

HOME & SCHOOL



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Steering for Home.

Brow, thou bitter northern gale;
Heave, thou rolling, foaming sea;
Bend the mast and fill the sail,
Let the gallant ship go free!
Steady, lad! Be firm and steady!
On the compass fix your eye;
Ever watchful, ever ready,
Let the rain and spray go by!
We're steering for home.

Let the waves with angry thud
Shake the ship from stem to stern
We can brave the flying scud,
It may go, it may return:
In the wind are cheerful voices,
In the waves a pleasant song,
And the sailor's heart rejoices
As the good ship bounds along.
We're steering for home.

Standing on the briny deck,
Beaten by the blinding spray,
Fearing neither storm nor wreck,
Let us keep our onward way.
Loving hearts for us are yearning,
Now in hope, and now in doubt,
Looking for our swift returning,
How they try to make us out!
We're steering for home.

Fainter blows the bitter gale,
And more peaceful grows the sea;
Now, boys, trim again the sail;
Land is looming on the lee!
See! the beacon-light is flashing,
Hark! those shouts are from the shore;
To the wharf home friends are dashing;
Now our hardest work is o'er.
Three cheers for our home!

My Ride on a Star Route.

A TRUE SKETCH.

I WISHED to go fourteen miles northward. By cars I must go three sides of a square. The trip, and waiting at depots, would take from 11 o'clock A.M. to 4:20 o'clock P.M.

"For the accommodation of two small post-offices, a stage, a poor affair, runs direct," said mine host.

The freshness of a summer morning, the hilly road, the changing views, the trees, wild flowers and singing birds were a delight, even in thought, and I said at once:

"The stage."

While breakfasting, the next morning, the clerk came in and said in a low voice:

"The stage is here, and your trunk is on, but finish your breakfast, the driver will wait."

I went out soon, but no stage was to be seen, and I asked if it had gone for other passengers.

"This is it," said my more laughing than smiling host.

Such another nondescript vehicle may I never see. One poor, old, white horse, an express waggon, the back seat of which had been taken out to make room for my trunk, and the packages of all forms and sizes, for the

driver proved to be an express messenger, and universal errand boy of the farmers along the route. I hesitated. My trunk was on, and the morning air fragrant. So, with help, I climbed on the wheel, and pitched into the waggon, and took possession of the one seat, and planted my feet upon what seemed an empty bag, but which proved to have

have a lady passenger he went in to empty and rinse his mouth out," was the answer.

He came, out at the elbows, patched at the knees, with vest and linen spotted with tobacco juice. I turned my head away, as sitting down beside me, he took up the reins and said:
"G'lang, g'lang, g'lang!"

crumbs from his pocket and held them out. The robin flew down and ate them from his hand. With a clear smooth voice the driver quoted Wordsworth's

"Thou art the bird that man loves best,
The pious bird with scarlet breast,
The bird, who by some name or other,
All men who know thee call thee brother."

He scattered more crumbs on the stone, buckled the check rein, and mounted the seat with:

"Good-by, my little friend, be here to-morrow, g'lang, g'lang!"

The delicate act, the cultured voice, made me look at him. His face was clean and clean shaven; his features regular and refined; his eyes large, clear and very deep blue; his hair a brown gray; his hands small and, had the nails been clean, would have been handsome.

"Who can he be?" I said to myself; to him I said:

"That bird seems to know you."

"He is always waiting for the mail," he said.

"And always gets something, I fancy."

"Always. I rarely have a passenger and so talk to the birds and squirrels, g'lang, g'lang. I regret I haven't a better horse—g'lang—as my constant urging must annoy you, g'lang, g'lang."

"You do not whip him."

"Never. But I often think Don Quixote's Rosinante, like the wandering Jew, is still on earth."

"And this is he?"

"This is he without a doubt!"

Just then we drove through a bit of woodland full of music. He said:

"How truly Mary Howitt voices one's feelings in her poem:

"Come ye into the summer woods! But no mortal pen can
Tell half the sights of beauty you may see."

I loved to hear him talk. His language was pure, his anecdotes refined, his quotations from standard authors were frequent, but brief and to the point.

"Who can he be!" I asked myself again and again. At farm houses he stopped to give packages, from a mended scythe snath to a gold bracelet. And whenever a good woman ran out and called, he took her wishes in a note book, with all the courtesy and bearing of a thoroughbred gentleman.

I took the liberty to glance at the book. The writing and spelling showed him to be a man of education.

"Will not so many stops prevent your making time?" I asked.



STEERING FOR HOME.—See Poem.

the honour of being the U. S. Mail, and to contain two packages (one of which, as I got out to rest while the mail was changed, I saw contained exactly two postal cards and four newspapers).

"Where is the driver?" I asked.
"When he found out he was to

This oft-repeated word alone broke our silence, until out of the village he stopped at a stone trough, beneath some trees, to water his horse. On a bough a robin was swaying, and warbling his sweetest notes, ending in a long twitter. The driver who was standing at his horse's head, took some