

**The Rock-Tomb of Bradore.**

A DREAM and desolate shore!  
Where no tree unfolds its leaves,  
And never the spring wind weaves  
Green grass for the hunter's tread;  
A land forsaken and dead,  
Where the ghostly icebergs go  
And come with the ebb and flow  
Of the waters of Bradore!

A wanderer, from a land  
By summer breezes fanned,  
Looked around him, awed, subdued,  
By the dreadful solitude,  
Hearing alone the cry  
Of sea-birds clanging by,  
The crash and grind of the floe,  
Wail of wind and wash of tide.  
"O wretched land!" he cried,  
"Land of all the lands the worst,  
God-forsaken and cursed;  
Thy gates of rock should show  
The words the Tuscan seer  
Read in the Realm of Woe:  
—Hope entereth not here!"

Lo! at his feet there stood  
A block of smooth larch wood  
Beside a rock-cloved cave  
By nature fashioned for a grave,  
Safe from the ravaging bear  
And fierce fowl of the air,  
Wherein to rest was laid  
A twenty-summers' maid  
Whose blood had equal share  
Of the lands of vine and snow,  
Half-French, half-Eskimo.  
In letters uneffaced,  
Upon the block were traced  
The grief and hope of man,  
And thus the legend ran:  
"We loved her!  
Words cannot tell how well!  
We loved her!  
God loved her!  
And called her home to peace and rest.  
We love her!"

The stranger paused and read.  
"O winter land!" he said,  
"Thy right to be I own;  
God leaves thee not alone,  
And if the fierce winds blow  
Over thy waste of rock and snow,  
And at thy iron gates  
The ghostly iceberg waits,  
Thy homes and hearts are dear;  
Thy sorrow o'er thy sacred dust  
Is sanctified by hope and trust;  
God's love and man's are here.  
Still whoso'er it goes  
Love makes its atmosphere.  
Its flowers of Paradise  
Take root in the eternal ice,  
And bloom through Polar snows!"

**Speak a Word.**

As a grown person you have peculiar influence over children. They look up to you. They have a measure of respect for you. Your years give you authority. Your size impresses them. You may, if you will, have great power over them.

In view of this possibility, make it a point to speak often to children. Salute them. Advise them. Help them.

But be careful what you speak. Children detect all attempts to "patronize" them, and they resent it. Children don't like to be made butts of ridicule. They see through and detest all flippancy. They know when you "fool with" them, as they call it. Good cheer, hearty fun, a reasonable amount of raillery, they appreciate. But remember that serious words are not unacceptable to the liveliest children. They heed and treasure up for years plain, kind, earnest counsels and appeals.

Your word wisely spoken may tend to correct bad habits in a child; to determine his educational aims; to secure from him thoughtfulness toward his parents, and, better than all, may lead him to seek and serve the Lord all his days.

Speak to the children. — *Sunday School Journal.*

**Lessons on Living.**

**Be of use in the world.** This is the true aim of life. In use, one not only blesses his kind, but builds up within himself, under God's grace, a true character—based in love, and broadened and beautified by love.

**Be busy in the pursuit of things spiritual.** Thus you best resist and overcome the baser things of self, of the flesh, of this world, and of "the prince of the power of the air."

**Be brave in your battle of life.** Hold on and hold out. Look up and press forward. You will yet come up to victory and coronation out of agony and struggle.

**Be firm in purpose.** God's grace works miracles through man's resolve. Therefore resolve and resist, and be busy, and be useful, and pray and trust, and wait and win! God crown you!

**What Jesus May Say.**

Two young girls were walking leisurely home from school one pleasant day in early autumn, when one thus addressed the other: "Edith Willis, what will the girls say when they hear you have invited Maggie Kelly to your party?" Edith was silent for a moment, and then, raising her soft blue eyes to those of her companion, she replied, "Ella, when mamma told me to invite Maggie, I asked her the same question. She told me it made no difference what the girls said who thought Maggie quite beneath them because she was poor and her school-bills were paid by my father; and she asked me if I would like to hear what Jesus would say. So she took her Bible and read to me these words: 'And the King shall answer and say unto them, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.'"

Ah, little readers! never ask what this and that one will say while you are doing what is right, but what Jesus, your King, will say on the glorious resurrection morning that will soon dawn upon us. — *Selected.*

At the Sunday evening service at Cooper Union, December 9th, Pastor Freshman baptized a Hungarian Israelite. When the usual questions were put to him, he gave a short and complete statement of his reasons of belief in Christianity. Week after week souls are being gathered in. This month has opened encouragingly. On both the Sundays now passed the rite of baptism has been administered. May God continue to give the increase!

The Bible Revision Committee is gradually bringing its work toward completion, and it is now expected that the Revised Old Testament will be issued in the spring.

A GENTLEMAN was giving a boy some peanuts the other day. The mother said: "Now what are you going to say to the gentleman?" The little fellow looked up and replied: "More!"

REV. JACOB FRESHMAN, 25 Seventh Street, New York, the superintendent of the Hebrew Christian work in that city, makes his second annual report. It shows a slow but positive growth, and contains a number of very affecting personal experiences related by Christianized Hebrews.

**No Answer but a Kiss.**

Our home is bright and joyous now,  
Dear mother smiles again;  
No shade of care is on her brow,  
Her heart is free from pain.  
I often wonder who or what  
Has turned our grief to bliss;  
But I can get no answer yet  
From mother but a kiss.

When father's footsteps now I hear  
I do not try to hide,  
But run to meet him, take his hand,  
And tattle by his side;  
Oh tell me, tell me, who or what  
Could make a change like this?  
For I can get no answer yet  
From mother but a kiss.

One night—I know 'twas but a dream—  
I saw a happy band;  
An angel standing in their midst,  
Held father by the hand.  
O tell me what does "Temperance" mean?  
'Twas written on her brow—  
As plainly as when in my dream  
I think I see it now.

I tried to ask dear father once;  
A tear stole down his cheek,  
He pressed me fondly in his arms,  
And sighed, but did not speak.  
Sometimes I think this angel is  
The cause of all our bliss;  
But I can get no answer yet  
From mother but a kiss.

**An Indian Superstition.**

ONE of the superstitions of the Indians living on the plains of the West is that a man killed in the dark will dwell in darkness throughout eternity.

"This, for the white man," writes an army officer, "is a most fortunate belief, and materially lessens the dangers and labours of the troops. With their stealth, craft, patience, and knowledge of country, the Indians would be truly terrible in night attacks."

"As it is, such an attack is very rare, and when decided upon, is invariably made by moonlight."

"They will crawl into a camp and steal horses, and may sometimes fire a few shots into it from a distance. But on a dark night there is little danger to be apprehended, even though surrounded by hostile Indians."

**Creep Afore ye Gang.**

In passin' thro' this world o' cares,  
Hoo often dae we feel  
Sad an' forlorn 'neath Fortune's scorn;  
E'en Reason seems to reel.  
Yet we an'd ever bear in mind  
That He wha dis nae wrang  
Has made a law that ane an' a'  
Maun creep afore they gang.  
Sae creep afore ye gang,  
Jist creep afore ye gang.  
An' dinna let yer heed hing down  
Tho' griefs the bosom thrang;  
For bit by bit ye'll yet come roun',  
Then creep afore ye gang.

We've a' oor sorrows mair or less  
Oor lifetime tae endure,  
But oh, how hard it is for some  
A leevin' tae secure;  
Yet mony rise tae eminence  
Who sat in sorrow lang.  
An' sae may we, gin we've the sense  
Tae creep afore we gang.

BETTER bow your head than break your neck!

REV. STEPHEN GLADSTONE, son of William E. Gladstone, receives a salary of 7,000 pounds (\$35,000) from his rectory of Hawarden, a larger amount than the British government pays to its great prime minister. It is the possibility of incomes like this in the established church which places so strong weapons in the hands of those who are seeking reform by placing the Church of England on the same plane with other religious organizations.

**Puzzledom!**

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

- 73.—Spare, pare, are, re, e.  
74.—Mice, ice.  
75.—Bend, at, kill, old.  
Be kind to all.  
Ark, by, asp, ruby.  
Asbury Park.  
76.—Sheridan.  
77.—Mahogany, Benton.

**NEW PUZZLES.**

78.—CHARADES.

1. Almost; a metal; a state of hilarity. A bird.
2. Part of a shoe; resentment. A severe extortioner.
3. An instrument for writing; a pronoun; a temporary dwelling. Repentant.

79.—DECAPITATIONS.

1. A particle of fire; a garden; a boat.
2. Uncovered; part of a verb; a coin.
3. To delight; injury; part of the body.

THE secret of success is to know how to deny yourself and other people.

SOMEbody once said that Gladstone was the only man in Parliament who could talk in italics.

LONGFELLOW said, "In the world a man must be either anvil or hammer." He was wrong, however. Lots of men are nothing but bellows.

Nor that which goes into the mouth desecrates a man, but that which comes out of it, such as sarcasms, bitter jests, mocks and taunts, and ill-natured observations.

THE boys and girls of to-day are no worse than the boys and girls of a century back of us; but the demands of society take from woman the time and strength which the old-time mothers used in home-making.

ANOTHER New York policeman has just been assaulted. It is a very cowardly piece of business, this jumping on a man when he is asleep.

A PREACHER remarked on Sunday that it was said that the spirit of liberalism was creeping into all the churches. "If that's so," he continued, "I hope it will soon strike the contribution boxes."

MINISTERS in New England, notwithstanding some of them receive very large salaries, only average as follows: Methodists, \$560; Baptists, a trifle more; Presbyterians, \$740; Episcopalians, \$900.

THE *Sunday-school Times* is responsible for this: "At a dress parade of a coloured regiment, during the civil war, the chaplain who had been accustomed to conduct prayers at that time was not in place. Thereupon the colonel said that if there was a preacher in the ranks he might step forward. Promptly one hundred and sixteen preachers advanced from the line."

A PROFESSOR, who got very angry at the interruption of a workingman while he was explaining the operation of a machine in a factory, strolled away in a huff, and asked another man: "Who is that fellow who pretends to know more than I do about that instrument?" "Oh, he is the man that invented it," was the answer.