

Drawing Near the Goal.

BY AN OLD MAN MAKING A LIVING AT HARD MANUAL LABOUR.

Written for Canadian Churchman.

My eyes are dim, my step unsteady now;
Grey locks adorn my pale, time-furrowed brow;
My feeble pulse, my palsied hands, my whole,
Tell me that I am drawing near the goal.
What have I done these three-score years and ten,
Thy name to honour, Lord, thy love to gain?
What can a mortal plead, approaching Thee?
But this, and only this, "Thou died'st for me!"
Faith is triumphant here!—'tis all I crave,
No more is needed, and no less can save:
Complete redemption and—the glory Thine—
Salvation, full and free! and grace is mine:
A way is open, and for me there's room;
For me!—for whosoever will may come—
Why linger here? earth has no charms for me;
My Father calls me; let me come to Thee.
No brother's cross can I assist to bear;
No sister's grief am I required to share;
No little hand is stretched to me to guide;
No little feet keep patter by my side;
No needy children look to me for bread;
No family to claim me as its head;
My work is done: Ah, no—forgive the boast—
For days I've squandered, and their blessings lost:
But night is nigh, time's sands have nearly run;
My work unfinished, scarcely well begun:
The field is large, the harvest ready, true—
Yet what is there the aged one can do?
Could I some hapless fallen one restore;
Heal the afflicted, and relieve the poor,
Comfort the orphan, dry the widow's tears,
Bring back the profligate his misspent years—
Then life were bliss, then would I gladly stay
Another four-score years, nor go away
Till I had wiped away the last sad tear,
And failed to find another woe to cure.
In vain the needy stretch their arms for aid;
In vain the suffering for compassion plead;
Sadly I see them sink beneath the wave
Without the means to aid or strength to save;
No power to help—why should I linger here,
Sad witness of the woes I cannot cure?
The rich in gold perhaps may find a charm;
And youth and beauty travel arm in arm;
An infant child may hold a mother here;
And childhood's love a father's toil may cheer:
But none of these are mine to comfort me;
What hath the aged one, O Lord, but thee?
In vain I watch the passers on the street,
For those familiar forms I used to greet,
The voices and the faces once so dear
Are known no more, they are no longer here;
The busy crowd now passing to and fro
Is not the busy crowd of long ago;
The maid whose smile I once so proudly won
Was summoned hence, ere life had well begun:
The child so often fondled on my knee
Has long since fondled others (it may be);
The child in time became a man with men,
By nature I became a child again:
A child whose mirth no company annoys,
A child without his playmates and his toys,
An orphan child, no loving mother now
To wipe my tears, or smooth my troubled brow:
No father's hand to bar the threatened blow,
Or none that can a sister's love bestow:
An orphan child, poor, frail and helpless thing,
Without the sympathies misfortunes bring;
An orphan child—nay, am I not a son?
A prince! an heir apparent to a throne!
A Father's kingdom which His children share!
With all the ransomed who assemble there!
Oh heavenly muse, my simple songs inspire,
Faith, guide my faltering pen and wake my lyre!
My few remaining hours let me engage
Singing of such a glorious heritage.
Poor lost and ruined out-cast flesh and blood,
Redeemed, restored, adopted, child of God.
Oh for a glimpse beyond! Nay, if I might,
What then of faith if I beheld the sight?
For this! For this a title we receive,
For this, "not having seen, yet we believe";
In this our Heavenly Father hath delight:
His children walk by faith and not by sight—
Hereon I rest! let skeptics covet more;
Enough for me, His promises are sure.
A few more trials, perhaps a few more tears,
Finish my pilgrimage of four-score years;
Let gratitude, O Lord, inspire my song;
'Tis by thy grace that I am spared so long;
Thy love has been my shield throughout the whole,
Still more I need Thee now when near the goal.
Grasping the hand that held me all those years:
Clinging to hopes that cheered me—dried my tears;
Looking to Him who saves me from my sin:
Leaning on Israel's God, I win! I win!

Guelph, March 2nd, 1893.

Lessons of Self-Denial and Unselfishness.

What lessons does the season of Lent constantly teach us? Surely, the lessons of self-denial and unselfishness.

The lesson of self-denial which is given each one of us to learn, will benefit ourselves; that of unselfishness, will benefit and help others. There is really nothing we can do which so soon brings its own reward as the helping to lighten the burdens and cares of those who are afflicted and distressed.

Do you know any such? If not, look about you; sorrow and suffering are all around us, and they will not be hard to find.

There are many sick to whom a delicacy, a flower, a kind word or message will be more potent than medicine; there are many lonely ones to whom a visit where are shown real loving sympathy and interest will renew hope and courage; and there are always the wayward, the sinning and the doubting, who need the kind word, the soft answer, the patient teaching, and sweet, Christ-like love and forbearance.

Try this Lent to learn these lessons, dear friends; and if at its close you have, for love of the Master, cheered, and helped, and comforted, and lifted up but one stricken, sorrowing, despairing soul, it will not, for you, have been in vain.

Lukewarm Workers

Some men work because they love God and all men; some—the great majority of workers—from stern sense of duty. Blessed are both, for verily their labour is not in vain. But what shall we call the great multitude of men who enrol themselves as workers, who take up the employment or labour, and then pretend, or loiter, or sit in the shade, or take the little end of the lift and do all the grunting while the true men take the big end and do all the lifting? They are disobedient alike to the call of love and duty. They are too good-natured or too timid to rebel—too weak in the knees and limp in the back to work. They find this half-way position tiresome and dull. They are bound to find it so because from the nature of things it must be so. What shall we call them? They are the curse of the Church—the curse of the Brotherhood. Downright sin and vice might possibly lead through remorse to repentance and newness of love. Upright virtue and godliness would surely transform them into God's instruments for the spreading of His kingdom. Let them be one thing or the other. Let them be anything but the heartbreaking humbugs which they are. Let them hear the voice of the Spirit and take warning: "So then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth."

Scales of the Butterfly.

Any one who has ever handled a butterfly or a moth must have noticed the dust which adheres to their fingers after so doing.

Now, this is not dust in reality, but a rubbed-off portion of the infinitely minute scales with which the wings of those insects are both covered and colored, and which have given rise to the scientific name by which the race is distinguished, *Lepidoptera*, a word signifying *scales* and *wings*—scaly-winged in fact.

The wing of a butterfly or moth, deprived of these scales, is a thin, colorless membrane, without any beauty but its shape and transparent delicacy; whereas when clothed, as it naturally is, with them, it is often a marvel of varied beauty and gorgeous splendor.

These scales can be properly seen only under a microscope, and then their separate appearance is something like the head of a lance; the narrow end being the end which adheres (however lightly) to the membrane of the wing, the broader end, which has two or three points, remaining free.

Fancy such a set of microscopic lance-heads laid in an even row across the wing; and behind these, and overlapping the narrow points of adhesion, another, and another, and another; all so scrupulously regular in arrangement, that the general appearance of the whole is that of an exquisitely minute piece of Indian matting; such matting being, however, not much like Indian matting in one respect, for there is often wonderful diversity of color in the scales of which it is composed, and

consequently, wonderful varieties both of pattern and hue in the general effect; sometimes brilliant patches, spots, or lines, occurring here and there; sometimes delicate shades, melting into each other, as if an artist's hand had been at work upon them.

Now, all these varieties are produced by the crowding together or intermingling of tiny scales of different colors, red, orange, green, white, yellow, black, etc., as the case may be.

Hints to Housekeepers.

SARDINE SALAD.—Wash the oil from a dozen sardines; remove the skin and bone. Put a head of crisp lettuce leaves in a salad-bowl, chop up two hard-boiled eggs, add the sardines to the lettuce, sprinkle with the egg, and pour over a plain salad dressing.

A CURE FOR CROUP.—Croup kills thousands where cholera kills tens. For this dreaded disease no remedy can compare in curative power to Hagyard's Yellow Oil. It loosens the phlegm, gives prompt relief, and soon completely cures the most violent attack.

LENT SALAD.—Fill the bottom of a salad-dish with crisp lettuce leaves. Cut cold boiled or baked fish into pieces, and fill the dish with it; pour over a pint of mayonnaise dressing. Chop the coral of a lobster very fine; sprinkle it over the salad. Garnish with rings of hard-boiled eggs, and serve very cold.

A PLAIN STATEMENT.—Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam cures coughs, colds, asthma, hoarseness, bronchitis, tightness of the chest, and all diseases of the throat and lungs. Price 25c.

EGG SALAD.—Cut three large stalks of celery into pieces, and put in a salad-bowl. Chop the whites of 5 hard-boiled eggs and add to the celery, with a little salt and pepper; slice the yolks of the eggs in thin rounds, lay carefully over the salad, pour over a plain salad dressing, and garnish with celery leaves.

BEWARE OF CHOLERA.—The healthy body throws off the germs of cholera, therefore wisdom counsels the use of Burdock Blood Bitters this spring to purify the blood, regulate the system, and fortify the body against cholera or other epidemics.

OYSTER SALAD.—Boil two dozen oysters in their own liquor for five minutes, drain, and stand on ice until very cold. Arrange crisp lettuce leaves in a salad-bowl, put the oysters on them, pour over a teacup of mayonnaise dressing, and serve very cold.

CLEANSING WAYS.—You can wash kid gloves in gasoline with perfect safety if you have no fire or light in the room and are careful to keep the windows open for a long time before a light is brought into that room.

SALMON SALAD.—Take two pounds of cold boiled salmon, remove the skin and bone, break the fish in pieces, and put into a bowl with a little salt, cayenne, vinegar, the juice of a lemon, and a tablespoonful of oil. Let stand on ice one hour. Put crisp lettuce leaves in a salad-bowl, add the salmon, pour over a mayonnaise dressing, garnish with olives, and serve very cold. Canned salmon may be used in making this salad.

TROUT SALAD.—Boil a medium-sized lake trout in slightly salted water, take up, drain, remove the bone and skin, break the fish into flakes, and put in spiced vinegar for two hours. Drain, put in a salad-bowl on a bed of lettuce leaves, pour over half a cup of mayonnaise, and garnish with hard-boiled eggs.

LOBSTER SALAD.—After boiling a hen lobster, let cool, crack and shell, take out the meat, and tear it apart in flakes; put on ice until wanted. Wash two heads of crisp lettuce, and shake dry. Put four tablespoonfuls of water in a saucepan with two of vinegar, one of sugar, let heat; add a beaten egg, a pinch of salt, and cayenne. Take from the fire. When cool mix in a tablespoonful of olive-oil and the powdered yolks of four hard-boiled eggs. Pull the lettuce leaves apart, and mix with the lobster. Put in a salad-bowl, pour the dressing over, and garnish with lettuce leaves and tiny scarlet radishes.

Children's

Bobby

Once upon a time a boy named Bobby was not a bad boy, say he had one good thing he saw anything to try to get it.

One day he was in a shop, he was his mother gave him. If a school-friend Bobby never made him give short, Bobby was

One day he was master, who had him for a long while coming home, a pastry-cook's, and choose a cake over all the good—they all seemed difficult to choose had taken their cake, before Bobby mind which to have sight of a large which looked to the others.

"That's the best," so I'll have it.

But alas! when to its widest extent the cake went quite low, and just for with a tiny bit. Although Bobby had first, for his led out good solid

"Well, Bobby Frost, you have is not gold that certainly looked peck that you than the other Bobby blushed any one had not

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