

## The Legend Beautiful.

BY H. W. LOSOFFLOW.

"HADST thou stayed, I must have fled!  
That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone,  
Kneeling on the floor of stone,  
Prayed a Monk in deep contrition  
For his sins of indecision,  
Prayed for greater self-denial,  
In temptation and in trial;  
It was noonday by the dial,  
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,  
An unwonted splendour brightened  
All within him and without him  
In that narrow cell of stone;  
And he saw the Blessed Vision  
Of our Lord, with light Elysium  
Like a vesture wrapped about him,  
Like a garment around him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,  
Not in agonies of pain,  
Not with bleeding hands and feet,  
Did the Monk his Master see;  
But as in the village street,  
In the house or harvest field,  
Halt and lame and blind he healed  
When he walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,  
Hands upon his bosom crossing,  
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,  
Kneelt the Monk in rapture lost,  
Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest,  
Who am I, that thus thou deignest  
To reveal thyself to me?  
Who am I, that from the centre  
Of thy glory, thou shouldst enter  
This poor cell, my guest to be?

Then, amidst his exultation,  
Loud the convent bell appalling,  
From its belfry calling, calling,  
Rang through court and corridor,  
With persistent irritation  
He had never heard before.

It was now the appointed hour  
When alike in shine or shower,  
Winter's cold or summer's heat,  
To the convent portals came  
All the blind and halt and lame,  
All the beggars of the street,  
For their daily dole of food  
Dealt them by the brotherhood;  
And their almoner was he  
Who upon his bended knee,  
Wrapt in silent ecstasy  
Of divinest self-surrender,  
Saw the Vision and the Splendour.

Deep distress and hesitation  
Mingled with his adoration;  
Should he go or should he stay?  
Should he leave the poor to wait  
Hungry at the convent gate,  
Till the Vision passed away?  
Should he slight his heavenly guest,  
Slight his visitant celestial,  
For a crowd of ragged, bestial  
Beggars at the convent gate?  
Would the Vision there remain?  
Would the Vision come again?

Then a voice within his breast  
Whispered audibly and clear,  
As if to the outward ear:  
"Do thy duty, that is best;  
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"

Straightway to his feet he started,  
And with longing look intent  
On the Blessed Vision bent,  
Slowly from his cell departed,  
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,  
Looking through the iron grating,  
With that terror in the eye  
That is only seen in those  
Who amid their wants and woes  
Hear the sound of doors that close  
And of feet that pass them by;

Grown familiar with disfavour,  
Grown familiar with the savour  
Of the bread by which men die!  
But to-day, they know not why,  
Like the gate of Paradise  
Seemed the convent gate to rise;  
Like a sacrament divine  
Seemed to them the bread and wine.  
In his heart the Monk was praying,  
Thinking of the homeless poor,  
What they suffer and endure;  
What we see not, what we see;  
And the inward voice was saying:  
"Whatever thing thou doest  
To the least of mine and lowest,  
That thou doest unto me!"

Unto me! but had the Vision  
Come to him in beggar's clothing,  
Come a mendicant imploring,  
Would he then have knelt adoring,  
Or have listened with derision,  
And have turned away with loathing?  
Thus his conscience put the question,  
Full of troublesome suggestion,  
As at length, with hurried pace,  
Towards his cell he turned his face,  
And beheld the convent bright  
With a supernatural light,  
Like a luminous cloud expanding  
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling  
At the threshold of his door,  
For the Vision still was standing  
As he left it there before,  
When the convent bell appalling,  
From its belfry calling, calling,  
Summoned him to feed the poor.  
Through the long hour intervening  
It had waited his return,  
And he felt his bosom burn,  
Comprehending all the meaning,  
When the Blessed Vision said,  
"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"

## Ruined by Alcohol.

OUR readers may remember the story of a New York youth who, some years ago, distinguished himself by saving several persons from drowning round the wharves and piers of that city. His name was William O'Neil, though he was general know as "Nan, the news-boy." After his paper sales were concluded, he would travel around the wharves until midnight, armed with ropes and hooks, and listening for cries for help from persons who had fallen overboard. As an average of one or two a night of drunken or careless persons managed to fall into the water surrounding the great city, our young hero managed, in less than two years of voluntary service, to save some twenty lives. His exploits became known to the press; he soon gained a notoriety that lifted him into favourable notice. His photographs were circulated largely, and the papers gave illustrations of his methods of work. Presents poured in upon him from philanthropic admirers, and offers of positions in various kinds of promising businesses were made to him. A theatre manager tempted him with a large sum to appear nightly on the stage, but, with the modesty and healthy pride that always accompanies true heroism, he refused all such sources of gain. He was then an ignorant youth of seventeen or eighteen years, and he was content to be a newsboy, until growing into manhood, a year or two ago, he procured a com-

mission in the police force, which is the highest point of ambition to which a New York newsboy aims.

Even here fortune was in his grasp, and earnest friends might have soon influenced his promotion; but an enemy came in the shape of strong drink, and so rapidly did it gain upon him and disable him, that last December he was ignominiously, though reluctantly, expelled from the force for repeated drunkenness.

But, fortunately for this brave young man, he has lately turned over a new leaf, and, as he is only on the threshold of life, he may make a noble record yet. A few weeks ago he sent to McAuley, the Water-street evangelist, asking to be prayed for. He afterwards attended several meetings, has signed the pledge, and claims to be a Christian. He said recently:

"I was a respectable young fellow until I took to drink. What did it do for me? It brought me to poverty and want. It caused me to leave the police force, and daily covers me with shame."

As "Nan" is widely known among the young drinking classes of New York, he may yet live to save more from alcoholic than he has from watery graves. May God speed him and guide him.—*Temperance Cause.*

## Telegraphic Rates.

THE cost of foreign telegraph correspondence can be gleaned from these figures. The rate to Aden, Arabia, from London, exclusive of the rate from here to London, is ninety-three cents per word. To Beloochistan it is one dollar per word; farther India, one dollar and thirty cents; China, Amoy, two dollars and five cents; Italy, nine cents; Java, three dollars; New Zealand, two dollars and ninety cents; Australia, via Siberia, four dollars and five cents; South Africa, two dollars and twenty-five cents; Burmah, one dollar and thirty cents; Ceylon, one dollar and twenty-five cents; Sicily, nine cents; and to Tripoli messages are mailed from Malta. To Muscat, Arabia, the rate is one dollar per word, exclusive of eighteen dollars and forty cents charged for a boat from Jask. It costs to send messages around the world, but men who have to send them have the money to pay for them.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

"THE cause of temperance is the cause of social advancement. Temperance means less crime and more thrift and more of comfort and prosperity for the people. Nearly all crime in our army can be traced to intoxication, and I have always found that when with an army or body of troops in the field there was no issue of spirits, and where their use was prohibited, the health as well as the conduct of the men were all that could be wished for. No one can wish the cause success more earnestly than I do."—*Sir Garnet Wolseley.*

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