

THE SHIP THAT IS COMING FROM OVER THE SEA

(From "Lights and Shadows of Forty Year"
BY HENRY HEARTWELL.

WHEN mamma's ship comes from over the sea,
What do you think it will bring here to me?
I know what I want—a nice parlor-set
For dollie, my baby, my sweet little pet!
With four pretty chairs, a rosewood settee,
And carpet of velvet, how grand she will be!
How I do wish it would come right away!
What can be the matter that makes the ship stay!

Dear Annie, my daughter, be patient, and wait,
Your wants are so many, so costly, so great!
The country is distant, it takes a long time
For the ship to come back from the far-away clime!

And so through December to April and May,
The last thing at night and the first thing at day,
The two little eyes have been looking to see
The ship that is coming from over the sea!

In the midsummer hours, on the face of the sky,
Many cloud-woven barks sailed lazily by,
To the home of the watcher some came very near,
And loitered a moment, but dropped only a tear,
Till hope from the heart of the watcher had fled,
And the bright little eyes from long weeping were red,
Waiting, and watching, and longing to see
The ship that is coming from over the sea!

And there lay the sick one, in the shadows and gloom,
Near the fond mother's heart, in the small, darkened room,
And the sleeper lies dreaming, and sees from afar
A ship at whose mast-head is a bright-beaming star;
Down, down it is coming, and the Captain is he
Who said, "Suffer the children to come unto me!"
Weep! grief-stricken mother! for thus it must be,
This is the ship that is come from over the sea!

O sorrowful mother! how keen is the dart
That pierces with anguish your grief-laden heart!
Your promises broken bring the thorn of regret
To plant with the flowers on the grave of your pet!
So short is the season, and so brief is the stay
Of life's dearest treasures, till they hasten away,
It is best not to wait for the joys that may be,
Till the great ship is coming from over the sea!

A TALK WITH TOM.

YOU want to know, Tom, what is the first quality of manhood?

Well, listen. I am going to tell you in one little word of five letters. And I am going to write that word in very loud letters as though you were deaf, so that you may never forget it. The word is "truth."

Now, then, remember truth is the only foundation on which can be erected a manhood that is worthy of being so called.

Now, mark what I say, truth must be the foundation on which the whole character is erected, for otherwise, no matter how beautiful the upper stories may be, and no matter of how good material they may be built, the edifice, the character, the manhood, will be but a sham which offers no sure refuge and protection to those who seek it, for it will tumble down when trial comes.

Alas, my boy, the world is very full of such shams of manhood, in every profession and occupation. There are

lawyers in this town who know that they have never had any training to fit them for their work, who yet impose upon the people, and take their money for giving them advice which they know they are unfitted to give. I heard of one who advised his partner "never to have anything to do with law-books, for they would confuse his mind!"

There are ignorant physicians who know that they are ignorant, and who can and do impose upon people more ignorant than themselves. There are preachers without number pretending to know what they have never learned. Don't you see that their manhood is at best but a beautiful deceit!

Now, I want you to be a man, and that you may be that, I want you first and foremost to be true, thoroughly true. I hope you would scorn to tell a lie, but that is only the very beginning of truthfulness. I want you to despise all sham, all pretence, all effort to seem to be otherwise than we are.

When we have laid that foundation then we can go on to build up a manhood, glorious and godlike after the perfect image of Him the perfect Man, who said that He was born that he might bear witness to the truth.—*Bishop Dudley.*

OUR NEXT GOVERNOR GENERAL, THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE.

who has been selected to succeed the Marquis of Lorne as Governor General of Canada—a much-coveted post—is a scion of a noble house and honorable lineage. The grandfather of the present marquis was a "Rupert of debate" in the House of Lords thirty years ago, and had a somewhat singular method of preparing himself for a great speech. It was his custom, on the afternoon of an impending debate in the house, to walk around the garden in rear of Lansdowne house in Piccadilly, muttering to himself, cane in hand, and to switch off tops of flowers or whatever had an upright stalk, as if chastising imaginary enemies. The faithful old gardener felt so chagrined that he would retire to hide his vexation, knowing the danger of disturbing his master in a reverie of excited thoughts. The present marquis, when a child, was so scrupulously tended by a doting young mother that neither cream nor butter was allowed to pass the infant's lips lest it should mar a delicate complexion. The natural result was a debility and sickly paleness which warranted invoking the advice of the queen's physician, Sir Benjamin Brodie. This eminent Esculapius immediately created a revolution in the nursery by prescribing rich cream and fresh butter *ad libitum*. The nurse was instructed to allow the little fellow to steep his chubby fists and arms to the elbows, if the nascent lord should feel so disposed, so grease might enter the system at every pore. The sequel showed a healthy, bouncing lordling. His father, Lord Shelburne, was the eldest son of the former marquis, and the present marquis' title as the eldest son of Lord Shelburne was Lord Camorris, so that the dignified title he now wears is his second name.

PAT says that if men could only hear their own funeral sermons and read their own head-stones, there would be no living in the world with them.

"JUST FOR FUN."

HERE are some thoughtless people who, "just for fun," are willing to give others pain. It matters not how others suffer if they themselves can have a little sport. They do not hesitate to frighten timid and nervous people, that they may have the pleasure of enjoying their misery and their fright. When such acts are repeated it indicates not only thoughtlessness, but actual cruelty.

The results are sometimes very sad. Cases are known in which people have been frightened out of their reason; and when that is not the fact the effects of the fright are often seen in other ways.

A young man once boasted that he could not be frightened, even by a ghost. Some of his comrades determined to put his courage to the test. He kept a loaded revolver lying near his bed, and one evening they managed to get it and draw the balls. After he had gone to bed one of them, dressed in white, and his face completely covered, entered the room. The young man fired at him, and again and again, till he had emptied all the chambers of the pistol; and, finding that none of the shots took effect, he was overwhelmed with a terror, and went stark mad.

The young men had their "fun," but how must they have felt afterward? Did such fun pay?

One day one of the young women employed as a weaver in a cotton mill took a small snake with her, and after frightening several of her companions, threw the reptile upon one of them. The latter was so frightened that she fell down in convulsions.

The young woman had her fun! Do you suppose she enjoyed it much when she saw the sad results of her folly?

We cannot be too careful of the feelings and infirmities of others. To frighten people is mean and cruel. There are enough innocent sources of amusement without resorting to this.

THE FIRE THAT OLD NICK BUILT.

INTEMPERANCE.

This is the fire that Old Nick built.

MODERATE DRINKING.

This is the fuel that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

RUM SELLING.

This is the axe that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

LOVE OF MONEY.

This is the stone that grinds the axe that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

PUBLIC OPINION.

This is the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the axe that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

A TEMPERANCE MEETING.

This is one of the blows that we quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the axe that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

This is the smith that works with a will to give the blow that we quietly

deal to fashion the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the axe that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

ETERNAL TRUTH.

This is the spirit so gentle and still that nerves the spirit to work with a will to give force to the blows which we quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the axe that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

HINDOO GIRLS AND THEIR DOLLS.

ONCE a year, just before the Dassarah festival, the little Hindoo girls destroy their dolls. The girls dress themselves in the brightest colours, and march through the busy bazaars of the city and along roads shaded by overhanging mango or sissou trees, till they come to water—probably a tank built by some pious Hindoo. A crowd of men and women follow them. Round the tank are feathery bamboos, plantains with their broad, hanging leaves, and mango-trees, and on every side are flights of steps leading down to the water. Down the steps the little bare feet go; and taking a last look at their favourite dolls, they toss them into the water. No Hindoo girl has such a family of dolls as many of our readers have in this country. But her dolls cost very little, and so the lost one is easily replaced. They are made of rags, or more generally of mud or clay, dried in the sun or baked in an oven, and rudely daubed with paint. An English doll is a marvel to a Hindoo girl. The fair hair, blue eyes, pretty face, and the clothes that are put on and taken off, fill her with wonder. In some of the mission-schools the scholars get presents at Christmas, and the girls get dolls, to their great delight.

JAPAN.

BEFORE 1872 there was not a single Christian in all Japan, and now there are six or seven thousand adult followers of Christ. The people are "neither rich nor poor," nowhere in Japan could he find a millionaire, but neither could he find a tramp or beggar. Until Christian women entered Japan there would be no "homes," houses there were, but no home circle nor family life; there is no marriage service whatever, a priest merely offers the bride and groom sake, which is beer made from rice, and then pronounces them man and wife. Divorce is easy, and the man has it all in his own hands. A wife cannot divorce her husband, but he can send her away for a very small cause; for instance, if she talks too much, or if he thinks she does, or if she has any chronic disease he can divorce her. If he is a kindhearted man he may provide for her maintenance or even let her stay and work in his house, but at best a wife in Japan is only a servant, and divorces in Tokio are more than sixty per cent.

VISITOR (endeavouring to impart information to a young mind): "The little bird in the cage belongs to the finch family, and—" Three-year-old listener: "No, it don't; it belongs to me."