

## PADDLE AND PRAY.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

'Twas the close of the day, and the calm river lay  
In the crimson of twilight's last tinges;  
Clouds darkened the east on their stormy gather-  
ing way

With the watery moon in their fringes.  
We had camped on that day by the Indian town,  
And our oars o'er the waters were flying  
When, our boat overturning, the swift squall  
came down.

And we heard on the shore a voice crying—  
" 'Tis the only way,

'Tis the only way,  
Paddle and pray, brothers,  
Paddle and pray!"

We clung to our boat overset for awhile,  
One oar towards the rapids was drifting,  
With the other we sculled towards the shadowy  
isle.

Its pines in the wan light uplifting,  
The fitful wind rose and impelled the dark tide  
And dim grew the long river meadows,  
When shrilly again the same friendly voice cried,  
From the verge of the stream in the shadows—  
" 'Tis the only way.

'Tis the only way,  
Paddle and pray, brothers,  
Paddle and pray!"

Then the white lightning's flash cleft the gloom  
of the sky

And rattled the echoing thunder,  
And billowy mist like a cloud lake on high  
Overawed us with terror and wonder.

And solemnly lifting our voices in prayer,  
And using our oar in the praying,  
We again heard that resolute voice in the air,  
Like God's faithful messenger, saying,

" 'Tis the only way,  
'Tis the only way,  
Paddle and pray, brothers,  
Paddle and pray!"

In the gleam of the lightnings what was it we  
saw

Like a shade o'er the waves swiftly gliding?  
Again and again the sight thrilled us with awe  
As we beat 'gainst the river's swift tiding.

'Twas Monica old, in her birchen canoe,  
The good praying Indian mother,  
And she said, as her phantom-like skiff shot in  
view,

" You must trust in the Lord and each other—  
" 'Tis the only way,  
'Tis the only way,  
Paddle and pray, brothers,  
Paddle and pray."

Oh, often in life, when in peril and fear,  
And only the Omnipotent Giver  
Seemed able to save, has that voice reached my  
ear

As I heard it that night on the river,  
And when sermons on faith and works I have  
heard

And St. Paul with St. James has contended,  
I have found, in old Indian Monica's word,  
The doctrines harmoniously blended—

" 'Tis the only way,  
'Tis the only way,  
Paddle and pray, brothers,  
Paddle and pray!"

## Our Story.

## NOT A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH.

BY SARAH K. BOLTON.

"Come in," said a voice, half choking  
with sobs.

"Why, what has happened, my dear?"  
said a sweet-toned, gentle woman, as she  
opened the door of a dainty room open-  
ing on one side upon the exciting life of  
Paris, and on the other toward the rest-  
ful groves of Fontainebleau in the dis-  
tance.

"It's hateful here," said the first  
speaker, a beautiful young woman of  
perhaps twenty, who lay weeping on the  
lounge. "I want to go back to America.  
I wish I'd never been married. We had  
promised to go this morning to Versailles

with a party of friends, and because it  
looked like rain Mr. James refused to  
go. I plead and begged, but he has a  
fearful will, and we both got angry, and  
he has left the house. I didn't suppose  
I could get so provoked with a person I  
have really loved."

"And do love now," said the gentle  
woman, who took the hand of the excited  
young wife.

"No, I don't, Mrs. Chester. I wouldn't  
care if I never saw Wilbur James again.  
I should think his first desire in life, after  
taking me from a lovely home, would be  
to make me happy. He likes his own  
way, and that is all he cares for, and he  
simply has the physical power to carry it  
out, but that begets no love. I'm glad  
he knows I hate him, for I told him so  
this morning. What right has he to tell  
me what I shall do and what I shall  
not? If he had been kind and gentle I  
would have done anyt' for him, but  
when he takes authority upon himself I  
hate him."

"But it might be worse," suggested  
Mrs. Chester. "What if he drank, or  
was profane or immoral? Life is never  
perfect for anybody, and your lot, my  
dear, is bliss compared to that of many  
women. But for Mr. James's will he  
would probably have lost half his force of  
character."

"I wouldn't care if he weren't smart  
at all," said the indignant girl, "if he  
wouldn't use so much control. I never  
was governed and I never will be. Not  
one man in a hundred knows how to be  
gentle with his wife. He frets at the  
slightest things, never confides in her,  
and soon their lives grow apart. Do you  
think Wilbur would have acted like this  
before we were married? He would have  
said, 'I fear it will not be wise to go,  
but I will consult your pleasure.' And  
my heart was set upon going to Versail-  
les with those friends, and I had promis-  
ed."

And the pretty, self-willed wife broke  
out afresh in her sobbing.

"And why did Mr. James leave you?"  
said Mrs. Chester.

"I suppose because I told him I  
hated him, and would go back to Ameri-  
ca as soon as I could. I suppose he  
loves me, though he treats me like a  
child, and I will not be governed, and  
that's the end of it."

Hetty James was a petted girl who,  
naturally amiable, had been indulged in  
her every wish by very fond parents. She  
had wedded, as most girls do, expecting  
to find perfection, and had awakened to  
the fact that marriage has duties as well  
as pleasures; that for most of us, whether  
men or women, it becomes necessary to  
adjust our plans or desires to others'  
needs; to have no will of our own un-  
less stern principle is involved. Love is,  
in its best sense, a sacrifice, yet one that  
pays

No man marries with the plan of giving  
his whole life to selfish ends, whether it  
be to pleasure or even study or philan-  
thropy, and ever makes life a success.  
That end is attained only by considerate  
thought for others, little attentions such  
as one gives constantly in the formalities  
of social life, and grateful appreciation.  
The man who lives for self, had better a  
thousand times remain unmarried than  
to tie another into bondage. The woman  
who has only her own personal ambitions  
in view usually proves a curse rather than  
a blessing. To live for others is the only  
true life in society, the church, but, most  
of all, in the home, and failure to do it  
has been the ruin of tens of thousands.

"You don't think it mended matters  
to tell Wilbur James you hated him,"  
said Mrs. Chester.

"No," said the young wife slowly.

"Let me tell you an incident in my  
life, Hetty, of which I rarely speak, but  
which has taught me a lesson, such a one  
as I pray may not come to many. Ten  
years ago, when I married Mr. Chester,  
I was very much like you. Both my

husband and myself had strong, ungovern-  
ed wills, and were quick in temper. When  
our baby was two years old a friend came  
to visit us, and together we planned for a  
day's excursion.

"I wouldn't take the child," said Mr.  
Chester; "the jaunt will be a long, tire-  
some one, and I would rather you would  
not go."

"But I have promised," I said, "and,  
besides, it won't harm me at all or the  
baby either."

"Words soon passed between us, and  
then tears came, but the stormy debate  
ended with the assertion on my part that  
I would go, and take the baby, too, come  
what would."

Hetty's eyes opened in astonishment  
as she looked at the gentle woman before  
her.

"It was a warm but windy and dis-  
agreeable day, one of those in the late  
spring when you are dressed too warmly  
for summer and too thinly for the cold,  
and get tired easily. I had a sense of  
dissatisfaction when Mr. Chester left the  
house, half angered at him and half at  
myself, yet I had said I was going, and I  
should lose any power I had if I gave up  
now. That day I shall never forget. The  
baby grew tired and fretted, and my heart  
and body both ached. Those long hours  
when I tried to be cheerful, even jubilant  
with my friend, I should be glad to efface  
from my memory. My husband met me  
kindly at tea, but there was a gulf be-  
tween us.

"That night our baby was restless and  
feverish, and the next day and the next  
he grew worse. My husband was well-  
nigh delirious with grief. This was our  
only child, and I imprudently had been the  
cause of his illness. He died rapidly.  
It is agony to live over again those baby-  
moanings as he looked up into my blanched  
face, appealing for ease from his pain.  
With clasped hands, the past forgotten,  
Mr. Chester and I knelt beside our darling  
child, saw the eyes close with a long, last  
look for help which we could not give  
and then asked each other's forgiveness  
and God's.

"That week aged me more than all  
the years that have come since then, but  
I learned a valuable lesson at a bitter  
cost. Other perplexing times have come  
in life, but I have learned to say, as I  
have overlooked them or perhaps yielded  
some point, 'It isn't a matter of life and  
death, so it has not paid to have dissen-  
sions or be self-willed. I have found  
that most things come right and best  
with a little waiting. There are only a  
few matters in life that are of vast im-  
portance, and in minor things what does  
it signify whose will is law? Not that a  
woman should always be the one to  
yield. Kind reasoning usually makes  
one sex as ready to surrender as the other,  
but where no principle is involved peace  
is the better way at any cost. Gentleness  
is as mellow as sunlight in its influence.  
Few persons can be driven in this world;  
almost all can be led. Try the motto I  
have had for years graven on my heart,  
'It isn't a matter of life and death.'"

"I see," said Hetty, "where the mis-  
take lies. But I never can ask Wilbur's  
forgiveness. I never can humble myself  
like that. He ought to ask mine."

"O Hetty, Hetty! the world will be a  
rouge, one if pride masters you like that.  
Good-bye, my child."

And Mrs. Chester, still young, but rich  
with life's experience, went out of the  
dainty room and left the young wife alone.

After all, Wilbur James was a noble  
man, she said to herself—too wilful at  
times. But who has not faults? She  
had left father and mother for him, and  
the moulding of his character was largely  
in her hands. If she kept his affection  
she might develop him about as she  
chose. Could she really ask his forgive-  
ness?

Just then a slight knock was heard.  
The door opened, and before she had  
time to reason with herself she had said,

"Wilbur, I don't hate you. I'm so  
sorry," and this time the tears were of  
love rather than bitterness.

And Mr. James did just what ninety-  
nine men out of a hundred would have  
done, folded her to his breast, and said,

"I'll take all the blame, Hetty, I was  
hasty. We will go to Versailles some sun-  
ny day and invite the friends to go with  
us." *Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

## A SUNDAY IN MORMONDOM.

"As the mountains are round about  
Jerusalem," were the words ringing in my  
ears as I looked out of the car window  
going down from Ogden to Salt Lake City.  
The Latter Day Saints have certainly  
selected a site for their modern Zion  
which far surpasses in beauty its ancient  
prototype. The broad plain, the mild  
climate, the lofty, snow-capped moun-  
tains, altogether make up a paradise.

It was late on Saturday evening when I  
reached the stronghold of Mormondom,  
and on Sunday I set about finding out  
what I could of their peculiar forms  
of worship. The city is divided into  
twenty-one wards, and in each, I was told,  
was held a Sunday school in the morning,  
and a preaching service in the evening.  
These, with the service at the Tabernacle  
in the afternoon, I must attend. In the  
14th ward, at 10 A.M., I found a school of  
some 200 members gathered. Gentle  
missionaries have forced the Mormons to  
hold these schools in self defence, and there  
seemed to be many interesting features  
about them. I was received with great  
politeness; the officers of the school all  
greeting me cordially and expressing them-  
selves as glad to see me. The school was  
composed mainly of children, a few adults  
only forming the theological class. The  
room was pleasant with mottoes and a  
cabinet organ; the inscription over the  
superintendent's desk being: "If any  
man lack wisdom let him ask of God."

One would hardly notice at first that he  
was not in an Eastern Sunday school. The  
manner of conducting it was nearly the  
same, but a second glance showed that  
the faces were not of New England chil-  
dren. The Scandinavian, English, and  
Dutch face types were very marked, show-  
ing the sources whence come the recruits  
for the Mormon church. While many of  
the children were bright and pretty, there  
seemed to be a listless air about them  
which told the story of ignorance, and a  
servile following of an imposed faith.  
After singing, prayer, and the report of the  
secretary, the school separated into class-  
rooms for the lesson of the day. As the  
superintendent gave me liberty to look a-  
round where I pleased, I went first into the  
theological class.

They were studying from the Mormon  
Book of Doctrines and Covenants, and  
the chapter for the day was headed,  
"Three grand keys by which one may  
know good and had spirits; revealed to  
Joseph the Prophet in Nauvoo, 1.1., Feb.  
9, 1843." The good spirits were said to  
be of two kinds: (1) Resurrected bodies;  
(2) Spirits of just men made perfect. The  
grand test was drawn from the words of  
Jesus, "Handle me and see, for a spirit  
hath not flesh and bones as ye see me  
have;" and was simply to "shake hands."  
If a spirit appears to you, just offer to  
shake hands. If he is of a resurrected  
body you will feel the flesh and bones. If  
he is a spirit of a just man made perfect  
he will not respond to your offer, for such  
spirits are not allowed to shake hands. If  
he is the devil or one of his angels, he will  
shake hands with you, but you will feel  
nothing, for he "has not flesh and bones."  
Now this struck me as quite a useful thing  
to know. If a man could detect the pres-  
ence of Satan by so easy a process as  
shaking hands with him it would be worth  
a good deal. This seemed to be the idea  
of the leader of the class, for he remarked  
that this was a very important rule to re-  
member. In the main room several class-  
es were reciting—some from the Book of  
Mormon, some from the Ten Command-  
ments, and some from 1 Cor. xvi. The in-  
fant class interested me very much. Here  
in a room by themselves were more than  
100 children, all under twelve years of age,  
under the charge of three gentlemen teach-  
ers. As I went in they broke off suddenly  
from what they were doing and began to  
sing, which they did very prettily. Their  
leader then put them through a sort of