

"THE WATERS OF THE CLYDE."

BY SALAR.

"My master," he said, murmuring as in a dream, "noble Sir Kenneth, taste not to you, as to me, the waters of the Clyde, cold and refreshing, after the brackish springs of Palestine." "His dreams of his native land, and is happy in his slumber," whispered Sir Kenneth to Do Vaux.—*The Talisman.*

WAS the bold Crusader's vassal,
Worn with fever, thirst, and pain,
And he slumbered—where the sunlight
Blazed on Syria's burning plain,
And he dreamed, but not of glory;
Other scenes his dreams supplied;
For he murmured in his slumber
Of the waters of the Clyde.

Through the land of dreams he wandered,
Till he stood within his own;
And he knelt beside a river,
That from boyhood he had known;
There he laved his burning forehead;
Deep he drank its cooling tide—
And he murmured in his dreaming,
Of the waters of the Clyde.

And the knight that stood beside him
Breathed a sigh for Albyn's land;
But the sigh was hushed in breathing
By his duty's stern command,
But he gazed upon his soldier,
And had said except for pride,
"Would thou wast with those that love thee,
By the waters of the Clyde."

Pain and toil await the sleeper,
When his dreams of home have flown,
And a faithful soldier's honours,
Which to him had been unknown.
Had the war-cry ne'er resounded,
Or his master bade him bide
Where his flocks and herds were grazing,
By the waters of the Clyde.

Many, thus, in life's great battle,
"In the great crusade of life"—
Not the vassals mean and lowly,
But the foremost in the strife,
Dreaming of the days no longer,
Ere their armour had been tried,
Often sigh amid the desert
For the waters of the Clyde.

But the sigh is hushed by duty,
Or suppressed by swelling pride,
And the thought but drives them farther
From the peaceful river's side.
Much had they escaped of anguish,
Much of fame have been denied,
Had they been content to wander
By the waters of the Clyde.

Thousands by the lowly river
Stand to choose their task in life—
Some like valiant Cœur de Lion,
Wield their weapons in the strife;
Others walk with silent footsteps
Where the quiet waters glide,
Tend their flocks and reap the harvest,
By the waters of the Clyde.

Both receive their joy and sorrow,
Much they lose and much they gain;
Those who conquer win the glory,
Those who reap escape the pain.
Happy they who bravely battle
In life's conflict fierce and wide;
Happy they who do their duty
By the waters of the Clyde.

—Gems of Poetry.

TWO.

A LONDON physician, of large practice, was busily writing in his study when a visitor entered.

The doctor went on with his work, merely pausing to point over his shoulder and remark briefly,—

"Take a chair, sir."

The visitor drew himself up indignantly.

"Are you aware, sir, that I am Lord Fitz-Herbert?"

"Take two chairs, sir!" cried the physician, working away harder than ever.

It is hard to be ignored even in a chair of honour. A throne without subjects is a wearisome seat.

NOBODY KNOWS.

IT was an old woman who told me so. She was quite broken, withered, grey. "Does your husband become cruel when he drinks?" I asked.

"Oh, nobody knows what I go through," she replied, "nobody knows; nobody knows."

Said a young mechanic to me one day, "I wish you would speak to my brother sometime about drinking so." On my assenting, he added: "It will do no good, unless you can do it when he is just getting over one of his spree. Then he is penitent, and may mind what you say." So we arranged that at the moment "in season" he should let me know. A little later he stood at my door to say,

"My brother came home a few nights since very drunk. It was late; his family had gone to bed; he threw himself on the kitchen floor and lay there all night. He woke with a terrible cold, and we fear he is going to die with lung fever. Can you come?"

An hour after I was at his side. In simplest words I told him the way of life. But as I spoke, his eyes grew vacant, glassy. His probation had closed. Oh, the horror of that Christless death! "Nobody knows." "Nobody knows" the sadness of that household or of the burial hour.

I have just returned from the funeral of a young man who was killed by an accident, which would not have occurred if he had been himself. Money that should have gone for home comforts, for clothing and bread, was spent for drink. In the face of Winter he leaves his wife an impoverished widow, to care for five little children, the elder six years only. Three of these little orphans crowded round the plain coffin to take the last look of "father." "When himself," it was said, "his heart was affectionate, his ways kind." But who can measure the perverting, killing power of strong drink? Who knows its strength to convert a father into a tyrant, a wife into a torment, a child into an open shame? "Nobody knows." "Nobody knows."

THE BRAHMAN AND THE GOAT.

HERE is an old Sanskrit story which shows the folly of being influenced into giving up what we know to be true just because so many clever people contradict it.

Three thieves once saw a Brahman toiling along, carrying a fine goat on his back. Now these rogues made their living by outwitting people; and for this purpose, with diligence worthy a better cause, studied all the weaknesses and faults of the human race.

In this place a plan was speedily concocted, which they proceeded to carry out.

One ran swiftly through a by-path till he was some distance beyond the Brahman; then striking the main road he sauntered carelessly back till he saw the Brahman coming.

"Ha," said he, accosting the latter, "it is a warm day to be carrying such a load. Is your dog lame?"

"Dog!" said the Brahman; "what dog?"

"Why, the one you have on your back!"

"Man, this is a goat!" quoth the Brahman, and pressed on, feeling a mild contempt for the idiot.

Soon he met a second pedestrian (the second thief).

"What is the matter with that dog, friend?" asked this second man, in a sympathizing tone; "you must have a kind heart indeed, to lug that great brute, this hot day."

"Man, can you not see that it is a goat?" asked the Brahman.

"Do you joke with me, old man? Don't you think I know a goat from that dog?"

"It is a goat I tell you!" asserted the Brahman, and pressed on, but not before the look of innocent astonishment on the other's face awoke perplexing doubts. Could his eyes have deceived him, or had he taken leave of his senses? Here was another stranger coming, he would refer the question to him.

He was saved that trouble, for the third thief, at the Brahman's approach struck an attitude of dumb amazement.

"What ails you, fellow?" said the Brahman, impatiently.

"Is it not enough to surprise a wiser man than I, to see one of your years carrying that great dog? But then, poor soul, if it pleases you what matter?"

This was too much for the Brahman, and throwing his burden off, he strode away, leaving the thief with his booty.

THE INVENTIONS OF THE PAST FIFTY YEARS.

THE number of inventions that have been made during the past fifty years is unprecedented in the history of the world. Inventions of benefit to the human race have been made in all ages since man was created; but looking back for half a hundred years, how many more are crowded into the past fifty than into any other fifty since recorded history! The perfection of the locomotive, and the now world-traversing steamship, the telegraph, the telephone, the audiphone, the sewing machine, the photograph, chromo-lithographic printing, the cylinder printing press, the elevator for hotels and other many-storied buildings, the cotton gin and the spinning jenny, the reaper and mower, the steam threshor, the steam fire engine, the improved process for making steel, the application of chloroform and ether to destroy sensibility in painful surgery cases, and so on through a long catalogue. Nor are we yet done in the field of invention and discovery. The application of coal gas and petroleum to heating and cooking operations is only trembling on the verge of successful experiment, the introduction of the steam from a great central reservoir to general use for heating and cooking is foreshadowed as among the coming events; the artificial production of butter has already created a consternation among dairymen, the navigation of the air by some device akin to our present balloon would also seem to be profigured, and the propulsion of machinery by electricity is even now clearly indicated by the march of experiment? There are some problems we have hitherto deemed impossible, but are the mysteries of even the most improbable of them more subtle to grasp than that of the ocean cable or that of the photograph or telephone? We talk by cable with an

ocean rolling between; we speak in our voices to friends a hundred miles or more from where we articulate before the microphone. Under the blazing sun of July we produce ice by chemical means, rivalling the most solid and crystalline production of nature. Our surgeons graft the skin from one person's arm to the face of another, and it adheres and becomes an integral portion of his body. We make a mile of white printing paper and send it on a spool that a perfecting printing press unwinds and prints, and delivers to you, folded and counted, many thousands per hour. Of a verity this is the age of invention, nor has the world reached a stopping-place yet.

WHAT A PENNY CAN DO.

WILLIE'S penny made heaven rejoice. It would not have bought more than a stick or two of candy, or given much help to a starving family. What did he do with it? His sister was a missionary's wife in Africa; and the family were filling a box to send her. As one after another brought their gifts Willie said, "I want to give my penny."

"What shall be bought with it?" was the next question. It was decided to buy a tract and write its history on the margin, and with a prayer for its success send it on its distant errand.

The box arrived on the mission ground, and among its valuable contents Willie's gift was laid away unnoticed and for a while forgotten. But God's watchful, all-seeing eye had not forgotten it.

One day a native teacher was starting from the mission station to go to a school over the mountain. He knew the language well, and was a great help to the missionaries; but he was not a Christian. He had resisted everything the missionaries had done to make him one.

In looking over some papers, Willie's tract was discovered, with writing on the margin which said that prayer was offered in America that it might do good. It was handed to the native teacher. He read it on his journey, and what years of labour by the missionaries had not done was now brought about by the penny tract. The man became a sincere Christian. Those who put the tract in his hands were very full of joy; and there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repents.

So you see how Willie's penny made heaven rejoice.—*Missionary News.*

GIRLS—Don't marry a man to mend him or reform him. Attempts to reform are generally as vain, as powerless as attempts to turn back the flowing tide with a wisp of straw, or out roar a hurricane with a tin whistle. A young man proposed for the hand of a beautiful girl. Asshehesitated about replying, the young man said: "I await your answer with bated breath." The young lady answered: "Well, sir, you will have to bait your breath with something beside high wines and limberger cheese to catch me." Her head was level. A young man who will not cease drinking to please his sweetheart, will not do so to please his wife.—*Broadaxe.*

FATHER: "I never imagined that your studies would cost me so much money." Student: "Yes; and I don't study much either."