

occasion alluded to, announcing that he had settled on him the sum of \$10,000, to be paid in four annual installments, of \$2,500 each. Investigation has established the fact that there is no mistake or deception in the matter.

THE TRUE RING.

WANTED, a clerk at 650 Washington Street.

This was the advertisement that appeared in one of the morning papers of a large city. Many a young fellow who had been seeking employment for weeks felt his hopes rise as he read it.

Fred Barker heard it at the breakfast table the day after it appeared; his sister Louise said, "Oh Fred! I forgot to tell you that I saw in yesterday's paper that Mitchell & Tyler want a clerk; that will be the place above all others for you. It's a splendid store. Of course you can get the place if you are not too late. You can take a letter from Uncle Horace; his influence and your appearance will settle the matter. I heard Mr. Mitchell was real fussy about his clerks, but I'm sure he can find nothing to object to in my handsome, well-dressed brother," and the sister looked admiringly at Fred's fair face, smoothed locks, and well-fitting suit.

"Perhaps I'll call around there after a while," Fred said carelessly. "Please hurry and go now, won't you?" his sister said: "I'm afraid somebody has snatched up the place before this time."

Fred finished his breakfast in a leisurely way, put a few extra touches to his already careful toilet, lighted a cigar, and sauntered forth.

"Better throw away your cigar before you go in. Mr. Mitchell may object to it," said Louise, who stood in the front door as he passed out.

"He'll have to take me as I am," Fred said with a lofty air; "all gentlemen smoke. I do not propose to be a slave to him or any other man." He called at his uncle's office on the way and procured a letter of recommendation. Thus equipped, he felt confident of success.

Just behind him there walked with brisk step a boy of fifteen, a year or two younger than himself. This was David Gregg. He, too, had seen the advertisement, and was on the way that very minute to 650 Washington Street. He was the eldest of a family of children whose father had died at the beginning of this long winter. David had tried hard to find employment, had improved every moment in doing odd jobs for anybody, had studied the papers and answered advertisements until he was well nigh discouraged. The places were sure to be filled by persons who had influential friends; he had none, for his father had removed to the city from the country only a short time before his death, and now, more because he applied for every thing he heard of than from any hope of success, he had risen very early that morning, made the fire, and while his mother was preparing breakfast, put himself in the neatest possible order to go to Mitchell & Tyler's.

When he appeared at breakfast looking so bright and so neat, his mother thought he was a son to be

proud of, the handsomest boy in the whole city, yet his face was actually homely as far as beauty of features was concerned; his clothes were coarse, and he had no fancy necktie, no flashing pin, or gold cuff-buttons like the elegant young gentleman who now walked before him.

What was the reason that among the large number of boys who filed in and out of Mitchell & Tyler's private office, no one of them had yet been selected to fill the vacant clerkship? Mr. Mitchell, the senior partner of the firm had asked some plain, straightforward questions of them—"Where do you spend your evenings?" "Do you play cards, go to the theatre?" etc.; for Mr. Mitchell had declared to his partner, "If there is a boy in the world who has good habits and right principles, I'm going to hunt him up if it takes all winter," so it turned out that many of the boys could not give satisfactory answers to the searching questions, and others, when Mr. Mitchell sounded their knowledge of figures, were not ready reckoners. They came and went one whole day, and as soon as the door was opened the next morning candidates came flocking in like birds.

And now it was Fred Barker's turn. He stood before Mr. Mitchell, his hat on his head, his cigar removed from his mouth, it is true, but the smoke thereof curling upward into the merchant's face. He presented his letter of introduction. Mr. Mitchell read it, then asked a few questions. Meanwhile his practical eye was taking it all in—the cigar, the imitation diamond, the large seal ring, the flashing necktie. He knew in a twinkling where Fred Barker probably spent his evenings, and that it would take more money to indulge his tastes than he could honestly earn.

To Fred's astonishment he presently heard, "I don't think, young man, that you are just the one we have in mind for this place." Then before he knew it he was bowed out.

The next boy who was admitted did not advance with such an overconfident air. He held his hat in his hand and spoke in a modest, respectful manner.

"Have you any recommendation?" "No, sir, I have none," David answered, a little dejectedly. "We have not been long in the city."

"Well, you need none, if I can trust my eyes," Mr. Mitchell remarked to himself. The bright frank face and the manly air of the boy, impressed him most favourably; he was still more pleased when he drew him into conversation and learned what books he was fond of, and how he was going on with his studies evenings, although he had been obliged to leave the high school and earn his living.

Mr. Mitchell had very sharp eyes, he took note of the well-brushed garments, the shining boots, the snowy collar and cuffs, the delicately clean finger nails—even by such small things as these is character read—and above all, the look of sincerity and honesty shining from the blue eyes.

"Well, David," Mr. Mitchell said, as he got up and walked backward and forth, "what if I were to tell you that you can have the situation providing you will work a part of every Sabbath?"

It was a most cruel test. The boy hesitated—just a moment—then he

said, while his colour rose and his voice choked, "I should say, sir, that I cannot accept it."

"Not even when your mother needs money so badly?"

"No, sir, my mother would not use money so earned. She has always taught me to obey God and trust him, come what will."

"That has the true ring, pure gold," said Mr. Mitchell, bringing his hand down on David's shoulder. "My dear boy, I want you, and I do not want you to do any work on the Sabbath. I will pay you ten dollars more a month than the last clerk received, because I am glad to find one boy out of a hundred who remembers his mother's teachings, and fears to disobey his Lord."—*New York Evangelist.*

THE DYING MINER.

TWENTY miles from camp, and night approaching. A young missionary working for his Master in one of the mining communities of Colorado found himself in this situation one day, and was beginning to look about him for a place in which to spend the night, when a little ways ahead he descried a rude cabin.

Approaching nearer, he saw it was one of the poorest of these rough habitations; and much of the "chinking" between the logs had fallen out, rendering the place additionally uncomfortable.

"Such a place as that is surely deserted," said the young minister to himself, "and I am inclined to think that I would rather sleep out doors, to-night, than inside that shell, even if it should prove to be inhabited by one who would make me welcome."

At the moment the sound of song floated out through the openings between the logs, and our traveller stopped his horse to listen to a man's weak voice singing that dear old homesong, "Home of the soul."

"O, that home of the soul! in my visions and dreams
Its bright jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
Between that fair city and me,"

were the words that reached the ear of the listener outside.

"I must see the man who can sing like that in such a place as this," thought the missionary, riding up to the cabin and alighting from his horse. A feeble "Come!" came from within, in answer to his knock; and entering, he found himself in the small room of the cabin, which was almost destitute of furniture.

In one corner a rude bedstead had been constructed of boards and pieces of timber, on which some old blankets were spread; and on this bed lay a man, evidently very near to death. "Dying alone in this situation twenty miles from the nearest camp, still his look into the beyond seemed so clear, so real, that the language of the hymn he feebly sung was indeed the language of the heart," said the missionary as he related the incident afterward. "He died that night; and I have never ceased to fill a thrill of thankfulness, whenever I think of him, that I was belated that day, and so enabled to be with that man when the end came. Surely that which satisfies a man when in the midst of such surroundings is not a thing to be lightly rejected. When

a man leaves the home of his boyhood he cannot afford to leave the religion of Christ too."—*Golden Days.*

THE ASIA.

Foundered on Georgian Bay, on September 14th, 1832, with 100 lives lost.

TEAR for the loved and lost,
A sigh for the brave gone down;
One hundred souls dashed from life to death
Ere one prayer for mercy had flown,
As the Asia sank beneath the wave
Which remorselessly rolls o'er her silent grave.

Down, down to the depths of the watery waste,
The sport of the "storm fiend's" power;
The ship sped down with her living freight,
In that black, despairing hour,
And bleeding hearts long will mourn the day
When the Asia was lost on the Georgian Bay!

The laugh was light and each face was bright
As the doomed ones gathered in glee,
And the farewells were said as the brave ship sped

To her fate 'neath the hungry sea.
While the "storm king" laughed in his hellish sport
As he reckoned his victims leaving the port.

The gentle, the good, and the brave;
The matron, the maid, and the child—
The strong and the weak alike went down
In the clutch of the hurricane wild;
The timid with wild despairing moan,
And the brave with a horror they dared not own.

Ah! sickening and cruel was the sight,
As the winds wove the doomed ones shroud,
The stars withdrew 'neath the mantle of night
And the moon hid her face with a cloud;
While the demons of earth, of air, and sea,
Howled loud 'mid the darkness in horrible glee.

Yes, weep for the souls gone down!
'Neath the sweep of the "storm king's" breath,
Who rest in unbroken repose—in peace
In the curtainless chambers of death!
While Huron's water now quietly rolls
O'er the spot where perished a hundred souls!

But nobly the few struggled on,
With the death shriek still fresh on their ear;
Ah! they battled in vain, for the foe man they fought
No cry for mercy would hear.
Yet bravely they fought 'mid their watery grave,
The battle for life 'twixt Death and the brave.

Still, even in dying, they sang
Of the home on the "Beautiful Shore,"
Of the "Sweet Bye-and-bye," or "Pull,
Sailor, Pull!"
As they hopelessly toiled at the oar,
And they sank one by one in the merciless deep,
To wake on that shore "where they never more weep."

Only two to relate the sad tale!
Or picture the ship tempest-tossed;
A boy and a girl alone to be saved,
Where the strong and the rugged were lost.
Brave boy! and brave girl! thus to win in the fight
That yet battled with Death through that awful night.

J. W. FITZMAURICE, Hamilton.

A LONDONER who lately crossed from Canada to Ogdensburg asked his hack-driver as to the population and form of government of Ogdensburg. On being informed that it was an incorporated city, the chief officer of which was a Mayor, he inquired: "And does the Mayor wear the insignia of office?" "Insignia, what's that?" asked the astonished hackman. "Why, a chain about his neck," explained the cockney. "Oh, bless you, no," responded the other; "he's perfectly harmless, and goes about loose."