

Baby's Command.

Just three years old was our baby;
A little town maid was she,
A grass plot to her mean country,
A fountain the boundless sea.

For all of her tiny life-time
Had passed midst the houses high,
Whose tops, to her childish fancy,
Were part of the arching sky.

So one sultry day when his sunship
Was baking the city brown,
We carried her off to the seaside,
Away from the breathless town;

Stripped her of socks and slippers,
Regardless of freckles and tan,
And told her to go and frolic
As only a baby can.

But she stood with her wee hands folded,
A speck on the sandy shore,
And gazed at the waves advancing
With thundering crash and roar.

We knew that some thought was stirring
The depth of her little brain,
As she listened to God's great organ
Pealing its grand refrain.

At last in her clear child's troble
As sweet as a robin's trill,
With one little finger lifted,
She cried to the sea, "Be still!"

Ah, dear little fair-haired baby,
Like you in this mortal strife,
There's many a one made weary
And stunned with the waves of life.

But the billows of both, my darling,
Are moved at the Master's will,
And only his voice can hush them,
By whispering, "Peace, be still!"

LIFE-CARS.

In a little gray-house with a red roof which stands on a desolate stretch of beach in Ocean county, New Jersey, there hangs an oval iron case which has a singular history. The house is a station of the Life-saving Service, and the case is the first life car ever used in the world. Its story is as follows:

After the organization of the Life-saving Service as a branch of the Government, in 1871, the inspectors visited every part of the coast to examine into the condition of the station-houses and their equipments.

One of these officers was on the New Jersey coast during a heavy storm, when a ship was driven on the bar. He saw the desperate efforts of the surfmen to reach her in their lifeboat. They at last succeeded, and took off as many of the passengers as the boat would hold, but in returning it was swamped by the furious breakers, and rescued and rescuers were washed into the sea.

For weeks and months afterwards the inspector went about like a man distraught, intent of devising a model for a boat which should be at once light enough to handle in such seas, and heavy enough not to be overturned by them. The problem was so difficult that he was in despair. But one day he startled his companions by exclaiming, "Swing it on a cable and put a lid to it!"

The idea was at once carried out. The life-car was made—and an oval

air-tight case closed by a lid which screws down, and hung by iron rings on a cable extended from the shore to the ship. On the first day it was used two hundred persons escaped in it from the *Ayrshire*, a vessel wrecked off the New Jersey coast.

These cars, of an improved shape, are now to be found in every life-saving station. But this old battered veteran is regarded with a touching pride and affection by the brave surfmen.

"She has done good work in the world," they say—an epitaph which we would all be glad to share with the life-car.—*Selected.*

BLUE SHOE-STRINGS.

ONE summer afternoon, a little girl from a no'er-do-well family over the river strayed into the drowsy church. She sat down in front of Miss Frank Williams, whose energetic soul was so distressed by her unkempt appearance that she quite lost the thread of Parson Wood's discourse.

The village church was an unexplored region to the little wail, and her eyes wandered anxiously up and down until they rested on Rose Alden's new bonnet, and glanced from Fanny Brown's pink ribbons and the glint of Mrs. Dennison's green silk dress back to her own miserable garments. "I 'spise my old dress," the lips murmured, "I 'spise the old blue bow on the top of my bonnet, I 'spise my old blue shoe-strings." Miss Frank's head shook disapprovingly. Sunday afternoon in the midst of church was no time for consideration of blue-shoe strings. She closed her sandalwood fan, and folded her hands properly over her black silk dress. "It is growing shiny, and it has been turned once," thought Miss Frank; "and there is Mrs. Dr. Blake with a third new one since I had mine, and a point lace collar too. I always did want a point lace collar, and mine is only thread." The child moved uneasily in her seat. "I 'spise my old shoe strings," she muttered under her breath; and Miss Frank's cogitations stopped short.

Parson Wood's benediction brought the people to their feet. As the Amen sounded, the little one started down the aisle; but Miss Frank's hand stopped her. "Child," said she "I have a new pink calico that will make you a good dress. Come to-morrow at three, the house with the four great elms; and," glancing at the blue bow on the top of the bonnet, "I think I can find you a shaker—it would be more respectable—and perhaps a white apron.

The black silk looked better as Miss Frank picked her way home on the shady side of the road. "We blame our neighbours for what we do ourselves, we want what belongs to somebody else, and we 'spise what we have; but the more we help the one next below us, the more contented we are. It sets 'em on 'em in life.

The front gate closed behind her with a click; and "Francis, what was the text?" inquired Father Williams from his arm chair in the cool hall doorway. "I 'spise my blue shoe str—" answered his daughter, and stopped in confusion.

"After all," laughed Miss Frank to herself, as she tied on her white apron, preparatory to setting out the bread and butter and preserved damsons for tea, "after all, that was the text of my sermon."—*Our home.*

AN AWKWARD MISTAKE.

NED and Charlie were room-mates; but they occupied different beds—that of the former being placed in the centre of the room. One night the couple had been out, and on returning, both had drunk too freely. However, they walked pretty quietly up to the room, and sought long and patiently for matches and lamp. After knocking the pitcher off the washstand, and smashing the looking-glass, they gave up the search, and went to bed; but, owing to the darkness and the confusion of their senses, they made a slight mistake. Ned's bed had the honour of receiving the two friends—Charlie getting in on one side, and his companion on the other.

"I say, Ned," cried Charley, touching somebody's calf, "there's a fellow in my bed!"

"There's somebody in my bed, too!" exclaimed Ned.

"Is there, though?" said Charlie, "let's kick them out."

"Agreed," said Ned, and accordingly, the two friends began to kick. In about a minute and a half Ned was sprawling on the floor, and Charlie was left in possession of the bed.

For a moment after the fall all was silent.

"I say, Ned," cried Charlie, "I've kicked my fellow out."

"You are luckier than I am," replied Ned, "for mine has kicked me clean on to the floor."

FOR YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

"I REALLY and honestly meant to do every little thing for Jesus to-day, and then things get all tangled and mixy, and to-day has been like all the rest." This is what a dear girl once said to me as the tears filled her brown eyes. For fear that others of our boy and girl Christians have had such days, I want to ask you as I asked her, "How long did you go in the strength of that good resolution?" Did you not let things get "tangled" while you were feeling very sure that that you would not do wrong, since you had done so well in the morning? See if there is not a hint for such days as these in the following story:

A general after gaining a great victory, was encamping with his army for the night. He ordered sentinels to be stationed all around the camp as usual. One of the sentinels, as he

went to his station, grumbled to himself and said, "Why could not the general let us have a quiet night's rest for once, after beating the enemy? I'm sure there's nothing to be afraid of." The man went to his station and stood for sometime looking about him. It was a bright summer night; with a harvest moon, but he could see nothing anywhere; so he said, "I am terribly tired; I shall sleep for just five minutes, out of the moonlight, under the shadow of this tree. So he lay down.

Presently he started up, dreaming that someone had pushed a lantern before his eyes, and he found that the moon was shining brightly down on him through a hole in the branches of the tree above him. The next minute an arrow whizzed past his ear and the whole field before him seemed alive with soldiers in dark-green coats, who sprang up from the ground where they had been silently creeping onward and rushed toward him. Fortunately, the arrow had missed him; so he shouted aloud to give the alarm, and ran back to some other sentinels. The army was thus saved; and the soldier said, "I shall never forget as long as I live that when one is at war one must watch."

Our whole life is a war with evil. Just after we have conquered it, it sometimes attacks us when we least expect it. For example: when we have resisted the temptation to be cross and pettish and disobedient, sometimes when we are thinking, "How good we have been!" comes another sudden temptation, and we are not on our guard and do not resist it. Jesus says to us, "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation."

A LARGE FORTUNE.

A YOUNG man who had no money wished to marry the daughter of a rich man. He asked a lawyer to introduce him, who accordingly did so. The father, however, soon after consulted the lawyer as to his friend's position and wealth.

The next time the lawyer met the young man he said, "Have you any fortune?"

"No," said he.
"Well," said the lawyer, "would you allow any one to cut off your nose if he would give you twenty-five thousand dollars for it?"

"What a question! Not for all the world!" said he.

"Very well," said the lawyer. "I have a reason for asking."

The next time he saw the lady's father he said, "I have inquired about the young man's circumstances. He had indeed no ready money, but he has a jewel for which I know he would not take twenty-five thousand dollars."

This was enough—the young folks were married; but the father often shook his head as he thought about the jewel.