

The Sinking Ship.

The ship "Britannia," which struck on the rocks of the coast of Brazil, had on board a large consignment of Spanish dollars. In the hope of saving some of them a number of barrels were brought on deck, but the vessel was sinking so fast that the only hope for life was in taking at once to the boats. The last boat was about to push off, when a midshipman rushed back to see if any one was still on board. To his surprise, there sat a man on deck with a hatchet in his hand, with which he had broken open several of the casks, the contents of which he was now heaping up about him.

"What are you doing!" shouted the youth. "Escape for your life! Don't you know the ship is fast going to pieces!"

"The ship may," said the man; "I have lived a poor wretch all my life, and I am determined to die rich."

His remonstrances were answered only by another flourish of the hatchet, and he was left to his fate. In a few minutes the ship was engulfed in the waves.

We count such a sailor a madman, but he has too many imitators. Many men seem determined to die rich at all hazards. Least of all risks do they count the chance of losing the soul in the struggle. And yet the only riches we can hug to our bosom with joy in our dying hour are the riches of grace through faith in our only Saviour, Jesus Christ. Let us make these riches ours before the dark hour comes. It will come to all.—*Exchange.*

Above His Business.

"I wouldn't do that," said one clerk to another, whom he saw doing a disagreeable piece of work.

"It must be done, and why shouldn't I do it?" was the excellent reply.

In a few minutes the wouldn't-do-it clerk, ashamed of his remark, was assisting the clerk who was not above his business.

In Scotland there is a branch of the legal profession known as "Writers to the Signet." A young gentleman was apprenticed to one of these writers. The youth

thought himself a very fine sort of person, much above ordinary apprentices.

One evening the master desired him to carry a bundle of papers to a lawyer whose residence was not very far off. The packet was received in silence, and in a few minutes the master saw a porter run in the outer office. In a few minutes the youth walked out followed by the porter carrying the parcels.

Seizing his hat the master followed, overtook the porter, relieved him of the packet and walked in rear of the apprentice. The lawyer's house being reached, and the door bell rung, the youth called out,—

"Here, fellow, give me the parcel!" and slipped a sixpence in his hand without looking around.

"Here it is for you!" exclaimed a voice which caused the youth to turn around. His confusion as he beheld his master, made him speechless. Never after that was he above his business.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Lord's Prayer in Death.

A Sabbath-school scholar was dying. Her friends had gathered around to listen to her dying words. After she had been raised in bed, and had spoken a few words to each one, she said:

"Now, mother, I would like to have you lay my head down on the pillow."

Her request was granted. Her head was laid down as quietly and softly as could be done by tender hands.

"Now," said she, "I want to say the Lord's Prayer, just as I said it when I was a little child."

Slowly and fervently that beautiful prayer was uttered. For a few minutes a smile played around the lips of the dying girl, and then her happy spirit winged its way to that better land where prayer is lost in praise.—*Selected.*

AN experienced worker, who has a keen appreciation of the duties and responsibilities of the average Sunday-school teacher, writes in the following enigmatical, but suggestive manner:

TEA CHEERS TEACHERS.
TEACHER TEACH HERE.