



THE LITTLE SAILOR.

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Jack is a bright little boy of seven who goes with his father and mother every summer to the Thousand Islands. His home is in Montreal, and every year when he goes to the Islands he passes through the Lachine Canal, which was built to afford ships a way of return from the east to the west, as they cannot sail up the rapids.

When Jack and his parents return to their city home they go down the river and shoot the rapids. This Jack enjoys very much, and he says that some day, when the old Indian pilot who guides the ship between the rocks dies, he will be pilot.

Though he is just a little boy he knows a great deal about boats. He often goes skiff-sailing with his father, and has learned to use the rudder very well. He has a toy sail-boat that skims away over the water quite quickly when there is a fair breeze.

A SUNDAY DOG.

It used to be a common thing to see dogs at church with their owners in the country parts of England and Scotland, and as they usually behaved well they were not

molested. But very much later than that a handsome setter in one of the Middle States not only went to church faithfully, but took it upon himself to keep all the family up to their duty.

His name was Joe, and his face was full of kindness and intelligence. The cocking-up of his left ear and a general expression of being on the alert were peculiar to him on Sunday, and he seemed resolved that every man, woman, and child on the premises should honour the day as he did.

He never made a mistake in the day of days, which he began by leaving his kennel earlier than usual to set about getting those children off to Sunday-school. There was a long country walk before them, and he knew they'd be late unless he kept at them. So he barked and scolded, and rapped about them, saying as plainly as dog-language could, "Do hurry, you thoughtless creatures. Don't you hear the first bell ringing?"

When the laughing flock was ready to start, Joe marched off with them, and kept severe discipline in the way of wanderings by the roadside. But one Sunday morning this faithful guardian nearly fell into dis-

grace himself. He had dashed from his kennel to give chase to a rabbit, apparently forgetting what day it was, when the sound of the first bell suddenly reminded him. The knowing cock of his ear had dropped as he wheeled about and went off at full speed to hurry up his careless charges.

Joe always marched into Sunday-school with them and paid strict attention to what was going on. He also went to church afterward, and established himself in the family pew without ever making a mistake.

MOTHER'S COMFORT.

I know a little girlie,
With loving eyes so blue.
And lips just made for smiling,
And heart that's kind and true.
She wears no dainty dresses,
No jewels does she own,
But the greatest of all her treasures
Is her little self alone.

Her name is Mother's Comfort,
For all the livelong day
Her busy little fingers
Help mother's cares away.
The sunshine loves to glisten
And hide in her soft hair,
And dimples chase each other
About her cheeks so fair.

A QUEER CROW'S NEST.

A firm of opticians in Bombay have rooms where pebbles and spectacle-frames are manufactured. Quite recently an assistant discovered that a large number of gold, silver, and steel spectacle-frames had mysteriously disappeared. The men employed were suspected, and orders were given that no one should have access to the room but the manager. Still the thefts continued, and the manager could not discover the thief. One day, however, he was startled by hearing the flapping of a bird's wings at the window, and saw a large crow, which, when it had picked up a frame in its beak, flew away to the roof of a neighbouring building. A search was made on the roof, when it was found that the thieving bird had constructed thereon for itself a cosy nest composed of the missing frames. The design of this gold and silver structure was so ingenious, and presented such a beautiful appearance, being so deftly and carefully woven together, that it was decided to keep it intact for a time, and before the materials were unwoven and separated a photograph of the nest was taken. It was not only a queer crow's nest, it was also a dear one, consisting of eighty-four frames, of the value of about £50.

A Bible unread is a lamp never lighted.
There is oil, but no light.