

"Janio, my darling! are you still safe?"

"Yes, mamma; I am so glad you have come!"

"There was no tremor in the little voice now.

"Baby has not cried at all. I heard him move a little and I sang my last Sunday's hymn; and then it seemed so nice I began to sing it over again. Did no one come with you, mamma?"

"I would not wait for them, dear, but they are coming soon. I think I hear them now," she added, as the sound of wheels in the distance reached her ear. The four fastest horses in the village were bringing strong arms and eager hearts to their assistance.

A few moments more and Mr. Green stood in the room followed by three other men, while Mrs. Austin ran down stairs and stood at the foot of the ladder.

"Take baby first," said little Jane, and the infant was handed down safe and unhurt to his mother.

"Now, little missy, it is your turn; we will have you out of that in a twinkling."

But as the blacksmith approached the bed he saw that it would be no easy task to extricate the child uninjured; for with one careless touch the overhauling mass might fall and crush her.

"Gently, gently," he said, waving back his eager assistants. Then, taking a screw-driver from his pocket, he soon had the closet-door off the hinges. With that and the mattresses and pillows from the crib he built up a barricade over the little girl's head. "Now I think we can raise this broken beam"

The strong iron bars they had brought with them were placed under it.

"One moment!" said Mr. Green. "Now, my little girl, as soon as I give the word, creep out just as quickly as you can. Ready! Lift!"

The child turned and drew herself to the edge of the bed. In an instant a pair of strong arms caught and drew her to the window, and as the three other men sprang aside, stores and mortar, beams and ratters, fell upon the bed with a frightful crash.

But at the same moment the mother saw the little white-clad figure descending the ladder, and with a cry she caught the child in her arms and then fainted away. The first moments of intense excitement had scarcely passed when one waggon after another began to arrive from the village, where the news of the disaster had rapidly spread. Little Jane was the heroine of the hour.

"It was touch and go with the little one, you may believe," said Mr. Green, with a shiver. "I don't know what ever held up that rafter, for a baby's hand could have shaken it down."

"And she lay there all that time without moving?" said one of his hearers.

"She did that. If she had kicked and struggled like any other child, the whole mass would have fallen and crushed her."

But amidst the general wonder and admiration the child herself was quite unconscious that she had done anything at all remarkable. When questioned she said simply, "Mamma said I must not move."

The good blacksmith took Mrs. Austin and the children to his own house until Mr. Austin's return, and when evening came and they lay down

to rest once more, the little girl nestled close to her mother and whispered, "Don't you think God sent his angels last night to take care of us?"

"I am sure of it, my darling," her mother answered, fervently.

So am I; but I am equally sure that the means by which his messengers do their ministry of love are often in our own power; and in this instance they worked the Divine will partly, at least, through little child's obedience. — *J.H., in Youth's Companion.*

THE GOOD ALONE ARE GREAT.

BY PERCY A. GAHAN.

Timor domini principium sapientie—"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

HE who deem himself as great,
Who hath not learned the fear of God,
And bowed beneath the chastening rod,
And smiled at the decrees of fate.

He who hath braved the storms of state,
And won a mighty nation's throne,
Then wrapped him in himself alone,
I, not, nor ever can be, great.

He who hath drawn in freedom's cause
The sword, in freedom's cause hath died,
If steeped in vanity and pride,
When measured by eternal laws

Will sink to nothingness—a mite;
While he, who starving, begged the street,
And dying clasped his Saviour's feet,
Shall shine in robes of spotless white.

They who repose in grandeur's graves,
Yet grandeur's own must feel decay:
Shall tremble on the judgment-day,
In garb like to their meanest slaves.

The science-drunk and infidel,
Giddy with wisdom's deepest draught
Reels forth and hurls his feeble shaft,
At God, and shouts: "There is no hell,"

Is sunk in ignorance and fears
More hopeless than the cannibal
Who ne'er had messenger to tell
Or wait God's message to his ears.

The cruel favourite son of fate,
Who swept to eminence through blood,
And revelled in the crimson flood,
O never, never deem him great.

TRAIN THE BOYS TO BUSINESS.

THERE is one element in the home instruction of boys to which too little attention has been given; and that is the cultivation of habits of punctuality, system, order, and responsibility.

In many households boys' lives between twelve and seventeen years are generally the calmest of their existence. Up in the morning just in season for breakfast; nothing to do but to start off early enough not to be late; looking upon an errand as taking so much time and memory away from enjoyment; little thought of personal appearance except when reminded by mother to "spruce up" a little; fluffing his wardrobe always where mother puts it; in fact have nothing to do but enjoy himself. Thus his life goes on until school ends. Then he is ready for business. Vain thought! At this point he perhaps meets with his first great struggle. Many times during our business experience have we witnessed failures caused by the absence of a thorough home discipline. How the boy without this great advantage fails is thus fairly described by the *Scientific American*:

He goes into an office where everything is system, order, precision. He is expected to keep things neat and orderly, sometimes kindle fires, or do errands,—in short to become a part of a nicely regulated machine, where every thing moves in systematic grooves,

and each one is responsible for correctness in his department, and where in place of ministers to his comfort, he finds taskmasters, more or less lenient to be sure, and everything in marked contrast to his previous life. In many instances the change is too great. Errors become very numerous; blunders overlooked at first, get to be a matter of serious moment; then patience is overtaken, and the boy is told his services are no longer needed. This is the first blow, and sometimes he never rallies from it. Then comes the surprise of the parents, who too often never know the real cause, nor where they have failed in the training of their children.

What is wanted, is for every boy to have something special to do; to have some duty at a definite hour, and to learn to watch for that time to come; to be answerable for a certain portion of the routine of the household; to be trained to anticipate the time when he may enter the ranks of business, and be fortified with habits of energy, accuracy, and application, often of more importance than superficial book-learning.

THE NORTH-WEST.

THAT the insurrection in the North-West will be ultimately put down, there can be no reasonable doubt. Even if Riel had a regular army under his command, all history and experience go to show that an army without a Government behind it must fail in the end. The military power must always have a civil power supporting it to ensure ultimate success. Riel has no organized civil power behind him, and sooner or later must fail. But the people of this country must not become panic-stricken or discouraged if this insurrection is not put down in a few weeks or even months. There are some undoubted advantages on the side of the insurgents. They are a hardy race; they know every inch of the country; they are skilled in the use of arms, and they can live on very little food, and sleep outside in any kind of weather. Our volunteers are brave fellows, no doubt; but many of them are quite young, and all are unaccustomed to such hardships as they must endure in the North-West. They have to cross in one way or another, gaps of about eighty miles in the railway on the north shore of Lake Superior, and when, after a long and tedious journey, they leave the railway they have to march about 250 miles to Prince Albert. It is easy to say 250 miles, but fancy one of these gentlemen, heavily armed, starting from Toronto to walk to Brockville or Cornwall! The prairies are wet and muddy just now, and the journey must be exceedingly tedious. Camping out on the wet ground will be very trying to young men accustomed to comfortable homes. Even if teams are provided to drive them from the Canada Pacific Railway the journey will be very difficult. Our troops have a very serious undertaking before them and we must not expect too much from the brave fellows.—*Canada Presbyterian.*

A MAN shall be satisfied with good by the fruit of his mouth; and the recompense of a man's hands shall be rendered unto him. The way of a fool is right in his own eyes, but he that hearkeneth unto counsel is wise.

HIS JEWEL.

"GOD, bless the little children!"
I say it o'er and o'er,
Where'er I see their faces
Pass by my cottage door;
And though they never hear it,
I think they know the prayer
Of the lone and silent woman,
With early whitened hair.

Away up in my garret,
There is a sacred cot,
Whose spread of dainty rushes
In summer days I wrought;
And on whose tiny pillow,
The impress of a head
Still bears the dented shaping,
For all the tears I've shed.

Oh! mother love, that folded
The babe that nestled there,
Did the love of "the Good Shepherd"
Transcend thy fondest care?
Did arms thou mine more tender,
Gather my lamb from me?
Could only Jesus' bosom
Her rightful pillow be?

Adown the glistening mountain,
His sled the schoolboy steers;
But my boy's sled is hidden
Beneath the dust of years,
The ice upon the river
Is skimmed by lightsome feet,
But his will press it never,
The fleetest of the fleet.

Oh! mother's hope, whose promise
Bloomed fair to mortal eyes,
Couldst thou but find completion
'Neath skies of paradise?
Did gentler hand than mother's,
My boy thy guiding need,
Where flow the peaceful waters,
Where Christ his flock doth feed.

"God bless the little children!"
They stray from us so soon,
And leave the frost of winter,
Where lay the flush of June,
And sometimes we grow weary,
The waiting seems so long:
God teach the chastened mothers
In Ramah, to be strong!

—*Christian at Work.*

"I CAN SWIM, SIR."

DURING a terrible naval battle between the English and Dutch, the English flag-ship, commanded by Admiral Narborough, was drawn into the thickest of the fight. Two masts were soon shot away, and the mainmast fell with a fearful crash upon the deck. Admiral Narborough saw that all was lost unless he could bring up his ships from the right. Hastily scrawling an order, he called for volunteers to swim across the boiling water under the hail of shot and shell. A dozen sailors at once offered their services, and among them a cabin-boy.

"Why," said the admiral, "what can you do, my fearless lad?"

"I can swim, sir," the boy replied. "If I be shot, I can be easier spared than anyone else."

Narborough hesitated; his men were few, and his position was desperate. The boy plunged into the sea, amid the cheers of the sailors, and was soon lost to sight. The battle raged fiercer, and as the time went on defeat seemed inevitable. But just as hope was fading a thundering cannonade was heard from the right, and the reserves were seen bearing down upon the enemy. By sunset the Dutch fleet were scattered far and wide, and the cabin-boy, the hero of the hour, was called in to receive the honour due him. His modesty and bearing so won the heart of the old admiral that he exclaimed, "I shall live to see you have a flag-ship of your own!"

The prediction was fulfilled when the cabin-boy, having become Admiral Cloudesley Shovel, was knighted by the king.