

To-Day and To-Morrow.

BY GERALD MANSKY.

Heart hopes that burned like stars sublime,
Go down! 'neath the heavens of freedom;
And true hearts perish in the time
We bitterlest need them!
But never sit we down and say
There's nothing left but sorrow;
We walk the wilderness to-day—
The promised land to-morrow.

Our fields of song are silent now;
There are no flowers blooming!
Yet life is in the frozen bough,
And freedom's spring is coming!
And freedom's tide comes up at ebb,
Though we may stand in sorrow;
And our goodly bargains to-day
Shall float again to-morrow.

Through all the long, dark night of years
The people's cry ascended,
And earth is wet with bloody and tears;
But our meek suffering endeth!
The few shall not for ever sway,
The many moil in sorrow,
The powers of hell are strong to-day,
But Christ shall rise to-morrow.

Though hearts brood o'er 'ho past, our eyes
With smiling futures glisten!
For, lo! our day bursts up the skies;
Lean out your souls and listen!
The world rolls freedom's radiant way,
And ripens with her sorrow,
Keep heart! who bears the cross to-day,
Shall wear the crown to-morrow.

O youth! flame earnest, still aspire,
With energies immortal!
To many a heaven of desire,
Our yearning opens a portal!
And though age wearies by the way,
And hearts break in the furrow,
We'll sow the golden grain to-day,
The harvest comes to-morrow.

Build up heroic lives, and all
Be like a heathen babe,
Ready to flash out at God's call,
O chivalry of labour!
Triumph and toil are twins, and ay,
Joy suits the cloud of sorrow;
And 'tis the martyrdom to-day
Brings victory to-morrow.

The Story of a Hymn-Book.

CHAPTER IV.

ARNOLD AND ALICE.

It was not long ago I discovered that, though Alice Wilnot loved her parents with a full and devoted affection, there was yet another towards whom her young heart was fixed with pure, strong love. My first recollections of Arnold Guestling are associated with a bright Sabbath morning in winter. The snow lay crisp and white all around. Though the sun shone resplendently, the frost was hard beneath. Across the fields, with red cheeks and sparkling eyes, came the children to be gathered together in the cheery kitchen, and there taught to sing and pray. After much stamping and scraping of feet in the porch, the little rustics came shyly into the room, and soon there was a buzz of reading and talking, and then there was a simple hymn, in which the children's voices joined somewhat irregularly, yet not unmelodiously. Alice and her mother were the only teachers; Mr. Wilnot sitting in the corner, with spectacles on his brow, and the big Bible open before him, but looking as often at the young ones as at the sacred page.

I said Alice and her mother were the only teachers, but I should have said that the bigger boys were grouped around a young man, whose animated face presented a striking contrast to the round-eyed, open-mouthed lads who stood staring at him, entirely absorbed by the Bible story of David and Goliath.

That young man was Arnold Guestling, and it was not long before even a stranger might have discovered that between him and Alice there had sprung up a close sympathy and a mutual affection.

I learned that Arnold was the pupil of a neighbouring farmer, in whose house he lodged, and under whom he was acquiring a knowledge of practical agriculture. He came from a distant shire, but was the

scion of a good Methodist family, and thus it was that he had been welcomed by the hospitable family at The Hawthorns; and there a frequent visitor, he had quickly discerned the beauty and worth of Alice Wilnot.

As for Alice, her heart was engaged almost before she knew it. Young Guestling possessed many manly charms of person; he had seen more of life than the good people of Oakshade, who had seldom travelled beyond Winton, or at most Towerchurch, the county town.

He fascinated them all by his frank and open manner, his free and engaging conversation, and his manly piety.

On this part of my story I must not dwell, for so much remains to be told. In less than twelve months from my first acquaintance with Alice, she became the wife of Arnold Guestling.

It was Arnold's purpose to take a farm in the neighbourhood of Oakshade, and there to settle immediately upon his marriage. A farm was secured, but considerable difficulty occurred in the process of negotiations; and when all was arranged, the farmhouse at Brooklea was found so thoroughly out of repair, that a long time was expended in renovating and fitting it for Alice and her husband. For some months, therefore, after her marriage, Alice still lived at home with her parents; and, indeed, did not enter upon Brooklea until about a month before Gilbert was born.

Those were halcyon days. The villagers were right glad that "Miss Alice" was not to be taken far away. In spite of all his popularity, Arnold would surely have found many who would have been slow to forgive him the offence of robbing Oakshade of its fairest flower.

There is hardly a cottage in all the valley into which my mistress and I have not been. From the time that she possessed me I was her daily companion, and she never went into the home of the poor or the chamber of the sick without me. For when she had talked a while, and read a few verses from her Bible, she would say, with a bright smile, "Now shall I read you some nice verses?"

How the poor and suffering delighted to hear the sweet poetry as it fell in musical cadence from her lips! Often and often have I heard them ask for that "pretty piece as Miss Alice read last time her were there."

"Jesus, lover of my soul" and "Rock of Ages," were certainly Alice's and her clients' chief favourites. Young and old alike loved those hymns, and knew some line or two of their precious truths.

It was Alice's common habit to induce the children to learn these hymns, and many a time she bestowed little rewards of books, ribbons, or tippets upon those who proved most successful as scholars.

Alice was an angel of mercy in the abode of sorrow. Her hand was so soft as she smoothed the pillow of the suffering, her little basket was such an inexhaustible treasury of comforts, and, best of all, "replenished" were her lips with grace.

Brooklea was about two miles from The Hawthorns. It was a pleasant spot, surrounded with all the sweet sylvan beauties of an English landscape.

How bright was the life of the happy and harmonious pair, as they watched the growth of their infant boy, who, in their judgment, with the usual partiality of parents, was considered to be a prodigy of beauty and intelligence!

The months sped on, and the Guestlings had now been established at Brooklea nearly a year, when, like the tempestuous wind called Euroclydon, there burst upon the calm and happy home a sudden and terrible sorrow.

Arnold had kissed his wife and little boy after breakfast, and had taken his gun and gone off upon the farm. He would be back before noon, and would bring with him a bird or two and a hare; for Mr. Richmond the minister, was expected at The Hawthorns in the evening, and the good man should not go back to Winton empty-handed.

Alas, alas! Alice little knew, as she saw the sunny smile upon her husband's handsome face, he stood at the gate, turning back to wave his hand to the babe who leaped in her arms, that it was almost the last ray of that light of love which would ever beam upon her. No overshadowing presentiment of the coming awful eclipse

touched her spirit. She knew not that her sun was to be turned into blood, and her sky wrapped in darkness, its noon changed to sudden night.

Arnold Guestling was indeed back before noon, but he was carried to his home a broken, bleeding, dying man.

In climbing over a gate his loaded gun had caught by the trigger, and the whole contents of the charge were blown into his head and neck.

That was a day of horror and deep darkness at the two homesteads. From the first the doctors gave no hope of life. There might be a brief return of consciousness, but it would be the immediate precursor of death.

And so it was. Farmer Wilnot and his wife, and Alice's only brother Clement, were soon at Brooklea, and thither too came good Mr. Richmond—the sorrow of his friends his own.

Poor Alice was heavily stricken. The sudden and awful calamity had, as it were, stunned her, and benumbed her faculties; so that silent, tearless, and deadly pale, her nerves strung to highest tension—she attended upon her husband with an unnatural calmness.

The sun was going down in the west. Its departing rays shed a golden glory into the chamber of suffering, and rested upon the pallid face of the dying man. He moved uneasily, and opened his eyes. They thought the light distressed him, and moved to close the blinds, when for the first time since the accident he spoke. "No, no. The sun shall no more go—" His voice failed, and his eyes closed again. The composure of the bystanders failed them as they heard that voice speaking back to them, as it seemed, from within the margin of Jordan's stream. Alice buried her head in the pillow, and her mother and brother rushed from the room.

Mr. Richmond drew near to the sufferer, and took his hand and waited till the next gleam of intelligence should appear.

The eyes unclosed again, and turned towards the window, through which, with softening radiance, the westering beams still shone. A radiance as beautiful glorified the face of Arnold Guestling—memory, intelligence, faith, hope, joy, all glowed upon his noble features, as he deliberately, and with perfect distinctness, repeated—

"No need of the sun in that day,
Which never is followed by night,
Where Jesus's beauties display
A pure and a permanent light."

He paused and looked wistfully at Mr. Richmond, who, understanding him, took up the strain,—

"The Lamb is their light and their sun,
And lo! by reflection they shine,
With Jesus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence divine."

"All is well, my dear boy?" said Mr. Wilnot with a broken voice, feeling nevertheless how unnecessary was the question in the presence of that eloquent face, already "bright in effulgence divine." Arnold spread his hands toward the minister and his father-in-law on either side, and as they took them in their own, the dying man's grasp said more than lips could speak.

He looked round and feebly said, "Alice." She put her lips to his, and he flung his arms around her. Oh, the anguish of that last embrace to the wife's breaking heart!

It was the final effort of departing strength on Arnold's part. A cloud passing over the sun dimmed for a few moments its glory. The leaden hue of death spread over the sufferer's cheek. They thought that all was over, when, lo, the cloud was lifted, and a more glorious radiance from the setting sun poured into the chamber. Simultaneously the soul flashed its light once more through the eyes and countenance of Arnold Guestling. For the moment it seemed as if the deadly pallor were all gone, and as if it were a conqueror in his manly might, and not a sinking sufferer, that lay there. His voice rang on, with almost its former strength and melody—

"With him I on Zion shall stand
(For Jesus hath spoken the word),
The breadth of Immanuel's land,
Surveyed by the light of the Lord,

But when on thy bosom reclined,
Thy face I am strengthened to see,
My fulness of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens in thee!"

"In thee—in thee,"—an angelic smile, and then the eyes close, and the last sigh is breathed.

The sun's disc dropped suddenly behind the hill, and the glory faded from the chamber. And of Arnold Guestling men said, "His sun hath gone down while it is yet day." But glorious was its rising upon that horizon which never knows a sunset.

(To be continued.)

SORROWS OF HEATHEN CHILDREN.

BY SOPHIE S. SMITH.

NELLIE. Dear me, this lesson is so hard. Kitty, don't you wish you was a heathen sometimes? I do.

Kitty. Nellie White, you ought to be ashamed. That is a sinful wish.

Nellie. I didn't mean to be wicked. I only thought what a nice time little heathen girls must have without any hard lessons or multiplication table to learn.

Dora. I don't think they have near as nice a time as we do, even if we do have hard lessons.

Kitty. I don't want to be a heathen. Our papas and manmas love us, and are glad to have us, but in India the papas are angry and the manmas are ashamed when a girl baby is born.

Nellie. Don't they like girls as well as boys?

Kitty. No; they say girls are of no use, and they cost too much money to raise.

Dora. They never go to school, and learn nothing except how to cook and take care of the house.

Kitty. They get married when they are only eight or nine years old, and go to live with their husband's mother, who teaches them how to prepare his food in the way he likes. When it is cooked they stand behind his chair and wait upon him; and when he has had enough they eat what is left.

Dora. And if the husband should die the wife has to give up all her ornaments and pretty dresses. She can't go anywhere or have any pleasure, but she must stay at home, lonely and despised, because she is a widow.

Nellie. How dreadful! What makes these people so cruel to their girls?

Kitty. Because they do not know and love Jesus.

Nellie. I'm glad I live in a Christian land where our papas and manmas love Jesus and love all the little children he sends them. I will never wish that I was a heathen again.

Dora. And we ought to do all we can to send the Bible to the heathens, that they may learn about Jesus and become good men and women.

A COMPOSITION BY AN INDIAN BOY.

They are five races, which are the white and yellow and black and red and brown. The yellow race like to eat rat, and the black race like to eat man, and the white race like to eat frog, and the red race like to eat buffalo.

The Caucasian is the strongest in the world. The semi-civilized have their own civilization, but not like the white race. The savage race kept their own ways, and they have had three occupations. They were hunted, fished, and fought to the other people. They beat, too. The white race have agriculture, manufacturing, and commerce.

The white people they are civilized. They have everything and go to school, too. They learn how to read and write and they can read newspaper. The yellow people they half civilized, some of them know how to read and write, and some know how to take care of themselves. The red people they big savages; they don't know anything.

This boy that carried the five joyes and two fishes was of some service to the benovient and wonder working Saviour.