

He here was addressing John, who was going through the room.

'Yes, sir, I do,' replied John, emphatically. 'I've tried to be my own rope this morning, and I've got enough of it.'

The storm still raged across the wild prairie. It howled above the farm house roof. Beneath that roof, though, was a little group clinging to that rope of safety let down from heaven in the hour of prayer.

### Harry's Lesson.

When Harry Landor came to spend his holidays at the seaside with his cousins, the little girls thought that he was quite a man, and that he could do everything. Harry was inclined to think so too. He was a clever boy: he had done well at school, and was first-rate at cricket and football, but he had been but seldom at the sea, and knew little about boating and swim-

face, but Harry saw nothing but his rough jersey.

'Yes, but we don't need you. I'm here now to look after my cousins,' he said, pushing Jack rudely aside. Jack flushed with anger, but he said nothing, though he looked uneasy as Harry clumsily hoisted the sail.

The morning was bright, but suddenly the sky overclouded, and a squall almost capsized the boat. Harry managed at last to get the sail down, but he had no idea what to do next, or how to get the boat back to shore, and with every moment the wind and the waves were rising. He tugged at the oars in vain, while the children cried with fright. Suddenly Benie exclaimed:

'Here's a boat coming—I'm sure it's Jack! Jack, Jack, come and help us!'

In a few moments a little boat was alongside, and Jack had fastened it astern and



ming. All the same, he felt rather annoyed when, the day after his arrival, Nellie and Benie begged that they might be allowed to go for a sail, and his aunt agreed, but added with a smile:

'Only if Jack Collins can go with you. I can trust him. I don't know whether Harry can manage a boat.'

'Of course I can; anybody can manage a boat,' he answered loftily. But his aunt said quietly:

'I think you'd better have Jack too.'

'And who may Jack be?' asked Harry, as they strolled down to the shore.

'He's such a nice boy!' exclaimed Nellie eagerly; 'Mother always lets us go out with him. His father is a fisherman, but Jack wants to go to sea and be a captain; and he's beginning to study already, but his father can't afford to let him go to classes, and Jack is teaching himself out of a book full of circles and queer lines.'

'The lubber had better stick to fishing lines,' said Harry superciliously, as a tall lad came up and asked if the little ladies wanted a sail. He had a frank, pleasant

face, but Harry saw nothing but his rough jersey. They were tacking back to the pier, and Nellie and Benie were all smiles again. Harry was realizing that it was not so easy to manage a boat as he had fancied, and as he looked at the white curling crests of the angry waves and listened to the shriek of the wind, he knew that if it had not been for 'the lubber,' as he had called him, he and his cousins would never have reached the shore again. As it was, it taxed Jack's skill to the utmost to bring them safely to the pier, where Mrs. Landor was waiting in an agony of anxiety.

'How could you take the children out in such a day, Jack?' she cried reproachfully.

Jack was silent; but Harry, swallowing down his foolish pride and vanity, exclaimed, 'It was my fault, Auntie, not Jack's. He's saved all our lives, and I'll be glad to help him with his Euclid, if he'll teach me how to manage a boat; and,' looking at the brave, modest face, 'I dare say he can teach me a good deal more than I need.'

And the two boys clasped hands over the bargain.

### Unawares.

They said, 'The Master is coming  
To honor the town to-day,  
And none can tell at what house or home  
The Master will choose to stay.'  
And I thought while my heart beat wildly,  
What if He should come to mine?  
How would I strive to entertain  
And honor the Guest divine?

And straight I turned to tolling  
To make my home more neat,  
I swept and polished and garnished,  
And decked it with blossoms sweet.  
I was troubled for fear the Master  
Might come ere my task was done,  
And I hastened and worked the faster,  
And watched the hurrying sun.

But right in the midst of my duties  
A woman came to my door;  
She had come to tell me her sorrows,  
And my comfort and aid to implore.  
And I said, 'I cannot listen  
Nor help you any to-day;  
I have greater things to attend to,  
And the pleader turned away.

But soon there came another—  
A cripple, thin, pale and grey—  
And said, 'Oh! let me stop and rest  
Awhile in your home, I pray.  
I have travelled far since morning,  
I am hungry and faint and weak,  
My heart is full of misery,  
And comfort and help I seek.'

And I said, 'I am grieved and sorry,  
But I cannot help you to-day;  
I look for a great and noble Guest,  
And the cripple went away.  
And the day wore onward swiftly,  
And my task was nearly done,  
And a prayer was ever in my heart  
That the Master to me might come.

And I thought I would spring to meet Him,  
And serve Him with utmost care,  
When a little child stood by me,  
With a face so sweet and fair.  
Sweet, but with marks of tear-drops,  
And his clothes were tattered and old,  
A finger was bruised and bleeding,  
And his little bare feet were cold.

And I said, 'I am sorry for you,  
You are sorely in need of care,  
But I cannot stop to give it,  
You must hasten elsewhere.'  
And at the words a shadow  
Swept o'er his blue-veined brow;  
'Someone will feed and clothe you, dear,  
But I am too busy now.'

At last the day was ended,  
And my toil was over and done,  
My house was swept and garnished,  
And I watched in the dusk alone.  
Watched, but no footfall sounded,  
No one paused at my gate,  
No one entered my cottage door,  
I could only pray and wait.

I waited till night had deepened,  
And the Master had not come.  
'He has entered some other door,' I cried,  
'And gladdened some other home.'  
My labor had been for nothing,  
And I bowed my head and wept,  
My heart was sore with longing,  
Yet, spite of it all, I slept.

Then the Master stood before me,  
And his face was grave and fair:  
'Three times to-day I came to your door,  
And craved your pity and care;  
Three times you sent me onward,  
Unhelped and uncomfited,  
And the blessing you might have had was  
lost,  
And your chance to serve has fled.'  
—Unknown.