

"I was full of drink when we started, and I managed to take a good stock with me. I wasn't in command in those days, so the safety of our boat didn't depend on me—only the safety of my own life and Jack's. Well, we'd had a splendid take, and when the first carrier hove in sight, we got wild with eagerness to get our boxes o' fish aboard of her first. It was blowing half a gale, but we didn't mind that; we were as good a crew as ever set sail, though I says it myself. My lad hadn't had much experience of dirty weather, and I fetched him up out o' the hold, where he'd gone in obedience to his mother, and I told him I was going to try his sea-legs. I shouldn't ha' done it, only the drink was in me, and that and the weather made me half mad with excitement. When Jack held back, and said he had promised mother not to go on deck if the weather got wild, that only made me all the madder. I swore at him, and ordered him up, and the poor lad came then, but went down on his hands and knees and clutched at the first thing he could lay hold on. Older ones than him had to do the same, for it was blowing hard, and the bit of a gunwale is no protection against pitching off.

"Many's the time I've been as near swept away as could be, and it's a standing miracle how I've escaped drowning when the drink was in me as it was that day. It made me savage to see my poor boy's white face and his trembling lips. I called him a land-lubber, and swore I'd make a sailor of him before I'd done with him. Yet do you boys think I didn't love him? Ay, I loved him as the apple of my eye! In my sober senses I'd have cut off my right hand rather than have done him a hurt. And yet—and yet, with the drink in me, I forced him into the very teeth of the dreadfulest danger. 'Tell mother I didn't go on deck of my own will,' he said to me; and something in the words hit me like a blow. I don't know whether I was going to give in or not, but just then a great wave came rolling up, like a hundred runaway horses, and broke right over us. I was knocked flat and sobered, and when I picked myself up, Jack wasn't there! The storm seemed suddenly to have grown fiercer; you could hear no cries but the shrieking of the wind. I clung to the mast and gazed out, but no drowning face could I see, no drowning cry could I hear. I never saw my boy's bonnie face again. Do you think me a murderer? I loved him as my own soul, I tell you! Drink was the murderer—drink that you want to dally with to-day, that I want to make you afraid of and hate!

"Well, that isn't all my story. I had to go home without him to his mother. You don't know what that means: but it's as fresh in my memory as if it happened only yesterday. It was like the brothers going back to old Jacob and telling him that his darling boy Joseph was not. And how did Jack's mother bear it, do you think? In six months' time the grass was growing over her grave. She never got over it; it killed her. And for twenty long years I've had them two deaths to think about; for twenty years I've had to bitterly repent of ever letting strong drink pass these guilty lips. I don't want you ever to know such sorrow as this, so I've told you my story to warn you. Now go home, lads, and keep clear of Mother Peck's dreadful den, and all such places. Take the fish home to your mother, Tom, and don't even barter away any good money or anything else for the drink which has blighted many and many a thousand hearts and homes besides mine."—*Selected.*

BERRIES AND BRIERS.

One of the surest ways to make home happy is to look on the bright side of things. The boy in this incident not only cheered his mother, but preached a bit of a sermon besides.

A man met a little fellow on the road carrying a basket of blackberries, and said to him: "Sammy, where did you get such nice berries?"

"Over there, sir, in the briers."

"Won't your mother be glad to see you come home with a basket full of such nice ripe fruit?"

"Yes, sir," said Tommy, "she always seems mighty glad when I hold up the berries, and I don't tell her anything about the briers in my feet."

The man rode on, resolving that henceforth he would hold up the berries and say nothing about the briers.—*Southern Churchman*

PIG DIGNITY.

Poor Billy Brown, while on a spree
Was in a gutter hid.
A pig beside, easy and free
His humble bed had made.

But small respect, as it would seem
One entertained for other.
Though from appearance some might deem
Each near approached to brother.

As lowly they together lay
In heavy breathing sleep,
To either, lookers-on might say,
"What company you keep?"

But should uncertainty arise,
Which felt the most disgraced,
'Twas brought to issue on this wise,
By action of the beast.

Billy slept on, his muddy brain
Of sober thought bereft;
While in disgust and dire disdain,
The hog got up and left!

Our Casket.

Some of the women who do fancy work don't fancy work.

Poets sing very melodiously about "unkissed kisses" and "unthought thoughts," but it is the unvoted votes which trouble the politician.

"Oh, ma!" exclaimed a little girl, running breathlessly into the house from the garden, "you know my beans that I planted, don't you?" "Yes, dear." "Well, there's peas on 'em."

A minister travelling through the West some years ago asked an old lady on whom he called, what she thought of the doctrine of total depravity. "Oh," she replied, "I think it is a good doctrine if the people would only live up to it."

"How can you account for those fine stalks of corn coming up in the fence corners?" asked a man of a farmer.

"That's not corn," the farmer replied. "Only weeds."

"Ah, how singular."

"Don't know much about farmin', I reckon?"

"Very little. I am the editor of an agricultural paper."

"How glorious it is to be engaged in a purely intellectual occupation," murmured a Boston maiden, gazing rapturously into the admiring eyes of a country editor: "your own mental faculties for tools and the whole universe for a workshop. Now tell me," she added, "what do you find the most difficult thing connected with your noble profession?"

"Paying off the hands," said the editor.

"I thought I would take a run up and see if you didn't want to buy a sewing machine," said the agent to Farmer Grimes.

"I don't know as I do," replied the farmer. "I've got most of my spring sowing done."

"But won't you need it for sewing in the summer?"

"Look here, young fellow, we don't sow in the summer. We cuts an' gathers an' binds."

"O, well this machine gathers and binds."

"Mabece you'll be telling me next that this machine will haul in the crop an' put it in the barn. Don't come around here with any of your big stories."

"Don't be ruffled, my dear sir, I think you don't understand me. I mean a machine to sew cloth, not grain."

"Ahem! you do, do you. Then you'd better go an' talk to the wimmen. It's a good thing you didn't mean the other kind, for if you'd kept on telling me about your wonderful machine for plantin' an' reapin', you'd got me a rippin' an' tearin' till I'd basted you."