

must land in small boats, but few will be deterred by this drawback from treading the sacred soil of the "Blessed Isle." The village consists of about fifty low stone-walled cottages, tenanted by simple fisher-folk and tillers of the soil. The chief attraction of the island is the roofless and ruined cathedral, 160 feet in length, with its massive tower, rising 70 feet in height. Here are shown the cloisters, the bishop's house, and the alleged burying-place of St. Columba himself. "That man is little to be envied," said Dr. Johnson, as he moralized amid these mouldering monuments of the early Culdee faith, "whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

Nine miles north of Iona is the tiny island of Staffa, scarce a mile in circuit. Its appearance is highly picturesque, amid an archipelago of sister islands.

The island rises at its highest point 144 feet above the sea. It is covered with luxuriant grass, which affords pasture for a few cattle. The entire facade of the island, the arches and flooring of the caves, strangely resemble architectural designs. The whole island may be said to be honey-combed with these grottoes; but the chief marvels are on the eastern side, where those scenes are displayed which have long been the theme of painters' pencils and poets' pens. The special wonder is Fingal's Cave, the sides and front of which are formed of perpendicular basaltic columns. The arch is 70 feet high and supports a roof 30 feet thick. The chasm extends in length 230 feet. Mere dimensions, however, can give no idea of the weird effect produced by the twilight gloom, half revealing the varying sheen of the reflected light; the echo of the measured surge as it rises and falls, and the profound and fairy solitude of the whole scene. Our engravings give remote and near views of this remarkable cave. The columnar structure of the rock and the tessellated pavement of the floor will be observed.

### Wayfarers.

[The story connected with the following touching lines, whose author is not known, adds new beauty to their tender pathos. A few weeks ago, at the age of eighty-three, there died in Boston a Christian man who for three years before his death had read the following verses to his aged wife every evening after family prayers before retiring. One of the wayfarers has reached home; the "tired feet" of the other are nearing the same blessed country.]

"The way is long, my darling,  
The road is rough and steep,  
And fast across the evening sky  
I see the shadows sweep.  
But, oh, my love, my darling,  
No ill to us can come,  
No terror turn us from the path,  
For we are going home.

Your feet are tired, my darling—  
So tired the tender feet!  
But think, when we are there at last,  
How sweet the rest! how sweet!

For lo! the lamps are lighted,  
And yonder gleaming dome,  
Before us shining like a star,  
Shall guide our footsteps home.

We've lost the flowers we gathered  
So early in the morn!  
And on we go with empty hands,  
And garments soiled and worn.  
But oh! the great All-Father  
Will out to meet us come,  
And rarer flowers and whiter robes  
There wait for us at home.

Art cold, my love, and famished?  
Are faint and sore, athirst?  
Be patient yet a little while!  
And joyous as at first!  
For oh, the sun sets never  
Within the land of bloom,  
And thou shalt eat the bread of life,  
And drink life's wine, at home.

The wind blows cold, my darling,  
Adown the mountain steep,  
And thick across the evening sky  
The darkening shadows creep!  
But oh, my love, press onward,  
Whatever trials come,  
For in the way the Father set  
We two are going home.

—Advance.

### The Distiller and His Son.

IN the first year of my ministry there occurred an incident within the bounds of my congregation which a half-century has failed to efface from my memory. At that early day the cause of temperance was gradually spreading its influence through our country, and we thought it well to organize a temperance society in our community. In my congregation there was a gentleman thirty-one years of age, of more than ordinary intelligence and business activity. It was desirable that he should join our new society, and I did my best to bring him to that point, but without success. On one occasion, when trying to persuade him to connect himself with the temperance movement, he said to me, "I never expect to be a member of a temperance society, and yet I rejoice at their existence. Not on my own account, but for the sake of that boy;" pointing to his little son of four years. "When he has grown to manhood he will be under better influences than those which have surrounded his father. He will have temperance men for his companions—drinking usages will then have ceased."

I replied in most serious tones, "Mr. S—, whatever effect temperance societies may have on the community at large, one thing is certain, which is that the destiny of *your little son* is in *your hands* more than with all others; that such is your influence on that boy that it may well be expected that his future will be shaped by *you*, more than by the whole outside world."

I regret that my words were too prophetic! In about two years after the above-mentioned interview I was called to bury that dear boy. He was burned to death! His father had a small distillery on his farm. One evening, while engaged in removing some apple-brandy from the "receiver"

into a cask, the boy standing by with lighted candle, the liquor was ignited, an explosion followed, and both father and son were covered with flames! The father was taken to his bed, and slowly recovered after weeks of suffering. But where was the son, who was to live and grow up under the happy influence of a temperance community! where was *he*? On the day of the funeral, as I entered the chamber of the suffering father, he turned his face to the wall, and raising his wounded hand as if to shun my sad look, he exclaimed in agony, "Oh, I know what you are going to say!"

### Too Late.

A story is told as authentic of a young man in the Highlands of Scotland who became a drunkard, a gambler, and in the expressive Scotch phrase, "a ne'er-do-weel." His father owned a small farm which had been in the family for two hundred years. But to save Jock from the consequences of his misdoings, he was obliged to mortgage it, far beyond the possibility of redemption.

The old man sunk under the disgrace and misery, and died, leaving his wife, two or three children, and worthless Jock. But the shock of his death brought the boy to his senses. He forswore cards and whiskey, came home, and turned into hard work. He toiled steadily for years. At last his mother was "struck with death."

Jock, now a middle-aged, grizzled farmer, stern and grave, was sent for in haste. He stood in silence by her death-bed a moment, and then broke forth: "Mither! mither! gin ye see feyther there, tell him the farm's our own agen. An' it's a' recht wi' me!"

The story reminds us of Doctor Johnson, who came when he was an old man of seventy to stand in the market-place of Uttoxeter, his gray head bare to the pelting rain, in bitter remembrance of some act of disobedience to his father on that spot when he was a boy.

But of what avail are these tears or acts of atonement when the old father or mother whom we have hurt and slighted so cruelly is dead? Do they see? Do they forgive? Who can say?

"It is only," said a mother lately, "since my own children speak to me with rudeness and contempt that I understand how great the debt was which I owed to my own mother, and how poorly I paid it."

Many a gay girl who reads these words, who treats her mother as a member of the family who does the work of a servant without a servant's wages, or a lad who flings about the money which his old father is fast spending his feeble life to earn, will waken some day to utter their remorse in an exceeding bitter cry; to which, alas, there can come no answer!—*Youth's Companion.*

### The Weary Curse of Rum.

BY JOEL SWARTZ, D.D.

We hear, until our hearts grow dumb,  
Of all the ruin wrought by rum;  
Men plead in prayer and speech and song  
Against this endless, world-wide wrong,  
While from ten thousand wretched homes  
A ceaseless wail of sorrow comes,  
Where husbands, fathers, children, wives  
Weep o'er dishonoured, blighted lives,  
Or gather round the hopeless graves  
Where lie entombed rum's ruined slaves—  
A sad, funereal, endless train,  
Who mourn their dead as doubly slain.  
What curse in all this world of woes  
So wide and deep a shadow throws?  
What plague so dire pervades the earth  
As that which has from rum its birth?  
War, famine, pestilence—a train  
Of triple plagues—have never slain,  
Through all the woeful ages past,  
A multitude of men so vast  
As that which makes the total sum  
Of those who've lost their lives by rum.  
Those plagues but steal man's mortal breath,  
This smites him with the "second death";  
Those make the body's grave their goal,  
This kills the body and the soul;  
Those stay where once the victim fell,  
This digs his grave as deep as hell;  
Those leave beyond all harm and loss  
A place for mercy's healing cross;  
This for the man who by it fell  
No object but the drunkard's hell.  
O men who love our human kind!  
Are ye so careless or so blind  
That ye will shield by voice and vote  
This monster at the nation's throat,  
And give him still a stronger hold,  
All for the cursed love of gold?  
O justice! canst thou bend thy bow  
From storm-clouds o'er this scene of woe  
And stay thy bolts nor smite the wrong  
For human hands too old and strong?  
O thou who rulest over all!  
And hearest whene'er thy children call,  
Come to our rescue, Father, come,  
And stay this blighting curse of rum!

—National Temperance Advocate.

### A Startling Fact.

I KNEW a gentleman who married a sweet and lovely girl. She was very devoted to him, and when she discovered his dissipated habits, she endeavoured to shield him. When he stayed out at night, she would send the servants to bed, while she waited and watched for him; and then, in her night-dress and a pair of slippers on her feet, she would glide down very gently and let him in.

One night he came home late. The servants were in bed. The house had a front door, then a marble vestibule, and then an inner door. She opened the one, stepped upon the cold marble, and opened the outer door. The drunken husband entered, seized her by the shoulders, swung her round, opened the inner door, quickly passed through, and locked it before his wife could enter. She would not speak or cry out, lest she should disgrace her husband before the servants.

In the morning she was found with her night-dress drawn under her feet, crouching in the corner, almost chilled to death. On her death-bed, she told her father all about it, or the circumstances would never have been known. There is much that is never known, as well as a vast amount of misery and degradation that does crop out, and which is startling in its reality.