

Two Old Cities.

BY MRS. R. F. HOFFER.

There once was a city,
Well wroth a ditty,
Jerusalem, beautiful of old;
Its streets full of childhood;
Luxuriant as wildwood,
With health, strength and beauty, I'm told.

Another bad city,
I'll place in this ditty,
Old Jericho, cursed old place;
Full of drink and disorder,
And brawling and murder,
And evil and every disgrace.

The Jerusalem quiet,
With comfort, good diet,
And friends, gave young Tom the ennu;
He hated restriction,
And wise people's dictation,
And Jericho started to die.

Down hill was so easy,
In hot days so breezy,
And for the cool morning
But they clubbed him, and mobbed him,
And beat him and robbed him—
Tom woke: could it be he had dreamed?

Now woful, benighted,
His character blighted,
His money forever has fled;
His strength has departed,
He runs that he started,
While bleeding and bruised, almost dead.

But there's not much compassion,
That is not the fashion
Of the people who travel that way;
The priest is so hurried,
The Levite so hurried,
He should have been watchful, they say.

But a man whose possession,
Excelled his profession
Of kindness, pined him sore;
He binds up his bruises,
Nor money refuses,—
Here is gone, and, if needed, I've more.

Young people, take warnings,
Don't start in life's morning,
Down hill on that Jericho road;
For destruction and sorrow,
Must come on the morrow;
Choose Jerusalem as your abode.

Be respected, be wealthy,
Be happy, be healthy,
Let your choice be good and the true;
The rough, coarse, and idle,
Curbed by the law's bridle,
Should have no attraction for you.

There is peace and protection,
And sweet recollection
Of joy, when we sink to our rest;
There are friends who stay by us,
Who cheer us in distress,
Whose friendship has stood every test.

Let the voice of the dying,
The bruised and the crying,
Who groan on that Jericho way,
Make Jerusalem charm us,
Where ill cannot harm us,
Till we hark to eternity's day.
Claremont.

A TEACHER FOR A WEEK: A STORY OF QUEBEC.

BY IDA WILKINS.

HESTER and Marjorie Durham were the only children of a struggling farmer in Bourg Louis. From their mother, who was brought up in the city, they inherited a love for knowledge. All their spare time they devoted to study with the village pastor, Mr. Rivers. In their mounting ambition, they aimed at nothing less than securing teachers' diplomas. "Have you the Canadian History, Hester?" Marjorie asked, the last evening before the examination. "I must review the dates, and Hester, will you milk the cows while I study?"

"Father looks tired to-night," Hester answered as she took up the milk-pail, "if he only succeed he may be able to afford machinery instead of gathering in his harvest with the scythe and the sickle."

Marjorie's brown head was bent over her book as Hester went out-of-doors. The Bourg Louis hills, wooded to their heights, rose to the west. The home of the sisters lay on the slopes at the base, and evening after evening Hester had watched the clouds turn from gold to crimson, and pale to gray behind those mountains. Though Marjorie had always felt oppressed by their

surroundings and longed for a larger life, those same hills were to Hester an inspiration when she was dull, a solace when she was fatigued. Being stronger than Marjorie she spared her all she could; that her sister might not be too weary to construe her Latin in the evening. "She must have her chance in the world, our pretty, clever Marjorie," she soliloquized. Probably she was good for nothing better than to take charge of the butter-making, and look after the chickens, but she meant to do her best to pass as a teacher, too. She so longed to help her father.

The eventful day of the examination was upon them. Their father drove them to the station. It was their first visit to Quebec, and everything that they heard or saw was an event.

"Mornin', Mr. Durham, want tickets for the city? Fine weather for the crops!" was the station-master's greeting.

"Yes, too fine for me to go to town," said their father, "but my folk will buy from you a grand thing, the railway! A grand thing! You would hardly know this was the same country since it was built."

"Look! Marjorie! There's the engine described in our Natural Philosophy," was Hester's first exclamation as it came into view.

"They entered a car with their mother and took their seats. "As hard as church benches," commented Marjorie.

Reaching their destination, they passed through St. Roch's; that marvellous suburb built upon waves. Once the river washed the banks of the perpendicular cliff before them, and Cartier's vessels lay at anchor there. Ascending Gallows' Hill, they shivered when they remembered the spy whose fate had furnished the breakfast.

As they sat for breakfast they had a restful view of the white stone of the Parliament Buildings, and the pretty, green hedge enclosing the grounds, but with different feelings did they come in sight of the square stone building in which the examinations were to be held. "Leave hope behind, all ye who enter here," quoted Marjorie, impressively. "Sternly that inscription is above the door."

"It might well be," said Hester, "for was it not once a prison, this Morrin College? Perhaps the students whisper grim tales of the victims who once inhabited the cells."

They took but a hasty glance at the library-lined with books from ceiling to floor, the latest magazines and papers, were scattered temptingly about the tables, but they had to settle down to hours of hard work in a garret like hell where silence reigned supreme. Of course they believed they had been successful, and gave themselves up to the enchantments of the city for the evening. The first sight of the city was full of enchantments to the girls.

"Hester! do look! The electric lights are coming out! It is like fairyland!"

"Oh, Marjorie! the ships and the river!" Hester exclaimed as they reached the terrace. Standing where once stood the Chateau St. Louis, they had expected to see people in the costume of Frontenac's time, but turning their rapt gaze away from the river to watch the promenaders, they were recalled to the nineteenth century.

The band played and the Quebecers were out in full force that warm summer evening. Not till the blue clock-tower boomed from the King's Bastion did they disperse, when the girls missed the friendly hand-clasp which each gave to all in their village home.

Marjorie passed her examination with flying colours, and so glad was Hester that she almost forgot to bemoan her own failure.

After some correspondence Marjorie found herself teacher of a mixed school in Champlain Street, a quiet, narrow, plank-alley at the base of the cliffs surmounted by the Terrace and Citadel.

She wrote home of her methods of teaching, of the progress her scholars made with their studies, and of the pleasant times she had after school hours with friends she had made at the Mission Band of the church who attended.

"She earns her money," said Hester, "and I dare say she is often very tired. If I lived near I might help her."

Duncan, who was present remarked, "She prefers that kind of work."

"Hester, Marjorie is down with lagrippes," said her mother one day, letter in hand. You had better go to her till she is better. You could even teach for her."

So, with a warning from Duncan to take good care of herself, Hester went for a week and Marjorie came home to be nursed.

Hester soon learned who had the dearest baby sister, whose brother had caught the most fish off the boom, and who had been most successful at catching tommycods by torchlight the preceding winter. To please their children, the fathers sang their numbers songs for her. She was shown shambles and farms from Florida and the Bermudes, a gay coloured parrot, and many other treas-

ures collected by sea-faring men for their homes.

The children listened eagerly when she told of Mr. Secord's courage, of the little hero of Harlem, of Nelson, of Florence Nightingale. She hoped that noble men and women would be trained in that school.

There had been a long rainy season, and shale from the overhanging cliff showered on the houses and the passers by. Many an uneasy glance was directed upwards, but the inhabitants still lingered with a false sense of security.

One night the gossips exchanged news and joy as usual at their doors in the narrow street; then all retired.

Hester fell asleep hearing the river sounds, but awoke with a crashing, deafening noise in her ears. She found herself being whirled through the air with the upper story of the house, and when it fell she was buried in the ruins.

"There must be the cliff that has fallen! Such a weight is over me!" thought the bewildered girl as she came to her senses. It was cold, and she could not move a muscle. Gradually through her body crept an aching pain that became unbearable. Daylight was excluded so that she could not tell when night ended. She thought one leg must be broken, for the pain was intense, like fire along the bone. She tried to sit up, but the crevice would not keep her alive, but the sense of oppression was intolerable.

"Will no one come to help me!" she moaned. "Must I die like this?"

In the midst of the agony her heart swelled with gratitude that it was not Marjorie who was there. She was safe at home. "Perhaps it is evening," thought she; "and father will be sitting in the big wooden chair that can be turned into a table, reading his newspaper; Marjorie must be in the depths of a pillow-lined rocking-chair nursing her cold, while mother at the chimney fire is probably making her a posset. Duncan may be there, discussing the news with father and watching Marjorie."

Time dragged heavily along; then her thoughts turned to the hills about her birthplace. "For the strength of the hills is his also," and some of the rest and peace she used to draw from them came to her then.

"Oh, that I could get water," she groaned, for she was parched with a thirst that made her hunger seem as naught. She heard digging. It came nearer, then ceased altogether. Rescue would soon be too late! It began again, she called aloud. She saw a kind face bending over her, then faintly away.

The Hotel Dieu hospital was open to the wounded, and as she was being carried to that refuge, she had a view of the scene of the disaster. The houses on the cliff side of the road had disappeared! A mass of stones and earth extended across the street, dimly lighted by the lanterns suspended at intervals, and above, under the eastern end of the Terrace, visible in the cold, gray light of early dawn, was the new-made tragic chasm. A band of men were digging steadily, while weeping friends attempted to direct and help them, but in their frantic efforts more often hindered.

The nuns were very kind to her, but she was a cripple for life. For many dreadful hours she had been under the shade. She heard church bells all over the town tolling for the dead. She heard of the long processions of hearse; of the weeping multitude that lined the way; of the awe that hushed the city; and knew she was not alone in her suffering.

When she could be moved her mother took her home, and she sat in her invalid chair while she heard Marjorie's blithe voice as she moved about the house in her holiday time, and she rejoiced that by taking her place for a week she had warded off this affliction from her.

When Marjorie returned to school she received a larger salary, but, better than that, she began to take a loving interest in her scholars. They were Hester's last associations with the outer world.

THE TURNING POINT.

Boys, never be ashamed to pray. Never shrink from acknowledging God. Let not the laugh and jeer of comrades deter you from the path of duty. You know not what important results depend upon your example.

Many years ago a youth named John was apprenticed in the town of Poole. John had been industriously trained by his good parents, but unobtrusively he yielded to temptations, neglected the reading of his Bible, disregarded the Sabbath, and gave up praying. Oh, he was sad when the child of many prayers refused to pray for himself! John was gradually growing from bad to worse, when

one night a new apprentice arrived. On being pointed to his little bed, the youth put down his luggage, and then, in a very silent but solemn manner, knelt down to pray. John, who was busily undressing, saw this, and the sight troubled him. He did not raise a titter, as many wicked youths would have done, but he felt ashamed of himself. Conscience troubled him, and God's Holy Spirit strove with him. It was the turning point in John's life! He began again to pray; he felt the burden of his sins to be great; he felt he sought that Saviour who died for poor sinners! He cast his helpless soul, by faith, on the atonement made on Calvary, and was enabled at length to rejoice as one of God's forgiven children. A few years afterward he began to preach to others, and he became one of the most successful and honoured ministers of the Gospel ever known. This was the Rev. John Angell James.

Boys, never be ashamed to pray; for you little know how far-reaching and beneficent may be the results of your example. —Reaper.

The Land Where We All Have Been.

BY JULIA ANNA WOLCOTT.

Oh, I know of a land where we all have been,
Yet never may go again,
Though we're women as brave as ever were seen.

Or the biggest and strongest of men.

In this wonderful land of which I sing,
We never knew toil or care;
For someone stood ready to fetch and bring,
And we were the rulers there.

Though we wore no crowns of gold or flowers,
We were kings and queens by right;
And the homage of love was always ours
From our subjects day and night.

Our royal robes were woven with care,
Our beds were silken and soft;
We lived in ease and luxury there,
And we rode in our carriage oft.

Whatever we did, the Kinglong day,
We were watched by admiring eyes,
And whatever we said or didn't say,
We were thought to be wondrous wise.

And no matter how peevish or cross we grew,
Or what tyrants we became,
There was one, at least, who loved us so true
That she worshipped us just the same.

And if we were ill, or beset by fears,
She would tend us with gentlest hand,
And soothe us by crooning sweet songs in our ears,
For we lived in Babyland.

O God, forgive us our tyranny there,
And reward, when'er it may be,
The patient and loving souls whose care
Was ours in our infancy!

THE LITTLE CHILD'S PRAYER.

A LITTLE child knelt, near the broken lattice,
Casting a glance at the sleeping form of her father, she clasped her wan hands and murmured:

"O God! make father leave his evil ways;
make him my own dear father once again.
Make mother's sad looks go away,
and make her old smile come back; but
thou wilt be done."

Just then the mother entered the room,
and taking her husband by the arm, she said:

"Hearken to Minnie she is praying."
"O God! make father love me as his
once did, and make him forsake his bad
ways," murmured the little one again.

"Oh, poor husband!" cried the mother,
"by our past joys and sorrows, by our
marriage vows, our wedded love, bright
the life of our little one. Oh! let us all be
happy again."

The conscience-stricken man bowed his
head and wept, then clasping his hands he
said:

"With God's help, you will never be
made to sorrow on my account again."
And he kept his vow.

TEACHER (explaining that the earth is round). "Tommy, what country on the globe is China underneath?" Tommy (who reads the newspapers). "Japan."