

at Grandmother's.

BY REV. A. W. H. KATON.

Under the shade of the poplars still,
Larks and locusts in clumps between,
Roses over the window-sill,
Is the dear old house, with its door of green.

Never were seen such spotless floors,
Never such shining rows of tin,
When the rose-leaf odours that came
Thro' the doors,
Told of the peaceful life within.

Here is the room where the children
Slept,
Grandmother's children tired with play,
And the famous drawer where the cakes
Were kept,
Shrewsberry cookies and cataway.

The garden walls where the children ran
To smell the flowers and learn their
Names,
The children thought, since the world
Began,
Were never such garden walks for
Games.

There were tulips and asters in regular
Lines,
Sweet-williams and marigolds on their
Stalks,
Bachelor's buttons and sweet pea vines,
And box that bordered the narrow
Walks.

Pure white lilies stood cornerwise,
From sunflowers yellow and popples
Red,
And the summer pinks looked up in sur-
prise
At the kingly hollyhocks overhead.

Morning glories and larkspurs stood
Close to the neighbourly daffodil,
'Cabbage roses and southernwood
Roamed thro' the beds at their own
Sweet will.

Many a year has passed since then,
Grandmother's house is empty and
Still,
Grandmother's babies have grown to
Men,
And the roses grow wild o'er the win-
dow-sill.

Never again shall the children meet
Under the poplars grey and tall,
Never again shall the careless feet
Dance thro' the rose-leaf scented hall.

Grandmother's welcome is heard no more,
And the children are scattered far and
Wide,
And the world is a larger place than of
yore,
But hallowed memories still abide.

And the children are better men to-day
For the cakes and rose-leaves and gar-
den walks,
And the grandmother's welcome so far
away,
And the old sweet-williams on their
stalks.

ORONJE'S PLACE OF EXILE.

BY EDGAR L. VINCENT.

The fact that the defeated Boer Gen-
eral Cronje has been banished to the
island of St. Helena brings that pictur-
esque spot once more into public atten-
tion. Probably very few of us, when
boys and girls, have not hunted up the
island in our geographies and spoken of
it as the place of Napoleon's exile; but,
after all, not many of us knew much
about it beyond that.

As the traveller approaches St. Helena,
about all he sees in the distance is a
sheer wall of cliffs from five hundred to
one thousand feet in height. The island
from these rocky shores slopes backward
and upward until, in one point—that of
High Hill—it reaches the height of 2,822
feet. Through the abrupt walls one
finds, on coming nearer to the shore,
many deep clefts of varying width; and
it is through some of these that the
ascent to the real island is made. Still,
after these ravines have been discovered,
the problem of how to reach the summit
above has by no means been solved.
Man's ingenuity has not been staggered
even by this question, however, and we
find steep wooden steps in places stretch-
ing upward six hundred feet or more.
Ladder Hill is named from one of these
wonderful flights of stairs. Think of
setting out to climb a pair of stairs six
hundred feet in length! or shall I say
in height?

When we are once up, we find our-
selves on a little knob of land hardly
fifty square miles in extent, the surface
of which is broken everywhere, so that
the largest plateau is only large enough
to make the neighbouring peaks seem

all the more peaked. Perched up here
are a few scattered villages, the largest
of which is Jamestown, the capital, num-
bering at the last census 2,500.

We wonder what the people of the
island can possibly find to busy them-
selves about, and are told that this is a
thing which gives the inhabitants not
a little trouble. In years gone by, St.
Helena depended upon the money gained
from furnishing provisions and other
supplies to the ships which touched at
its port, for it was on the direct route
from the East to England, but when the
Suez Canal was opened, in 1869, ships no
longer visited the island, and real pov-
erty befell the people. Many of the in-
habitants have gone away to other
homes, the population having fallen off
from 6,444 in 1871, to 4,116 twenty years
later, and these last figures include a
garrison of English soldiers kept there
to see that no one runs away with St.
Helena while the British lion is busy
somewhere else.

Some of the people are farmers in a
very small way. They grow good pota-
toes, apples, pears, grapes, and ban-
anas. Coffee, tea, sugarcane, and cotton
are also raised to some extent.

How did St. Helena come to be where
it is? we wonder; and geologists have
answered the question for us. They say
the island is part of an old volcano.
So far as we know, Juan Castella, a Por-
tuguese explorer, first set foot on St.
Helena in 1502. Natives of Portugal,
deserting from the service of the king,
first settled it. Then came a few es-



HARBOUR OF ST. HELENA.

aped slaves, but their retreat was soon
discovered, and almost all on the island
were put to death by the Portuguese
monarch. An Englishman, Sir Thomas
Cavendish, voyaging around the world
in 1588, visited the island, and found a
small town, probably built by the few
who escaped the rage of the king of
Portugal. The Dutch and the English
fought over the possession of the island,
after that, and took and retook it from
each other a number of times, but finally,
in 1673, it became the property of the
King of England, then Charles II., and
has since been subject to the crown.
Upon a plateau two thousand feet
above the level of the sea, at a farm-
house called Longwood, three miles in-
land from the capital of St. Helena, the
exiled Napoleon was confined from
October, 1815, to May, 1821. This fact
gives St. Helena its historic interest; and
no traveller ever visits the lonely isle
without having pointed out to him the
long low building in which the disap-
pointed and heart-broken emperor passed
the years of his captivity.

Persistency is to talent what steam is
to the engine. It is the driving force
by which the machine accomplishes the
work for which it was intended. A
great deal of persistency, with a very
little talent, can be counted on to go far-
ther than a great deal of talent without
persistency. It is the use we make of
what we have that counts to us for suc-
cess. Instead of wishing that we had
a gift for mathematics like the head boy,
it would be more to the point if we spent
the time in a little application calculated
to train what mathematical powers we
have.—Forward.

ONE HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR.

The projector of the new electric rail-
road between Chicago and St. Louis
seems to have provided very shrewdly
for the coveted speed of one hundred
miles an hour. Straight roads, closed
in, no grade crossings, light cars,
wedged-shaped to cut the air, with centre
of gravity exceedingly low, light engines,
no stops, a perfect block system—surely
machinery should fly, under these con-
ditions, and passengers may soon wing
their way from St. Louis to Chicago in
two and a half hours. One's first im-
pulse when such a tremendous speed is
mentioned is to cry: "Halt! Our
modern world is fast enough already.
Trade is under pressure as great as nerve
and muscle can bear. Our news comes
all too rapidly for understanding. Our
letters are answered far too promptly.
We need rest a thousand times more
than increased rapidity of motion." But
one's second thought remembers that all
improvements in transportation shorten
the distances between friends and loved
ones; bring the crowded city nearer to
the blessed country, so that the tenements
are emptied out into fresh air and
broad sunshine; cheapen food and fuel
and clothing for the poor, and knit the
sundered sections of our nation together
by more intimate ties. After all, the
swifter engines of our modern life mean
a more rapid and easy escape from the
noise and bustle of that life, and so we
bid them welcome.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.



When a serious looking gentleman
stopped old Mrs. Goodr in the street
Sunday morning and offered her a small
pamphlet, she accepted it with pleasure.



But when, at home, she became aware
of the insidious character thereof, an
advice to use Bulldog Chewing Tobacco,
she was highly indignant.

The chance to study is a privilege. It
is an opportunity to put in a good foun-
dation for what will come afterwards.
It is a chance to grow toward what God
intended. No boy or girl can refuse to
improve whatever opportunity he or she
may have, and not be sorry for it later.
—Forward.

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"Why People Go to Church."
Sir,—I recently heard a very forcible
address on "Why people go to church,"
which brought to my memory the fol-
lowing rhyme I heard more than twenty
years ago:
Some go to church just for a walk,
Some to stare, to laugh, to talk.
Some go there to meet a friend,
Some their idle time to spend.
Some for general observation,
Some for private speculation.
Some to seek or find a lover,
Some a courtship to discover.
Some go there to use their eyes,
And newest fashions criticize.
Some to show their own smart dress,
Some their neighbours to assess.
Some to scan a robe or bonnet,
Some to price the trimmings on it.
Some to learn the latest news,
That friends at home they may amuse.
Some to gossip, false or true,
Safe hid within the sheltering pew.
Some go there to please the 'squire,
Some the ladies to admire.
Some the parson go to fawn,
Some to lounge and some to yawn.
Some to claim the parish doles,
Some for bread and some for coals.
Some because 'tis thought genteel,
Some to vaunt their pious zeal.
Some to show how sweet they sing,
Some how loud their voices ring.
Some the preacher go to hear,
His style and voice to praise or jeer.
Some forgiveness to implore,
Some their sins to varnish o'er.
Some to sit and doze and nod,
But few to kneel and worship God.
—Observer.

—From an English country exchange.