

listen as quiet as a dumb cratur, if it plazes ye."

Gladly accepting this not very gracious permission, Lawrence brought his Bible, and after thinking what would be least likely to offend the prejudices of the rather choleric patient, he read the beautiful hymn of the Virgin, "My soul doth magnify the Lord" He then read the story of the marriage at Cana of Galilee, with its account of the reverence paid by Mary to her Divine Son.

"Is that the Blessed Vargin, ye're readin' about?" asked O'Neal with some interest.

"Yes," said Lawrence. "Shure, she was the good woman," replied his patient in a sort of expostulatory tone.

"Certainly," continued the reader, "the 'blessed among women' the Bible calls her."

"Does it now! the Protestant Bible?" asked Dennis with eagerness. "An' is that it ye're readin'! Shure they tould me it was a bad book. Read me some more av it, if ye plaze."

Lawrence read him the touching story of Calvary, and then repeated the beautiful *Stabat Mater*, that hymn of ages with its sweet refrain,

"Mary stood the cross beside."

Strange that that hymn of the Umbrian monk should be repeated six hundred years after his death in a lumber shanty in the backwoods of Canada.

Lawrence then repeated Wesley's beautiful hymn.

"Come, ye weary sinners, come,
All who groan beneath your load,
Jesus calls his wanderers home,
Hasten to your pardoning God.
Come, ye guilty spirits, oppressed,
Come, ye guilty spirits, oppressed,
Answer to the Saviour's call:
'Come, and I will give you rest.
Come, and I will save you all!'"

As he recited slowly and with much feeling the last verse.

"Burdened with a world of grief,
Burdened with our sinful load,
Burdened with this unbelief,
Burdened with the wrath of God;
Lo! we come to thee for ease,
True and gracious as thou art;
Now our groaning soul release,
Write forgiveness on my heart,"

a tear trickled down the bronzed face of the sick man, the first that he had shed for years, and his features twitched convulsively as he said,

"True for ye. Burdened enough I've been, and far enough I've wandered. If the Blessed Vargin 'ud only look on a poor wretch p'raps I might repent after all."

Gently and lovingly Lawrence urged him to look from the Virgin to her Divine Son for the forgiveness of sins and spiritual succour that he alone can impart.

As he was about to leave the sick man, he laid his hand on his fevered brow and asked him kindly if he felt better.

"It's powerful wake I am," said the grateful fellow, "but, thanks to yer kindness, I'm cruel aisy."

Taking this rather contradictory statement as it was meant, Lawrence retired to his secret oratory in the woods to thank God that he had been enabled to overcome evil with good. As he walked in the dim forest aisles in the flush of the departing day he felt that in the rude lumber shanty he had been able to serve God no less acceptably than if he had worshipped beneath cathedral dome. In seeking to do good unto others his own soul had been benighted and blessed

(To be continued.)

Mother's Letters.

MORNING'S letters! precious things!
Speeding with their snowy wings!
Waited for by household bands,
In all countries and all lands!

Mother's letters to her boy!
See him grasp it, oh! what joy!
Now with tears his eyes are dim—
Mother, dear, believes in him

Tender thoughts from mother a pea
He must read to listening men.
They in camp, or "marching through,
May have anxious mothers, too.

O'er the sea, from shore to shore,
Mid the great Atlantic's roar,
Speed the little missives white
On their rounds of love and light;

Cheering many a maiden's heart,
Forced from home and friends to part;
Checking many a lad's career
When the tempter lurketh near.

Mother's letters! full of love,
Oh, what comforters they prove
In the dark and dismal day,
When no sunlight gilds the way.

Mother's letters! precious things!
Speeding with their snowy wings!
Waited for by household bands,
In all countries and all lands!

BOYS WANTED.

WHAT kind of boys are wanted in counting rooms and offices, to take the place, in time, of the merchants and ship-masters who are so active to-day! Let us see.

First, boys that know how to obey orders. It is said that the famous General Havelock set out for a walk in London one morning, taking with him his son Henry, about twelve years old. On his return his wife exclaimed: "General, where is Henry?" "I left him on Thames Bridge this morning, telling him to await my return," he replied. Hurrying back to the bridge, the boy was found walking up and down, up and down, waiting as he had been told. All the long day the boys had jeered at him, called him names, pointed at him; and now, touching his hat to his father, he was ready for home.

During a famous battle between the French and English, the British commander gave orders to an officer, with his regiment, to guard a certain bridge, and remain there till ordered to march. The battle raged fiercely, now one army retreating, and then the other forced back, till the officer could wait no longer, but gave orders to "march" and join in the thickest of the fight.

He was brave and did good service, but Napoleon crossed that bridge and escaped. After the battle the commander called the officer into his presence, and, breaking his sword, stripping him of his honors, disgraced him. Severe, was it! He should have remained upon the bridge till the timbers fell into the river, unless ordered away. The kind of boys needed must learn to obey.

Secondly, boys must be able to say "No," and mean it. Nine out of ten boys who fail to rise in the world lack the will-power to brave a sneer, and to resist temptation.

In the third place, boys need help. They ought to be Christians, and not fear to let their companions know it. Twenty years ago a boy in Boston had a good situation, with excellent prospects, but gave it up because he would not do wrong to please his employer, though there were several dependent on him at home. He was desirous of pleasing the merchant, but he served and trusted in a better Master. To day he is respected and wealthy, and occupies several positions of honor.

Boys are needed every where who are prompt, honest, faithful, Christian. All such will find favour here, and a crown hereafter.

DARE TO DO RIGHT.

It takes courage sometimes! Indeed it does. There's Nellie Roberts She has a kind heart, and it hurts her to see another hurt. The other day when Daisy Melton confided to her special set the plan of playing an ill-natured trick on Amy Ray, and Nellie cried out, "O, don't let's do that, it will make Amy feel so bad!" do you think it was easy for Nellie to stand by her conscience when Daisy sneered, and said, "O, Miss Piety! How very good you are! Can't you show us how to be as good as you are?" But Nellie dared to do right, and the girls respected her in their hearts.

And Arthur Jones, the day the boys all went to an excursion. What a happy time he was having until Tom Prince came to the little group, who were resting under a big tree, with a dozen cigarettes in his hand. "Come on, boys, here's a treat," he said, and passed them around. With what a grown-up air the boys took them! Not one declined until Arthur was reached, and what a storm of ridicule and persuasion he had to meet because he politely and firmly said no!

Arthur dared to do right, though, and he has never been sorry for it. Stand by your principles, boys and girls! Dare to do right, though all the world sneer at you.

One above, who is the Right, is looking down upon you. He sees and he will give the strength to stand firm for the right, whatever it may cost.

Give what you have. To some one it may be better than you dare to think

The Open Door.

Within a town of Holland once
A widow dwelt, 'tis said;
So poor, alas! her children asked
One night in vain for bread.
But this poor woman loved the Lord,
And knew that he was good,
So, with her little ones around,
She prayed for him for food.

When prayer was done, the eldest child
A boy of eight years old—
Said softly, "In the holy Book,
Dear mother, we are told
How God, with food by raven's brought,
Supplied his prophet's need."
"Yes," answered she, "but that, my son,
Was long ago, indeed."

"But, mother, God may do again
What he has done before;
And so, to let the bird fly in,
I will un-love the door."
Then little Dirk, in simple faith,
Threw open the door full wide,
So that the radiance of their lamp
Fell on the path outside.

Ere long the burgomaster passed,
And, noting the light,
Paused to inquire why thus the door
Was open so at night.

"My little Dirk has done it, sir,"
The widow, smiling, said,
"That raven might fly in and bring
My hungry childer bread."

"Indeed!" the burgomaster cried,
"Then here's a raven, lad;
Come to my home and you shall see
Where bread may soon be had."
Along the street to his own house
He quickly led the boy,
And sent him back with food that filled
His humble home with joy.

The supper ended, little Dirk
Went to the open door,
Looked up and said, "We thank thee,
Lord."

Then shut it fast once more.
For though no bird had entered in,
He knew that God on high
Had hearkened to his mother's prayer,
And sent this full supply. —Selected.

CAMEO-CUTTING.

It is said that the stone from which cameos are cut—onyx and sardonyx—is so plentiful on the Uruguay River, in Brazil, that ships often take it away as a ballast. Nevertheless, perfect pieces of large size are costly, a piece suitable for a large portrait costing as much as seventy-five dollars.

This stone is preferred for cameos because of its hardness and durability, and is suitable for such work owing to the fact that it comes in layers of contrasting colour, as black and white, black and cream, or red and white.

When the cut figure is sunk into the stone instead of being raised, the cutting is called an intaglio. The cost of these gems is due to the time and skill required in the work. Formerly a small gem might occupy an artist a year or more, but with modern appliances the work can now be done much more rapidly. Still, the ancient work bears the palm for artistic excellence.

The cutting is now done by holding the stone against a revolving drill, whose soft steel face is covered with diamond-dust. No steel is hard enough to cut this stone. The utmost patience and caution and delicate handling are required, as the slightest slip may be fatal to the work.