



ON THE WRECK.

TROTTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

So TROTTY is three years old to-day,
And what of a birthday gift, I pray?
Come tell me, darling, which it shall be,
A sparkling crest from the foaming sea,
Or a shiny chain of the twinkling stars,
Or one of Aurora's silver bars?

No, no! Then what shall it be, my sweet,
A slice of the big, round moon, to eat?
Or from fairy land some flowers and fruit?
Dear me! You're certainly hard to suit.
Would you like a sword from the lightning's
flash,

Or a beautiful rainbow for a sash?
Shall I catch a beam of the sunset bright
For reins, that you guide your pony right?
But what are you gazing at so wise?
You'd like—why you fill me with surprise—
The little live dolls in mamma's eyes!

ON THE WRECK.

Two boys are on a wrecked ship. One has fainted through fear, the other is praying to the God of the seas for deliverance. Do any of you feel like laughing at that praying boy?

No. The question shocks you. I am glad it does. And yet, if I mistake not, there is a boy in our HAPPY DAYS family who does laugh at his brother when he prays. He did so the other night, and the praying brother was so troubled about it that he almost made up his mind never to

pray openly again before that laughing brother.

A Sunday scholar laugh at his praying brother! The idea shocks me. That laughing boy had better get on his knees and pray too.

Why should he laugh? Is it not right to pray? Do not all the good, noble, lovable people in the world pray? Is it not wicked to neglect prayer? Only bad people neglect to pray. And they pray, too, when trouble comes. I was once in a ship which struck an iceberg in the night, and we all expected to go to the bottom of the sea. Then I heard the worst men in the ship crying to God for mercy! Mark that, O wicked boy, when next you think of laughing at your praying brother.

Children, prayer is a very pleasant duty. I hope you will all pray. Pray daily. Pray even if others laugh. They won't laugh when they see you crowned with glory and clothed in white walking the golden streets of the celestial city, and they are shut out. No, no! they will

then wish they had prayed too. I trust, however, they never will be shut out of that beautiful city, but that they will themselves begin to pray right off.

THE QUICKEST WAY.

MR. BROWN wanted a boy. Charlie Jones wanted the place. He was told to put a screw in the gate-hinge. "Oh, yes, I can do that!" And he seized a hammer and gave the screw two or three hard whacks.

"Stop! stop! that is not the way."

"That is the quickest way." "But the quickest way is not always the right way. I want no boy who puts in screws with a hammer."

There are a great many boys who drive screws with a hammer, and a great many places that do not want them for that reason. There are Charlies and Marys who will learn their lessons the "quickest way" instead of the right way. And in everything, whether it is running an errand, sewing a seam, or as they become older, doing more important things, they are not content with the slower but surer way of one patient turn after another. They skim over the lesson, and then try to make up brilliant answers in class, or double the thread and take one stitch where there should be three, or dash off before they half understand what it is about or how what they say is going to sound. No boy or girl who drives screws with a hammer can succeed.

"SAVE HIM FIRST."

IS one of the great tornados in a western town last spring, a school-house was blown, and a great many little children went down under the ruins. Kind, pitying hearts and hands were soon at work trying to release the little sufferers. A little girl who was pinned down by heavy beams begged the men who were working to help her out to leave her and save a little boy near by, "because he's only five years old!" urged the brave, loving little heart! The same spirit moved the noble boy of whom this story is told:

Some years ago there was an accident in a coal-mine near Bitton in Gloucestershire. Six men were going down into the mine, when the handle of the cart in which they were sitting broke, and they were all killed.

A man and a boy had been clinging to the rope which held the cart, and as the accident happened, they each made a spring, and managed to catch hold of a long iron chain which is always hung down the side of a coal-pit as a guide.

When the people at the top heard of the accident, and found that some one was clinging to the chain, they sent down a man to rescue him. The man himself was securely fastened to the end of a rope, and had another noose or loop of rope which he could tie round the body of the man to be rescued, and then they would both be drawn up together.

He came first to the boy, Daniel Harding, and was just going to seize him, when the boy cried,

"Don't mind me, I can still hold on a little, but Joseph Brown, who is a little lower down, is nearly exhausted; save him first."

So the brave lad hung on patiently for another quarter of an hour, and saved his friend's life at the risk of his own.

"BEGIN AT ONCE."

"MAMMA, when I am a man I will begin to love Jesus."

These words fell from the lips of a little fellow scarcely six years old. His mother had endeavoured many times to impress on his youthful mind the necessity of early piety, but hitherto all her persuasions seemed in vain.

When the child uttered these words, his mother said; "But, my dear, suppose you do not live to be a man!"

He remained silent for some minutes, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, as in deep thought, and then, with a resolute countenance added: "Then, mamma, I had better begin at once."