

By noon the sun came out, the stones dried off, and he was at work again. The first thing he did was to write out his favourite sentence, which I afterwards learned was his daily motto :

*"There is only one real failure in life possible ; and that is, not to be true to the best one knows."*

One panel was always reserved for these words, which were written plainly in white chalk.

One day I asked him why he did not try to get work as a draughtsman, or look for a place as a teacher of free-hand drawing.

"Oh, I'm no good off the stones, sir. When I take a pencil in my hand I can't do anything. You see, this is my place. I was born to this work. When I was a small boy, my mother used to set me in Tottenham Court Road and I would draw on a blackboard. You see, sir, this is the best I knows, and while some people may think my life is a failure, I tries to think it is worth something because I tries to live up to the best I knows."

A few weeks ago this man died in an obscure alley near Drury Lane. To the best of my knowledge, he died of "intermittent starvation," like thousands of the London poor. I was curious to know something more about him, and after much questioning, I found the wretched hovel where he had lived. An old woman who had been with him in his last moments told me what I had partly suspected.

"He gave away most of 'is earnings, sir. 'E wa'n't like the rest of us 'ere. I've knowed 'im to give's last penny to a 'ungry little girl w'en 'e 'adn't anything to heat 'imself hall day."

Poor sidewalk artist ! He lies buried in the desolate spot where the London poor have their final resting-place. But the time will come when Christ shal' reward him with the reward which belongs to one who believed in "being true to the best one knows."—*Robert Cheviot.*

## POETIC GEMS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN J. STRAMBERG, RIVER JOHN, JAN. 13, 1887.



H beloved departed brother !  
Hast thou then forever left  
Home, and broken-hearted mother,  
Wife and babes and friends bereft !  
Ah how quickly thou art taken  
In thy prime of manly years !  
As an oak by wild winds shaken  
Falls ere age its verdure sears.  
Cold in death we see thee lying  
Midst thy kindred once so dear ;  
While the mourners' bitter crying

Falls unheeded on thine ear !  
Bowed before the awful portal  
By whose way thy soul hath gone.  
Cling we to the Hope immortal,  
Given us by the LORD alone !  
Soon from us this world material  
Shall be taken like a dream,  
And upon our souls ethereal  
The Eternal World shall gleam !  
But can death the ties dissolve  
Of true love, by GOD entwined ?  
Must we, parting, part forever,  
From our dear ones left behind ?  
Nay ! In JESUS CHRIST believing,  
With repentant honest love,  
Daily of His grace receiving,  
We shall dwell with Him above !  
Here we part, but though we never  
In the flesh may meet again,  
There true Christians meet forever,  
There with CHRIST forever reign !

MRS. MARY ANN MCKINNON.

Cape John, N. S., 1887.

## JESUS, ALMIGHTY TO SAVE.

O ! JESUS my Saviour dispels all my fears,  
He heals all my sorrows and dries all my tears.  
No evil can harm me when JESUS is nigh,  
He is the sure refuge ; to Him I will fly.

Though your sins be like scarlet, His blood  
maketh white ;  
He scatters the darkness and gives you true light ;  
Omnipotent JESUS is mighty to save  
From sin, death and hell, and from fear of the  
grave.

Look only to Jesus, trust fully in Him,  
He's waiting your poor weary soul to redeem.  
Free pardon is granted to all who will come,  
And joy, rest and happiness, heaven and home.

O sinner, poor sinner, why longer delay ?  
Since Jesus has called you and shewn you the  
way.  
He's waiting to bless you, free pardon to give ;  
Come, then, to the Saviour ; oh come ! look and  
live !

Yes, Jesus is gracious, and merciful too ;  
He is willing to save all, to save even you ;  
Though deep you have plunged into sin's crim-  
son dye,  
His blood can cleanse you, if on Him you rely.

Oh ! come to the Saviour, He says in His Word,  
Whoever will come and trust in the Lord,  
He'll in no wise cast out, but forgive all your  
sins,  
He'll cleanse you from guilt, and from all filthy  
stains.

Come, lave in this fountain ; come, wash in the  
blood  
Of the crucified JESUS ; and then, like a flood,  
His Word, with His Spirit pervading your soul,  
Shall cleanse and reform you, RENEWED and  
MADE WHOLE !

Pictou, N. S., 1887.

GRACE FRASER.

## SPRING IS COMING.

Spring comes smiling down the valley,  
Wakening up the bird and bee ;  
Flowers in haste rise up to meet her,  
Buds are bursting on the tree :