

THE FUKER'S REWARD.

Keep, keep thy treasures—not for these
I brought the fair-haired child to thee,
Keep, keep thy silver—offer not
A recompense like that to me.

I found it in the Sepoy's track,
Beneath the fierce and burning sky,
Still clinging to its mother's breast,
And could not leave it there to die;

But tore it from the arms which, stiff
And cold, still strained it to her heart;
And cruel, e'en in death it seemed,
The mother from her child to part.

Then keep thy gold and take the babe,
The blue-eyed babe, let it be thine;
To keep it as my own, I know,
Would only cost its life and mine.

And if for this one kindly deed,
Thy bounty would a gift bestow;
Then to my memory let a fount—
A cooling stream of water flow!

Go on some desert's burning waste
And dig for me a crystal well,
And let it to the wanderer faint
The story of the Fukeer tell.

And when the palm-tree's tufted crest
Shall cool shadows round it throw,
He'll stoop and bathe his weary limbs
Within the purling stream below;

Will slake his thirst and rise refreshed,
Tho' dying to the fount he came;
And e'er he leaves will blessings breathe
Upon the kindly Fukeer's name.

THE TWO ROADS.

It was New Year's night. An aged man was standing at the window. He raised his mournful eyes toward the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating like white lilies on the surface of a clear, calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few more hopeless beings than himself now moved toward their certain goal, the tomb. Already he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind vacant, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort.

The days of his youth rose up in vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads, one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft, sweet songs; while the other conducted the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue; where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled. He looked toward the sky, and cried out in his agony, "O youth, return! O my father! place me once more at the entrance of life, that I may choose the better way!"

But his father and the days of his youth had both passed away. He saw wandering lights, which were the days of his wasted life, float far away over dark marshes, and then disappear. He saw a star fall from heaven and vanish in darkness. It was an emblem of himself, and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck him to his heart. Then he remembered his early companions, who entered upon life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and of labor, were now happy and honored on this New Year's night.

The clock in the high church tower struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled his parent's early love for him, their erring son, the lessons they had taught him, and the prayers they had

offered up on his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look toward that heaven where his father dwelt; his dark eyes dropped tears, and with a despairing effort he cried aloud, "Come back, my early days! come back!"

And his youth did return; for all this was but a dream which visited his slumbers on New Year's night. He was still young, and his faults alone were real. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own, that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land where sunny harvests wave.

Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that when years are passed, and your feet stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain, "O youth, return! O give me back my early days!"
—Anonymous.

TEMPLE OF DIANA.

Mr. Wood, the successful excavator and discoverer, writes to the *Sunday at Home* of what has been accomplished, and remains to be done, at the Temple of Diana at Ephesus:

"When the site had been completely cleared and the measurements taken, the temple was found to have been octastyle and dipteral, having eight columns in front, and two ranks of columns on the flanks; one hundred of these columns, which were six feet in diameter and sixty feet high, surrounded the naos, or cella; thirty six of the columns were sculptured and five examples of these sculptured columns were found on the site. The temple measured nearly one hundred and sixty-four feet by three hundred and forty-three feet, and it was raised to the height of nine feet five-and-a-half inches from the pavement surrounding it, on a platform, which measured on the lowest of fourteen steps two hundred and thirty-nine feet by four hundred and eighteen feet. The cella was nearly seventy feet wide, and was probably adorned with two tiers of columns and entablatures. The major part of the sculpture had been chopped up into small pieces, large heaps of which were found ready to be thrown into the lime-kilns found on the site. All that was found was sent to England from time to time in the men-of-war which were sent to Smyrna for the purpose; and in the British Museum can be seen all that was imported. At the extreme end of the Elgin Gallery will be found three of the drums, the base of one of the large columns of the peristyle, a portion of the frieze, two capitals, a lion's head from the cornice, a specimen of the enriched cymatium, and several interesting fragments or archaic sculpture. These are some of the most important blocks: but the great mass of the antiquities brought over remain in the shed under the portico of the Museum until more space can be spared for the exhibition of sculpture in the rooms and galleries which will in

time be devoted to them.

"When the excavations were suspended in April 1874, I had cleared out and examined the whole of the temple site, and thirty feet beyond the lowest step of the platform on which it was raised excepting on the east side, nearly one half of which has not been explored for more than six feet beyond the lowest step of the platform. In this large unexplored area, and amongst the ruins of a portico which was found surrounding the temple at a distance of thirty-one feet, who can tell what valuable remains of the temple may not still be found on farther explorations? I am most anxious that the excavations should be continued, and only await marching orders to return to Ephesus and renew my labor there."—Selected.

NATURAL SCENERY.

Place has wonderful effect on human feelings and human actions. The original inhabitants of Scotland and Switzerland, and those of the sterile plains of Arabia, were savages alike, the latter having, however, the advantage of letters which the former had not. But the former, though savage, were romantic, poetic, patriotic, and human; while the latter were sensual, selfish, thievish, nomadic, and Arab. How comes it, that when the natural scenery is picturesque there is in human character something to correspond, and that where Nature spreads out her sandy plains, unrelieved by growth or verdure, human nature, too, seems barren of every outgrowth of beauty.

These things illustrate the well-worn maxim that the mind becomes what it contemplates. Impressions made on the retina are really made on the soul. Nay, rather, they are the mould in which the soul is cast and takes shape. Nay, more, they not only give shape but complexion. Nay, more, they not only give color to the superficies, they pervade the interior, they are infused into the substance; they amalgamate with the essence, so that a man is not only like what he sees, but in a certain sense, he is what he sees. The noble old Highlander has mountains in his soul whose towering peaks point heavenward, and lakes in his bosom whose glassy surfaces reflect the skies, and foaming cataracts in his heart to beautify the mountain side and irrigate the vale, and ever-green firs and mountain pines that show life and verdure even under winter skies and by a rock-bound coast.

The wandering nomad has a desert in his heart; its dead level reflects heat and hate, but not goodness and beauty; no dancing wave of joy, no gushing rivulet of love, no verdant hope—a sullen, barren plain, that stretches over earth and hugs it, but never heaves up to heaven. Oh, give me descent from mountain-born sires, or from green and happy England, or patriotic Switzerland, or from the glorious old banks of the Rhine! But if there be in me a drop of that nomadic taint—of that ostrich blood, that has no house and loves no home, and sees only straight forward and

never looks up—oh, open the vein and let it out!

It is an interesting fact in the history of our race, that those who live in countries where the natural scenery inspires the soul, and where the necessities of life bind to a permanent home, are always patriotic and high-minded, and those who dwell in the desert are always pusillanimous and groveling.

In the providence of God, but a small portion of our earth is barren of educational power. Over two-thirds of it, rolls the majesty waters.

And as for the remainder, its Alps and its Andes, its fertile fields and flower-dressed vales and woody glens, embracing every variety of scene, from the wildest riot of Nature to the more plastic soil where Nature yields to Art, all bespeak the wisdom and benevolence which has surrounded us with objects calculated to elevate our thoughts and refine our sensibilities. If the inhabitants of such a world as this are not a noble race, it is not because their Creator has not supplied them with teachers, but because they lack the spirit which "Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in everything."
—H. H. Tucker, D. D.

WINTER IN CANADA.

The sun was peeping over the tall mountain-tops, lighting the frost-wreaths on each feathery spray, till they formed tiny rain-bows dancing in the sunlight, and smiling on the icicles that silver-fringed the heights, till, forgetting longer to cling, they dropped with tinkling, bell-like music on the frozen stream beneath. Right in front of us, behind a clump of cedars, the smoke curled gracefully up from some hidden homesteads; and as the breeze freshened, seemed to beckon us with its vapory fingers.

Down from one of the mountain-gorges came a faint, sobbing lullaby from some cascade that still flowed on, unfrozen over its icy bed, mourning for the days when the laughing trees hung over it; when the bluebells and forget-me-not listened all day long, and the gentle "milk-white lilies" kissed its ripples and sank to rest at eventide, lulled by its murmured love-music.

Upon that bell-shaped knoll that frowns a sentinel to the valley, a tall cloaked figure stands leaning upon his gun, and gazing a long way off into the eastern day gates, as if in the morning's purer air he caught, at this their opening, the music of the other land. Far away to the north the foam-like clouds were floating lazily about, casting weird shadows here and there, as if they knew they were painting brighter beauties on Winter's fairest flower—the "morning glory."

There, too, in that shadowed valley is a little fawn stealing beneath the leafless trees; pausing timidly to listen when the ice falls loudly, turns his head gracefully this way and that, and stooping now and then to drink from the ice-walled spring beside him.

And there is all around us that musical stillness that we never

hear in other seasons. The sun lights up the picture, and there stands, pure and holy in its snowy robes, the frost-wreaths dancing; the shadows shifting over it all; the cascade singing sweetly on its onward flow; the fawn drinking from the mountain spring. But the hunter has left the knoll, and I see him picking his way stealthily down the sunlit valley toward the drinking fawn; and I turn away—the picture had lost its beauty, for the destroyer had entered there!—*Sunday Magazine*.

ALCOHOL CATECHISED.

I am recording a matter of history—of personal history—on this question, when I say that I for one had once no thought of alcohol except as a food. I thought it warmed us. I thought it gave additional strength. I thought it enabled us to endure mental and bodily fatigue. I thought it cheered the heart and lifted up the mind into greater activity. But it so happened that I was asked to study the actions of alcohol along with the whole series of chemical bodies, and to investigate their bearing in relation to each other.

And so I took alcohol from the shelf of my laboratory, as I might any other drug or chemical there, and I asked it, in the course of experiments extending over a lengthened period: "What do you do, 'Do you warm the animal body when you are taken into it?'" The reply came invariably, "I do not, except in a mere flush of surface excitement. There is, in fact, no warming, but, on the contrary, an effect of cooling and chilling the body." Then I turned round to it in another direction, and asked it, "Do you give muscular strength?" I tested it by the most rigid analysis and experiment I could adopt. I tested muscular power under the influence of it in various forms and degrees, and its reply was, "I give no muscular strength." I turned to its effect upon the organs of the body, and found that, while it expedites the heart's action, it reduces tonicity. Turning to the nervous system, I found the same reply; that is to say, I found the nervous system more quickly worn out under the influence of this agent than if none of it is taken at all. I asked it, "Can you build up any of the tissues of the body?" The answer again was in the negative. "I build nothing. If I do anything, I add fatty matter to the body; but that is a destructive agent, piercing the tissues, destroying their powers, and making them less active for their work." Finally, I summed it all up. I find it to be an agent that gives no strength, that reduces the tone of the blood-vessels and heart, that reduces the nervous power, that builds up no tissue, can be of no use to me or any other animal as a substance for food.—Selected.

Every heavy burden of sorrow seems like a stone hung around our neck, yet they are often like the stones used by the pearl divers, which enable them to reach the prize and to rise enriched.