

In Dolore Animi.

Toronto Civic Elections, 1888.

[Mr. L. A. Morrison writes, "in grief of mind," a poem of which we have room for only the following verses]:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."
We sang, with victory in our grasp,
But one short, swift fled year ago;
Now—fallen from our careless clasp—
The Temperance Banner trails in dust,
And all our points of vantage gained
Are swept beyond our nerveless trust:
Though by hard patient toil obtained.

Oh bear a Brother, while he sends
A message from a heart that bleeds:—
Our ultimate success depends
On strong united words and deeds.
'Tis principles—not men—that bind:
Nor Clarke, nor Rogers, matters much—
Let Truth shine out, and lights that blind
Will vanish, at its magic touch.

We wait—and give but little heed—
While our brave Leaders teach and toil;
We listen—while they call and plead—
But keep ourselves from out the moil;
And then—when comes the eager fray—
Some light side issue wins our praise
And takes us from our friends, away
As Judas went, in olden days.

Oh ye, who name the Name of Christ,
And at his "Blood-bought" Altar kneel,
How can ye dare with RUM make tryst,
Or "strike your hand" 'gainst Virtue's
weal?

Can ye not hear the children's cry
From wasted homes; or see that "Drink"
Is foe to all, that brings men nigh
To God, or saves from Ruin's brink?

Up! up my Brethren! No defeat
Can crush the Truth, or bind the Right;
Before God's Heaven-throned Mercy Seat,
United purpose—in his sight—
Can fetter Wrong, and put down sin,
Can mould opinions, and bring nigh
That glorious day, when we shall win
This battle for the Lord, Most High.
Toronto, Jan. 6th, 1888.

A Word to the Boys.

We don't know of any one thing more than another which is more essential for a young man or boy to learn than the art of politeness—the thousand and one little courtesies which go toward making up the sum of human happiness. If we were to speak of any but the most important we might fill a small book. The most important are generally considered to be those which extend throughout our surroundings in every-day life. We measure our acquaintances somewhat by their attention to these things. A well-bred child will notice many little deficiencies in breeding, where one that had been carelessly instructed will see nothing unusual. We cannot be too careful of our attention to these matters. A boy in the street, accompanied by lifting his hat—what is it? A simple mark of respect to a lady. Yet how very excellent and rude a man or boy would be deemed if he passed his friends with a nod. I know one young boy who once lifted his hat to his boyish friends. That was ten years ago. Do you think that he, as a rising young lawyer in Chicago, ever regretted so doing? That he enjoyed his play less? No, indeed. We are not so foolish as to think that. It is simply that the

majority who do not attend to these things do it from carelessness. They are by no means necessarily ill-bred. They know what is right, but fail to do it.

Take another of these self-same courtesies—introductions. Just watch, for some time, all the introductions that come under your notice. How many people do it in an easy way? Take your own experience. Have you ever failed to catch the name of the party introduced? The object in introducing one person to another is to make two people acquainted who were previously strangers. If the name of either person is unfamiliar to the other, there is a double reason why they should be made distinct. Yet in all the introductions through which I have been, in more than two-thirds of the cases it is well-nigh impossible to catch the name. The trouble lies mainly in the great hurry people seem to be in when they introduce one person to another. It is a point well worth our attention.

Many young people have an erroneous idea that politeness borders on affectation, or is effeminate. It is gratifying to know that they are able to see their mistake later in life, when they mingle with the world. We do not often hear the term now, "A gentleman of the olden school."

Let us see what they were. Careful of other people's feelings; ready to assist the weak; courteous to all; attentive to the wants of others—gentlemen in the highest, truest sense of the word. Is it, then, so nearly a forgotten accomplishment that persons possessing these traits are denominated "Gentlemen of the olden school?" Has our modern school of politeness left out these particular branches of learning? For we have polite men and women, boys and girls, but does their politeness spring from the heart? Above all, does the home find them as attentive to the wants of those around them as when they are abroad?—*Anon.*

The Esquimaux.

THE Kinnepetoo Esquimaux are remarkable for their great powers of endurance. They seldom enjoy the luxury of a fire, even in the coldest winter weather, but sit around in their snow houses with only their undergarments on, the weather, inclement as it may be, being the last thing to check the pleasant flow of conversation. A Kinnepetoo has been known to take a reindeer hide that had been soaked in water to remove the hair, and put it, in its frozen condition, against his warm body, until thoroughly thawed and dry, suitable for use as a drum-head, which they have in their savage rites. Lieutenant Schwatka, the Arctic traveller, says he once saw a mother take her baby boy and stand him naked on the snow until she could find its reindeer-skin clothing, so that for a minute, at least, the sturdy little fellow was exposed to the cold and drifting

snow. A favourite sport for little ones in the fall is splashing in a pond of water, when the ice forms in the undisturbed places. But they seem to be jolly little creatures for all that, and they enjoy their snow huts, or igloos, as they are called, and frolic around with as much zeal as the warmest clad and housed American child, satisfied with anything for a toy, from a hatchet to a snow-stick. Two suits of reindeer skins comprise the wardrobe of an Esquimaux, the outer with the hair turned outward, and the inner with the hair turned to the body. Thus incased, their appearance is that of a grotesque animal; they can travel with ease, and enjoy a nap on the snow for half an hour without any discomfort.—*Anon.*

An Affecting Scene.

THESE children are very impressible. A friend of mine, seeking for objects of charity, reached the upper room of a tenement house. It was vacant. He saw a ladder passed through a hole in the ceiling. Thinking that perhaps some poor creature had crept up there, he climbed the ladder and found himself under the rafters. There was no light but that which came through a bull's-eye in the place of a tile. Soon he saw a heap of chips and shavings, and on them lay a boy about ten years old.

"Boy, what are you doing here?"
"Hush, don't tell anybody, please, sir."
"What are you doing here?"
"Hush, please don't tell anybody, sir; I'm a hiding."
"What are you hiding for?"
"Don't tell anybody, please, sir!"
"Where's your mother?"
"Please, sir, mother's dead."
"Where's your father?"
"Hush, don't tell him. But look here." He turned himself on his face, and through the rags of his jacket and shirt my friend saw the boy's flesh was terribly bruised and his skin was broken.

"Why, my boy, who beat you like that?"
"Father did, sir."
"What did he beat you for?"
"Father got drunk, sir, and beat me 'cos I wouldn't steal."
"Did you ever steal?"
"Yes, sir; I was a street-thief once."
"And why won't you steal any more?"
"Please, sir, I went to the mission school, and they told me there of God and of heaven and of Jesus, and they taught me, "Thou shalt not steal," and I'll never steal again, if my father kills me for it. But please don't tell him."
"My boy, you musn't stay here. You'll die. Now, you wait patiently here for a little time. I'm going away to see a lady. We will get a better place for you than this."
"Thank you, sir; but please, would you like to hear me sing a little hymn?"
"Yes," was the answer, "I will hear you sing your little hymn."

The boy raised himself on his elbow and then sang:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee.

"Fain would I to thee be brought—
Gracious Lord, forbid it not,
In the kingdom of thy grace
Give a little child a place."

"That's the little hymn, sir. Good-by."

The gentleman hurried away for restoratives and help, came back again in less than two hours, and climbed the ladder. There were the chips, there were the shavings, and there was the little motherless boy, with one hand by his side and the other tucked in his bosom—dead. Oh, I thank God that he who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," did not say "respectable children," or "well-educated children." No, he sends his angels into the homes of poverty and sin and crime, where you do not like to go, and they are as stars in the crown of rejoicing to those who have been instrumental in enlightening their darkness.—*J. B. Gough.*

FROM North and South, from East and West,
East gathers the loyal band,
Shoulder to shoulder, and breast to breast,
For God and native land;
Sons and daughters, and old and young,
By a marvellous impulse met,
"Together shall work for good," and bring
New life to the old land yet.
—*Lide Meriwether.*

Name-Carving at Harrow School.

THE old school-house at Harrow is still standing. There is a room downstairs where all the boys in the early days had their classes. But now it is only used two or three times a week, when masters and scholars assemble in it for prayers. It is a long, narrow room, with high, old-fashioned windows. The walls are wainscoted, and all over the wainscoting, and on the benches and desks, on the masters' tables, and even on the head-master's chair, school-boys for the last three hundred years have carved their names. Some of these names are large and sprawly, others small and neat; and they are so close together that there is no space left for new ones to be added. On one side, in very large letters, Byron's name is cut in two different places; and near it is that of Peel, the great English statesman. The boys were really forbidden to do this; and every name, you may be sure, represents a good punishment. But the masters are now glad that the boys were disobedient; for many became famous in after-life, and their school-boy carvings are pointed out with pride. Harrovians, as Harrow boys are called, now have their names carved for them on new panels fastened to the wall for the purpose, and they think it quite an honour.—*St. Nicholas.*