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Believe in Yourself.

During the construction of that marvel, the new cantilever bridge over the Hudson at Poughkeepsie, a young, raw country boy applied for employment.

"What can you do?" asked the master mechanic.

"I do not know as I can do anything," was the reply.

The large head dropped on his broad breast, while the full, handsome blue eyes were cast down in extreme bashfulness.

"You look like a young giant," said the master, studying him with a covetous gaze. "But a man must have some faith in himself to work two hundred feet up in the air here on this spider's web. What makes you think you want to be a bridge builder?"

"I don't know, sir," said George. "But the fact is, I am the oldest child. Father's farm, over here in Ulster County, is sold for the mortgage; he is renting it, he is half sick. Mother, sir—God bless her! she encouraged me to apply here. She says I have the stuff in me to strike out for myself and do something she'll be proud of."

George was employed. Within a week he fell fifty feet and was carried home with a shocking hurt from which he did not recover till the next spring.

One April morning George's mother came out to the lot where George was planting corn, and said, as she called him to the fence and laid her hand lovingly on his shoulder:

"George, my own, my eldest, you must go back to the bridge. I have been praying over it ever since you were restored. God is in it. You have a career before you. Remember that mother believes in you, when I say that I think it is the same as if God said to you, 'I, your Creator, believe in you.' Then, George, you ought to believe in yourself. Do you not see?"

The noble woman, and the very wise woman that she was, too, got her boy down by the stone wall there, and talked to him a long while in the same vein. It cost her very close-heart-searching, that she might be sure of her own judgment, for she was sending her first-born back to a perilous though grand opportunity. She had, however, studied her child well; she was no ordinary woman; her faith in God and her own careful judgment was very unusual and very confident.

Under her influence George awoke to himself. Within three days he was back again on the works. On the afternoon of May 2, just two weeks later, George was engaged on the lower chord, or lever, of the bridge. A thunder-storm was sweeping over from the Catskill Mountains. Winds are the most dangerous foes of bridge-builders. Scarcely less dangerous is wet weather, as it renders the iron slippery to the hands and legs of the workmen; they coil their legs about the braces, trusses, and chords, clutching with the calf of the leg, the strong under thigh muscles, and the toes. As the black masses of wind-cloud marched nearer, the men bent every muscle to secure the long and heavy bar of steel, weighing many tons, which was swinging free at the lower end. It was in vain. The first gust of the tornado sent every workman clambering up for dear life to the top chord. No wonder, for the unsecured cantilever projected over the black river at a height of fully one hundred and seventy-five feet.

"George Blank!" roared the master mechanic, "go down with me. If we don't guy that it will cause the destruction of the whole span!"

The men stood aghast. Yet they realized that nothing else could save the span, and indeed, all their lives. George Blank, however, was the only man who had been asked to go. He stared a moment at his superior in silent dismay. To clutch that wet steel and attempt to slide down on the gigantic pendulum seemed fatal. But already the master was himself springing forward, a coil of hawser round his shoulders.

"I thought," George tells it, "that I heard my mother saying, 'I believe in you and God believes in you!' In a flash I was as cool as if I stood on the ground. How I did it I don't know. I only know I went first; that my legs held their grip; that we got the lever fast just as the big wind struck us. But how I got up again in that gale I never knew."

To-day that young man is himself a master of construction in the employ of one the largest firms of iron-workers in the world. Faith saved him. George often relates this story as an illustration of one side of faith:

"Our Heavenly Father believes in us; believes we can live to please Him. That at least makes me believe in my better self. I will be worthy of the faith of my mother and my God."

One of the most difficult things to do for a certain type of young lives, is to get them to believe in themselves. The great and really capable youthful nature has often not yet waked up. The boy reads of the achievements of genius, and exclaims, "That's grand!" But he does not dream that he, too, has the hidden



WASHING DAY--AN UNWILLING SUBJECT.

power to do the same. The elder Vanderbilt did not dream of his powers when pulling at the Staten Island ferry-boat oars, but the genius of the great New York Central system was there all the while. Generally such boys can never be waked up, for that matter, by any one else. It needs poverty, stern necessity, a shock of accident, to rouse them. As a rule, such men have no one to thank for their walking up. Cruel nature wakes them. They are caught somewhere in peril of life, and to their own surprise they find that they can do the impossible. It is because they must. They are more astonished by what is in them than even their neighbors and friends. This was true of Patrick Henry and of General Grant.

Yet, on the other hand, it is often possible for a wise and careful mother to perceive what is in the silent undeveloped boy. As the mother-bird flirts out her fledgling, so do some mothers, among the poor especially, throw out the lad, as did this Ulster County woman. It is love, disguised as cruelty. The rich woman's son might far oftener "amount to something" did she not pamper him; she so often says, "Oh he is nothing but a child!" Alas! she kills his spirit with velvet.

Let no indulgent parent make you such a slave, my young reader. You can do that which you are always dreaming of. You were born for it. You

ought to be pitched out into it at any cost, and given to understand that it was sink or swim with you. Remember that, if the Creator had not known that you were worth making, he would not have made you. Now think as much of yourself as your God does of you.—[N. Y. Weekly.

OUR PICTURE.

Our engraving this month is particularly pleasing. The little maid, full of the importance of her work, has been engaged in washing both dolly and its clothes. Having by a lavish use of soap, which is rapidly dissolving in the bottom of the tub, succeeded in producing a splendid suds, she conceives the idea of using it upon the head of Freddie, her playmate. He is imperiously ordered to desist from his occupation of making mud pies and compelled to submit to the trying ordeal which the picture so graphically depicts. How early in life he renders obedience to her who will doubtless some day rule him even more tyrannically!

Nothing like Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum, for allaying thirst, and keeping the mouth moist. Try it. Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners, 5 cents.