

Happy Days

LUKE II.]

TORONTO, MAY 14, 1887.

[No 10.]

THE YOUNG MIDSHIPMAN.

looked across the placid bay,
 thought of the homestead far away,
 his brothers young and sisters fair
 would offer up a daily prayer,
 that their loved sailor-boy might be
 freed from the perils of the
 sea.

seemed to see his mother's
 face,
 feel her tender last embrace;
 a blessing sounded in his
 ear,
 brought th' involuntary
 tear;
 yet the sailor-boy was
 brave,
 loved his life upon the
 wave.

brave, young sailor! brave
 at heart
 always had a tender part;
 he thinks upon his mother's
 face
 to bring his country no dis-
 grace;
 he'll more bravely dangers
 dare
 he thinks upon his mother's
 prayer.

SWEET WORDS.

"My dearest of mothers."
 I heard the words repeated in
 tones by my next-door
 neighbour at an island farm-
 house where we were sojourn-
 ing.

"My dearest of mothers."
 My friend was a widow, and her son, an
 affectionate, talented fellow, was engineer-
 ing in Idaho. In one of his late letters he
 said at the close, "And now, my dear-
 est of mothers, good-bye."

Did he guess, I wonder, how the little
 phrase would please the heart that

loved him so? Did he think that she
 would say it over softly to herself as she
 sat alone in her room?

The home days were over. The babies,
 with their sweet ways, their joy-giving and
 their trouble-making, had grown to noisy

her long letters, describing his adventurous,
 changeable life, the strange companions by
 whom he is surrounded, the wonderful
 scenery of the wild western world. It was
 all intensely enjoyed, but better than all
 were the love phrases that showed the sons'
 affectionate heart. I wonder
 if the "boys" know how dear
 they are to their mothers, and
 how little attentions, little
 gifts, tender words, flying visits,
 cheer and warm the hearts that
 have borne the test of years
 and sorrows.

Life is a little chilly to
 mothers whose homes are the
 things of the past. Even if they
 remain in the old home, the
 rooms seem very bare and silent
 after the children are gone. It
 is as if summer had flown,
 with its nests and bird songs,
 and autumn winds were blow-
 ing. Then the love of the
 sons and daughters is like
 sunshine of warm fires to the
 hearts that sadly miss them.
 Let us hope there are many
 sons who write, "My dearest of
 mothers."—*Congregationalist*.

"SAVE ALL THE BITS."

I REMEMBER a busy man who
 had very little time for read-
 ing or study, but whose mind
 was a perfect store house of
 information on almost every
 subject. "How does it happen
 that you know so much more



THE YOUNG MIDSHIPMAN.

than the rest of us?" I asked him one
 day. "Oh," said he, "I never had time
 to lay in a regular stock of learning, so
 I save all the bits that come in my way,
 and they count up a good deal in the
 course of a year." His example is worthy
 of imitation.

boys, then to self-asserting men, they were
 out in the world making their way, brains
 busy, thoughts absorbed, hearts full, yet
 here was one who remembered the mother,
 still in middle life, loving and needing love,
 the same as when her boys were her very
 own in the dear child's home. He wrote