

lack of fur, and had made her the perfect possession of a muff.

Many comfortably-clad figures passed my window that cold December day, with hands buried in all varieties of cosy muffs—fur, velvet, satin—but not one seemed half so conscious of being well clad, or smiled with half such proud content, as my little ragged girl with her bare feet and paper muff.—
Anon.

SNOW IN TOWN AND IN THE COUNTRY.

L. W. H. WILLOW, D.D.

ALL night the snow came down, all night,
Silent, and soft, and silvery white;
Gentle robing in spotless folds
Town, and tower, and treeless wolds;
On homes of the living and graves of the dead,

Where each sleeper lies in his narrow bed,
On the city's roofs, on the marts of trade;
On rustic hamlet and forest glade.

When the morn arose, all bright and fair,
A wondrous vision gleamed through the air;
The world, transfigured, and glorified,
Shone like the blessed and holy Bride;
The fair, new earth, made free from sin,
All pure without and pure within
Arrayed in robes of spotless white,
For the Heavenly Bridegroom, in glory
dight.

But, ah! not yet hath that blessed morn
Dawned on our weary world, forlorn,
When clothed in her bridal garments white
She shall stand redeemed in heaven's pure
light;

For, trampled upon by a thousand feet,
Hurrying to and fro in the street;
In the crowded mart, mid the city's din,
In the haunts of shame, the abodes of sin,

All marred and soiled is that whiteness pure,
Beyond retrieving and past all cure;
The virgin snow is befouled and stained,
Its purity all besmirched, profaned;
Save in some quiet sequestered spot,
Where the rush and scuffle of life are not;
Screened from polluting dust and soot,
And defiling tread of vagrant foot.

The snow in the country lieth white,
Dazzling and pure in the morning light;
Softly flushing with sunset's gold,
Spectral and ghastly 'neath moonlight cold;
A scarce-stained path from house to barn
Save this, untrodden is the broad farm;
A single track leads o'er the hill,
All sounds of life are hushed and still.

So, human nature, amid the strife
Of the crowded city's toilsome life,
Is marred and stained by the subtle spell
Of keen temptations, fierce and fell,
That trample beneath their soiling feet
Its virgin purity, fair and sweet,
Till, oft defiled by sin and shame,
Its virtue is gone beyond reclaim.

Yet some there are who keep unstained
Their heart's pure treasure, their lives un-
shamed;

Although temptation and sin abound
On every side, and hem them round.
Amid the country's sequestered life,
Remote from the city's din and strife,
Temptation doth assail the truth,
And virgin innocence of youth.

Yet, no condition is wholly blest;
Not upon earth and we perfect rest;
Neither in town nor country life
Is wholly free from sin and strife;
Neither wholly pure, nor wholly vile,
In crowded city or lonely isle;
Only in heaven, home of the soul,
Is respite for sad from sorrow and dole,
TORONTO, Ont.

CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

Our heavenly Father, hear us now,
And help us keep this sacred vow;
Though we are young,
O, make us strong
Always to fight against the wrong.

Bless these who join our band to-day,
That they may never from thee stray;
Can keep them pure:
Help them to stand
For God and Home and Native Land.

A TRUE HERO.

A STORM at sea! On the huge waves, rolling solemnly onward before the shrieking north-east wind, rode the good steamship *Persian Monarch*; rising, falling, plunging deep into the foaming waters, emerging bravely, with white cataracts pouring from her ice-coated bows, always surging forward, forward, toward the West, her hot heart beating fiercely, and her iron lungs panting with hoarse breaths, shuddering under the booming of the seas against the hull, quivering, lurching to this side and that,—still onward though at a snail's pace, towards the West. One day, two days, three days,—still the gale blew from the north-east; and the *Persian Monarch*, staunch from stem to stern, fought her way through the vast hill-country of mid-ocean.

On the fourth day, watchful eyes that had not closed for many an hour noticed that she laboured more heavily, that she was settling slightly; careful ears heard an odd sound of irregular blows, now and then in the hold, as if some of the cargo had broken loose.

The cabin passengers thought they noticed a scared look on the steward's face as he passed to and fro.

"Do you think anything's happened?" whispered Arthur, clinging to Aunt Jean, who, in her turn, was holding fast to a bolted rail in the main saloon.

"I don't know, dear. Nothing very bad could happen, I suppose, in the 'hollow of His hand!'"

"But, I'm afraid! Oh, what a wave! See,—there's the last lamp gone, broken to smash!"

"Aunt Jean," he said again, presently, "I wonder if the captain really knows how to manage the ship! He didn't seem to care much how it sailed that day we were on deck. And do you remember how stupid the men all looked—specially the one that went about nailing things? I think—oh, dear! hold on tight!—he'd better be helping pull ropes or something, to sail the ship."

In the captain's deck stateroom a hurried consultation was in progress among the officers of the vessel. It had been discovered that the strong wooden coverings over the lowest starboard port-holes forward had been wrenched from their fastenings, breaking the iron hinges short off. At every lurch of the ship, the sea poured through the openings by the ton.

Nineteen feet of water was reported already in the forward compartment of the hold, where great casks and bales were floating and crashing against each other like wild beasts at play. What could be done? The second officer spoke, hurriedly, for he was needed on deck:

"The carpenter says he'll go down, sir, and try to stop the holes with some of those raw hides from the cargo."

"A man can't live there five minutes."

"He says he'll try, sir."

"Send him down, then."

It was a life's risk, to cross the slanting, sea-washed deck, where the danger could be seen. But in that black hold, with twenty feet of treacherous water beneath, above, on every side, roaring to and fro—

The carpenter, like the Carpenter of Nazareth, thought only of the lives he was to save,—a hundred and fifty-three souls on board the *Persian*

Monarch,—a thousand miles from land.

Holding the skins under one arm, he stepped down the ladder, one, two, three rounds; then the water came up round his feet.

"Look out, Bob!" screamed his shipmates, above the roar of the storm. But he was gone, swimming fiercely through the blackness toward the nearest port-hole. He catches the brazen rim, and clings. The ship settles deeply into the ocean, on her starboard side. Six feet of water over the carpenter's head as he clings to the port-hole! Now she lifts again, and the man works rapidly, thrusting the unwieldy folds of the cumbersome hide into the cruel opening, through which he catches sight of the tossing waters outside. Again and again he is torn from his hold, buried fathom-deep, bruised and half-crushed by a great cask; once he returns to the deck, again, but only for his tools and a moment's rest. Then back again into that awful blackness and tumult, swimming, clinging, enduring, working, for how long! Twenty minutes! Forty! For three hours and a half—and the ship is safe.

The cabin passengers knew nothing of all this at the time; but the story was afterward told, and you can find it in the morning papers of December 28, 1865. For it's true, every word.

THE INDIANS AND THE GOSPEL.

BY THE REV. A. ANDREWS.

YESTERDAY a traveller was coming by stage from Fort McLeod to Lethbridge. He halted at Kipp, the half-way-house, for dinner. Here he met a gentleman who has been engaged in taking out timber in the mountains for the Galt coal mining company of this town. He said "that in the course of one of his trips in the foothills he came across a number of lodges of Mountain Stoneys. He had always looked upon Indians as savages, with thievish tendencies; always to be watched, if not dreaded by the white man. It was Sabbath morning, and to his surprise he found that while he and his party were travelling on business, these Indians were engaged in Christian worship. They sang several hymns, the tunes of which were familiar to him, and although he did not know a word they said, yet he found that the singing was correct and beautiful." Here were Indians 150 miles from their missionary, and their reserve; I suppose they were hunting in the mountains for food supplies, yet they remembered the Sabbath day to keep it holy. The gospel, verily, had not been lost on them.

But this was not all. The stranger went on to say—"Some time after this we were deeper in the mountains, travelling with the camp supply of provisions, mainly packed on the backs of horses. He was with the forward horses; presently one of the men from behind shouted to him saying that a side of bacon had been lost off one of the horses. It was hardly worth while going back, he thought, it might be some distance, and perhaps the Indians had found it, and so they might as well go on, especially as they probably had enough provisions without it. Presently an Indian came up at a great haste, bringing the lost bacon; having found it he had travelled several miles to restore the property. I was

astounded at the honesty of the Indian, and told him to keep it as, he had well earned the bacon; of course the Indian took it back with a glad heart." Many similar instances might be given of the honesty of our Ch. Indian Indians in this great North West; and to-day the cry of the hour from the children of the plains is, "Come over and help us with the Gospel." What shall the answer be!

LETHBRIDGE, ALBERTA, N. W. T.

THE POWER OF GENTLENESS.

It is related that a belated stranger stayed all night at a farmer's house. He noticed that a slender little girl, by her gentle ways, had a great influence in the house. She seemed to be a bringer of peace and goodwill to the rough ones in the household. She had power over animals also, as the following shows: The farmer was going to town next morning, and agreed to take the stranger with him. The family came out to see them start. The farmer gathered up the reins, and with a jerk said: "Dick, go 'long!" But Dick didn't "go 'long." The whip cracked about the pony's ears, and he shouted: "Dick, you rascal, get up!" It availed not. Then came down the whip with a heavy hand, but the stubborn beast only shook his head silently. A stout lad came out and seized the bridle, and pulled and yanked and kicked the rebellious pony, but not a step would he move. At this crisis a sweet voice said, "Willie, don't do so." The voice was quickly recognized. And now the magic hand was laid on the neck of the seemingly incorrigible animal, and a simple low word was spoken. Instantly the rigid muscles relaxed, and the air of stubbornness vanished. "Poor Dick," said the sweet voice, as she stroked and patted softly his neck with the childlike hand. "Now go 'long, you naughty fellow," in a half-chiding, but in a tender voice as she drew slightly on the bridle. The pony turned and rubbed his head against her arm for a moment and started off at a cheerful trot and there was no further trouble that day. The stranger remarked to the farmer, "What a wonderful power that hand possesses!" The reply was, "O she is good! Everybody and everything loves her."

CANADIAN GIRLS.

It is pleasant to tarry among people, says Robert Burdette referring to his recent visit to Toronto, whose girls wear arctic when they wade through the snow. Our fair Canadian cousins have no dread of comfort. The snow has no terrors for them; they dress for the storm as sensibly as for the reception. They dress prettily. And if there is a prettier figure on the North American Continent than a daughter of Canada, appraised for the ice or the toboggan slide, herself a part of the snow-drifted landscape, a picture of health and comfort that fairly softens the piercing wind into a sense of warmth, I have not seen it. She dresses in perfect harmony with the winter and landscape, she has a complexion clear as the ice of Ontario, and her warm blood shines through it rich as the flush of aurora, graceful and free in every movement—when you look at her you forget there is such a thing as a roller rink or an American banker in Canada.