

THE VAUDOIS TEACHER.

"LADY fair, these silks of mine
Are beautiful and rare—
The richest web of the Indian loom,
Which beauty's self might wear;
And these pearls are pure and bright to
behold,
And with radiant light they vie—
I have brought them with me a weary way,
Will my gentle lady buy?"

The lady smiled on the worn old man
Through the dark and clustering curls
Which veiled her brow, as she turned to view
His silks and glittering pearls.
And she placed their price in the old man's
hand
And lightly she turned away,
But paused at the wanderer's earnest call,
"Will my gentle lady stay?"

"O lady fair, I've yet a gem
Which a purer lustre flings
Than the diamond flash of the gilded crown
On the lofty brow of kings—
A wonderful pearl of exceeding worth,
Whose virtue shall not decay—
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee
And a blessing on thy way."

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel,
Where her youthful form was seen—
Where her eyes shone clear and her dark
locks waved
Their clashing pearls between.
"Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth,
Thou traveller grey and old,
And name the price of the precious gem,
And my pages shall count thy gold."

A cloud passed off from the pilgrim's brow,
As a small and meagre book,
Unhailed with gold or diamond gem,
From his folding robe he took:
"Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price,
May it prove as such to thee—
Nay! keep thy gold, I ask it not,
For the Word of God is free."

The hoary pilgrim went his way,
But the gift he left behind
Hath had its pure and perfect work
On that high-born maiden's mind.
And she hath turned from the pride of sin
To the lowliness of truth,
And given her human heart to God
In its beautiful hour of youth;

And she hath left the old grey halls
Where an evil faith hath power,
The courtly knights of her father's train,
And the maidens of her lower;
And she hath gone to the Vaudois' vale,
By lordly feet untrod,
Where the poor and needy of earth are rich
In the perfect love of God.

—Whittier.

PETER'S POSTAL CARD.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

PETER KEENS was in most respects a very good boy; but he had one fault, which can never be indulged in without bringing many worse ones in its train, and sadly lowering the whole tone of a boy's character. He was full of that curiosity which leads one to be always prying into the affairs of others. The boys at school knew his failing, and played many a trick upon him. One day when a number of the older boys had remained after hours to consult on the formation of a club, he crept into the entry and listened at the door. They found out that he was there, and all got out of a window, and locked Peter in, keeping him prisoner until after dark, when he was let out, frightened and hungry.

The next morning he was greeted on the play-ground by shouts of "Spell it backward." He could not guess what was meant, and was still more puzzled as they continued to call him "Double-back-action," "Reversible engine," and other bits of school-boy wit. He begged them to tell him, and at last some one suggested, in a tone of great

diagnat, "Spell your name backward, booby, and then you'll see."

He did, and he saw Keens—backward.

But he was not ready to cultivate straightforward spelling. That club still bothered him, he could not give up his strong desire to find out its secrets. By dint of much listening and spying he gathered that it was to meet one night in a barn belonging to the father of one of the boys, and he made up his mind to be there. He crept near the door as darkness closed in, and listened intently. They were inside surely, for he could hear something moving about, but he wanted to hear more than that, so he ventured to raise the wooden latch. It made no noise; he cautiously opened the door a trifle and peeped in. It was dark and quiet, so he opened it wider. It gave a loud grating creak; a scurry of quick footsteps sounded on the floor, and then a white thing suddenly rose before him, tall and ghostly. In an agony of fright and horror, he turned to run, but the thing with one fearful blow struck him down, trampled heavily over him, and sped away with a loud "Ba ha-ha-ha-a!"

As Peter limped home, muddled, battered, and bruised, he wondered if any of the boys knew that Farmer Whipple-tree's wretched old billy-goat was in the barn that night.

"How did you leave William, Peter?" he was asked at least twenty times in the course of the next day. In the grammar class a boy who was called on for a sentence wrote: "A villain is more worthy of respect than a sneak."

"O no, not quite that," remarked the teacher, "but—neither can be a gentleman."

On a morning in early July he received, as usual, the family mail from the carrier at the door, and carried it to his mother, examining it as he went. A postal card excited his curiosity; it was, he knew, from his aunt, in whose company he was to go to the mountains, and he was anxious to know what she said. But one of his friends was waiting for him to go and catch minnows for an aquarium, and they were in a hurry. So he slipped it into his pocket to read as he went along, intending to place it where it might be found on the hall floor when he came back, that his mother might be deceived into thinking it had been accidentally dropped there.

But he forgot all about it before they had gone twenty steps. He spent the morning at the creek, and the afternoon at his friend's house, returning home in the evening. As he passed through the hall to his mother's room, the thought of it suddenly flashed on his mind. He felt in his pocket, with a sinking at his heart, but the card was gone.

Where? He could not pretend to imagine, as he thought of the round-about ramble he had taken. He got up early the next morning and carefully hunted over every step of the ground, but all in vain. It would have been well if he had gone at once to his mother, and confessed what he had done, but he delayed, still cherishing a hope of finding what he had lost, and the longer he waited the more impossible it became to tell. He remembered that a boy had once said to him, "A sneak is sure to be a coward."

More than a week after this Peter was sitting on the piazza one evening after tea, reading to his mother, when his friend of the creek expedition came in.

"Here is a card I found addressed to you, Mrs. Keens," he said, "It must be the one you were hunting for last week, Pete."

She took it in some surprise, failing to observe the colour which mounted to Peter's face as he saw it. As she read it a troubled expression overspread her own.

"Ten days old, this card," she exclaimed, "Wednesday, the 14th—what does it mean, Peter?" She passed it to him, and he read as follows:

July 3.

My dear Ruth,—I write to give you ample notice of a change in our plans in consequence of Robert's partner desiring to take a trip late in the season, obliging us to go early. So Robert, having finished his business in Canada, is to meet us on Wednesday, the 14th, at Plattsburgh. Shall stop for Peter on the evening of the 13th. Please have him ready.

KATHERINE.

This was the 13th. Peter stared at his mother in dismay.

"I do not quite understand yet," she said. "Where did you get this card, Philip?"

"I found it just now in the arbor, where I have my museum; it had slipped behind a box. You lost it the day we played there, didn't you, Pete?"

"How came you to have it there, Peter?"

"I—it was in my pocket, ma'am, and I dropped it, I suppose."

"Why was it in your pocket? Why didn't you bring it to me?"

"I wanted—I was just going to read it."

Phil touched his hat, and quietly took his departure. Mrs. Keens said no more, but looked again at the dates on the card.

At this moment a hack drove up, from which issued a most astonishing outpouring of noisy, laughing, chattering, blue-flannelled boys, followed by a mother who looked just merry enough to be commander of such a merry crew.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Pete, we're off! All ready? We can only stay two hours."

"Such a tent—big, striped, and a flag to it; and—"

"Father's going to let us boys shoot with a gun."

"Isn't it jolly to have two weeks less to wait?"

Peter did not look at all jolly, as through his half-bewildered mind struggled a dim perception of the dire evil the loss of that card might have worked for him. When the clamor of greeting and questioning had somewhat subsided, Mrs. Keens said, slowly:

"No, Peter is not ready;" and the tone of her voice sent a heavier weight down into his heart, and a bigger lump into his throat. "Your card has only just reached me, Katherine."

"O dear! dear!" His aunt shook her head in distress, and five boy faces settled into blank dismay. "Why, why, surely you don't mean, Ruth—eh? Can't you hurry things up a little? Boys don't need much, you know! Or—can't he be sent after us?" Peter followed his mother to

the dining-room as she went to order a hasty lunch for the travellers.

"Mother, can't I? can't I?" he sobbed.

She put her arms around him with streaming eyes, feeling the keenness of the disappointment for him as deeply as he ever could feel it for himself.

"O, my boy! my boy! my heart is sad and sore that you should be mean and sly and deceitful, and not for once only, but as a habit. No, it is your own doing, and you must abide by the consequences. I never could have brought myself to punish you so, but you have punished yourself, and I trust it may be the best thing which could have happened to you."—*Harper's Young People.*

"BREAK, BREAK, BREAK."
(An Imitation.)

BREAK, break, break,
Around me, life's bitter sea,
For a Rock in the midst of waters
Its shelter has offered me.

Oh, well that this Rock has risen,
That here I can sweetly hide
In a cleft by Love's passion riven,
Away from the storm's dark tide!

Oh, why will blind souls go down
With this beacon piercing the night,
When it takes but a look at an outstretched
Hand
To lift them into the light?

Break, break, break,
At the foot of this Rock, O sea,
For your beats but hasten the glorious day
That is coming soon to me!

—Zion's Herald.

A BADGE OF DISTINCTION.

BULWER tells of an old soldier who said of his Waterloo medal, which he always wore suspended around his neck. "It lies next my heart while I live. It shall be buried in my coffin, and I shall rise with it at the word of command on the day of the Grand Review!" This noble old soldier, who had lost a leg in the service of his country, gloried in the sacrifice, and had an ever-burning zeal to serve his king and defend the honour of his country.

Those who have the honour to bear the Christian name wear a badge of distinction which should make them brave and courageous and ever alert to do service for the Master who has the rewards of heaven at his command, and who will not be unmindful even of a cup of water given in His name. An earthly sovereign may be able to reward only conspicuous deeds of valor; but Jesus is cognizant of even the smallest service for Him, and there is no need of love so obscure and humble as to fail of a reward. He also admits into loving fellowship and confidence those whom He delights to honour.

THERE are few roads in Newfoundland. Most of the journeying is by boat, and our brethren there are oft "in perils of waters," as witness the following:—"In my last tour, which extended over one hundred miles of rough sea, and which took six weeks, I had signs of good. . . One place we visited at some peril and risk of life, having to anchor for some time under a cliff. The gale was furious. At length, however, we left our perilous position, and under jib and reefed mainsail got into harbor, and preached to all who were willing to hear."—*Outlook.*