

my little boy, what can you do?" "Can do what I am bid," was the answer which secured him a place. Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, was a shoemaker; Thurlow Weed served his time as an apprentice at the printing business; ex-Governor Stone, of Iowa, was a cabinetmaker, as was also the late Hon. Stephen A. Douglass in his youth. Large numbers of men of prominence now living have risen from humble life by dint of industry, without which talent is as a gold coin on a barren island. Work alone makes men bright, and it does not alone depend on the kind of work you have, whether you rise or not; it depends certainly, on how you do it.

#### THE LITTLE LIGHT.

THE light shone dim on the headland,  
For the storm was raging high;  
I shaded my eyes from the inner glare,  
And gazed on the wet, gray sky.  
It was dark and lowering; on the sea  
The waves were booming loud,  
And the snow and the piercing winter sleet  
Wove over all a shroud.

"God pity the men on the sea to-night!"  
I said to my little ones,  
And we shuddered as we heard afar  
The sound of minute-guns.  
My good man came in, in his fishing coat,  
(He was wet and cold that night),  
And he said, "There'll lots of ships go down  
On the headland rocks to-night."

"Let the lamp burn all night, mother,"  
Cried little Mary then;  
"Tis but a little light, but still  
It might save drowning men."  
"Oh, nonsense!" cried her father (he  
Was tired and cross that night),  
"The highland lighthouse is enough"—  
And he put out the light.

That night, on a rock below us,  
A noble ship went down,  
But one was saved from the ghastly wreck,  
The rest were left to drown.  
"We steered by a little light," he said,  
"Till we saw it sink from view;  
If they had only a left that light all night,  
My mates might be here, too!"

Then little Mary sobbed aloud,  
Her father blushed for shame,  
"Twas our light that you saw," he said,  
"And I'm the one to blame."  
"Twas a little light—how small a thing!  
And trifling was its cost,  
Yet for want of it a ship went down,  
And a hundred souls were lost."

—Good Cheer.

#### THE NEW GAME.

IT was a rainy Sabbath afternoon when the five grandchildren of old Mr. Howe gathered into his cosy room to listen to a Bible story. Mr. Howe was in feeble health, and the noise of the children seemed almost too much for him to bear; but remembering that he too in childhood loved to listen to the historical stories of Joseph, Moses, and Elisha, he aroused himself with some effort so as to interest the children.

"Did I hear rightly?" said grandpa. "Did Frank say that he wished he could play games on Sunday?"

Frank hung his head as if ashamed and mortified that Mr. Howe had ever heard the wish, but at length he answered:

"Grandpa, Sunday is so long when it rains that I want to do something besides reading my book and going to church."

"Well, then, suppose we have a new diversion—a new game perhaps you might call it."

"A game on Sunday, grandpa!"

You don't mean it, though! Do tell us what you do mean; for you have always told us that it is wrong to play on the Sabbath."

The children were all quiet now, and very curious to hear what grandpa would say. After seating himself in his easy chair, and taking little Willie upon his knee, Mr. Howe began to explain in this way:—

"Did you ever hear," said he, "that the German watchmen have a pretty song, a verse of which they sing at every hour of the night, as that hour reminds them of some scriptural truth or fact? The first lines of one verse are these:—

"Hark ye, neighbours, and hear me tell,  
Ten now strikes from the belfry bell."

"Ten are the holy commandments given," etc.

"Now, supposing we take in this manner your various ages—5, 7, 8, 10, and 12—and find what scriptural truths or incidents they remind us of."

This was a new idea to the children, and they were very attentive, as children are always found to be when a new and instructive thought is presented to their minds.

"Let us take Willie's age first, because he is the youngest," said Emily.

"Yes," replied grandpa, "Willie is five years old. Now can any of you think of a miracle recorded in the New Testament of which five might remind you?"

"I can," replied Emily, after a moment's thought. "The five loaves you told us about last Sabbath."

"That is right, my child. Now, Willie, do you remember anything about David that five could remind you of?"

"Oh, grandpa," said Willie, "is it the five smooth stones from the brook?"

"Bravo! my boy, that is it. Who can tell the kind of sufferings of Paul of which five might recall the memory?"

"I know," replied Julia. "Five might remind us of the five times that Paul received of the Jews forty stripes save one."

"You are correct. Now, Emily, we will take your age—seven—do you remember anything about that number in the Bible?"

"Yes, sir," said Emily, after a short pause, "God made the world in six days, and then rested on the seventh."

"Right, my child. But do you remember the name of the city whose walls fell down when an army had gone seven times round it on the seventh day, and the seven priests had seven trumpets?"

"Oh, yes, grandpa; it was Jer—Jericho."

"What churches might this number recall to mind?"

"The seven churches of Asia," replied Frank; "and also the seven church candlesticks."

"Yes; the number seven is used many times in the Bible," said grandpa.

But Mamie, on hearing this, said she "didn't want to hear any more about seven, for she knew something about her own number—eight."

"What is it, Mamie?" inquired grandpa.

"Oh, it was just eight folks that went into the ark," replied the child, "because I just counted them up."

"I am glad you thought of that, Mamie. Now, do you remember the

name of a good king who began to reign when he was but eight years old?"

Mamie could not answer this question, but Frank replied that "it was Josiah."

"You are right, Frank. Now can you tell us of what miracle, wrought by Peter, that eight might remind us?"

"Yes, sir. Peter healed Eneas of the dropsy after Eneas had kept his bed eight years."

"Well, Julia," said grandpa, "of what does your age—ten—make you think?"

"I know, grandpa; of the ten commandments."

"Yes; and what else?"

"Oh, it makes me remember the ten dreadful plagues of Pharaoh."

"There is another thing you might recall, if you wait a moment."

"What book of the Bible is it in, grandpa?"

"It is in the twenty-fifth of Matthew?"

"Oh, now I know. You mean the parable of the ten virgins, don't you?"

"Yes; you remember very well.

Now, Frank, you are the oldest, and I suppose that twelve reminds you of a great many facts and incidents from the Scriptures?"

"Yes, grandpa, I can think of four or five."

"Will you mention them, Frank?"

"Well, there were twelve apostles, and Jacob had twelve sons; then, after a miracle, there were twelve baskets of fragments taken up; and Jesus was twelve years of age when he went up to Jerusalem."

"Very well, Frank. Twelve, like seven, is often used in the Word of God; but I would also like you to think of the glorious company in heaven, of which John speaks in Revelation. There were twelve thousand from each of the twelve tribes of Israel who were sealed and stood before the Lamb, clothed in white robes, and crying 'Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb.'"

"What made their robes so white, grandpa?" inquired Emily.

"Ah, my dear child, they had washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. The blood of Jesus Christ alone can cleanse from sin, and I hope you will each trust in Him now in the morning of life."

Grandpa Howe was just ready to dismiss the children, when Emily said:—

"Grandpa, haven't you got a number, too?"

"Certainly, my child; but I am too tired to talk of it to-day. I am just seventy years of age, and before next Sabbath you may find out what you can about that number."

The children returned to the sitting-room to tell their parents about the interesting game which grandpa had taught them; "and, best of all," said Frank, "it isn't wrong to use on Sunday."—*N. Y. Observer.*

REPEATERS, in firearms, are considered a very fine thing, and capable of great execution; but repeaters in the pulpit are held at heavy discount, and the more the repetition the less the effect. When a thing has been well said once, that is sufficient, and every repetition of it detracts from its interest.

#### THE SHIP THAT IS COMING FROM OVER THE SEA.

WHEN mamma's ship comes from over the sea,  
What do you think it will bring here to me?  
I know what I want: a nice parlour-set  
For dollie, my baby, my sweet little pet!  
With four pretty chairs, a rosewood settee,  
And carpet of velvet, how grand she will be!  
O! how I do wish it would come right away!  
What can be the matter that makes the ship stay!

Dear Annie, my daughter, be patient and wait,  
Your wants are so many, so costly, so great!  
The country is distant, it takes a long time  
For the ship to come back from the far-away clime!

And so through December to April and May,  
The last thing at night and the first thing at day,  
The two little eyes have been looking to see  
The ship that is coming from over the sea!

In the midsummer hours, on the face of the sky,  
Many cloud-woven barks sailed lazily by,  
To the home of the watcher some came very near,  
And loitered a moment, but dropped only a tear,  
Till hope from the heart of the watcher had fled,  
And the bright little eyes from long weeping were red,  
Waiting, and watching, and longing to see  
The ship that is coming from over the sea!

And there lay the sick one, in the shadows and gloom,  
Near the fond mother's heart, in the small, darkened room,  
And the sleeper lies dreaming, and sees from afar  
A ship at whose mast-head is a bright-beaming star;  
Down, down, it is coming and the Captain is he  
Who said, "Suffer the children to come unto me!"  
Weep! grief-stricken mother! for thus it must be,  
This is the ship that is come from over the sea!

O sorrowful mother! how keen is the dart  
That pierces with anguish your grief-laden heart!  
Your promises broken bring the thorn of regret  
To plant with the flowers on the grave of your pet!  
So short is the season, and so brief is the stay  
Of life's dearest treasures, till they hasten away,  
It is best not to wait for the joys that may be,  
Till the great ship is coming from over the sea!

—Henry Heartwell.

#### HE'LL NOT WAIT.

SOME months after a young man's conversion he chanced to meet one of his former dissolute companions, who seemed overjoyed to see him, and asked him to go with him to a neighbouring bar-room. But the young man refused, saying, "I have a friend with me."  
"I don't see any one with you."  
"You can't see him, but he is here."  
"Bring him in with you."  
"No; he never goes into bar-rooms."  
"Then let him wait outside."  
"No, no," was the final answer; "my friend is Jesus Christ; and if I go in with you he'll not wait."  
Noble answer was this! And like his Lord, he was delivered by it from the power of evil.

Remember, this best friend "will not wait" outside of places of sin. Who can take his place if he leaves you?

The life of man consists not in seeing visions and in dreaming dreams, but in active charity and willing service.