



THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH, AND THE KING'S MESSENGER.







THE FARMER'S LAD. BY THE LATE WILLIAM HUNT, ESQ.

THE FARMER'S LAD.

I'm certain that I do not know  
 A better little lad than Joe,  
 More kind and open-hearted;  
 It seems as if the sunny skies  
 Had to his youthful heart and eyes  
 Their warmth and light imparted.  
 He is beloved by every one,  
 And gladly will their errands run,  
 Whene'er he has the leisure.  
 Honest in all his words and ways  
 Right joyfully he spends his days,  
 And toil to him is pleasure.  
 A few short years will pass and he  
 Will guide the plough along the lea,  
 And help the spring-time's sowing;  
 With sickle firm set in his hand  
 Will lead the sabbath reapers' band  
 When autumn winds are blowing.  
 A few short years—he'll join the choir,  
 And sing of his manhood's life,  
 With heart that knows not quailing;

Trusting in heaven, all undismayed,  
 He'll build when earth is afloat,  
 And hope seen unavailing—  
 Unto such leads as little Joe,  
 A debt of gratitude we owe;  
 Because his brave example  
 Shows that the honest, willing mind,  
 In work and toil will ever find  
 A joy and blessing ample.  
 'Tis such as Joe that swell the ranks  
 Of those who have the wide world's thanks—  
 The hardy sons of labour—  
 The heroes of the bloodless fight  
 With poverty—the men of might  
 Who bear not gun nor sabre.  
 Toll on my lad with smiling face—  
 Brave, honest toil we're proud to disgrace—  
 The future lies before thee;  
 Go, meet it with a purpose high,  
 And, though temptations round thee lie,  
 God ever watches o'er thee.

FIRE! FIRE!

A CORRESPONDENT calls our attention to a cheap and simple mode of rescuing persons from a fire, which has been adopted in some instances with the most gratifying results. A large hay-rick sheet (a strong double blanket will often answer the purpose) is stretched at the four corners by four strong men, into which the inmates of the burning house throw themselves. In the absence of the regular "fire-escapes," this plan cannot be too widely known.



"PRAY WITHOUT CEASING."

A NUMBER of ministers were assembled for the discussion of difficult questions; and, among others, it was asked, how the command to "pray without ceasing" could be complied with. Various suppositions were started, and at length one of the number was appointed to write an essay upon it to read at the next monthly meeting; which being overheard by a female servant, she exclaimed, "What a whole month's wanted to tell the meaning of that text! It is one of the easiest and best texts in the Bible." "Well, well," said an old minister, "Mary, what can you say about it? Let us know how you understand it; can you pray all the time?" "Oh yes, sir." "What! when you have so many things to do?" "Why, sir, the more I have to do the more I can pray." "Indeed! well, Mary, do let us know how it is; for most people think otherwise?" "Well, sir," said the girl, "when I first open my eyes in the morning, I pray, Lord, open the eyes of my understanding; and while I am dressing, I pray that I may be clothed with the robe of righteousness; and when I have washed me, I ask for the washing of regeneration; and as I begin work, I pray that I may have strength equal to my day; when I begin to kindle up the fire, I pray that God's work may revive in my soul; and as I sweep out the house, I pray that my heart may be cleansed from all its impurities; and, while preparing and partaking of breakfast, I desire to be fed with the hidden manna, and the sinews milk of the word; and as I am busy with the little children, I look up to God as my Father, and pray for the spirit of adoption that I may be His child, and soon all day I'm overworking it do furnish me with a thought for prayer." "Enough, enough," cried the old divine, "these things are revealed to babes, and often hid from the wise and prudent. Go on, Mary," said he, "pray without ceasing; and as for us, my brethren, let it bless the Lord for this exposition, and remember that His has said, 'The meek will be guided in judgment.'" The essay, as a matter of course, was not considered necessary after this little event occurred.

THE ARAB'S PROOF.

SOME years ago, a Freshman, who, like many of his countrymen, had won a high rank among men of science, yet who denied the God who is the author of all science, was creating the great Sahara in company with an Arab guide. He noticed with a sneer, that at certain times his guide, whatever obstacles might arise, put them all aside, and kneeling on the burning sands, called on his God.  
 Day after day passed, and still the Arab never failed, till at last one evening the philosopher, when he rose from his knees, asked him, with a contemptuous smile, "How do you know there is a God?" The guide fixed his burning eye on the scorching firmament in wonder, and then said, solemnly, "How do I know there is a God? How did I know that a man and not a camel passed my way last night on the darkness? Was it not by the gleam of his foot on the sand? Even so," he pointed to the sun, whose last rays were flashing over the lonely desert, "God's footprint is not that of a man."

GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

SIR THOMAS GREESHAM, who built the Royal Exchange in London, was the son of a poor woman, who, while he was an infant, abandoned him in a field. By the providence of God, however, the chipping of a grasshopper attracted a boy to the spot where the child lay, and his life was by this means preserved. After Sir Thomas had, by his unparalleled success as a merchant, risen to the pinnacle of commercial wealth and greatness, he chose a grasshopper for his crest, and becoming under the patronage of Queen Elizabeth, the founder of the Royal Exchange, his crest was placed on the walls of the building in several parts, and a vase or waterclock, in the figure of a grasshopper, was fixed on the summit of the tower.

INDIAN BRICKLAYERS.

Our illustration shows some Indian bricklayers at work on a bamboo scaffold. The length, strength, and lightness of the bamboo, peculiarly adapts it for purposes of scaffolding, which, however, is constructed without any regard to symmetry, and with very little to safety. The madders which are made of the same, are also so rude in construction, that it seems difficult to understand how they can be used without extreme peril. The trowel and hod are much the same as those in use with us, but the mortar is mixed with a sort of loam instead of a shovel. The bricks also are rather different, being usually larger than ours, and less baked, the greater quantity being sun-baked.

Buildings exposed to the fierce sun of India, become baked into a solid mass in the course of years, which is strikingly observable in the ruins of the old buildings about Rajmahal, and other towns on the banks of the Ganges, where the water has assayed the foundations of massive piers of landing places, temples and palaces. The bricks used in their construction have become fused together by the great power of the sun, until they appear as solid, and look like rocks, and being partly hidden in the water favours the delusion, in this state, they have existed for many centuries, and will probably for many more.

The native bricklayers build with great rapidity; an assertion difficult to believe in any one seeing them at work. One holds an umbrella over his head, and handles his trowel with the other hand, as though it were something to play with and pass away time. Still the immense numbers employed upon one building compare together by the great power of the sun, until they appear as if by magic. An apology may be offered for the manner in which the Indian bricklayer performs his labour—the great heat of the climate almost forbids the performance of work exposed to the sun. European bricklayers would be totally unable to stand it, and the native will only do it in his own way.



ENGINE-DRIVERS AND STOKERS.

ENGINE-DRIVERS AND STOKERS on our Railways often suffer most severely from exposure to the weather. Some of the Railway Companies have adopted a screen (with glass eye-holes) similar to what is shown in the above engraving. This screen has been found to be invaluable to an important and ever-increasing class of public servants. From the heat of summer, and the snow-storms of winter, the drivers and stokers have thereby some protection, and the public safety is also promoted. We commend the subject to Railway Directors, and hope to find before long that "covered locomotives" are common on all our lines.



WILBERFORCE AND THE SEPTIC.

On one occasion, when a parliamentary friend called upon the late Mr. Wilberforce, he was found reading his Bible. He began to rally him for taking up his time with that old dusty book, remarking that we saw the course of nature going on as usual, and that there was no reason to expect that those future events the Bible spoke of would ever take place. Mr. W. replied, "It is sufficiently singular, that what you have been saying, is just the accomplishment of what I have been reading." Then turning to 2 Peter iii. 9, he thus read, "Knowing this first, that they shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, where is the promise of His coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." The coincidence powerfully struck at the time gentleman to whom the remark was made, "though I never heard," said Mr. Innes, "that any permanent effect was produced."



INDIAN BRICKLAYERS. SKETCHED FROM LIFE, BY MR. BENWELL.