

A TRUE LEAF FROM A NURSE'S DIARY.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

"It is very late, but I must write out this strange and most pathetic story while every detail is still fresh in my mind. It was about seven o'clock last evening when I noticed a slight change in Johnny Dunn, the poor boy who left Sing Sing only three weeks ago, to be again incarcerated, this time in a hospital. Cause, hasty consumption. Whether he read something unusual in my face as I took his temperature and carefully examined him, or whether the approach of death had been perceived by the patient, I do not know, but he said with a smile.

"Yes, nurse it is coming, and, please, I want to tell you something."

"What is it, Johnny?" I asked, but I did not wait for an answer. The inexpressible longing in his eyes, and a weary, hopeless glance at the other cots, decided me to arrange to stay close to the lad till the end came, or at least as long as I could be of comfort to him. Two minutes later I had placed the screen so that we might seem at least to be alone, and with the dying lad's hand in mine, listened to the wonderful story.

"You see, nurse, it don't make so much difference now, only if what happened to me could be of use to somebody," he began. "I thought mebbe I ought not to die with it locked up in me, and that you could tell it in your Sunday-school class—I used to go to Sunday-school, nurse—and to boys, perhaps, who seem to be getting off the track."

"It isn't possible that you were innocent of the crime with which you were charged, Johnny?" I inquired as the patient stopped a moment to rest. He shook his head.

"I did enter that house and I was caught," he replied, "but so help me heaven, if I had escaped, it would have been my first and last wicked job. I had got into bad company, and mother was dead, and father did not care what became of me, and one night—well—one night it happened."

"I didn't have to force any bolts or locks, for it was a hot summer night, and I found an open window and crawled in easily enough. The cook had told one of the gang that the second story front room was the one to go for first, and just where the diamonds were kept. You see I was to go in alone, and the other fellows were to stand guard. As I crept softly up the stairs I noticed that the door opposite the landing was wide open. I listened a while, and when I didn't hear any thing, I stepped cautiously in. At the other end of the room by the open window through which the moonlight streamed in, there was a lady in a large cosy chair all bolstered up with pillows. I saw she was awake and had seen me, and something seemed to tell me that she was near to death. I never trembled so in my life, no not even when the judge sentenced me, or when I stepped into Sing Sing. I don't feel one millionth part as bad now, nurse—and I know I am going soon—as I did then," and now the poor lad gasped for breath and looked pleadingly into my eyes.

"Well," he resumed, "I turned to get out, and my feet were as heavy as lead, and then the lady beckoned to me, 'Don't go,

said she softly, 'Come here a moment.' "Her voice must have been just like an angel's—mebbe I'll hear an angel's voice before long, and I do hope the dear Lord will let it be hers—and you see, nurse, I couldn't do anything but obey it. 'Come close,' said she, 'you have nothing to fear.' And when I walked straight up to her. Oh, how white and beautiful she was."

"You don't belong here, do you?" "No, ma'am," said I.

"I want to look into your eyes," said she, and then she whispered to herself, oh, so pitifully, "poor boy, poor boy."

"Then, nurse, I dropped on my knees beside the lady's chair and it did seem as if my heart would burst open. For think, that sick and weak as she was, she was not afraid of me, and I a burglar."

"Is your mother living?" says she next. "No, ma'am," says I.

"I thought not. And you have got into bad company," she goes on so softly, and with a catch in her breath something like mine, nurse. "I am dying, child," says she, "dying. Who knows but I may meet

do good, won't you?" Six hours later Johnny breathed his last, a radiant smile upon his lips. — *Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

DARING ENGINEERING FEAT.  
RENEWING THE NIAGARA SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

The Niagara Falls Railway Suspension Bridge carried successfully a heavy traffic for twenty-six years; it was then found that some repairs to the cable were required at the anchorage. These repairs were made, and the anchorage was substantially reinforced. At the same time it was found that the wooden suspended superstructure was in bad condition, and this was entirely removed and replaced by a structure of iron, built and adjusted in such a manner as to secure the best possible results. For some time it had been noticed that the stone towers which supported the great cables of the bridge showed evidences of disintegration at the surface, and a careful engineering examination in 1885 showed that these towers were in a really danger-

ted by the late John A. Roebling. Before it was finished, Robert Stephenson said to him, "If your bridge succeeds, mine [the Victoria tubular bridge at Montreal] is a magnificent blunder." The Niagara bridge did succeed. — *Scribner's Magazine for July.*

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

Some years ago I met a friend on Boston Common. We were both coming that night to New York—I by the Fall river boat, he by the Shore Line railway. We presently fell into an earnest conversation on religious matters. He was one of those men who professed greatly to admire the life and character of Jesus Christ and the system of ethics he taught in the Sermon on the Mount, but he utterly rejected the statement that we were saved by the blood of Christ. I was urging this truth upon him with all the earnestness I could command. Finally, he broke out with a protest against what he called my narrowness and bigotry.

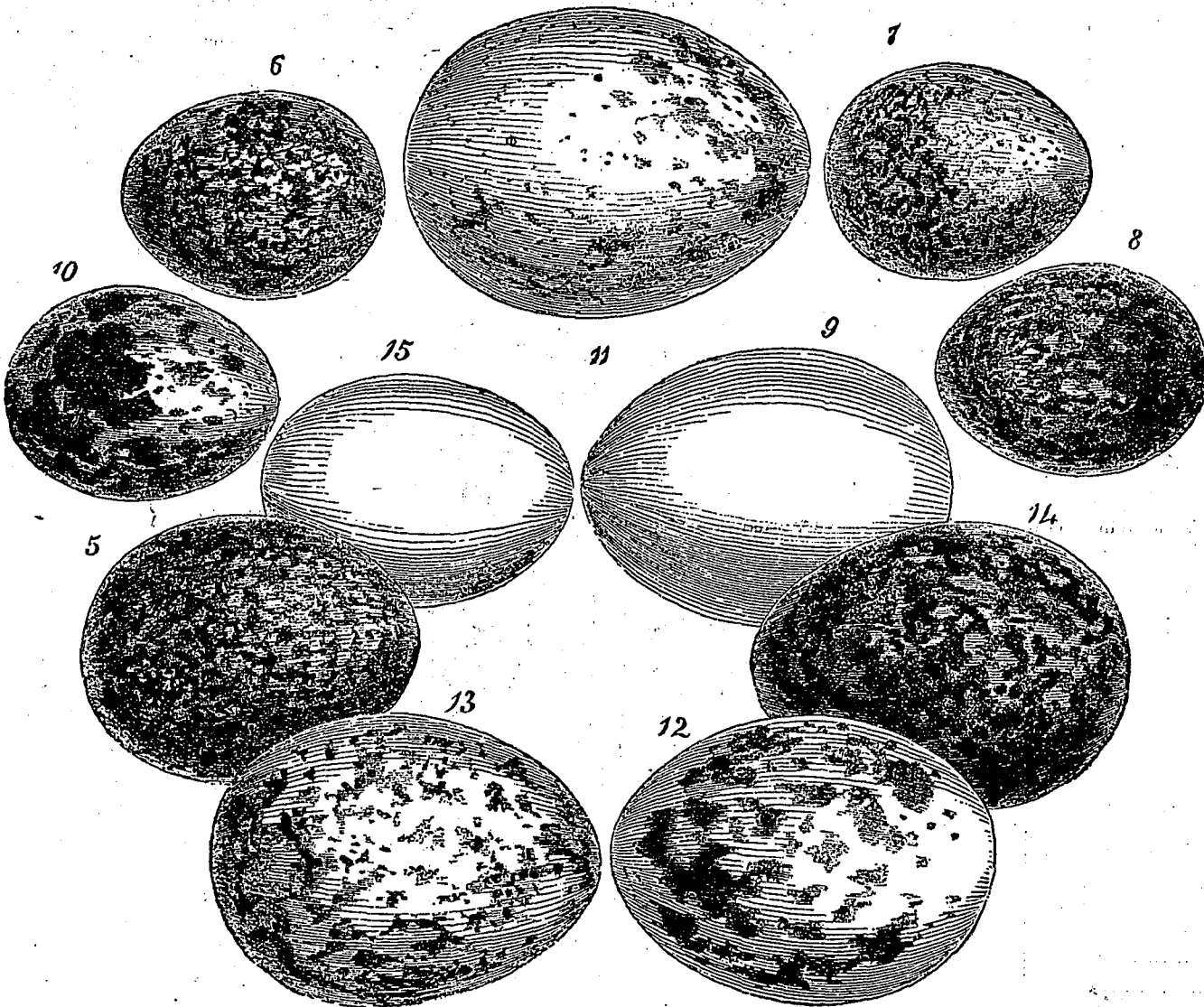
"Why," said he, "it is absurd to say that unless I believe in Jesus Christ as an 'atoning Saviour' that I cannot be saved. Why, what difference does it make by what road we go to heaven, so that we all get there? I have no objection to your going by that 'bloody road' of atonement, if you want to; but you ought not to insist on my going that way if I prefer another one. You might as well insist that unless I went by the Fall river line to New York I could not go at all. There are seven or eight different lines running daily to New York. Now," said he, "you are going to New York by the Fall River line, and I by the Shore Line. We will both be in New York in the morning, and then what difference will it make how we got there?"

This was supposed to be a triumphant and unanswerable argument. I said to him then, as I say to all his class now, and there are not a few of them about: "Your argument is very good, so far as getting from Boston to New York is concerned. It is entirely a question of taste and convenience which one of the routes you go by: but in the case of a sinner getting to heaven, it is of no account whatever, for the reason that there is but one way.

"Listen! Jesus did not say, 'I am one way, or a way;' but he said, 'I am the way.' 'No man cometh to the Father but by me.' 'No man knoweth the Father save the Son, and he to whom the Son shall reveal him.' And the apostle says, 'Neither is there salvation in any other. For there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.' 'For there is one God and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus.' — *Words and Weapons.*

REST.

Rest is not quitting  
The busy career;  
Rest is the fitting  
Of self to one's sphere,  
'Tis the brook's motion,  
Clear without strife,  
Fleeing to ocean  
After its life.  
'Tis loving and serving  
The highest and best;  
'Tis onward, unswerving,  
And this is true rest. — *Goethe.*



FALCON'S EGGS.—(See first page).

your mother? If I do, can I tell her to hope for her boy?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," I sobbed. And then, nurse, the lady put her trembling little hand on my head and says she:

"Father, dear, loving, precious; Father, hear my prayer. Redeem and bless this wayward but repentant lad, for his mother's sake and for Christ's sake. Amen."

"Then, nurse, the lady fell back in her chair, and beckoned for me to go quickly. I heard a noise in the next room, and I went down the stairs and out of the house. But just as I stepped on to the balcony the private watchman nabbed me; and so I was caught on the premises and that sent me up. I found out through the papers that a beautiful, generous lady died out of that house the next day, and of course I knew who it was. Mebbe if I had had a good lawyer and told my story, it might have been different. But it don't matter now. There, nurse, that is all. Now go and see to the other poor fellows. Oh! I am so comfortable, and you believe me, don't you, and you'll tell my story where it will

ous condition. The reason for this was that the saddles over which the cables pass on the top of the towers had not the freedom of motion which was required for the action of the cables, caused by differences of temperature, and by passing loads. . . A most interesting and successful feat was accomplished in the substitution of iron towers for these stone towers, without interrupting the traffic across the bridge. This has been accomplished very recently by building a skeleton iron tower outside of the stone tower, and transferring the cables from the stone to the iron tower by a most ingenious arrangement of hydraulic jacks. The stone towers were then removed. Thus, by the renewal of its suspended structure and the replacing of its towers, the bridge has been given a new lease of life and is in excellent condition to-day.

This Niagara Railway Suspension Bridge has been so long in successful operation that it is difficult now to appreciate the general disbelief in the possibility of its success as a railway bridge, when it was undertaken. It was projected and execu-