

"But she ought to go to school."

An arrangement was entered into whereby the child should call at the lady's house on Sunday morning, be clothed for the school, and after the school was dismissed, call again, and change her garments for home.

The little creature was very teachable, and soon became a favorite with her teacher, who gave her a little Testament, probably the first gift the child had ever received. She was very proud of her Testament, exhibiting it on all occasions with the delighted exclamation:

"That's my little Testament—my own."

She would take it with her at night, clasping it in her hands till she fell asleep on the wretched rags called a bed. The child was taken ill. The doctor provided by her benefactors declared she would die. Her friends furnished her with what comforts they could, and watched the father lest he should steal them and sell them for whisky.

The gentleman then continued the narrative:

"One day I went to her bedside. I was mad for drink. I had taken everything I could lay my hands on. I looked round the room. There was nothing left, nothing I could dispose of. Yet I must have drink. I would have sold my child; I would have sold myself, for whisky. The little creature lay on the bed, with the Testament clasped in her hand, partly dozing. As I sat there she fell asleep, and the book slipped from her fingers, and lay on the coverlid of the bed. Stealthily looking round the room, I stretched out my shaking hand, seized the Testament, and hastily thrust it into my bosom. I soon sneaked out, like a guilty thing, to the grog-shop. All I could get for it was half a pint of whisky. It was a poor little book. I drank the devil's drink almost at a draught, and soon felt relieved from the burning thirst. The stagnant blood in the diseased vessels of my stomach was stimulated by the fiery fluid, and I felt better. What took me back to my child I cannot tell, but I sat again by her side. She still seemed to be sleeping; and I sat there with the horrible craving stayed for the time by the whisky I had drunk, when she opened her eyes slowly and saw me. Reaching out her hand to touch mine, she said, 'Papa, listen. I am going to die, and when I die I shall go to Jesus; for he told little children to come to Him. And I shall go to heaven; for he said that little children were of the kingdom of heaven. I learned that out of my Testament. Papa, suppose when I go to heaven Jesus should ask me what you did with my little Testament. Oh, papa! oh, papa! what shall I tell Him!' It struck me like lightning. I sat a few moments, and then fell down on my knees by the bedside of my child, crying, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.' That half pint of whisky was the last drop of intoxicating liquor that has passed my lips. She died in a few days, with her hands in mine, and her last words to me were, 'Papa, we shall both go to Jesus now.'"—From *John B. Gough's new book, "Sunlight and Shadow."*

#### HOW THE SHIP WAS SAVED.

Little Binnie Gray lived with her father and mother in a lighthouse on the west coast. Her mother was a good Christian woman, but her father was a drunkard. As the lighthouse was some distance from the main land, it was only once a week that they had any communication with the town. It was customary for Ned Gray to take the small boat and go for provisions every Saturday. On such occasions he would often get drunk; sometimes not returning for two or three days.

When Binnie was about six years old her mother died. Just before her death, she gave Binnie her large Family Bible, telling her never to part with it. After the death of his wife Ned kept very steady for a time. When she was alive, and he ashore drinking, she would light the lamps at night and do all that was required; now, he had to attend to all himself. One Saturday morning he went ashore for his usual week's provisions. Just as he was about to return to his boat he fell in with some of his old associates, with whom he adjourned to a public-house. There he sat for several hours talking and drinking. At dusk he arose to depart. The weather which was fine in the morning, was now changed; a high wind was blowing and rain falling in large drops, giving every indication of a stormy night. He hurried to his boat as fast as he was able. The waves had thrown it some distance up on the sands, and it was necessary to get assistance to get it afloat again. By the time this was done the waves had lashed themselves into a white foam, and he knew that no boat could live in such a sea, much less

land at the dangerous rock on which the lighthouse was built. What to do he did not know. It was quite dark by this time. Suddenly a bright light shot up into the air; too well the poor drunkard knew the meaning of it—a ship was in distress and sending up signal rockets—others followed at short intervals, showing that she was heading straight for the rock on which the lighthouse was built. What was to be done? He knew that little Binnie could not reach high enough to light the lamps, and that unless the lamps were lighted, the vessel would shortly strike on the rocks, and all hands probably be lost. He attempted to enter his boat, but strong hands detained him.

One minute he would pray for the ship's safety, the next be cursing those who detained him ashore. By this time a large crowd had collected on the shore, watching the signals sent up by the ship.

Presently a voice in the crowd, said "Look! what's that?" The next moment there was a loud cheer, for the lamp in the lighthouse was burning brightly. This was too much for the already overtaxed nerves of the now sobered lighthouse-keeper. He muttered, "thank God," and fell insensible on the beach.

The next day, when the sea had calmed down sufficiently for a boat to be launched, Ned Gray put off for the lighthouse. He was very weak and ill, but such was his anxiety to see his child, that it was thought best not to detain him. As he neared the rocks, he noticed that the lights still burned dimly. After he had secured the boat, he hurried up the steps into the house. Little Binnie lay fast asleep on the floor. Tenderly he lifted her and placed her on the bed. He then sat down at the fire and waited till she should wake. Slowly the time dragged along, hour after hour passed, but neither stirred, the only sound was an occasional sigh from Ned Gray. At last little Binnie awoke. With a cry of joy she jumped up and ran to her father. He caught her up in his arms. For some minutes both remained silent. "How did you light the lamp, Binnie?" the father asked. "Why, father, I managed to drag the table into the middle of the room, under the little door, where you light the lamp; but when I got up on it, I wanted such a lot of being tall enough. Then I got a chair, and after trying for a long time I got it up on the table. But I found I still wanted a little of being high enough to reach the lamp, so I got down to look for something to put on the chair; but I could find nothing. I saw by the rockets that the ship was coming nearer and nearer, so I sat down to cry. Just then I thought of mother's Bible—you often told me to burn it, father, for it was no good to me; but you see it was some use, for when I placed it on the chair I was tall enough to light the lamp."

Long after little Binnie had gone to rest her father sat and read the book he had so often thrown out of his way, and before he retired he registered a vow that drink should never again cross his lips. And it never did.—*Charles Evans in The League Journal.*

#### Our Casket.

##### BITS OF TINSEL

Remember that your good reputation is like an icicle. If it once melts, that's the last of it.

The burden of many a song is the song itself.

A man who was asked if he liked sausages, replied that he had never eaten any; they were to him a *terrier incognita*.

An Irish editor says he cannot see no earthly reason why women should not be allowed to become medical men.

An old lady in Texas says she never could imagine where all the Smiths came from until she saw in a town a large sign, "Smith Manufacturing Company."

The following is a literal transcript of a sign on a Pennsylvania village store: "Tea and Taters, Sugar and Shingles, Brickdust and Lasses, Whisky, Tar and other Drugs."

"Father," says an inquisitive boy, "what is meant by close relations?" "Close relations, my son," replied the father, "are relations who never give you a cent."

The lah-de-dah cigarette smoking young man is referred to by the *Cleveland Leader* as "third-class male matter."

A country shopkeeper said: "Here, my friend, those balls of butter I bought of you last week all proved to be just three ounces short of a pound." "And the farmer innocently answered: "Well, I don't see how that could be, for I used one of your pound bars of soap for a weight."