



GOOD MORNING.

THE SHIPWRECK.

Dear Aunt Jane: I've a very wonderful thing to tell you. I'm to be sent to Boston to school. You know how awfully I've wanted to go to school. Mother and father have taught me all they could, but that's not much. Father said he'd send me away to school if the fishing was good last year, but it wasn't, and I had cried lots about it.

Well, one night there was an awful storm. You know there's an awfully dangerous bar out a little way from the island, and ships break all to pieces if they can't keep off it.

The night of the storm we were all asleep, when there came a great noise at the door.

"Captain Nokes, there's a big steamer on the bar. Come out and help save the crew," some one said.

It was an awful storm; and we couldn't be willing to let him go, but he shook us off, and said that he must do his duty. So he went; and we watched and prayed.

He got back after four hours, and all he

had saved was a baby girl. She had nothing on but a night-dress.

Of course we kept the child, although I knew that I couldn't go to school. The money father had saved for me had to go for clothes and food for that child.

It was a dear little thing, and I grew really fond of it, and glad to give up school for its sake.

We had her nine months, when her father came for her. His wife and child were on the steamer, and it was told him that every soul was lost. Nine months after, a sailor told him about father, and how brave and good he was, and about his saving the child. The gentleman came to see if the child could be his, and it was.

He is going to send me to school in Boston, and then to college, if I want to go. I'm so happy I don't know what to do. Just think how good God has been to me, when I was so selfish that I had to fight to be willing to let father keep that poor little child. It has taught me a lesson.

Your loving niece,
SADIE NOKES.

Nantucket, March 1.

ON DUTY.

"O wild rose by the wayside,
How can you blossom there,
With none to note your beauty
Or praise your petals fair?
Your sisters in the garden
We cultivate with care;
But dusty and neglected,
How can you blossom there?"

"Ah, foolish little maiden,
The Master set me here!
He bade me grow and blossom
At this time every year.
'Tis not for me to murmur,
'Tis not for me to fear,
But do my best to please him;
The Master set me here."

O could we learn the lesson
The flowers teach all day,
Nor question what he sends us,
But only to obey.

"HOLD FAST TILL I COME."

A Hindoo was one day writing letters, with the doors all open because of the heat, and to let the breeze come in. His little boy, three years old, was playing near him. Presently a servant came to call the Hindoo gentleman to see a friend on business. He rose to settle the business, and calling the child outside, said: "Put your hand over my papers to keep them from blowing away, and hold fast till I come back."

Many Hindoo children are disobedient, but this child came at once and did as he was told. As he stood with his hand on his father's papers he counted first how many spiders he could see in the roof, then how many squares there were in the mats, and so on; but as minutes went by he became so tired, though he kept changing the hand, and many a little sigh and big yawn said plainly, "I wish that father would come back." But the father had to stay more than an hour, and though many a time he remembered his child he supposed that some of the servants would go and put away his papers. When he came back at last, and saw the dear little thing still there, patiently standing, he snatched him up, feeling that he could not love him enough for his obedience.

Jesus has given us each something to hold fast till he comes. May each of us prove as faithful to our trust as a Hindoo child did to his.

Charlie, I will tell you how you can be useful. You can pick up a pin from the floor; play with your little sister; can tell mamma when the baby cries; reach the stool, that she may put her foot on it; hold the cotton when she winds it; teach a little child his letters; and make your mother happy by being a good boy.