



LITTLE PHEBE.

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It was in a simple fishing-village upon the coast of Maine that I first met Phebe Morrison. She lived with her parents in a cozy red house built near the shore, where from her window she could look far out to sea, and where she was soothed to sleep by the solemn roar of waves upon the rocks.

Her father was a young fisherman, and her mother was a busy little woman, whose days were spent in doing all she could for Phebe, while at the same time she kept the red house bright and clean, and waited upon the small store which, to help her husband, she had set up in the front room. Here was a counter over which she handed many a package of tea and sugar; besides fishing-tackle, nails, confectionery, and I know not what. Sometimes the little one was allowed to wait on customers; but oftener she was scampering over the slippery rocks, or wading in the shallow water near the shore, where the breakers sent cool sprays into her eyes, and made the brown curls roll up into tight rings about her face and neck.

I never knew how God's love fell into little Phebe's heart, unless Christ himself had put it there when she was born. It is true her mother found time on Sundays to teach her child something about God; but the busy woman seldom thought of it again throughout the week.

But Phebe did, and often she would sit upon the rocks, her brown hands folded upon her knee, and wish she could see Christ walking upon the waves as the Bible said he once walked to Peter, long ago.

One day her father thought he would give Phebe a rare treat, and so took her with him a little way out to sea in his trim little fishing-boat.

Well, it was a merry day. The big fish came bobbing up on her father's hook; the summer wind filled the sail; and the white caps looked like the clouds that floated across the sky.

Oh, who would dream such pretty

things could grow so terrible. The fisherman was so eager drawing in the fish he did not notice the black cloud rising in the west until the shadows dimmed the sun, and then he knew the danger that lay ahead.

A storm of wind was upon them; and with a wild glance at his smiling child, the fisherman gathered in the swaying sail, and telling Phebe to hold on tight, he tried to row for the distant shore.

Overhead the sky was a tender blue; but out of that bank of cloud rushed a gale of wind which tossed the boat like a cork, lashed the waves to fury, and sent them over the sides till the water covered Phebe's feet.

"Phebe," shouted the fisherman above the roar, "can you help father bale out?"

"Yes, sir," she replied bravely, grasping a tin pail he held toward her, and so the strong man and the tender child began a fight with death.

"Are you afraid, Phebe?" called the father.

"Yes, I am afraid, but God will see to us," rang out the young voice above the wind.

"O Phebe, you're a good girl! Pray for us so we need not die," exclaimed the fisherman; and while the sea lashed the frail boat, a sweet voice took up that pitiful prayer of the disciples. "Lord, save us, we perish!"

In a little while the black clouds parted into paths of light, the wind grew still, and the fisherman and his child glided smoothly across the rippling waves. Oh, joy when they saw the red house upon the shore! Oh, joy when they saw the mother weeping and laughing in its doorway! And the sea never soothed a happier heart to rest than Phebe Morrison's, as she lay in her little bed and remembered how the Saviour had hushed the storm.

THE BEST FRIENDS.

"I wish I had some good friends to help me on in life," said lazy Dennis.

"Good friends! Why, you have ten," replied his master.

"I'm sure I haven't half so many; and those I have are too poor to help me."

"Count your fingers, my boy," said his master.

"I have: there are ten," said the lad.

"Then never say you have not ten good friends able to help you on in life. Try what those ten friends can do before you go to grumbling and fretting because you do not get help from others."



TELL ME, BIRDIE.

"Do tell me, dear birdie, where do you go through all the long winter months? Pretty soon I will not see you among our trees. I often think of you when the autumn winds blow, and the snows of winter cover the ground, and then I will wonder where you are."

"I thank you for thinking so kindly of me. I go where the sun is always warm. No snows fall, and no cold winds blow. The trees and grass are always green, and the fruits ripen every month. I meet many of my bird friends there, the same that sing in the trees about your home. It takes many days to make the long journey to that land. But we fly a part of the way every day, and when the snows fall and the rough winds blow, we are away in the lands where the sun is always bright and warm."

OUR BABY.

OUR baby boy sat on the floor,
His big blue eyes were full of wonder;
For he had never seen before
That baby in the mirror door—
What kept the two, so near, asunder?

He leaned toward the golden head
The mirror border framed within,
Until twin cheeks, like roses red,
Lay side by side, then softly said:
"I can't get out, can you come in?"

We had a birthday at our house not long ago, and "our baby," as we call Harriet, was six years old. She bubbled over with joy when she received as birthday presents six red apples and six little bags of candy and a silver ring for her napkin, which is take the place of her bib at her plate when she goes out to her meals. We are so glad that all her birthdays have been spent in happy America, and not in India, where dear little babies no older than she is are sent to the homes of their husbands to begin their sad, dark lives of sorrow.

You can't always tell what the result will be, but you may feel sure it is always safe to do right.