

"JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL"

BY NERISSA A. CHRISTIANCY.

"Jesus, lover of my soul"—  
Twas a child that sang the words,  
Tossing back her sunny curls,  
Free and happy as the birds.  
"Let me to thy bosom fly"—  
Does she know their meaning quite?  
Heaven keep her safe from harm,  
Guide her youthful steps aright.

"Jesus, lover of my soul"—  
Twas a maiden sang them now,  
Brushing back with careless grace  
Gold-brown ringlets from her brow.  
Life to her was beautiful,  
Quiet-evening, laughing morn,  
And at midday, and at twilight,  
Were new joys unto her born.

"Hide me, Oh, my Saviour hide"—  
Sad the voice, and full of tears;  
Yet it is the same that sang  
Glad and gay in other years.  
"Till the storm of life is past"—  
Saviour, heed the earnest prayer,  
Leave Thy blessing in the heart,  
Of Thy tried one kneeling there.

"Safe into the haven guide."  
Faded are the locks of gold,  
And the voice has weaker grown  
That was strong in days of old.  
"Oh, receive my soul at last."  
On the border land she stands;  
Guide, Oh, guide her o'er the stream,  
Clasp in Thine her outstretched hands.

A THRILLING TALE.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."

At the recent fire in Park Row I witnessed a display of physical and moral courage by a young woman under circumstances that might well appal the bravest heart unsustained by Christian faith and fortitude.

I was at the scene of the fire about five minutes after it was discovered. In that brief time the fire had spread so rapidly that the entire roof of the World building was all ablaze, and volumes of dense black smoke and forked flames were pouring out of the top of all the windows of the fourth and fifth stories. From these windows men, women, and children, having no other way of escape, were earnestly and piteously calling for help. I saw the poor coloured woman jump from the sill of the fifth-story window, where she stood frantically calling for assistance, until compelled by the flames to jump to her death! I heard the terrible thud of her body as it fell upon the pavement! There were two men crouching on the lintels of two third-story windows on the Park Row side, and I expected every moment to see them perish and go into eternity; but they were rescued by two brave firemen.

On the Beekman street side of the burning building, and near Park Row, on the lintel of the third-story window, holding on to a telegraph-wire attached to the burning sill of the fourth-story window, stood our Christian heroine, Miss Ida Small, dressed in deep black, bareheaded, erect, calm, and with wonderful presence of mind, "standing up for Jesus"—the whole scene a fit picture for the pencil of any artist.

The excited crowd in the streets were intensely moved with alarm as they perceived the flames rapidly approaching where she stood. In response to the calls to her to jump she nodded her head, to assure them that she comprehended the situation, and was still courageous and hopeful.

Stout-hearted men wept like children, and made remarks like these, "There is pluck for you!" "Did you ever see such courage!" She's a game little woman!" I said, "Gentlemen, back of that physical courage there is another element—an important factor; you may depend she is a Christian woman, and sustained by Christian fortitude." I did not know her, but upon no other theory could I account for her courage, and the maintenance of her physical and mental powers in such a fearful ordeal.

Last evening upon invitation, Miss Small visited my family, and gave us the story of her experience and providential deliverance from the fearful death that confronted her on that eventful day. Miss Small said: "I was sitting alone in the office of my employer, (the Rev. Mr. Lindsley,) and hearing an unusual commotion in the hall-way, to which, at first, I paid no particular attention until startled by the cry of 'Fire!' I quickly arose and opened the office-door; the flames and smoke singed my hair, and almost stifled me. I managed to close the door again, and this diverted the flames and smoke from the window, which was my only avenue of escape! I at once realized the imminent peril I was in, and that in all human probability my earthly career was to end quickly. For a moment only I stood affrighted; then I recalled the fact, that under the preaching of the Rev. Dr. Henry M. Storrs I had given myself to my Saviour, and had tried to serve him lovingly and faithfully. Committing all my interests for time and eternity to the dear Lord, I felt inexpressibly happy and ready to die, if it was his will I should die, then and there. Trusting in my Saviour, I proceeded to the window of the fourth story and climbed out, and stood on the lintel of the third-story window on the Beekman street side, near Nassau street, until compelled by the heat to move on to the next window, and the next, each time barely touching the lintels as I stepped from one window to another at that dizzy height, until I reached near the corner of Park Row, where I stood when you saw me. All this time the most beautiful passages of Scripture and hymns I had heard in Sabbath-school were passing through my mind, comforting my soul and supporting my strength. So composed was I, and acquiescent in the will of my heavenly Father concerning me, that I measurably forgot my own peril, and felt sorry for those who were so distressed about me, and doing all in their power to effect my rescue."

I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales recently gave a small juvenile party at Marlborough House to celebrate the fifteenth birthday of their eldest daughter, Princess Louise. The children invited came at five o'clock in the afternoon and left at eight—very sensible hours.

PERSEVERE.

Wax strong is well-doing;  
Sloth drinks but life's dregs.  
'Tis industry prospers,  
'Tis idleness begs.

"GIRLS, HELP FATHER."

"MY hands are so stiff I can hardly hold a pen," said Farmer Wilber, as he sat down to "figure out" some accounts that were getting behindhand.

"Can I help you, father?" said Lucy, laying down her bright crochet-work. "I shall be glad to do so if you explain what you want."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you can, Lucy," he said, reflectively. "Pretty good at figures, are you?"

"I would be ashamed if I did not know something of them after going twice through the arithmetic," said Lucy, laughing.

"Well, I can show you in five minutes what I have to do, and it'll be a wonderful help if you can do it for me. I never was a master-hand at accounts in my best days, and it does not grow any easier since I have put on spectacles."

Very patiently did the helpful daughter plod through the long lines of figures, leaving the gay worsted to lie idle all the evening, though she was in such haste to finish her scarf. It was reward enough to see her tired father, who had been toiling all day for herself and the other dear ones, sitting so cozily in his easy-chair, enjoying his weekly paper.

The clock struck nine before her task was over, but the hearty "Thank you, daughter, a thousand times!" took away all sense of weariness that Lucy might have felt.

"It's rather looking up when a man can have a clerk," said the father. "It's not every farmer that can afford it."

"Not every farmer's daughter is capable of making one," said the mother, with a little pardonable maternal pride.

"Nor every one that would be willing, if able," said Mr. Wilber; which last was a sad truth. How many daughters might be of use to their fathers in this and many other ways who never think of lightening a care or labor! If asked to perform some little service, it is done at best with a reluctant step and unwilling air that robs it of all sunshine or claim to gratitude.

Girls, help your father. Give him a cheerful home to rest in when evening comes, and do not worry his life away by fretting because he cannot afford you all the luxuries you covet. Children exert as great an influence on their parents as parents do on their children.—Selected.

EFFECTS OF DRINK IN TORONTO.

IN the Crosby House at the foot of Simcoe street a gang of men were drinking whiskey. One of their number, Samuel Gray, a carpenter, and apparently about forty-five years old, after imbibing very freely, to the surprise of all refused a proffered drink. The boys commenced to jeer and say, "Oh, Sam's turned temperance." "I wish to God I had," said the inebriated man, and he staggered out of the door muttering, "My poor little girls, and they are starving." In a few minutes several boys rushed into the bar-room shouting, "There's a man in the bay." A boat-hook was procured, and with its assistance the men succeeded in drawing the drowning man to the surface

and placing him on the wharf. To their surprise it was Gray, their inebriated companion. Life was thought to be extinct, but after pumping the water out of the stomach he began to show signs of returning consciousness. He was then carried into the Crosby House, where he was placed before the fire, stripped, and thoroughly dried. He refused to assign any reason for his rash act, and would only murmur when questioned, "My poor girls."

A later paper says: "The carpenter who tried to drown himself in the bay at the foot of Simcoe street died at his residence, No. 7 Caer-Howell street, yesterday afternoon. His wife died seven years ago, and three young girls are left. The unfortunate man was only thirty-seven years old,"—murdered by drink.

PLEASANT PEOPLE.

SOME men move through life as a band of music move down street, flinging out pleasure on every side through the air to every one, far and near, that can listen. Some men fill the air with their presence and sweetness, as orchards in October days fill the air with perfume of apple fruit. Some women cling to their own houses, like the honey-suckle over the door, yet, like it, sweetened all the region with the subtle fragrance of their goodness. There are trees of righteousness which are ever dropping precious fruit around them. There are lives that shine like star-beams, or charm the heart like songs sung upon a holy day. How great a bounty and a blessing it is to hold the royal gifts of the soul so that they shall be music to some and fragrance to others, and life to all! It would be no unworthy thing to live for, to make the power which we have within us the breath of other men's joy; to scatter sunshine where only clouds and shadows reign; to fill the atmosphere where earth's weary toilers must stand with a brightness which they cannot create for themselves, and which they long for, enjoy, and appreciate.

TWO BRAVE GIRLS SAVE SEVEN LIVES.

THE Montreal Witness says: "One evening recently seven young men who live several miles down the Ottawa river, started to skate to Gatineau Point for the purpose of attending a special service which was being held in the church at that place for young men. When they arrived opposite Kettle Island they happened to reach a piece of bad ice, and five of the party fell through. The other two did the best they could to rescue their comrades, but, after they had got several of them out, the ice on which they were standing gave way, and they themselves got into the water. Two Misses O'Neil, daughters of Superintendent O'Neil, of the Dominion Police, witnessed the accident from their house on Kettle Island, and with great presence of mind these two young ladies ran for their father's boat, which they pushed across the ice until they came to the broken spot, when they launched it, and succeeded in rescuing the young men who were in the water. They were not a moment too soon, for one of the young men was utterly exhausted, and was taken out of the water senseless."