She said often,  
'I gave him to God to be a minister.  
God has heard my prayer. He will  
answer.'

"Two years went on. Mother lay  
down on a sick bed to die. My  
brother, strangely enough, was un-  
moved. The word mother said as we  
took her hand in parting that summer  
afternoon, when the angels were  
coming for her, was, 'Watch for God's  
answer. My boy will be converted.  
I gave him to God. God will give  
him back to me. He will be a minis-  
ter.' Then she died without seeing  
any answer to her prayer, but in the

faith that has comforted and sustained  
so many. Within three months my  
brother was on his knees, crying to  
God for mercy. Less than a year  
after he was studying for the ministry.  
He is now preaching to the first Con-  
gregational Church in ——" mention-  
ing a certain city in Wisconsin.  
"Need I tell you that my brother  
believes in prayer or that I do?"

And as the little family gathered  
about their altar that evening for  
prayer we read together of Christ's  
promises in the seventh chapter of  
Matthew, and then sung with quick-  
ened faith:

"At some time or other  
The Lord will provide:  
It may not be my time,  
It may not be thy time,  
And yet in his own time  
The Lord will provide."

—The Advance.

A CANDLE IN THE POWDER.

A MERCHANT was celebrating the  
marriage of his daughter. While they  
were enjoying themselves above, he  
chanced to go to the basement hall  
below, where he met a servant carry-  
ing a lighted candle without a candle-  
stick. She passed on to the cellar for  
wood, and returned quickly without  
the candle. The merchant suddenly  
remembered that during the day several  
barrels of gunpowder had been  
placed in the cellar, one of which had  
been opened. Inquiring what she had  
done with the candle, to his awful  
amazement her reply was that, being  
unable to carry it with the fuel, she  
had set in a barrel of "black sand" in  
the cellar.

He flew to the spot. A long, red  
snuff was just ready to fall from the  
wick into the mass of powder, when,  
with great presence of mind, placing a  
hand on each side of the candle, and  
making his hands meet at the top over  
the wick, he safely removed it from the  
barrel. At first he smiled at his pre-  
vious fear, but the reaction was so  
great that it was weeks ere he recov-  
ered from the shock which his nerves  
sustained in that terrible trial.

There are candles in many a barrel  
of gunpowder to-day. Many homes  
have been blown to ruins by them.  
There is a candle in the cellar of the  
wine-bibber. It burns brighter with  
the added fuel of every cup he drains,  
and, ere he is aware, all his hopes for  
this world and the next will be blown  
up with a ruin more terrible than any  
destruction that gunpowder can bring.  
There is a candle in the cellar of the  
liquor-dealer, burning slowly but surely.  
He who is dealing death to others will  
be startled by a sudden blasting of his  
own peace, when the wrath of God,  
restrained no longer, shall fall upon  
him in a moment. "Every way of a  
man is right in his own eyes, but the  
Lord pondereth the heart." "He that  
by usury and unjust gain increaseth  
his substance shall gather it for him  
that will pity the poor." The man who  
is willfully destroying himself may be  
deluded and see no danger; the man  
who is destroying others may say, "I  
do not see it;" but the eyes which  
ponder both their ways see not only  
the evil but the sudden "destruction"  
which is before them if they do not  
speedily repent and reform. See to it  
that no righteous anger burns against  
you. See to it that no burning candle  
is endangering you in the cellar.

"THE SHIP'S ON FIRE!"

It was on the 24th of August, 1848,  
that the good ship *Ocean Monarch* set  
sail from Liverpool. Her decks were  
crowded with emigrants, many of  
whom were hoping to begin a new and  
happier life in America. Although  
the journey then took a longer time  
than in these days of very swift  
steamers, they still hoped to be at  
Boston, their port, before September  
was far advanced. Of the four hun-  
dred souls on board nearly all were  
emigrants, many of whom had never  
beheld the sea until a day or two  
before they set sail.

The voyage was soon over. The  
*Ocean Monarch* was still no more than  
six miles from the English shore, off  
Great Orme's Head, on the Lancashire  
coast, when the cry, "The ship's on  
fire!" was raised. It was soon seen  
that all hopes of saving the vessel  
must be given up, and attention was  
directed toward saving the lives of her  
passengers.

Happily for them, a Brazilian man-  
of-war happened to be passing that  
way upon its trial trip, and a gentle-  
man's yacht also came to their aid.  
But, notwithstanding all that could be  
done, the *Ocean Monarch* was burned  
to the water's edge in a few hours, and  
one hundred and seventy-eight of her  
crew and passengers perished.

Equally dreadful was the fate of the  
*Hibernia*, which caught fire in mid-  
ocean in the year 1833, and one  
hundred and fifty people out of the  
two hundred and thirty-two on board  
perished.

When the good ship *Independence*  
went ashore, and afterward caught fire,  
on the coast of Lower California, in  
1853, nearly the same number of lives  
were lost. The few survivors who got  
to the barren shore underwent the  
most dreadful sufferings.

Truly the perils of the sea are many,  
yet there are perils also on the land.

A PATHETIC PRISON SCENE.

THE warden of the penitentiary tells  
the following touching story of a man  
sentenced to ten years of hard labour,  
for a crime in the committing of which  
there were many extenuating circum-  
stances.

His name was Hixon. One day a  
letter came for him, neatly addressed  
in a woman's hand.

The warden read it first, as was  
his duty. This was all there was  
in it:

"DEAR JOHN: Our little Dan died to-  
day."  
"MARY."

"What—what!" said Hixon  
"Danny dead?" No, no, no! It can  
not be!"

But it was true. Another sorrow  
was added to the many he already  
knew. He sat for a long time with  
bowed head, his face in his hands and  
his heart quivering.

"I've said many a time," he said at  
last, "that it would be better if Danny  
died before he was old enough to  
know and feel his father's shame. I  
suppose it is best; but it is hard to  
bear after all. My little Dan."

The man broke down again. A  
little later he took a small photograph  
from his pocket, carefully wrapped in  
tissue paper. He gazed long and  
earnestly at it. The tears ran over  
his pale cheeks, and fell on the smiling  
face of the boy. He crushed them

away with his trembling hand, and  
gave the photograph to the warden.

"That was Danny," he said.  
It was the sunny little face of a boy  
about two years old. A pretty boy he  
must have been, with the short curls  
clinging close to his head and the  
large bright eyes—now forever closed,  
closed to the knowledge of the truth  
that he was a convict's boy.

RULES FOR DAILY LIFE.

BEGIN the day with God.  
Kneel down to him in prayer.  
Lift up thy heart to his throne,  
And seek his love to share.

Open the Book of God,  
And read a portion there,  
That it may hallow all thy thoughts,  
And sweeten all thy care.

Go through the day with God,  
Whatever thy work may be,  
Where'er thou art at home, abroad,  
He still is near to thee.

Converse in mind with God;  
Thy spirit heavenward raise;  
Acknowledge every good bestowed,  
And offer grateful praise.

Conclude the day with God;  
Thy sins to him confess;  
Trust in the Lord's atoning blood,  
And plead his righteousness.

Lie down at night with God,  
Who gives his servants sleep;  
And when thou tread'st the vale of death,  
He will thee guard and keep.

THE FUTURE PREMIER OF  
CANADA.

WHERE now is the young man, or  
who is he, who, a quarter of a century  
hence, will be Premier of Canada?  
He must now be living, and conse-  
quently somewhere—doubtless in Can-  
ada. He may be an industrious, a  
hard-working student—probably of  
law; less probably of medicine. He  
may be on the farm, or in the printing  
office, or teaching. He may possibly  
yet be working at some trade as a  
mechanic. Is he now looking forward  
to the time when he shall occupy the  
first position in the Dominion? Is he  
preparing himself for this responsible  
office? If so, it is a worthy ambition;  
but it is a position for which much  
preparation is needed. If there is one  
living who has marked out for himself  
a path which he intends to follow for  
a quarter of a century, until he has  
reached the exalted position of Premier  
of this great country, it is to be hoped  
that his object is not simply that of  
self-exaltation, or a desire for power;  
but the more worthy and laudable one  
of endeavouring to promote the best  
interests of the Dominion.

THAT ETERNAL THINK.

A CONVICT, on being removed from  
one prison to another, was asked how  
he liked his new home?

"Not at all," was his reply  
"Are you not clothed and fed as  
well here?"

"Yee, better."  
"Is your labour harder?"

"Nee, not so hard."  
"Are you not treated with kind-  
ness?"

"Yee."  
"Then, why do you not like it?"  
"Because I am allowed to speak to  
no one. I go to the table, and sit and  
think; I go about my work all day to  
think, and at night the iron door  
shuts me in my solitary cell to think  
'think! think! and I cannot endure it."