

God and the Eight.

BY DR. NORMAN MACLEOD.

COURAGE, brother, do not stumble,
Though thy path is dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble—
"Trust in God and do the right."

Let the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight,
Foot it bravely, strong or weary;
"Trust in God and do the right."

Perish "policy" and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light;
Whether losing, whether winning,
"Trust in God and do the right."

Trust no forms of guilty passion—
Fiends can look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion—
"Trust in God and do the right."

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man and look above thee—
"Trust in God and do the right."

Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward light,
Star upon our path abiding—
"Trust in God and do the right."

PUTTING OFF FROM SHORE.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

"HAS Walter come in, Susan?"
"No, ma'am, not as I knows of: I ain't
heard the front door."

"Very well, Susan; put out the lights and
go to bed. I will wait until he gets home."

The maid-of-all-work went off to see that
the windows were fastened for the night, and
the back door bolted.

"It's a cryin' shame 'bout that boy," mut-
tered Susan; "he don't give his poor mother
an hour's peace. If he was mine, I 'low I'd
lam him well."

Mrs. Lockett heard this covert piece of
advice, but took no notice of it, except to
shake her head mournfully. The day was
past when a whipping could be thought of for
her refractory boy, who was now a tall, well-
grown fellow of fifteen.

Just when this son had begun to resist his
widowed mother's authority she could not
tell, perhaps he could not have told himself.
She had been poor and hard-worked, and
there were five younger than Walter to
be fed and clothed and looked after;
and so she did not realize, as the weary
days went by, that little by little he was
straining the leash of her authority until it
was ready to snap.

In fact, the break came that very night.
Mrs. Lockett sat in her chamber, or walked
up and down the floor, for hours before she
heard the latch-key turned in the front door.
Again and again she had prayed aloud in the
intensity of her feeling, that God would show
her what to do, and now her mind seemed to
be made up.

"Walter," she said, opening her door when
she heard his footfall on the stair, "please
step here a minute; I want to speak to you."

The boy came slowly, as if half-minded not
to heed the request. "Well," he said, in a
surlly tone, standing in the doorway, "what
do you want, mother?"

"I want you to come in and sit down; I
have something to say to you."

"I'm sleepy; I want to go to bed," he
muttered.

"What I have to say will probably wake
you up," she said, quietly; "come in."

Walter threw himself into a chair near the
door, and his mother continued: "You think
I am going to scold you, or question you, or
beg you to lead a different life; you are mis-
taken: I have tried these plans, and failed.
Only to-night at supper time, I told you not
to leave the house, and you flatly refused to
obey me. Now, my son, nobody can live in
my house and not render me respectful
obedience: it is due to the other children that
I insist upon your ceasing to live with us."

She might well say that Walter would
wake up! He felt stunned for an instant, and
then furiously angry.

"What do you want me to do?" he said,
roughly.

"Why should you ask me, my son? Have
you shown any willingness to do what I
wanted you to do? You will have to find
work, of course; something to support your-
self. I invite you to stay with me until you
succeed in finding a job."

There was a little silence, and then Walter
said, "Is that all you have to say?"

"Not quite," she answered, and now her
voice trembled, and the tears poured like rain
over her cheeks. "You are angry now,
over her checks. "You are angry now,
Walter, and you would not receive my
affection kindly, but I want you to remember

that I love you devotedly, my son; that I am
always ready to help you in any way that
you will ask of me, even while you are living
away from me, and that it would give me joy
like that the angels feel, if you should make
up your mind to come back to me, as a true
and obedient son."

Walter did not reply: his eyes were
smarting with tears that he would not shed;
the lump in his throat almost choked him,
and he was tempted to submit. But he had
been chafing at his mother's authority for
more than a year, and was sore and resentful.

She came up and kissed him quietly on the
forehead. "Good-night, my son," she said;
"I had hoped that you would ask my for-
giveness first; but I see I must ask yours:
I surely must have failed in my duty to you
somewhere, or this behaviour would have
been impossible to you."

Walter got up and left the room without a
word, and the next day began what proved
to be a long and disheartening search for
work. His mother helped him in this effort
as much as possible, and maintained a kind
and friendly attitude to him, but as he made
no advances toward being reinstated upon his
old relation, she kept him steadily to her
intention that he should now undertake his
own support.

Far away to the north, in the dark waters
of the Polar Sea, rides a gallant sealing
vessel, with tall spars and iron-shod bows,
her lower timbers roughly hacked by battles
with the ice. There was no ice in sight at
present, but a chaos of water-mountains
tumbling and swirling like giants at play.

The deck of the sealer was an active place;
orders were being shouted and responded to
by hurrying, tramping feet; chains were
rattling, and the rigging creaked dismally as
the wind roared through it.

"It's going to blow a sneezer, lad," said a
grim old sailor to a young hand beside him,
but before the words were fairly out of his
mouth, he was responding to his captain's
order for service, with a ringing "Ay, ay,
sir!"

The boy was left standing hard by the
backstay, alone, for a little while, watching
his first fierce storm at sea, when suddenly
the captain's voice came booming along the
deck, "Away aloft, and reef topsails."

The boy looked about him, there was not
an unoccupied hand on deck except himself;
clearly he must go up.

For weeks of smooth sailing he had been
practising going aloft, but as he looked up
now at the sailors working away at the stiff,
heavy sails, they seemed about as big as cats
in a tree-top, and it is small wonder if his
heart failed him. Yet go he must.

The fact was, the rapidly increasing dark-
ness, the volumes of spray dashing over the
ship, and the confusion of passing and re-
passing sailors kept the captain from recog-
nizing the new hand: but—

"His not to make reply,
His not to reason why,
His but to do—"

And, alas! it seemed only too certain that
it would be his to die, also; for when only
half-way up, a fresh squall struck the vessel,
she heeled over, and losing his grip of the
icy cordage, the poor lad fell into the sea,
striking the rail as he fell.

"Man overboard!" bawled the captain;
but the grim sailor, who had a strong liking
for this latest apprentice, had already buckled
on a life belt, put the rope's end into a com-
rade's hand, and was in the water himself.

There seemed but a slim chance that the
bold rescuer should be able to pick up the
stunned boy, but by God's mercy he did, and
placed him safely in the crib lowered to
receive him, climbing up himself by the stout
hawser, with a nimbleness you would not
have thought possible in so clumsy-looking a
creature.

But storms pass, even in Polar seas, and
the ship was now sighting "the country," as
sailors call the sealing ground, or rather the
great ice-pack dotted with millions of black
seals and little yellow "puppy" seals.

The boy, however, was not aloft, gazing at
the exciting spectacle, as he had intended to
be. Instead, he was lying weak and suffering
in his bunk below, and by him sat his grim
sailor.

"I don't think I'll ever make port again,
Gerlach," said the boy's weak voice, "and I
want you to take a message to my mother."

The sailor nodded dumbly. In his opinion
Walter Lockett was fast making for that port
from which no bark has ever put back.

"Tell her," said the boy, trying to rally his
strength, "that she must not grieve at send-
ing me away. It was the only thing that
made me see what it was to have a home and
a mother. When I left her I had a rough
time; each master that I took service under
was harder on me than the last. I had to
obey them on the spot, and for their interest,
not mine. Oh! how often I called myself a

fool for thinking it hard to obey my mother's
gentle voice, never raised against me, but
always speaking in love, and for my good. I
soon saw that God had given me that good
mother as the best thing that even he could
do for me, and I had been too low-down a
fellow to see what a chance I had until I
lost it."

"Why didn't you go back, lad?"

"I made up my mind to go back, but I was
foolish enough to want to do something fine
first. I liked well enough to think of going
back to her, after I had made a man of my-
self, but you see that was part of the same
proud, foolish spirit."

His voice sank away, and his comrade was
dumb; he did not know how to speak the
tenderness he felt.

"You must tell her," he began again, "that
God heard her prayers for me. When he
found he couldn't do anything with me as
long as I thought I could do for myself, he
just laid me out in this old bunk, and there I
had to learn my lesson. She'll know what I
mean; she tried to make me give up trusting
myself, and leave it all to her Saviour. Well,
that's it, Gerlach—that's what you are to tell
her; and that every hour now I say the little
prayer she wrote in my Bible:

"O Saviour! I have naught to plead,
In earth beneath or heaven above,
But just my own exceeding need,
And thy exceeding love."

"Here, Sam! call the surgeon, quick,"
cried the sailor, for he thought the boy had
taken his prayer to the other side of the river
of death.

But he had only fainted, and, do you know,
not many days after they had him out in the
sunshine, on deck, and in a few weeks he was
able to be up all day. For life does not
easily yield the fort in youth, and it begins
to look now as if Walter would be able to
carry his own messages, and so, perhaps,
help those little brothers to learn without
such hard schooling, that next to loving and
obeying God, the sweetest service on earth
(and indeed it is of the same piece), is loving
and obeying mother.

HOW TO BECOME A RUNNER.

BY S. SCOVILLE, JR.

RUNNING is one of the best of exercises
for the whole body. It rounds out a hol-
low chest, drives the oxygen into the
farthest air-cells of the lungs, wonderfully
increases their capacity, and develops the
leg, thigh, stomach, and waist muscles.
But it must be learned just as skating,
swimming, and bicycling have to be
learned, and there are two things that
must be kept in mind by the learner. The
first is—whether in sprinting, distance, or
cross-country running—to run entirely on
the ball of the foot, or, as they say on the
track, "Get up on your toes!" By strik-
ing on the ball of the foot, which is a sort of
natural spring-board, the runner takes a
longer stride, and the spring that he gets
enables him to lift his foot more rapidly
and repeat the stride more quickly than
the runner who goes flat-footed. As length
and rapidity of stride are what give speed
in running, it follows that a flat-footed
runner can never be a fast one. Another
reason against pounding away flat-footed
is that the delicate mechanism of the ankle,
knee, and hip is jarred and may in time be
injured.

The second point for a runner to observe
is his method of breathing. Breathe
through both the nose and mouth. Nearly
every boy when he first begins to run has
the insane idea that all the breathing must
be done through the nose. There was
never a greater mistake. When a boy
runs his heart beats much faster than it
does ordinarily, and pumps out just so
much more blood. All this must be
aerated or purified by air from the lungs.
The oppression that one feels when begin-
ning to run is due to the lungs demanding
more air for the extra quantity of blood
which the heart is sending out. Nature
has looked out for this and provided a way
by which air can be furnished to the lungs
very rapidly. It is a very simple way, and
consists of merely opening the mouth.
Breathe, then, through the nose in ordi-
nary life as much as possible, but when you
are running or exercising violently open
the mouth and take in air in deep, rapid
breaths, not gulping it in through the
mouth alone, but letting the mouth and
nose have each their share.

Take as long a stride as possible, but
without overbalancing the body. Bend

the body slightly from the hips; for if it
be held too erect the stride will be short-
ened. Let the bent arms swing easily and
naturally a little above the level of the
hips, swinging out and back with every
stride. This keeps the muscles loose, pre-
vents them from becoming tired so easily
as they would if held rigid, and balances
the body better. Take especial pains to
keep the body from being stiff; let it
swing as easily and lithely as possible. In
sprinting the stride is shorter and more
rapid than in long-distance running, and a
sprinter usually runs with body thrown
farther back, in quite different form from
the long, easy lope of the distance runner.
—St. Nicholas.

Procrastination.

WHEN I'm a woman you'll see what I'll do:
I'll be great and good and noble and true,
I'll visit the sick and relieve the poor;
No one shall ever be turned from my door;
But I'm only a little girl now,
And so the years pass on.

When I'm older I'll have more time
To think of heaven and things sublime.
My time is now full of studies and play;
But I really mean to begin some day;
But I'm only a little child now,
And so the years pass on.

When I'm a woman, a gay maiden said,
I'll try to do right and not be afraid;
I'll be a Christian, and give up the joys
Of the world with all its dazzling toys;
But I'm only a young girl now,
And so the years pass on.

Ah, me! sighed a woman gray with years,
Her heart full of cares and doubts and fears,
I've kept putting off the time to do good
Instead of beginning to do as I should;
But I'm an old woman now,
And so the years pass on.

Now is the time to begin to do right.
To-day, whether skies be dark or bright,
Make others happy by good deeds of love,
Looking to Jesus for help from above;
And then you'll be happy now,
And as the years pass on.

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To the Merciful.

AMONG the noblest in the land,
Though he may count himself the least,
That man I honour and revere
Who, without favour, without fear,
In the great city dares to stand
The friend of every friendless beast.

—Longfellow.

No troubles are so great that they can-
not be built into the steps of the staircase
by which souls mount up to heaven.