

have I cried unto thee, O Lord." "He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings, and hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God." Psalm xl. 2.

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A MODERN ROBINSON CRUSOE.

My old minister used to say that three books were going to live if all the others died: "The English Bible," "The Pilgrim's Progress," and "Robinson Crusoe." I knew another minister who used to read "Robinson Crusoe" through every year. He liked the stir, the incidents, and, above all, the style of the book. In the common life of the sailor to-day there are hundreds of incidents almost every month; if you are in search of incidents go to the great and wide sea.

It is only about twenty five years ago that we discovered one voyage a real Crusoe on an island in the Pacific. It was in the clipper barque, *Ocean Foam*, a dandy little ship of 500 tons, with sixteen hands and a boy—seventeen all told. It was moderate weather, and we were near an island; the wind fell away to a dead calm, and the captain occupied himself with using a powerful telescope. It was my turn at the helm. All at once the captain gave a shout, and exclaimed, "There's some one alive on that island, and he seems to be making a semaphore signal." Then the mate took a look; sure enough there was a man. "All hands get up tackles and get out the jolly-boat." Soon four men and the second mate were rowing to the beach, and the excitement ran high. Cautiously the boat touched the shore, and the crew jumped on the beach. On the approach of the boat the man from shyness had partly hidden behind a boulder; but when he saw friendly signals he came to meet us. It was one of the strangest interviews I ever had or expect to have. He was a young man, say twenty-four years of age, perfectly healthy and perfectly naked, with regular features and a well-made frame. There were no visible means of subsistence. We

made sure that the island was unoccupied save by this man; we searched and found a little spring of pure water. "That's half his living," said Tom Wilkins, the oldest of the boat's crew. A further search revealed that food in the shape of shell fish on the beach had helped to keep the man alive, and wild fruit of more than one kind probably made up the bill of fare of this modern Crusoe. As the weather remained calm we took two hours exploring this lonely place, and then the recall signal brought us to the boat, for a gentle breeze had sprung up. We motioned to our modern Crusoe to get on board the boat, and he smiled and came on board. Soon we were alongside, and the simple ceremony of introducing our pacific passenger to the master and rest of the crew was soon accomplished. We squared away to the gentle breeze. Our new man seemed delighted with all he saw; the cook brought him some little dainty, but he tasted sparingly and looked bewildered. The master tried to get him to talk, but not a word could he get from the young man's lips. He was provided with clothing, and a bunk was got ready for a sleeping place, and all hands were busy in paying every possible attention to our wonderful Robinson. He smiled; that was all he did. The excitement wore off, and as the ship pursued her course the watch on deck were busy trying to account for the man's presence on the island; how long had he been there, how did he come there, under what flag did he sail? A hundred questions and not one answer. Was he cruelly treated, and did he jump overboard to get away from cruel men? Was the ship wrecked and all hands lost but himself, like the original Robinson? Was he one of a pirate gang, and because he was not so savage as others was he put on shore to live or die? No answer came to these questions, and may never come.

The fact was, our new Robinson was a baby, and we had to begin to teach him sounds just as we would a little two-year-old, only he did not learn so fast. It took him a month to learn and locate words like eye, nose, head, hand, foot; and, to be

brief, when we arrived in port, in about two months, he had not learned a dozen words. Mayhap his memory as to the life on the island will ever remain a cleaned slate. Why? Because thought is not possible without words; we think in words; take away the words, and the mind goes away like a candle blown out by the wind. How wise, therefore, was the great Robinson to take care to read his Bible with diligence! If he had neglected this, his mind might have been blown away, too, and then what a loss to the world!

SAILOR SAM.

MORAL COURAGE.

If there is something to be done dangerous to the outward man, so hard that most people shrink from it and make excuses, something like rowing a boat among breakers to a sinking ship, or mounting to the top of a burning building to rescue a child, or entering a house where there is pestilence, then everybody says the prompt, strong oarsman, climber, nurse, is a hero. Suppose the peril and the daring were different, to risk a reputation for righteousness, to give up party for principle, success for truth, property for honour, to speak unpopular words, to refuse and denounce a fashion because it is vicious or tempting, to take a stand which would make those whose love or favour we long for hate us, or those whom it would be for our interest to please angry with us. Here is another test of courage, a different measure of greatness, a new standard of heroism. Is not this precisely what Christ meant when He spoke to the world as its Master, and told us what we must do and be if we would follow Him?—*Bishop of Huntington.*

Oh, mothers! Give good books to your daughters, and oblige them to read them. If, while young and happy, they read with more respect than attention, more for duty than pleasure, do not desist; for in the day of trial, this beautiful seed will germinate in their hearts, like the wheat, which, sown in a day of sunshine, grows vigorously in the time of rain and tempest. — *Fernan Cabellero.*