

In Northward Seas.

[DURING one of the gales of October, 1885, a fishing-smack, whose name the papers did not give, went down off the coast of Labrador. The boats being swamped, nothing was left for the men but to swim for the shore. Among the crew was a boy, some eleven or twelve years old, who had accompanied his father on the smack. In order to save his life, the father lashed the boy upon his back, and set off to swim to land. Finding that they made very little headway and that they were both in imminent danger of being drowned, the boy begged his father to go on alone and to "let him be," and upon the father refusing, the boy actually worked himself free from the rope, and would probably have been drowned had not a huge wave at that moment flung both of them upon the rocks. Afterward, to a lady, the boy said simply: "I thought poor father was going to be drowned, and what would mother do then, so I got off his back."]

'Twas in eighteen eighty-five,
Off the coast of Labrador,
'Mid the breakers' dreadful roar,
That the fishing-smack went down;
All the men were left to make
O'er the sea their way, or break
Heart and muscle in the effort, and to drown.

Then a father took his child,
And, amid the curling brine,
Lashed him safely with a line
To his shoulders, as he buffeted the wave.
What the end shall be, I trow,
Only heaven's white angels know;
But 'tis home and help for two, or one sea-grave.

There were little ones at home
And their mother to be fed,
And he earned their daily bread
Who was struggling in the sea;
And the brave young fisher knew
One could never swim for two,
So he said, "My father, go, and let me be."

'Twas a twelve years' child who spoke;
But for that completed deed,
Thank God's grace! there was not need
Underneath the veiled sun;
For the hissing breakers curled
Helpful arms around and hurled
Child and man high up the shore, and home was won.

Many deeds men's hands have traced
On our history's golden page,
And from waning age to age
Is their glory handed down;
But not Aulis' sight, nor Troy's,
Out-sublimes this unknown boy's,
Asking simply to be left alone to drown.

Think! that boy is still alive;
And, in distant Newfoundland,
Where the blue waves lap the sand,
He is now at work, at play!
Let us bare our heads to him,
While our eyes grow moist and dim,
In this unheroic day;
'Twas in eighteen eighty-five.

GENEROUS OF PRAISE.

How much better the world would be if only people were a little more generous of praise! Let no one suppose that we are speaking of flattery; we mean simply praise; or, as Webster gives it, "Honour rendered because of excellence or merit."

How easy it is to find fault when everything does not run smoothly!—when anything is omitted which ought to have been done! Why should it not be just as easy to give commendation for the right done?

The day is drawing to its close, and the wife and mother—wary with household care—sits for a moment waiting the sound of the home-coming feet. The door opens quickly, and they have come. "How bright and cheery you look here! But you always make home look that!" and the husband's kiss on her cheek brings back the careless girlhood days, and the life looks suddenly bright again. "The boys wanted me to stay all night, mother,

it was so stormy; but I thought I would rather come home; and I'm glad now I did!" and the boy glanced around the pleasant sitting-room with a look that told plainer than words how attractive a spot it was to him. The mother's weariness had gone, like the shadows before the light.

How many homes are rendered unhappy by too much fault-finding and too little just praise! And if one cannot praise—what then?

Whittier, in his beautiful poem, "My Birthday," says:—

"Love watches o'er my quiet ways,
Kind voices speak my name;
And lips that find it hard to praise,
Are slow, at least, to blame."

Yes! one can always be "slow, at least, to blame." The fact that little faults try and vex us, in those dear to our hearts, only goes to prove that the general character is good, and there is much to praise. The whiter the snow, the darker look all objects against it. Why not admire the whiteness which forms the background?

Then, if we look within, if we see with impartial eyes the short-comings of our own lives, will we not be slower to notice flaws in others? Shall we not say, in the words of Shakespeare, "I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults?"

If, then, we are so frail, so weak ourselves, so dependent on the kindness and forbearance of others, shall we not do the little we can to make the world brighter in turn for them?

If there is anything to admire or praise—and there is always something—speak the word now; it will brighten the weary hours, it will prevent the bitter regret that comes too late when mother's tired hands are folded—the hands that were never slow in their loving service for us; the loving face that was so often shadowed by our failing to give a word or two of well-earned praise, or saddened by our ready fault-finding, is hidden from our sight.

Boys or girls who can so readily make or mar the happiness of home and mother, think of this before it is too late. Save yourselves from that which will sadden the happiest hours of your life, when many miles of land or sea—or, perhaps, the River of Death—may have parted you from those who were nearest and dearest to you. The thought that will always come when the mind goes back to early life, that we might have done *so much* while they were with us to make them happy, but didn't.

"PUT IT LOWER."

It is told by one who has spent much time in Sweden that, in the course of a series of revival meetings, there came to the church a young man, in appearance unkept, unkempt, ragged in clothing, uncombed in hair, bare of foot. He placed himself in front of the pulpit. The preacher was most earnest in his sermon. The face of the young man was constantly turned up toward the preacher.

At the close of the service, the deacons passed the plates for the offerings. The young man seemed so poor that no one ventured to offer him the plate. As the deacon passed near to him, with impetuosity he ejaculated, "Put it lower!"

The deacon hardly understood the remark at once.

The young man repeated, "Put the plate lower."

The deacon held the plate near his hand.

"Lower yet," he said.

"Still lower."

"Lower down yet," he cried.

The deacon at last put the plate upon the floor.

The young man quietly, but earnestly, placed him-

self upon his bare feet in the plate. He had no money to give, but he gave himself.

This story illustrates the great truth, that the most important offering we can give to God should be service in the gift of ourselves. If giving money, we withhold ourselves, the gift of money is of small consequence. If giving money, we give ourselves, the value of the money is greatly increased. If, having no money, we give ourselves, we are fulfilling the command of Jesus Christ.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Anvil of God's Word.

ONE day I paused beside a blacksmith's door,
And heard the anvil ring the vesper chime
Then looking in, I saw upon the floor
Old hammers worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvils have you had?" said I,
"To wear and batter all these hammers so?"
"Just one," he answered; then with twinkling eye,
"The anvil wears the hammers out, you know."

And so, I thought, the anvil of God's word
For ages skeptic blows have beat upon;
Yet, though the noise of infidels was heard,
The anvil is unworn—the hammers gone!

AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE.

A LADY missionary in China gives the following interesting experience of a Chinese convert, Ah Song by name. It shows a simple trust in God which is greatly to be commended:

Soon after I became a Christian my business failed, and I scarcely knew how to earn enough to support my mother; I was willing to go short myself, but could not help being troubled about her. She, with all my other friends, said it was my own fault, and if I would but give up the foreign religion they were sure the trade would be good again. I could not understand why the Lord had sent me this trouble, but I knew that Jesus was my Saviour, and I could not give him up. At last I was obliged to close the shop and go home to my own village. But God gave me work to do of one kind and another, and I soon found my needs supplied. When I had the opportunity of preaching the Gospel to my relations I did so, and very soon was rejoiced to hear that my mother was also a disciple of Jesus; in a short time two other relations were converted, and an old lady who was living in the next house. This old lady was taken ill soon after I went to live in the village, and said it was all owing to my having become a Christian. She assured me there was no good in such a religion as that, and implored me to give it up; but I told her what Jesus had done for me, and that he was only waiting to save and bless her too if she would but believe in him. A few Sundays after she had a sedan-chair brought, and was carried from her bed to the chapel. The following Sunday she also went and took a young woman with her. Soon she found my words were true, and Jesus became as precious to her as he was to me. If God had not made my business to fail I should not have gone to live near my relations, and they would not have heard the Gospel. It is worth hundreds of dollars to me to know that they are now rejoicing in Jesus as their Saviour. I have proved God's goodness to me, and I want to follow him faithfully all my life.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher was trying to explain to her class what the conscience was, but had some difficulty in making the scholars understand. "What is the small voice that comes to you after you have retired at night?" she said at length. "Oh, please, ma'am, I know," quickly said one of the bright little girls. "Cats, ma'am."