

THE BOY FOR ME.

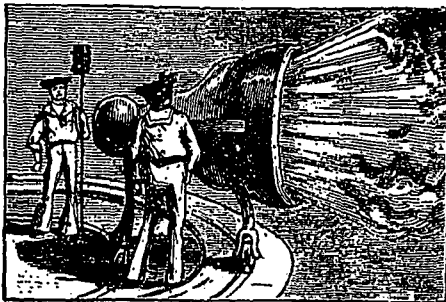
His cap is old, but his hair is gold,
And his face is as clear as the sky;
And whoever he meets, on lanes or streets,
He looks them straight in the eye
With a fearless pride that has naught to hide,
Though he bows like a little knight,
Quite debonaire, to a lady fair,
With a smile that is swift as light.

Does his mother call? Not a kite or ball,
Or the prettiest game can stay
His eager feet as he hastens to greet
Whatever she means to say.
And the teachers depend on the little friend
At school in his place at nine,
With his lessons learned and his good marks
earned,
All ready to toe the line.

I wonder if you have seen him, too,
This boy, who is not too big
For a morning kiss from mother and sis,
Who isn't a bit of a prig,
But gentle and strong, and the whole day long,
As happy as happy can be,
A gentleman, dears, in the coming years
And at present the boy for me.
—Unidentified.

SENTINELS OF THE DEEP.

Guns are used in some places on shore as fog-signals, and we give an illustration of an experimental gun tried at Woolwich Arsenal, the chief recommendation of



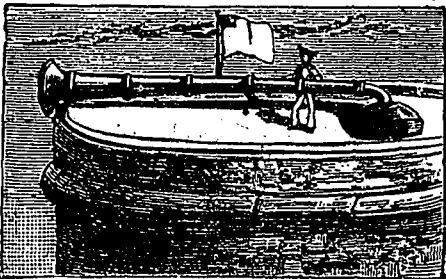
Fog Gun.

which was that it could be loaded at the breech, and it thus economized greatly the labor of the men in charge of it. With the ordinary gun, it is found that once in ten minutes is as often as it can be discharged with two men to work it. Gun-cotton; and not gunpowder, is used; the former giving a much sharper sound, which penetrates a great deal farther through the thick fog.

At most stations, however, the gun is giving way to signal rockets, which rise high above the fog before they explode with the bang which is their great object. The fog seldom rises very high above the water, and it is found that a sound made above it travels for a much greater distance than if it were made nearer the sea level.

The most powerful fog-signal, by far, is that furnished by the Siren—so called, no doubt, half in joke, for the Sirens of old are fabled to have lured seamen to destruction by their sweet music; whereas, the modern Siren does exactly the reverse, and no one in his senses would think of calling its music sweet. Indeed, people living within the sound of its terrible groans have complained sorely, until they knew the useful purpose the Siren was serving.

Some of these horns are twenty feet in length; and, worked by steam or compressed air, they utter nearly thirty thou-

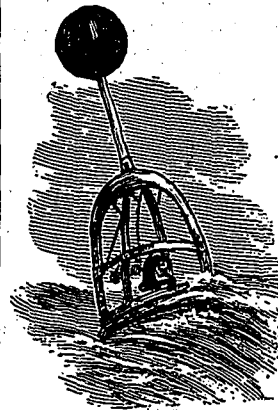


The Siren.

sand grunts every minute! before which the roar of the storm sinks into insignificance.

Then there are buoys which give out sounds constantly by day and night, and at all times, foggy or otherwise. Some of these have a large bell weighing some three hundredweight, against which four balls, hanging to chains, are constantly clattering, as the buoy is swung about by the waves. These buoys are used where the

navigation is more than commonly intricate and dangerous; or perhaps, their position is over some sharp pointed rock, standing by itself and hidden from view by the waves.



Bell Buoy.

Another kind of sound-buoy has a powerful whistle, like that upon the ordinary railway engine, only with the difference that it is worked by water and air instead of steam. The range of its voice is about seven miles, and it appears likely ere long to oust the bell-buoy altogether from the place it has long held.

Sometimes the position of a hidden danger is such that neither the ordinary light-house, the lightship, nor the buoy, can be placed to give notice of it. Still, it must be guarded somehow, and then the engineer raises his lighthouse on long spidery legs, which offer little or no resistance to the waves. Several of these lighthouses stand up out of the mud at the mouth of the Thames, some of them having weathered the storms for forty years and more.

In other places, iron, stone, or even wooden beacons have been set up, every one differing in shape, so that the pilot knows at once exactly where he is when he sees it.

Attempts have been made to light these beacons, with very indifferent success, except in the case of one erected at Arnish, in the north of Scotland. Here the beacon, at the suggestion of Robert Stevenson, the builder of the Bell Rock lighthouse has been supplied with a prism of glass, and a ray of light being directed thereon from the neighboring lighthouse, the beacon really appears to have a light within it. In fact it was a long time after it was set up before the fishermen could be led to believe that such was not the case.

So that one sees there are many plans besides the lighthouse for giving warning of dangerous places. Long before any system of lighting the English coasts had been dreamt of, the good Abbot of Aberbrothwick had placed a bell upon the Inchcape or Bell Rock as a danger signal. And, according to Southey's poem, the pirate who, out of sheer wickedness, removed the bell, was himself wrecked upon that very rock soon after.

It was of the lighthouse which has been built upon this rock that Sir Walter Scott wrote his well-known lines, so appropriately descriptive:

"Far in the bosom of the deep,
O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep,
A ruddy gem of changeful light,
Bound on the dusky brow of Night.
The seaman bids my lustre hail,
And scorns to strike his timorous sail."

Besides all this care in guarding against the dangers of the deep, notice is given by the Meteorological Department at stations all around the coast of coming storms. Thus the hoisting of a drum and an inverted cone mean: "A storm is coming from the north; but if the cone is right end up, it means from the south; and foolish would be the fisherman or the mariner who disregarded the caution. At night the cone is replaced by a triangle with a light at each corner; and any one is at liberty to look at the telegram, sent out by the Meteorological Office to all the storm-stations around the coasts, and which states definitely the kind of weather which may be expected.

Our space is exhausted, and we have not mentioned half the interesting matters connected with the lighting of our coasts, and the brave and hardy fellows who man the lighthouses and the lightships; but, at any rate, we hope that when next you take a

trip by sea on any of our great rivers, the journey will be made all the more interesting to you by what we have told you with pen and pencil about the "Sentinels of the Deep."—English Paper.

A MISTAKEN MILLIONNAIRE.

A very rich business man of Boston told an interviewer the other day how he began his business life on one dollar a week, and how he advanced from that point to his present position by being temperate, industrious and honest. He ended by saying "Any young man can do as well as I have done, if he only will."

Young men know that this is not true. Tens of thousands of young men, during the forty years of that merchant's successful career, have been as virtuous as he, without making much headway in business. They have been punctual, diligent, faithful, and well-skilled in their vocation; but there they are, about where they were years ago, working hard for moderate compensation, and seeing no prospect of much change.

It is not possible for many men to found

great stores and make great fortunes in them, for the simple reason that the largest city does not furnish business enough for many such. These prizes fall to the lot of few individuals in each trade, who combine in themselves great talent for business with great tenacity of purpose. They passionately want to succeed, and they know how.

If our merchant had said that young men could do much better than he had done, he would have come nearer the truth. In most of our great and famous places of business there are clerks who have done a great deal better than their employers. We saw one the other day, a young man of twenty-nine, salary six hundred and fifty dollars a year, whose father died ten years ago, leaving a wife and four children with little provision. This clerk was the eldest boy; he accepted the sacred duty which devolved upon him with cheerful courage. He has carried it gaily along ever since, and has won in it a really brilliant success—happy himself, and a cause of happiness to those dearest to him.

There are men whose natural vocation it is to control millions of dollars, and own a tedious superfluity of other things. Happily, most of us are spared this great trouble, and have a chance to discover how little is required for a truly successful and joyous existence.—Youth's Companion.

STANLEY.

Intense interest is felt by people of all civilized and Christian countries in the wonderful journey made by that intrepid explorer, Henry M. Stanley, in rescuing and bringing to the African shore of the Indian Ocean, that other remarkable man, Emin Pasha, of whose admirable work, we will make mention at another time. Of the man, Stanley, the "Tribune," in an excellent editorial, says among other things:

"Strongest, perhaps, of all the characteristics of the man which are revealed in this thrilling recital, is his constant, reverent and dominating faith in God. This trait which was possessed to such a degree by those kindred spirits, Livingstone and Gordon, was long ago developed in Mr. Stanley, and his successive adventures have only deepened and confirmed it. A psychologist might find much food for speculation in this—in the effect upon the

soul of wanderings through vast solitudes and of communion with nature in her most luxuriant, her most desolate and her most savage moods. But fine-spun theories aside, here is the significant fact, that the most heroic of living men is also one of the most devout. He sees nothing unmanly in being religious. He is not ashamed to say that he believes in God and trusts in Him for guidance. He repudiates what the vulgar call luck and the unbelievers chance. To him the wisdom and the monitions of a Supreme Power are a tremendous verity. It is with the frankness of a most inspiring



Stevenson's Apparent Light.

faith that he concludes his self-told Odyssey with the fervent cry, "Thanks be to God forever and ever!" And to this every one who appreciates high achievement and exalted manhood will add his thanks for the life and ennobling example of Henry M. Stanley."

HOW TO STUDY BIRDS.

Mere theoretical knowledge is nowhere more unsatisfying than in connection with birds. Of what real interest is it to a child to know to what family the skylark belongs if he has never heard that wonderful song? How can a city child appreciate so well the wonderful instinct of a carrier-pigeon as by having the teacher bring into the school, from its home in the suburbs, a genuine pigeon, with its soft white feathers and wonderful wings, to be liberated during the morning with the little note tied round its leg? When they learn that he flew the five miles in five minutes they begin to know what a carrier-pigeon is. The *Journal of Education* rightly estimates the value of real bird-study, we think:

"To know the name of a bird is of comparatively little value; to know to what class he belongs is of no great moment; in short, to know him from the scientific standpoint amounts to little so far as the average child is concerned. If he becomes a specialist he will learn all this quickly in later life.

But to love birds, and to form habits of observation sufficient to watch carefully every bird, is worth as much as any branch of study. No training of the ear is better than that which comes from listening to the songs of birds; no training in color knowledge is better than discrimination of their hues and tints; no better form study than appreciation of their shape; no better discipline in the study of motion than in the study of their hopping, pecking, and flying."

SECRETS.

BY EMMA C. DOWD.

Where is the dearest place to lie?
The very best place to laugh or cry?
In the whole wide world, from east to west,
The safest, warmest, coziest nest?
Only the babies know—
The glad, glad babies know!

What is most precious to have and to hold?
Worth more than its weight in rubies or gold?
The fairest, purest, loveliest thing
That earth can give and Heaven can bring?
Only the mothers know—
The glad, glad mothers know!
—Harper's Young People.



Stone Beacon.



Lighthouse in a Storm.