

might be the end. I remember, though, that I put up prayer after prayer, more earnest than I had ever offered in my life, and then patiently waited, telling myself that when daylight came it was my duty to try and save that poor woman, who lay in perfect silence within a few feet of where I was on guard.

The night had seemed as if it would never end, as I listened to whisperings, howls from the jungle, then splashing from the river; but the day came suddenly at last, and I looked with horror at the battered and torn panel, and saw how little there was between us and the end.

I glanced round and saw the ghastly face of Mrs. Barton watching me as she lay there, resting on one elbow, while the startled eyes of the little child were there too, peering at me wildly.

I could not help it. I stepped back to the berth and bent down. "Kiss me, my little darling," I said. "No one shall hurt you while I live."

Two little arms clutched my neck, and a pair of rosy lips were pressed to mine, and then the dear little thing's silvery voice said—

"You made me a ball."

A sob rose in my throat, and the tears came to my eyes. Then, as I stood back on guard, I felt as strong as a man should feel at such a time in defence of those two.

I was not kept long in suspense. I had seen that Mrs. Barton had the cartridge box in the berth, and the other pistol charged. Then I glanced through one of the shot holes, and saw something which filled me with dismay. There were the five Malays there, the one who had tried to climb in having got back to the ship. One had his arm hanging helpless by his side, and another limped; but they all seemed full of the desire to destroy, and, wounded or sound, there were five enemies to fight.

"Well," I said, "their blood be upon their own heads;" and I stood ready to fire as I realized what they were about to do.

A heavy spar had been brought forward, and three of the men were in the act of raising it to hold by one hand, while the other hand grasped a kris. The two men not so employed each held a rifle, and the next minute I could feel that the cabin door would be burst in.

What was I to do? I should be able to shoot down one or two; but the lithe, active wretches with their kris were master me directly, and then—

My thoughts were cut short by a couple of rifle shots, to which I replied by firing as rapidly as I could, as, with a yell, the men dashed forward to send the butt of the spar crashing through a panel.

They withdrew it, and, heedless of my firing, came on again, this time to strike the door full on one of the cross-bars, bursting out a great piece; and there was nothing now but a few ragged scraps of wood between us and death, when with a spasm of joy running through me, I shouted out—

"Thank God!"

For through the broken woodwork I could see that a party of white-frocked English sailors with rifles and fixed bayonets were swarming over the side, and the next minute they were running forward with a cheer, and then our enemies were either prisoners or dead.

The explanation was simple. Two of my messages had been picked up by trading vessels and handed to the captain of the gunboat on the station. He had come in search, and his men in a couple of small cutters were camped for the night only a few miles down the river, when, with a broken arm and astride of the capsized boat, Joe floated down and, seeing their fire, hailed them for help.

The result was that the boats were remanned, the search expedition came on and reached the *Helen Gray* just in time.

"Now you know why I didn't come, lad," said Joe to me as he gripped my hand.

"No," I said, "I don't. But never mind—you brought help."

"But I do mind, mate," he protested. "You told me to come to you, and I was feeling my way along the ship's side when a great pig o' ballast was chucked down, smashed my left arm and went through the side of the boat, capsized her, and I had all I could do to get on her and hold on, 'specting to be fetched off by the crew; but I s'pose I wasn't tasty enough and too tough. But we saved the missus and her bairn."

"Yes," I said, feeling sick with what I had gone through; "we saved the captain's wife and child."

I need not tell you what followed; how the vessel's cargo was re-stowed by the jubilant Jacks, who were as pleased as boys at their success; how the *Helen Gray* reached her destination after all, and, how in the future, Mrs. Barton and her child became the firmest friends at my home. I will only record my father's words when he took me to his breast and broke down, and cried upon my shoulder like a child.

"I know it all, my boy," he said. "My brave, true boy! England and home have rung with what you did. I knew it was all there in your heart, and you only needed one of God's great lessons to bring it out, and, thank Him, that lesson was vouchsafed. Jack, lad, I have no fear for your future now."

[THE END.]

The House of Never.

The house of Never is built, they say, Just over the hills of the By-and-By. Its gates are reached by a devious way, Hidden from all but an angel's eye. It winds about and in and out The hills and dales to sever. Once over the hills of the By-and-By And you are lost in the house of Never.

The house of Never is filled with waits, With just-in-a-minutes and pretty-soons; The noise of their wings as they beat the gates Comes back to earth in the afternoons, When shadows fit across the sky And rushes rude endeavor To question the hills of the By-and-By As they ask for the house of Never.

The house of Never was built with tears, And lost in the hills of By-and-By Are a million hopes and a million fears, A baby's smiles and a woman's cry. The winding way seems bright to-day, Then darkness falls for ever, For over the hills of By-and-By Sorrow waits in the house of Never.

—A fiddler gay was he Who played the sweetest tunes, But he sat in the mud With a sickening thud And spoiled his pantaloons.



Bedtime.

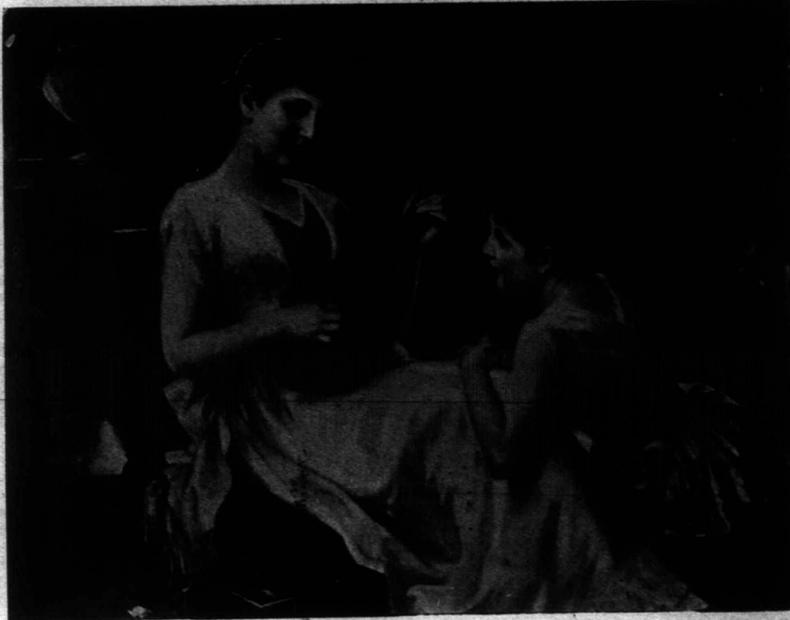
Three little girls are weary, Weary of books and of play; Sad is the world and dreary, Slowly the time slips away. Six little feet are aching, Bowed is each little head, Yet they are up and shaking When there is mention of bed.

Bravely they laugh and chatter, Just for a minute or two; Then when they end their clatter, Sleep comes quickly to woo. Slowly their eyes are closing, Down again drops ev'ry head, Three little maids are dozing, Though they're not ready for bed.

That is their method ever, Night after night they protest, Claiming they're sleepy never, Never in need of their rest; Nodding and almost dreaming, Drowsily each little head Still is forever scheming, Merely to keep out of bed.

The Magic Mirror.

There was once a very bad goblin. One day he



"SISTERS."

was in very good spirits, for he had made a mirror which had this peculiarity, that everything good and beautiful that was reflected in it shrank together into almost nothing, but that whatever was worthless and looked ugly became prominent and looked worse than ever. The most lovely landscapes seen in this mirror looked like boiled spinach, and the handsomest people became hideous, or stood on their heads and had no bodies; their faces were distorted, and a single freckle appeared to spread out over nose and mouth. That was very amusing, the goblin said. When a good thought passed through any person's mind, these were again shown in the mirror, so that the goblin chuckled at his artistic invention. Those who visited at the goblin school—for he kept a goblin school—declared everywhere that a wonder had been wrought. For now, they asserted, one could see, for the first time, how the world and the people in it really looked. Now they wanted to fly up to heaven, to sneer and scoff at the angels themselves. The higher they flew with the mirror, the more it grinned; they could hardly hold it fast. They flew higher and higher, and then the mirror trembled so exceedingly that it fell down out of their hands to the earth, where it was shattered into a hundred million and more fragments. And now this mirror occasioned much more unhappiness than before, for some of the fragments were scarcely larger than a barley corn, and these flew about in the world. Whenever they flew into anyone's eye, they stuck there, and those people saw everything wrongly, or had only eyes for the bad side of a thing, for every little fragment of the mirror had retained the same power which the whole glass possessed. A few persons even got a fragment of the mirror into their hearts, and that was terrible indeed, for such a heart became a block of ice. A few fragments of the mirror were so large that they were used as

window-panes, but it was a bad thing to look at one's friends through these panes. Other pieces were made into spectacles, and then it went badly when people put on these spectacles to see rightly and to be just; and then the goblin laughed loudly, for it pleased him so.

But some little fragments of glass still floated about in the air. HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSON.

I hope, dear children, none of these little bits of glass will get into your eyes, or make your hearts cold as ice. A splinter got into one little boy's eye and he began to find fault with everybody. Nothing pleased him, he couldn't see the beauty of anything or anybody. He teased the other children and called them unkind names. He thought everyone else was disagreeable, because he was so cross and ill-tempered himself. Do you want to know whether you have already got a piece of the magic mirror in your eye? If you have, you will say sharp words instead of kind ones; you will be more ready to frown than to smile, you will whine instead of laughing, you will be gloomy instead of jolly; you will find troubles instead of pleasures all the day long. Perhaps you will understand this better if I tell you about two little girls.

"This little girl is very poor; She has troubles, she finds, she can scarce endure; And yet, my dear, she has playthings plenty— Dolls as many as two and twenty, Houses and arks and picture-books, Something pretty wherever she looks. But half the time she's puzzled to know What to do with the wonderful show, Tired of her dollies two and twenty, And bored with her various toys a-plenty.

That little girl is very rich, With an old doll like a perfect witch, A broken chair and a bit of delf, And a wee cracked cup on the closet shelf. She can play with only a row of pins; Houses and gardens, arks and inns, She makes with her chubby fingers small, And she never asks for a toy at all. Unseen, around her the fairies stray, Giving her bright thoughts every day.

Poor little girl and rich little girl, How nice it would be if in time's swift whirl You could, perhaps not change your places, But catch a glimpse of each other's faces; For each to the other could something give, Which would make the child-life sweeter to live, For both could give and both could share Something the other had to spare."

Now you understand what I mean, don't you? To have plenty of money and lots of toys is not to be rich. The really rich people are those who know how to be happy, those who can find pleasure in everything. The poor people are those who are tired of everything, and don't know what to do with their time. COUSIN DONOVAN.

A Literary Curiosity.

The following is one of the most remarkable compositions we have ever met with. It evinces an ingenuity of arrangement peculiarly its own. Explanation: The initial capitals spell, "My boast is in the glorious cross of Christ." The words in *italic*, when read from top to bottom and bottom to top, form the Lord's prayer complete.

Make known the gospel truths, our father King, Yield us thy graces, Father, from above, Bless us with hearts which feelingly can sing. "Oh life thou art for ever, God of love;" Assuage our grief in love for Christ, we pray, Since the bright Prince of Heaven and glory died.

Took all our sins and hallowed the display, In being first a man and then was crucified. Stupendous God! Thy grace and power make known; In Jesus' name let all the world rejoice, Now, labour in Thy heavenly kingdom own; That blessed kingdom, for Thy saints the choice. How vile to come to Thee is all our cry, Enemies to Thyself and all that's Thine; Graceless our will; we live for vanity. Loathing our being evil in design, O God, Thy will be done from earth to Heaven. Reclining on the Gospel let us live, In earth from sin deliver-ed and forgiven. Oh! as Thyself but teach us to forgive, Unless it's power temptation doth destroy, Sure is our fall into the depths of woe. Carnal in mind, we've not a glimpse of joy Raised against Heaven; to us hope cannot flow. O give us grace and lead us on Thy way; Shine on us with Thy love and give us peace. Self and this sin that rise against us slay. O, grant each day our trespasses may cease. Forgive our evil deeds that oft we do, Convince us daily of them to our shame, Help us with heavenly bread; forgive us, too, Recurrent lusts, and we'll adore Thy name; In Thy forgiveness we as saints can die, Since for us our trespasses so high, Thy Son, our Saviour, bled on Calvary.

"Sisters."

The unaffected attitudes of these two are very well drawn, especially the easy clasp of the hands and the upward glance of the eyes, in the one girl, contrasting with the downward glance of the other. Both sweet faces are full of expression, and one can well imagine that this is perhaps a quiet twilight hour, when thoughts are exchanged and sisterly confidences revealed, to the subdued accompaniment of the mandolin. The dresses, too, are so simple, yet graceful—a well-drawn and charming picture.

Work with all the speed and ease you can, without breaking your head.