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LOST ON BOARD SHIP.

(From Pall Mall Budget.)

A great ship was homeward bound from distant Australia to dear England. Among the passengers was a little boy some four years old. He was a beautiful child, with big, fearless brown eyes and clustering, golden-brown curls, and he was so sweet-tempered and merry that it was no wonder he was the pet of all the passengers and the crew. The little fellow's history was a sad one too, and that was another reason why all on board were so kind to him. His poor young father and mother had both died of fever in Australia, and a lady who had been his parents' friend, and his governess, was bringing him to England to his only relative, an old bachelor uncle. I have said that Eric (that was not his real name, but it will do to call him by) was beloved by all on board that great ship, but there was some one whose especial pet he was, and that some one was the chief engineer, who had lost some years ago his only child (a boy of Eric's age) by a sad accident. So whenever the chief engineer came off duty Eric was generally to be found with him; he would come into his cabin when he was having his meals, and sit on the floor chattering merrily while he built a fort from his bricks or rigged a gallant man-of-war with his big friend's help.

But one day the ship's passengers and crew received a terrible shock when it was suddenly discovered that the pet and play-fellow of the moving town could nowhere be found.

It was the chief engineer who made the dreadful fact known when he came off duty, and did not as usual see his small friend anywhere. At first no one felt much alarmed about not finding him. A ship is a big place; there were a hundred passengers on board, and it was quite natural to think he might be among them somewhere, but as the moments went by and the repeated inquiry, "Have you seen Eric?" was always answered, "No," people began to be anxious; every likely nook and cranny was searched, but, alas! no welcome vision of a laughing face and tumbled curly head rewarded their toil, and at last the awful conviction was forced upon them that the child must have fallen overboard. He was always very fond of leaning over

the ship's side to watch the white foam dashing up in her rapid course, and must in doing so have overbalanced himself and fallen into the sea when no one was near. How can I describe the grief of all on board when they realized their pet was gone from them, and in such a sad way. Women with dear boys and girls at home wept bitterly, and even strong men did not disdain to show their grief; and the chief engineer was heart-broken, for he had learnt to love the merry child as dearly as if he were his own son. The time dragged wearily by; the hopeless search had lasted for some hours, and the ship that but a little while ago had been full of life and mirth was plunged in silence and gloom. The chief engineer went sadly down into his cabin. He thought thankfully that the missing child had no parents to mourn his loss. And yet how he should miss his merry little face peeping in upon him. Half absently the good man roamed about his tiny cabin touching one thing and another, and ever recalling his dear small friend. At last he came to a standstill by his bunk, the curtains of which, as was frequently the case, were drawn. Without thinking he put his hand out and parted them; his fingers touched something soft and warm. He looked close—and then he uttered a cry of joy, for before him lay, as snug as a bird in its nest, the long-sought child. In a moment the engineer caught him up in his arms, and rushed with him on to the deck, where most of the passengers were standing about, talking sadly together, and then—when they caught sight of the little figure upheld triumphantly in the big man's arms, there was a moment's astonished silence; and what a noise there was as cheer after cheer rang out upon the still, hot air, and the joyful cry, "Found, found!" rang through the ship. And that one small boy bid fair to be killed with kindness as they clustered round him begging to know the tale of his disappearance. He told them in his artless way how he had become tired of playing in the morning and had wandered off to find "Mr. Engineer," and how he thought then he would like to creep into the cosy bunk, and did so, with the result we have seen. It seemed such a simple place to have hidden in and escaped discovery so long. But this is a true tale, and only goes to prove

how we often never see what may be just under our eyes, and as the old saying says: "Hide in haste, ne'er be found."

This is a very small story, you will say; but there is a sequel to it that makes it worth remembering. When the ship reached England, and the time came for Eric to be given up to the guardianship of his unknown uncle, the engineer accompanied him to his new home and offered to adopt the child he had learned to love so well.

The old uncle was not fond of children; in fact, he was wondering what he should do with Eric, and after a little inquiry he agreed to the honest sailor's wishes. So Eric became the son of his dear Mr. Engineer; and the years went on, and he became a big boy, and then nothing would satisfy him but to follow the profession of his adopted father. So he became an engineer, and a clever one, too; and in one of the big harbor towns of England there are two great bridges designed and constructed by him.

It was while staying in this town that I made the acquaintance of a white-haired-old gentleman of sailor-like aspect, living in a pretty rose-covered cottage opposite the busy harbor, and it was he who one day told me this little tale.

TOM'S RIGHTS.

"They'd no right to do that." This is what Tom said when the boys ran across the lawn or stepped on his mother's flower bed in search of a ball, and 'Sho'd no business with my things,' when baby broke his toys.

His older brother called him 'The Keeper of the Family Conscience.' Whatever that meant, it kept Tom so busy that he could not listen to the words that his conscience said to him.

"Don't handle them," Miss Lester called from the schoolhouse steps, when she saw him playing with a load of bricks which had been left in the next lot, a vacant one.

'It's out of school hours and she's no right to boss me,' so he kept on and piled them up in towers, until they fell over, or stood them on end in long rows, and with a push of his foot 'made a snake,' as he called it.

'If those were your father's bricks he wouldn't wish them handled so roughly,' Miss Lester said to Tom in the afternoon. 'He wouldn't care,' he answered in so gruff a tone that it proved that he hadn't time to take care of his manners. 'What business is it of hers?' he said quite low to the other boys. He continued to build towers and make snakes, though he was careful to do so out of school hours.

One morning at the breakfast table Tom's father said, 'I ordered some bricks a week ago. I must call and see why Mr. Swan hasn't sent them.' 'He ought to bring them when you tell him,' said Tom looking up from his toast.

'Perhaps as his first name is Thomas he forgets,' answered his father. 'Men oughtn't to forget,' thought the son.

He came home at night earlier than usual, for the bricks were gone from the vacant lot. In his own yard, two or three 'little fellows,' as he called them, were taking the bricks from a pile which had been left since noon, and were making a stable for their horses. 'Don't touch them. They're my father's,' and you've no right in this yard,' and the boys drove their horses off down the street in a great hurry.

'Half of them are broken,' his father said, as he looked the bricks over. 'He ought to send whole ones, hadn't he Pa?' and Tom felt sure of sympathy this time. 'He did, but they were left at the wrong place, and some boy has been playin' with them.'

'He'd no right to, he ought to have let them alone.' 'Yes, he ought; Miss Lester tried to have him, but he said—' The sentence wasn't finished, because there was no one to talk to.

Tom looked ashamed at the supper table, but no further mention was made of the affair.

After that when Tom began, 'He'd no right—' he stopped suddenly, and before long he had left it off entirely. About this time other people noticed that he had become thoughtful for the rights of others. —Household

TONGUE-TWISTERS.

Good gymnastics for the tongue are found in the following collection made in the *London Tid-Bits*. Each selection should be read aloud, the shorter ones being repeated half a dozen times in quick succession.

Six thick, thistle sticks.

Flesh of freshly fried flying-fish.

The sea ceaseth, and it sufficeth us.

High roller, low roller, lower roller.

Give Grimes Jim's great gilt gig whip.

A box of mixed biscuits a mixed biscuit box.

Two toads, totally tired, tried to trot to Tedbury.

Strict, strong Stephen Strinver snared slickly six sickly silky snakes.

She stood at the door of Mrs. Smith's fish-sauce shop welcoming him in.

Swan swam over the sea: swim, swam, swim; swan swam back again: well swum, swan.

It is a shame, Sam, these are the same, Sam. 'T is all a sham, Sam, and a shame it is to sham so, Sam.

A haddock, a haddock, a black-spotted haddock, a black spot on the black back of a black-spotted haddock.

Susan shineth shoes and socks; socks and shoes shines Susan. She ceaseth shining shoes and socks, for shoes and socks shock Susan.

Robert Rowley rolled a round roll round; a round roll Robert Rowley rolled round, where rolled the round roll Robert Rowley rolled round?

Oliver Oglethorp ogled an owl and oyster. Did Oliver Oglethorp ogle an owl and oyster? If Oliver Oglethorp ogled an owl and oyster, where is the owl and oyster Oliver Oglethorp ogled?

Hobbs meets Snobbs and Nobbs? Hobbs bobs to Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs nobbs with Snobbs and nobbs Nobbs's fobs. "That is," says Nobbs, "the worse for Hobb's jobs," and Snobbs sobbs.

Sammy Shoesmith saw a shrieking songster. Did Sammy Shoesmith see a shrieking songster? If Sammy Shoesmith saw a shrieking songster, where's the shrieking songster Sammy Shoesmith saw?

I went into the garden to gather some blades, and there I saw two sweet pretty babes. "Ah, babes, is that you, babes, braiding of blades, babes?" If you braid any blades at all, babes, braid broad blades, babes, or braid no blades at all, babes.

As I was going down the street I saw two bootblacks; one was a black bootblack and the other a white bootblack. And both had black boots as well as blacking brushes. The black bootblack asked the white bootblack to black his, the black bootblack's, black boots, with blacking. The white bootblack consented to black the black boots of the black bootblack with blacking, but when he, the white bootblack, had blacked one black boot of the black bootblack, with blacking, he, the white bootblack, refused to black his, the black bootblack's other black boot, with blacking unless he, the black bootblack, paid him, the white bootblack, the same as what he, the white bootblack got for blacking other people's black boots; whereupon the black bootblack grew still blacker in the face, called the white bootblack a black-guard, at the same time booting the white bootblack with the black boot that he, the white bootblack, had already blacked with blacking.

SUNDAY OR MONDAY.

A letter from a Christian man of large experience in the Newfoundland fisheries contains a statement of fact and a query about it bearing on the observance of God's law of the Sabbath: 'A fleet of well-fitted steamers left for the ice this year. For the first time in the history of the colony men were asked when they signed the roll, "Will you work on Sunday?" If the answer was "No," they were told, "We do not want you." Hitherto it has been optional, men keeping Sunday or not, as they preferred. This year every steamer went out with the expressed intention to kill seals "Sunday or Monday." Well, it was the worst voyage on record. They missed the seals altogether, passed inside of them, went far to the north while the bulk of the seals were within 200 miles of St. John's.

Was their judgment baffled by God?—Michigan Paper.