

No Truth of God can fail or fall,  
 In His design there is no flaw,  
 No accident, but only Law  
 And Justice sovereign over all.

Despair not, thou, though crushed by Sin :  
 Forgiving at the Eternal Gates  
 The tender Shepherd eager waits  
 To let the weary wanderer in.

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN, M. A., PH. D.

### LOST AT SEA.

OVER the stoßt pier the wild sea leaps,  
 Over the brown rocks the white spray sweeps,  
 On the horizon a far lone sail  
 Drifts, grey and ghostlike, before the gale.

Black is the north as with clouds of night,  
 Ploughed is the sea into furrows white ;  
 Over the harbor the sea-gulls wheel,  
 Wildly the tall masts rock and reel.

Boats at their moorings creak and strain,  
 Sharp as a whip lash beats the rain :  
 Fishermen look from the sheltered lee —  
 God help men out in such a sea !

Over the grey pier the wild sea leaps,  
 Over the harbor the white spray sweeps :  
 But God only knoweth upon what shore,  
 Love waits for the sail that shall come no more

J. SSIE KERR LAWSON.

### RUSTY STREAKS.

In portions of the West, during hot seasons, non-alkaline water is so scarce that men get up in the middle of the night and lick the dew off the grass to get a drink.

Fogs are so thick in the water on the north shore of Lake Superior, that you have to alight from the train with a dark lantern to find the semaphore, and having found it, have as much trouble in retracing your steps to the train.

Sorrow sours hearts, but brightens minds.

Love sometimes takes a man to prison.

The man who sits on loose boards is sure to get pinched, sooner or later.

Half of art is knowing when to stop.

### FAME.

Would man give virtue, or honor for a name ?

To have it writ on the tablature of fame ;  
 For all men feel of fame begins and ends  
 With satirical foes and piratical friends.

### GENIUS.

All men of money do compute  
 The man of genius but a brute ;  
 All men of genius are but fools,  
 When monied men make them their tools.

One winter recently two Englishmen, wishing to have a cutter ride, repaired to Benson's livery, Winnipeg. While in the office waiting for the sleigh, they overheard Mr. Benson say, "George, it's very cold to-day, bring out a couple of buffa-