

Paul's Shipwreck.

PAUL had to sail across the sea, a prisoner to Rome. The first part of the voyage was safe enough, and if his advice had been followed, there would not have been the trouble the crew had afterwards. Paul said there was danger at the present season, the captain said there was not; so they started.

Soon, however, they discovered their mistake—the storm became very furious—the ship was driven before the wind, and whatever the sailors did, they could not manage the vessel.

They threw overboard much of the cargo, and even its tackling, sails, spars, and gear; still the storm and danger continued. Cloudy weather for a fortnight added to their trouble.

Driven about day after day, and not able to find out where they were, they began to be afraid of striking upon some rock, or sand-bank, and going to pieces. Anchors were thrown out, and at last the sailors thought of abandoning the ship and leaving soldiers and prisoners to perish. Paul said the sailors must not go, or all would be lost. The centurion, therefore, cut away the boat.

At last, a gleam of light showed land, and a place into which, perhaps, they might run the ship. "Up anchors, and let her drive in." Poor fellows! the ship did drive, but she struck on a rock, and in a few minutes went to pieces. Now surely all will be lost; but no—some swam to shore, and the rest, some on boards and broken pieces of the ship, drifted ashore. On sea or on land, we are all safe under God's keeping.

Done for Mamma.

ONE morning found little Dora busy at the ironing table, smoothing the towels and stockings. "Isn't that hard work for the little arms?" I asked.

A look like sunshine came into her face as she glanced towards her mother, who was rocking the baby. "It isn't hard work when I do it for mamma," she said softly.

I Don't Care.

SOME years ago there was a bright, talented boy, coming late out of school. He had been kept in by his teacher for bad conduct. As he stepped into the street, a friend of his—a noble man, and one who always delighted in helping boys—said to him: "I am very sorry to see you coming out of school so late." The boy replied in a careless, ungentlemanly way: "I don't care."

Now, remember that I was intimately acquainted with this lad. I knew his father and mother. They

were excellent people, and denied themselves many things that they might give their son the advantages of a good education. This boy was talented—no one in school more so. He could stand at the head of his classes whenever he tried to, but he didn't care.

This spirit of "I don't care" grew upon him, and at last his father took him out of school and put him into a shop. But he failed there, for he didn't care whether he pleased his employer's customers or not. After remaining in the store for a short time, he was dismissed. He didn't care, but father and mother and sister cared, for they shed many tears on account of his failure.

Some years after this I saw him driving a dirt-cart, in trowsers and shirt and barefoot; but he didn't care.

For several years I did not hear anything from him. One day I ascertained that he had shipped as a common sailor to a foreign port; but on shipboard, as everywhere else, he didn't care, and when the vessel reached her harbour, the captain turned him off the ship. After wandering about a few months on a foreign shore he died of fever, and lies buried thousands of miles from his home. Upon his tomb-stone, truthfully might be inscribed these words:

"Here lies a once noble, talented boy, who came to an untimely grave, because he didn't care!"

THAT was a neat and wise reply of the late Bishop Wilberforce to one who attempted to puzzle him by asking which was the shortest way to heaven. "Turn to the right," he said, "and keep straight on!"

