

quarter. It is much favoured by idle urchins especially, who find a hundred ways to amuse themselves among the boxes and bales. A breeze blows from the water across the edge of the dusty, coffee-coloured piers and gives a breath of fresh air.

The fish dock and the old "dirt" dock in Peek Slip on summer evenings are white with the figures of bathers. Often, too, even when the law was more stringent against it than now, they found means to swim in the daytime. They wrestle and tumble over one another, remain in the water for hours, swim across the swift stream to Brooklyn and back, and dive to the muddy bottom for coins thrown to them by spectators.

This was the training-school of our life-savers. Accidents were very frequent here, and the boys made many rescues without thinking much of them. Their house is a little box of a place, painted bright blue, moored under the shade of the great Brooklyn bridge, and close to both Fulton and Roosevelt street ferries. The front door of the establishment, as it might be called, is through a hole in a dilapidated fence; then down a ladder, and perhaps across a canal-boat or two, to where it lies, wedged in, in the crowded basin. They have a row-boat, and a life-saving raft of the catamaran pattern.

Inside, the station has three bunks, some lockers to hold miscellaneous articles, a small stove in a corner, and a small case of books contributed by the Seaman's Friend Society. These are largely accounts of courage and ingenuity in danger likely to be appreciated by boys in their circumstances. When they unbend, after duty is over, Nan plays the banjo and what he calls the "cordeen," and there is quite a social time.

Nan had saved eight persons, Long six, and Kelly four, before the association was formed, and Nan had received a silver medal from the United States Life Saving Association.

His most gallant case was the rescue of three young men overturned from a row boat by the collision with the Harlem steamer off Eleventh street. He was selling his papers on the dock at the time. When his notice was attracted to the accident, he at once threw the papers down and plunged in. He was taken out himself in a drowning condition.

Long's best case was the saving of a son of Police Sergeant Webb's in Dover Dock, and Kelley's of a boy at Bay Ridge, who drew him down twice in the effort.—*St. Nicholas.*

### THE RICH HUNCHBACK.

"OH, my! what a funny little old man!" said a thoughtless young girl in a loud whisper to her companion, at a prayer-meeting in a certain large manufacturing village in New England.

I glanced up. There was a funny little old man indeed, walking with a painful limp up the aisle in quest of a vacant seat.

"It is old Uncle Jerry Phillips, the hump-back shoemaker. Prepare yourself for a pleasant surprise if he takes a part in the meeting, as he doubtless will," explained the friend at my side.

It was a pleasant social gathering. A deep devotional feeling seemed to prevail, and one after another spoke words of faith and hope and promise.

By-and-by there came a lull, and then Uncle Jerry's gray, bushy head appeared just above the tops of the settees. He began his remarks in a sweet, pathetic, trembling voice.

"Friends, it would no doubt seem to many here a very sad thing to be only Jerry Phillips, the poor, old, cross-eyed, crooked-limbed, humpback shoemaker; to be without relatives; to be often without work; to sometimes be hungry; to have no home except one little bare room; to be often laid up with rheumatism, and for days not to see a human face excepting now and then when a kind-hearted neighbour looks in.

"All these things are very sad; but, dear friends, there are sadder things. It is sad to be poor as regards this life, but it is sadder to be poor in reference to the life that is to come. I am a poverty-stricken, 'funny'-looking old man in the estimation of most of you, but I am rich in faith, and through the blessed faith Jesus clothes me in the robe of his righteousness, and feeds me with the bread of heaven.

"This unsightly hump on my back is far less onerous than the load of anxiety, remorse, and sin, carried by many rich people who ride in fine carriages, and are clothed in goodly apparel. I shall drop it off some day, after I have borne it long enough to fulfil His purpose, and with it I shall lose my crooked limbs and cross eyes.

"These deformities, I must confess, have been something of a burden to me all my life; but whenever the thoughtless jeer at me, I remember that the Master always looked kindly upon the halt and the maimed. Jesus, too, was the friend of the poor when He was in this world, and He is so still.

"Do you not remember? 'He had not where to lay his head.' And do you not recall the words of James? 'Has not God chosen the poor of this world to be rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom?' Yes, I speak from my heart when I say to you that I had rather be poor in purse and rich in faith, than poor in faith and rich in purse.

I hope none of you will be poor in both ways. If you should be, the fault will be at your own door, for every one of you can be rich by taking Jesus as your friend. And I trust that those who are already rich in this world's goods will so live as to share in the riches of the world to come. It would be unspeakably unfortunate my friends, oh, far more unfortunate than anything that has yet befallen me in this life, to pass out of worldly wealth into eternal poverty."

The old man sat down, and Col. Rogers, the

so-called richest man in town, sank upon his knees, saying with much emotion, "Let us pray." The supposed wealthy manufacturer offered a petition, with a true prayerful unction, for faith and grace and strength and charity, and for a thorough cleansing from all moral and spiritual deformity, that found a response in many hearts and brought the tears to many eyes.

The next day the entire community was electrified by the news that Col. Rogers had failed, and assigned his property for the benefit of his creditors. All who had been present at that meeting the previous evening recalled the now ruined manufacturer's prayer, and said that the poor man must have been passing through a fierce mental struggle at the time.

He met Uncle Jerry Phillips in the street that day, and taking him by the hand, said, "I am as poor as you are this afternoon, Uncle Jerry, I have thrown up the hump of 'anxiety, remorse, and sin,' but I am weak from carrying it so long. And although I did not realize it before your most opportune words of last night, I think I had been looking in all directions for the main chance in business so long that I was getting to be cross-eyed myself.

"Now, Uncle Jerry, I want you to pray that I may become as rich as you are, for it was your talk at the prayer-meeting that prompted me to make the move I have. I had my plans all perfected by which I was to fail 'successfully' in my business, that is to make a compromise with my creditors, offer to them a certain per cent. of my indebtedness, and go on again. But instead of that I have turned over everything to my principal creditor, who will carry on the business. By doing what I have, I am enabled to pay every cent I owe. I could not bear the idea of 'eternal poverty,' Uncle Jerry."

"I hated to speak," said the deformed little man. "It is always a cross for me, and it was more of a cross last evening than ever, because I heard some girls giggling about me when I came in. But something kept whispering, 'Get up and tell them that you are not so poor and forlorn as you seem,' so I spoke the words that the Lord gave me."

### THE USEFUL LITTLE GIRL.

HOW pleasant it is to see a little girl trying to be useful. There is little Rhoda May sitting in old Mrs. Cooper's cottage, and writing a letter for her to her absent son. It seems but a trifling act of kindness, and yet it is one of great value to the old lady, for she does not know how to write herself, and would not be able to let her "dear boy John" hear from her at all if some one did not write instead of her. That "some one" is good little Rhoda. She has given up her play this afternoon, and no one loves play more dearly than Rhoda in order that she may, in this way, help old Mrs. Cooper. Rhoda wishes very much to be useful. I wonder whether you are like her.