

000 miles, often amid difficulties of navigation which might have taxed the skill, not merely of an amateur, but of a professional sailor. The entire company and crew numbered forty-two persons, and the voyage was made without the slightest mishap or accident to any of them. It is agreeable to observe the kindly and cordial relations between the commander and his crew. In foreign ports they were given full facilities for sight-seeing. When sick, as several became, they were skillfully cared for, and always with the happiest results. On Sundays, religious service was conducted by Mr. Brasseby—where practicable twice a day. Sometimes he read an English or translated a French sermon, and sometimes Mrs. Brasseby remarks that "Tom," as she familiarly calls him, gave a good discourse of his own.

"JOHN PLOUGHMAN" ON DRINKING.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.



HERE are more apes than those with four legs. I am sorry to say they are to be found among working men as well as among fine gentlemen. Fellows who have no estate but their labour, and no family arms except those they work with, will yet spend their little hard earnings at the brewshop or in waste. No sooner are their wages paid than away they go to the "Spotted Dog," or the "King's Head," to contribute their share of fool's pence towards keeping up the landlord's red face and round corporation. Drinking water neither makes a man sick nor in debt, nor his wife a widow, and yet some men hardly know the flavour of it; but beer, guzzled down as it is by working men, is nothing better than brown ruin. Dull, droning blockheads sit on the ale bench and wash out what little sense they ever had. Look most to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out you will always be poor. The art is not in making money, but in keeping it; little expenses, like mice in a barn, when they are many, make great waste. When you mean to save, begin with your mouth. The ale jug is a great waster. In all things keep within compass. To young men the road up-hill may be hard, but at any rate it is open, and they who set stout hearts against a stiff hill shall climb it yet. What was hard to bear will be sweet to remember. If young men would deny themselves, work hard, live hard, and save in their early days, they need not keep their noses to the grindstone all their lives, as so many do. Let them be teetotallers for economy sake. Water is the strongest drink; it drives mills, it's the drink of lions and horses, and Samson never drank anything else. The beer money will soon build a house. Our working people are shamefully unthrifty, and so old England swarms with poor. If what goes into the mash-tub went into the kneading-trough, families would be better fed and better taught. If what is spent in waste were only saved against a rainy day, workhouses would never be built. The man who spends his money with the publican, and thinks the landlord's bows and "How do you do, my good fellow," mean true respect, is

a perfect simpleton. We don't light fires for the herring's comfort, but to roast him. Men do not keep pothouses for labourers' good; if they do, they certainly miss their aim. Why, then, should people drink "for the good of the house?" If I spend money for the good of any house, let it be my own, and not the landlord's. It is a bad well into which you must put water; and the beerhouse is a bad friend, because it takes your all, and leaves you nothing but head-aches. He who calls those his friends who let him sit and drink by the hour together, is ignorant—very ignorant. Why, red lions, and tigers, and eagles, and vultures, are all creatures of prey—why do so many put themselves within the power of their jaws and talons? Such as drink and live riotously, and wonder why their faces are so blotchy and their pockets so empty, would leave off wondering if they had two grains of wisdom. They might as well ask an elm-tree for pears as look to loose habits for health and wealth.

THE NEW COMER.

BY J. E. McCONAUGHY.

ALVAH was the "new boy" in the store, and very sore and lonesome his heart seemed in that great establishment of strangers. It was hard to keep the tears back sometimes as his mind went back to that sweet home in the honeysuckle, and the mother who stood in the open door, the last glimpse he had of it.

"He's a green one," whispered one lad to another. "We'll show him around some evening." There was much meaning in Theodore's words, simple as they seemed. That "showing around" meant a visit to the theatre first, and then into all the mazes of evil so invitingly open to boys in a city.

"Poor fellow, I dare say he is homesick," thought Frank Dayton as he took note of the saddened countenance; "Dory and Ned shall not capture him and lead him astray, if I can help it."

Working hours were over, and Theodore was laying his plan to take off the new-comer with "his crowd" after supper. But Frank was beforehand with his kind office.

"I am going your way a square or two, Alvah; let's walk together. Any engagement to night? Then how would you like to come with me to Association Hall and see a fine stereopticon exhibition. I am one of the Young Men's Christian Association, and have free tickets to all these lectures and entertainments. They will admit me and a friend."

Alvah was greatly pleased with the kind attention, and he felt that the associations were all such as his mother would approve. He was readily induced to join the association, and so in a manner cast in his lot with them. It seemed a small thing at the time, but it was the turning of the tide with him. So it is with many a new-comer in a city store. The first few days' association decides his whole future. If he falls in with boys who frequent saloons and the theatre his descent and downfall will only be a matter of time. Choose carefully your associates, and never commit yourself to those who would lead you in even doubtful paths.

EVERY shooteth at others and woundeth herself.

FLETCHER AND THE CHILDREN

BY REV. C. P. HARD.

BIOGRAPHICAL reading teaches us that the hearts of the truly great have been in love with childhood and with work for it.

When the name of John Fletcher is mentioned, his image will probably rise before many as the greatest polemical writer of a great theological school, and he will seem to look out of a library. Upon the suggestion of that name, others will think of him as one of who was almost an angel in character and life, as occupied in such gazing upon the glory of God that he could consent to come down only to look upon the greatest movements of his times.

But our picture to-day of "J. F."—his frequent signature—is in the poor school which he erected in Madeley, and in which he himself taught every day for a long time. This was one of the proposals which he made to his parish, "that there be a school for boys and another for girls in Madeley, Madeley Wood, and Coulbrook Dale, six in all."

His love for the young was constant. In his absence from his parish on account of poor health, he wrote to the supply, "I once more recommend to you the lambs, the children." At another time he says, "I recommend to your care the most helpless of the flock—I mean the children and the sick. They most want your help, and they are the most likely to benefit by it, for affliction softens the heart, and children are not yet quite 'hardened through the deceitfulness of sin.'"

When he visited in France and Switzerland, his heart fastened quickly to the children, and they found in him a lovable and much loved friend. The gentleman who roamed with him writes, "His chief delight seems to be in meeting his little society of children. And as he is exceedingly fond of them, they appear to be altogether as fond of him. He seldom either walks abroad or rides out but some of them follow him, singing the hymns they have learned, and conversing with him by the way."

This reminds us "of all that Jesus began both to do and teach." It seems like a picture cut out of the Gospels. It is Christly, and a good example for every pastor.

TWENTY MILES OF WHALES.

THE steamship *Newport*, of the Ward's Line, which is now having her bottom scraped and painted on the dry-dock at the foot of Market street, had an unusual experience in her recent outward trip to Havana. She sailed from this port on Thursday, Oct. 27, and before daylight next morning she was off the Capes of Delaware. At about eight o'clock, when she was steaming at the rate of fifteen miles per hour, she ran into an immense school of whales twenty miles long and a quarter of a mile wide. The animals were of all sizes, and disported themselves in the water as if enjoying it. Suddenly the ship shook from stem to stern as she struck a monster which was trying to cross the path of the *Newport*. The whale was cut in halves which passed astern on either side, while the water was dyed red with blood. The steamer came to a stand-still and her stem was examined. It was found to have ex-

posed injury, but the steering-gear was slightly damaged. This was soon repaired and the *Newport* proceeded, but the passengers were not so delighted with the whales as they had been before the shock. The sight of the monster's head as it shot upward from the water had been anything but pleasant to them. Ten minutes after the vessel started up there was another and heavier shock, which almost threw the passengers from their feet. Another whale had been cut in two. The body of this animal passed under the vessel, and struck the propeller with great violence. The engineer rushed on deck, imagining that the ship had struck a submerged wreck. Captain Sundberg ordered the course of the steamer to be changed, and she soon ran out of the troublesome whales. The oldest sea-going men on the *Newport*, and some of them had been on whaling vessels, could not remember such an experience.—*N. Y. Times*.

THE TIDE.

BY JOHN BOWMAN.

NOW swift the passing years take flight,
All checkered thro' with shade and light;

From sunny youth to manhood's pride,
Like rapid stream they swiftly glide.

In childhood's glee they rippling run,
Just like the streamlet's course begun;

Then broadening out in deeper flow,
Still on the tide does swiftly go.

Now tossed in storm, then stilled in calm,
With war's alarm, or peaceful psalm.

Until when time no more shall be,
The river joins the eternal sea;

The many float upon the wave,
The young, the old, the weak, the brave.

In merry laughter, or with fears,
Eyes beam in love, or droop in tears.

But as the stream of years grows wide,
More eagerly we view the tide.

The waves with rougher motion sweep,
And less we smile, and more we weep.

The darkening tide doth deeper flow,
And more of storm and shade we know.

And many a heart once strong and brave,
In anguish sinks beneath the wave;

But thro' the darkness gathering strong,
We'll join with hopeful hearts in song.

Then as the river nears the sea,
Our hearts shall more expectant be.

And then the gathering gloom shall fade,
Shall be dispelled all darkening shade.

And thro' the morning's golden mist,
We'll view the towers of amethyst.

The gates of pearl, the streets of gold,
The city fair shall then unfold.

An island in the eternal sea,
With glory shall encompassed be.

Then every weary heart made strong,
Shall swell in rapture, praise, and song.

London, Ont.

"My wife and I am one," explained the colored gentleman; adding, with a smile that was child-like and bland, "and I am de one."

THE boy who was kept after school for bad orthography said he was spell-bound.