

"Take the tiller, now," she continued, addressing me, "and steer for the light you see on the cliff. Keep her well up, though, or all will be lost."

We waited—and that with difficulty—for a few minutes, till we saw by the starlight that the yacht's boat was lowered, then away we went.

The light on the cliff-top moved slowly down the wind. I kept the boat's head a point or two above it, and on she dashed. The rocks loomed black and high as we neared them, the waves breaking in terrible turmoil beneath.

Suddenly the light was lowered over the cliff down to the very water's edge.

"Steady, now," cried my brave cousin, and next moment we were round a point and into smooth water, with the yacht's boat close beside us. The place was partly cave, partly "noss." We beached our boats, and here we remained all night, and were at last rescued next morning by a fisherman's yawl.

The yacht's people were the captain, his wife, and one boy—Norwegians all, Brinster by name.

My story is nearly done. What need to tell of the gratitude of those whom Maggie's heroism had saved from a watery grave?

But it came to pass that when, a few months afterwards, a beautiful new yacht came round to the fjord to take those shipwrecked mariners away, Cousin Maggie went with them on a cruise. It came to pass also that when I paid my very next visit to R—, in the following summer, I found living at my relative's house a Major Brinster and a Mrs. Brinster.

And Mrs. Brinster was my cousin Maggie, and Major Brinster was my cousin Maggie's "fate."

LABOR NOT IN VAIN IN THE LORD

Remember this: If that bit of work which you have undertaken is for the love of God—and it must be that—and for the glory of God, then it can not fail. There is no such thing as failure in real Christian work. We may make mistakes, but it can not fail, for it is God's work, and if it is done for God, then we have done our best. He will take it and make use of it, perhaps so that we can see it; if not, we shall see it in the light of the world to come. He will take us as we are and our work as it is, and in the time to come perhaps make use of our very mistakes and build upon the work which we began in humble faith and quiet hope—the very work we wanted to do, but were too clumsy. There never has been yet a work for him that failed.—Lord Bishop of Thetford.

—But how easy it is to please God! A tear, a sigh, a cry of penitence; a prayer for his mercy on the sinner; a hunger for holier things; a tender kindness to another; a cup of cold water, a word, a look, a hand of sympathy and help; confiding trust in his wisdom, power and love when dark days come; a song of praise in the night; self-denying service of the needy ones. Such things please him very much, as do all efforts to be more like his Son and to extend his Kingdom. God makes great promises to those "that choose the things that please" him.—New York Observer.

The restless millions wait
The light whose dawning
Maketh all things new:
Christ also waits.
But men are slow and late.
Have we done what we could?
Have I? Have you?

The heart is best nourished when we are ministering to the needs of our neighbors.

A NEST OF FOXES.

Hunters found a den of foxes in the hills and unearthed five little ones about as large as well-grown cats. The mother fox escaped before the hunters reached the den, which was lined thickly with soft grasses and feathers. Instead of running away, she kept within eight while the hunters worked with their shovels.

She apparently understood what they were doing, for she endeavored by every means to attract them away from their work and toward herself. She approached quite near and acted as if lame and distressed. She would lie down on her side and writhe along the ground, uttering whines and moans. Then she would limp off as if very lame, going very slowly and halting frequently.

The hunters were not to be drawn away from the work in hand by such tactics and finally, after much digging, came upon the den where the five pretty little fellows were shrinking. They made no resistance, and seemed rather to like the handling and petting they received. All of them were taken to a farmhouse, where they are confined. They will not be released, but will probably be painlessly despatched. Grown foxes do not make good neighbors in farming communities. Hunters say it is very rare for mother foxes to leave all their young in one place. It is their cunning habit to scatter the family, one and two in widely separated retreats. It is said, too, that foxes will not rob roosts close to their dens, but will go miles away for food and carefully hide their trails.—Chicago Evening Post.

THE SECRET OF A GOOD MEMORY.

Understand that you can remember only those things to which you have paid attention. The secret of memory is concentrated attention. What you attend to closely and what you fully understand—that you will not and cannot forget, any more than you can forget your own name. So, begin today. When you are doing something, do that something and nothing else. And tonight, look back over the day, recall every detail as vividly as you can. You will be surprised at how little you can remember. But do it again tomorrow night, and the next night, and the next; and by the end of a month you will be surprised and delighted at the increase in your power, not only of memory, but of mental power in general.—Prof. Cunninghamham.

A LITTLE SERMON.

Never a day is lost, dear,
If at night you can truly say
You've done one kindly deed, dear,
Or smoothed some rugged way.

Never a day is dark, dear,
Where the sunshine of home may fall,
And when the sweet home voices
May answer when you call.

Never a day is sad, dear,
If it brings at set of sun
A kiss from mother's lips, dear,
And a thought of work well done.
—Our Young Folks.

The world has no room for cowards.
We must all be ready to toil, to suffer,
to die. And yours is not the less noble
because no drum beats before you when
you go out into your daily battlefields,
and no crowds shout about your coming
when you return from daily victory or
defeat.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

You and I must complain when our plans break down—if we have done our part. That probably means that the plans of One who knows more than we do have succeeded.—Edward Everett Hale.

KEEP BABY WELL.

No matter whether baby is sick or well Baby's Own Tablets should always be kept in the house. They not only cure the minor disorders of childhood, but prevent them and should be given whenever the little ones show the slightest signs of illness. Children take the Tablets as readily as candy, and they are absolutely safe. Mrs. Geo. Howell, Sandy Beach, Que., says:—"My baby was greatly troubled with colic and cried night and day, but after giving him Baby's Own Tablets the trouble disappeared. I advise all mothers to use this medicine." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MOTHER'S WHIM.

My mother was a human being and had certain peculiarities which we did not ridicule. Sometimes she would lose her appetite entirely and could not eat our food. She would grow weak and almost ill, but there was "balm in Gilead." Her appetite would be restored in this way. Something from another person's larder was the remedy, and lo, "Richard was himself again." I was a little girl and she would send me with a basket and a note to her good aunt in the village. Her letter would read thus: "Dear Aunt Jane: I have one of my 'spells' again and cannot eat—please send me something from your cupboard; just anything will do, so some one else has cooked it. Your Niece, Caroline."

Her aunt did not smile at the "notion" of her favorite niece, for she knew and realized her sensitive nature.

Aunt Jane would go to her cellar and cupboard and pack a basket with whatever she chanced to have. Sometimes it would be a cup of stewed dried apples, a piece of beef or ham, a bit of plain cake, or a cup custard. No matter, dear Aunt Jane understood it all.

How precious are the friends who divine our queer ways and who do not ridicule us.

SINGING KETTLES.

The Japanese, who know so well how to add little, unexpected attractions to every-day life, manufacture, in a great variety of forms, iron tea-kettles which break into song when the water boils. The song may not be a perfect melody, but it is perhaps as agreeable as the notes produced by some of the insects which the Japanese also treasure for their music. The harmonious sounds of the tea-kettles are produced by steam bubbles escaping from beneath thin sheets of iron fastened close together nearly at the bottom of the kettles. To produce the best effects some skill is required in regulating the fire. The character of the sounds varies with the form of the kettle. These curious singing kettles have been used by the people for many centuries.—Youth's World.

Speaking at a Thanksgiving service, Rev. Dr. McMullen, the veteran pastor emeritus of Knox church, Woodstock, very wisely said: "Because we had free self-government it didn't mean that our Government was all it ought to be. Many a man governed himself very badly, and many a people have self-government, and do not enjoy all the benefits and blessings they ought. Government of the people, by the people, for the people may become Government of the people by the bosses for the bosses. The remedy for greed and graft is not legislation. Men who will make laws will find ways of defeating them. The remedy is righteousness in the people; in public conscience, in a high tone of public morality, for after all it is righteousness that makes a nation great."