

## JIM BLUDSO.

Wall, no, I can't tell whar he lives,  
Because he don't live, you see ;  
Leastwise, he's got out of the habit  
Of livin' like you and me.  
Whar have you been for the last three years  
That you haven't heard folks tell  
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks  
The night of the Prairie Belle ?

He weren't no saint—they engineers  
Is all pretty much alike—  
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill  
And another one here in Pike  
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,  
And an awkward hand in a row ;  
But he never flunked, and he never lied—  
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had—  
To treat his engine well ;  
Never be passed on the river ;  
To mind the pilot's bell ;  
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire,  
A thousand times he swore,  
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank  
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississipp,  
And her day came at last ;  
The Movastar was a better boat,  
But the Belle she wouldn't be passed,  
And so she came tearing along that night—  
The oldest craft on the line—  
With a nigger squat on her safety valve  
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire burst out as she cleared the bar,  
And burnt a hole in the night,  
And quick as a flash she turned and made  
For that willer bank on the right,  
They was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out,  
Over all the infernal roar :  
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank  
Till the last galoot's ashore !"

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat  
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,  
And all had trust in his cussedness  
And knowed he would keep his word,  
And, sure's you're born, they all got off  
Afore the smokestacks fell,  
And Bludso's ghost went up alone  
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint, but at Judgement  
I'd run my chance with Jim  
'Longside of some pious gentlemen  
That wouldn't shake hands with him.  
He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing,  
And went for it, thar and then,  
And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard  
On a man that died for men.

—COL. J. HAY, late London Ambassador.

## HERE IS TRUE COURAGE.

De Witt Talmage said recently: "We talk of the

persecution of olden times. There is just as much persecution going on now in various ways. In 1849, in Madagascar, eighteen men were put to death for their Christian belief. They were to be hurled over the rocks, and before they were hurled over, in order to make their death the more dreadful in anticipation, they were put into baskets and swung to and fro over the precipice, that they might see how many feet they would have to be dashed down, and while they were swinging in these baskets over the rock they sang

Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the billows near me roll  
While the tempest still is high."

This only happened this century, fifty years ago, these men had the courage of their convictions and died rather than hide them. And yet there are many "professing christians" who are engaged in trade to-day, who pose publicly as having faith and who know that the present social conditions are all wrong, that respectable men are living on starvation wages, and that monopolists are squeezing them out of their long worked for trade, yet they stand idly by and say, "Well, I can do nothing, every man must look out for himself. I don't see what you can do, "Business is business." If you do anything, let me know, I may join if the movement becomes popular." Contrast the difference in the faith, the one unquenchable, the other professional.

## SUNSHINY WOMEN.

The sunshiny woman, who always greets you with a smile, that warms you to the heart, is one of the divinest gifts of God to man. Her name is not legion, neither is the priceless gem found in vast numbers, but, like the diamond, she scintillates the more brilliantly amid dark and gruesome surroundings. The sunshiny woman as a girl is the particular star in the circle of classmates who in after years perhaps forget the others, but who always dwell lovingly on the name, even in memory, of the gentle being who turned away the shadow and made the presence of the sun more evident. In the home she is the one to whom mother looks for joyous sympathy and in whom father finds a restful delight after the fatigues of the day. If cook is cross, the children fretful or the financial bureau in a state of depression, the sunshiny woman can always find even in such a doeful triumvirate something of a cheering character, something which, once brought to light, raises the spirits of the household in proportion to their depression heretofore.

When the sunshiny woman becomes a wife she brings into her husband's life an element of joy that no future calamity can entirely eliminate. She is a helpmate in very truth, though she may not be able to make a loaf of bread and has the most extraordinary ideas on the subject of domestic economy. She is a sort of mental bracer, the effervescence of the sunbeam brightening all within the radius of her influence. Life to her is never so gloomy but that it could be gloomier. She revels in the very joy of living, and even when physical misfortunes pursue her, the beautiful soul smiles forth from the patient eyes, until we inwardly remark, "God bless her," and know that the world would be better if there were more like her.