

The Two Villages.

Over the river, on the hill,
Leth a village white and still;
A round it the forest trees
Saver and whisper in the breeze.
Over it sailing shadows go
A soaring hawk and screaming crow,
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Flow in the middle of the street.

Over the river, under the hill,
Another village leth still;
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of household light.
Trees that gleam from the smithy's door;
Mists that curl on the river shore;
And in the road no grasses grow,
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill
Never a sound of smithy or mill;
The houses are thatched with grass and
flowers,
Never a clock to toll the hours;
The marble doors are always shut,
You cannot enter in hall or hut,
And the villagers lie asleep;
Never a grain to sow or reap;
Never in dreams to moan or sigh,
Silent and idle and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer
Looks to the other village there,
And, weeping and sighing, longs to do
Up to that home from this below;
Longs to sleep in the forest wild,
Whither have vanished wife and child,
And heareth, praying, this answer fall:
Patience! that village will hold ye all."

Slaying the Dragon.

BY MRS. D. O. CLARK.

CHAPTER V.

A LITTLE WAIF.

"Ah, there's Phoebe!" cried Tom, looking to the beach, on which the bold outline of one woman was visible. "Every thin' will be ready fur us when we git there ef she's the boss. Beats all how that woman keeps up her spunk and works fur others."

"Ay, ay, sir, yer right!" said an old salt by his side. "There's the only one Phoebe Dow in Fairport-by-the-Sea, and she's wuth her weight in gold."

Yes, Phoebe was on the beach that dark, stormy morning, anxious to render what service she could. All through the night she had heard the howling of the tempest and the roar of the heaving billows as they dashed against the rocks. Her thoughts and her prayers went forth to the sailor lad of whom she had heard nothing since that terrible night five years ago. Oh, pity the fisherman's wife, ye who are reared in the lap of luxury! God alone knows what an anxious life she leads.

At last Phoebe arose and went out upon the beach. The sound of a gun attracted her attention, and told her that a ship was in distress. She was not the only one on the beach. Several young men were standing about, and among the number was one who was evidently the worse off for liquor. Phoebe listened for a moment to his coarse jests and oaths, then stepping to his side, she said: "You had better stop your cursing, and pray for those poor fellows. It would seem far more fitting."

The young man looked up insolently at the speaker. Meeting a pair of keen black eyes, and recognizing the commanding presence of the woman with the white hair, as Mrs. Dow was familiarly called, he made no reply.

"Young man," pursued Phoebe, laying her hand kindly upon his shoulder, "you are a stranger to me, but I surmise you are no stranger to the Maypole tavern. If you were sober you would not be cursing the only One who can save that frail craft yonder. Be warned in time. The dragon has you in his clutches. Turn about face and slay him, or he will slay you. I know all about him. Look at my white hair! It would be raven black now had it not been for the dragon's curse."

The young man turned away with a shamefaced look. It was seldom that any one took offence at Phoebe's words, for her manner was calculated to disarm. The news of the shipwreck had spread like wildfire through the little village of Fairport-by-the-Sea, and a crowd of men and boys had collected on the beach, some prompted by curiosity or a love of excitement, and some eager to help the brave men who had ventured on the rough sea at the peril of their lives.

Foremost in the latter class was Arnold Strong, the village clergyman. He had been settled in Fairport only three months, yet in that time he had made many warm friends. An earnest, consecrated Christian is a tower of strength in any community. Arnold Strong was of this type. He was a man of strong convictions, and he also had the courage of his convictions. Positive, vigorous, yet withal charitable and sympathetic, he was a born leader. At this moment his voice was heard above the tumult of the waves, giving directions for helping the approaching boat to effect a landing. Under his leadership, the boat with the rescuers and the rescued was pulled high on the beach.

"Thank God," he exclaimed, lifting his hat reverently. As he stood there, the wind tossing the dark hair from the noble forehead, his form towering above his fellows, he looked the picture of manly strength and vigour. The crowd felt instinctively the superiority of the man, and for a moment were awed in silence. Curiosity soon got the better of most of them, however, and they surrounded the captain and his crew, and began to ply them with questions.

"Stand off, ye heathin!" said Kinmon. "Give the poor fellers a chance to get rested. Taint likely they want to talk on an empty stomach. The parson says he's goin' to take the cap'n down to his house, an' jest ye spruce up an' divide the crew amongst ye, an' treat them handsomely. As fur me an' Phoebe, we've got these two to care fur," pointing to the still figure which was muffled in a fisherman's coat. "'Tis a poor drowned woman an' her little 'un," said Tom, answering the inquiring look of the gaping crowd. "Both dead, I'm thinkin'." Help me, some of ye, to carry them to my house. There may be life yet."

The little procession moved slowly along the shore to the fisherman's cottage, where Janet was anxiously awaiting them.

"What have ye here, Tom?" she cried, holding up her hands in horror.

"'Tis a poor drowned woman and her child. Both dead, I'm thinkin'. But we'll do all we can for them, before we give them up fur gone."

They laid the woman and child on the bed, and commenced rubbing and chafing the cold bodies. While they were engaged in this work, Dr. Slocum came in to examine the patients.

"You are doing all right, all right!" he said to the woman. "No hot water or flannels about. Just right! Good common sense shown. These things will be needed later, but not now. Stand aside, Tom, and allow the currents of air to circulate freely over the bodies. A pair of bellows, if you please, Mrs. Kinmon. Artificial respiration often proves beneficial."

As he turned the body of the woman to one side, he gave a short, sharp whistle.

"What is it?" said Phoebe, coming to him.

He pushed the hair from the left temple, and pointed to a dark spot. "She struck her temple against some hard substance, and was killed instantly. This discoloration proves the fact beyond a doubt. You say the body was lashed to a spar, Tom?"

"Yes, and the cap'n said she hadn't been in the water more'n a minute, and he'd floated at that. So she couldn't hev been drowned, no way."

They ceased working upon the body of the woman, and turned their attention to the child, which Phoebe was rubbing vigorously.

"God be praised, its heart flutters!" cried she. A few moments after, the little chest began to heave, and the breathing soon became natural. The doctor went to his medicine chest and took out a flask. Pouring a few drops into a spoon, he came to the baby's side. The odour reached Phoebe's nostrils.

"What have you here, Doctor Slocum?" and the black eyes began to show fire.

"Don't be alarmed, madam. It's only a small dose of brandy to hasten matters a little."

"Is this dose essential to the child's recovery?"

"I can't quite say that, but it will save you an hour's rubbing, certain sure. At any rate, it won't hurt the child," and with this he attempted to administer the medicine. Phoebe was too quick for him.

"It shall not be," she said, as she turned the spoon away with such suddenness as to spill the contents. "I will labour a day over his helpless babe, if need be, but not a drop of the dragon's poison shall pass those innocent lips, when, as you admit, it is unnecessary."

The doctor's anger was roused immediately. "Fanatic!" he muttered, as he closed his chest, and seized his hat. "Take the case in your own hands,

madam. It is very evident that you think you are more competent than the profession," and with these words he left.

"Good fur ye, Phoebe," said Tom. "You've got spunk enough to stand by yer notions. Taint right to dose people with alcohol when they're sick, jest because 'twill hurry matters a leetle. Yet it's done lots of times. Seems to me, doctors hev got a good deal to answer fur, some time. How do they know how many appetites fur drink they hev helped to form? Many a man has tried to stop off drinkin', an' has hed his cravin' fur it come on by takin' some bitters that the doctor has ordered fur his tonin' up. Why, really, Phoebe, I hed as soon see the undertaker a-comin', as Dr. Slocum. He has helped many a man down to a drunkard's grave, by his doses."

"We need a temperance doctor in this place," said Phoebe. "I hope I shall live to see the day when the dragon will not have so many apprentices in Fairport as he now has."

"Amen," uttered a deep voice beside them.

"Why, w yo scared us," cried Janet, springing from her seat. "Take a chair, Mr. Strong. We're real glad to see ye."

"That's so," said Tom, grasping the minister's hand.

"My friends, I did not intend to play eavesdropper, but I entered just in time to catch a single sentence. Mrs. Dow, I heartily endorse your sentiment, and with God's help the next five years shall make a difference in the condition of things in Fairport. We temperance people must unite our energies and deal strong blows against this hydra-headed monster of intemperance. I stand on the total abstinence platform. But I came to inquire after your patients."

"The boy is doing nicely," replied Phoebe. "He seems to be sleeping naturally now. If nothing new sets in he will be all right in a few days. The mother is dead. Is she not a handsome woman?" turning back the sheet from the dead body.

Arnold Strong gazed long and earnestly at the small oval face and beautifully chiselled features of the stranger.

"She looks very young. I should hardly call her over eighteen. She must be of French descent. Poor thing! I wish we could know something of her history."

"What did the cap'n say of her?" asked Tom.

"He knows scarcely anything. He tells me that he sailed from Havre with a cargo of fruit and merchandise, and just before he sailed, this woman begged to be allowed to accompany them, as she was very anxious to come to America. The captain told her at first that it would be impossible, but she begged so hard, and said the case was so urgent, that he finally consented. There was only one other woman on board, a coloured cook. The woman seemed shy and reticent through the entire voyage, and said but little about herself. She did not even tell her name, but requested the crew to call her madam. She talked a great deal with her child, and seemed passionately fond of it. Spoke often to it of its grandma, whom it was to visit in America. This is all the captain was able to learn about the poor woman."

"Were there no papers about her person or the boy's, which will throw light on the matter?"

"Nothin' at all, sir," replied Janet. "We hunted for them, but none were to be found. Some of the child's clothes are marked 'Maurice, and on one piece are the letters, 'M. J. D.' That's all we've been able to find."

"I'm afraid the matter will always remain a mystery," said the minister.

"If that is so," exclaimed Phoebe, "and no one comes to claim the helpless lamb yonder, I will take the child to my desolate home and will care for him as though he were my own. God helping me I will keep the lad from the power of the cruel dragon. My heart goes out to the little motherless waif. I fought one battle for him against the tempter this morning," narrating the encounter with Doctor Slocum.

"I feel that God has sent this little waif to me," she said. "My lonely home will seem less lonely with this young life to care for. God has not forgotten me, and he never will, I believe."

"There goes a Christian, if ever there was one," said Tom, as Phoebe walked away. "Beats all how her religion stands by her through thick an' thin. That's a mighty difference in professors, parson, a mighty difference. Should think the Lord wud be hard up to know jest how to separate the sheep from the goats."

(To be continued.)

The man who lives only for himself is engaged in very small business.

ABOUT SOME JAPANESE BOYS.

BY REV. C. T. COCKING.

I have about twenty-five boys and young men who gather for an hour and a half, three evenings in the week, in the adjoining church for the purpose of studying the English language most of them are very intelligent, three are school teachers, about half of them come a fourth evening in the week for Bible instruction, which our indefatigable pastor gives them, and some half dozen of these come on Saturday afternoon to my study for a catechism lesson. I have never felt such joy in my life before as I have lately, it is a work that angels might well envy, and the fact that I speak so little of the language yet is a sore trial to me. But I must hasten to give you their compositions. Here is one:

"Religions are very important; but there are two kinds among them, that is bad and good. In our country there are two religions, Christianity and Buddhism, and both professors are now claiming their own causes to lead our brethren into their doctrines. Hence we shall compare them, and then we will take either of them that we believe."

Here is an extract from another entitled,

"The Lion"

"It has a large head comparative with body; and a long and curled neck hair; which is its particular form. Though it placed on its greatness under other beasts, on its fierceness overpowers them all. When it roars, it is solemnly as a thunder. And the beast lives on a meat. Therefore it will put the another beasts which met with into death and eats them fondly if it was at hunger. But if the case is not so; on the contrary it behaves a greatness, and loves his inferiors. This virtue have been esteemed so much by Englishmen that they fixed the figure as their own state's-sign on the standard."

Perhaps these two will be sufficient to this letter.

JAPAN LIFE IN BOATS.

In Poland some families are born and die in salt mines, without ever rising above ground, and in Japan some are born and die the same way on boats, without ever lying on shore.

"One of the most interesting features of Japanese life to me," says a recent traveller there, "was the manner of living in the boats and junks, thousand of which frequent every bay along the coast. The backward junks always belong to the members of one family, and usually every branch of the family, old and young, live on board."

"The smaller sailboats are made like narrow flatboat, and the sail (they never have but one) is placed very near the stern, and extends from the mast about the same distance in either direction, i.e., the mast runs in the middle of the sail when it is spread."

"In these little boats men are born and die, without ever having an abiding place on shore. Women and all are nearly naked, except in rains, when they put on layers of fringed straw mats, which gives them the appearance of being thatched. At night, if in harbour, they bend poles over the boat from side to side in the shape of a bow, and cover them with this straw, water tight straw, and go to sleep all together, like a lot of pigs."

"A child three years old can swim like a fish, and often children, who will not learn of their own accord, are repeatedly thrown overboard until they become expert swimmers. In the harbours children seem to be perpetually tumbling overboard, but the mothers deliberately pick them out of the water, and raising them a little, go on with their work. It is really astonishing at what an age these boys and girls will learn to scull a boat."

"I have seen a boat twenty feet long most adroitly managed by three children, all under seven years of age. I am told that notwithstanding their aptness at swimming, many boatmen get drowned, for no boat ever goes to another's aid, nor will any boatman save another from drowning, because, as he says, it is all fate, and he who interferes with fate will be severely punished in some way. Besides this, the saving of a boatman's life only keeps a chafing soul so much longer in purgatory, when it ought to be released by the death of the sailor which the gods, by fate, seem to have selected for the purpose."

Lady of the House—"Go on away from here. We have no old clothes, no old victuals, no— Hopeless Harry—"I didn't want nothin' to eat nor wear. I jist called to see if you had an old automobile to give away."