

board. How the men watched him as long as he could be seen! He reached the reserve ships in safety, and, as they went into action at once, a victory was gained by the English.

When the sun was setting Cloudesley Shovel stood once more upon the deck of the admiral's ship, and received his heartiest thanks.

"I shall live to see you have a flag-ship of your own," he said.

The Admiral's words came true, for the brave cabin boy became Sir Cloudesley Shovel, one of the greatest British admirals.

The True Way to be Happy.

The *Children's Record* tells this story, showing the true way to be happy:

Once there was a king who had a little boy whom he loved very much, and so he took a great deal of pains to make him happy. He gave him beautiful rooms to live in, and pictures and toys and books without number. He gave him a graceful, gentle pony that he might ride just where he pleased, a rowboat on a lovely lake, and servants to wait on him wherever he went. He also provided teachers, who were to give him the knowledge of things that would make him good and great; but, for all this, the young prince was unhappy. He wore a frown wherever he went, and was always wishing for something he did not have. At length, one day a magician came to the court. He saw the scowl on the boy's face and said to the king: "I can make your son happy and turn his frowns into smiles, but you must pay me a great price for telling him the secret." "All right," said the king; "whatever you ask I will give."

So the price was agreed upon and paid, and the magician took the boy into a private room. He wrote something with a white substance upon a piece of paper. Next he gave the boy a candle, and told him to light it and hold it under the paper, and then see what he could read. Then he went away. The boy did as he had been told, and the letters turned into beautiful blue. They formed these words: "Do a kindness to some one every day." The prince made use of the secret, and became the happiest boy in the realm.

Fussy.

"Little Miss Fuss" they called her when she was a tiny thing, and though she is now known as Margaret, the old nickname is still deservedly hers.

"She has known one letter of the alphabet ever since she was born," said her father, when as a child she spoiled an excursion for a large party by fidgetting and complaints, "and that's the letter 'O!'"

"O!" cried Miss Fuss when the coach lurched, and "O!" again as the point of a sunshade touched her hat. She certainly did use that one exclamation with monotonous faithfulness.

Ten years have done a great deal for Margaret. At sixteen she is graceful, pretty and affectionate, yet her habit of complaining makes her a nuisance, even to the people who love her best.

"Keep Margaret out of the room," said her aunt, as she was recovering from a severe illness. "She is a dear girl, but her complaints of everything, from the weather up, make me very nervous."

"Of course the concert hall had to be burned just before I went to St.

Stephen!" pouted Margaret, on her return from a visit. "Just my luck. I always wanted to hear the organ there."

"I believe several people lost their lives at the fire," said her mother gravely, but Margaret only reiterated her complaint.

"It's just my luck. Why couldn't it have happened afterward?"

Margaret did not begin life as a selfish child, but she is fast making a selfish woman. The habit of dwelling upon one's own troubles leads to the habit of compelling other people to listen to them, and in the two are combined all the elements of fretful selfishness.—*Youth's Companion*.

Partners.

A sturdy little figure it was, trudging bravely by with a pail of water. So many times it had passed our gate that morning that curiosity prompted to further acquaintance.

"You are a busy little girl to-day?"

"Yes'm." The round face under the broad hat was turned towards us. It was freckled, flushed, and perspiring, but cheery withal. "Yes'm, it takes a heap of water to do washin."

"And do you bring it from the brook down here?"

"O, we have it in the cistern mostly, only it's been such a dry time lately."

"And there is nobody else to carry the water?"

"Nobody but mother, an' she's washing."

"Well, you are a good girl to help her."

It was not a well-considered compliment, and the little water-carrier evidently did not consider it one at all; for there was a look of surprise in her gray eyes and an almost indignant tone in her voice as she answered:

"Why, of course I help her. I always help her do things all the time; she hasn't anybody else. Mother'n me's pardners."

We looked after her as she picked up the pail and walked on, bending under her load a little, but resolute, and with no thought of complaining or shirking. A stout, old-fashioned, homely little body she was, but we called her mother a rich and happy woman.

Do Something Well.

I would say to all young girls, whether rich or poor, educated or uneducated, make some one good thing a particular point in your life. If you will be a cook or housekeeper, be thoroughly good. Have a general knowledge of all matters of interest and importance; but have one particular branch perfect, so that, if the time come when you must face the world and carve your own fortune, you will be able to do something well. No matter how homely the duty, its value is enhanced tenfold by being well done. It is as creditable to be a thorough housewife as to be a teacher or accountant.

—Trust is strength to the Christian, and the more thorough our faith is the more positive will be our trust that God is shaping all things as is best for us. We have no right to keep peering with anxious eyes into a future which the disposer of it sees fit to veil from us and hold in His own most gracious hand.

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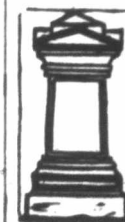
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