



LEARNING TO SEW.

## THE LITTLE SAILOR BOY.

I was walking along the beach one day, when I saw a little boy sitting on the sand leaning up against a rock, tightly clasping a tiny sail-boat in his hands.

"How are you, my little sailor boy?" I said.

The rosy mouth parted with a smile.

"This is mine. I call her the *Mary Ann*, after father's ship, and he named his for mother," he said, looking down at the tiny vessel in his hands.

"So your father is captain of a sailing vessel, perhaps a fishing vessel?" I asked the young sailor.

"He's captain and owner too. I'm going with him as soon as mother will let me. She says I'm not big enough yet." And the little fellow heaved a big sigh.

"Is your father out in the fishing vessel now?" I asked.

"Not just now. He's in waiting for the mackerel schools; they'll be along soon. That's one right there. I guess you're city folks. I'm not very big, but I believe I know lots more about the sea than you do."

I must have looked pretty meek, for he added: "Well, never mind, you can't ever be a sea captain like me; so you

needn't care if you don't know much about the sea, and fishing, and all that."

I said that I had read of women who ran steamboats down the Mississippi a great river.

"Is that true?" he asked, looking at me keenly.

"Yes, honour bright, it is true."

"Hum! well, a steamboat! and a river! that's different. That's not coasting away up Labrador in the icebergs. That's what I'm going to do."

"You will wait until you lose these curls, won't you?" I asked, with a laugh, touching the pretty golden ringlets that seemed to belong only to babyhood.

"Oh! well, mother likes them, and I'll just keep them till she is willing to cut them off. You see, I'm the youngest, and all the rest are dead, so she likes to baby me. There comes father. Good-bye."

And I saw the dear little sailor boy no more, for I had to leave the next day, but I often wonder if he has gone to sea yet. I think he will be a captain some day.

## A DREAM AND A REALITY.

I read of a boy who had a remarkable dream. He thought that the richest man in town came to him and said: "I am

tired of my house and grounds. Come and take care of them and I will give them to you." Then came an honoured judge, and said: "I want you to take my place. I am weary of being in court day after day. I will give you my seat on the bench if you will do my work." Then the doctor proposed that he take his extensive practice and let him rest, and so on. At last shambled up old Tommy, and said: "I'm wanted to fill a drunkard's grave. I have come to see if you will take my place in these saloons and on these streets."

This is a dream that is not a dream. For every boy in this land to-day, who lives to grow up, some position is waiting, as surely as if rich man, judge, doctor, or drunkard stood ready to hand over his place at once. Which will you choose, boys? There are pulpits to be filled by God-fearing ministers, and thousands of other honourable places; but there are also prison cells and drunkards' graves. Which do you choose?—*Sunday-school Evangelist.*

## FOR THE GIRLS.

Are you ever cross and know it. Let me copy for you a helpful page from "Lady Betty," a lovely, old-fashioned, book that every girl will be the lovelier for reading.

"I wish that I could help being cross," said Lady Betty. "How can I?"

"You must ask the Lord to help," said I.

"And will he?"

"Yes, if you ask him earnestly; but then you must try hard not to let the cross words come out, even if you feel cross inside. If you don't say a word, you will get over it all the quicker. . . . I don't know that you can help feeling angry, but I will tell you how I help it sometimes: I just shut my mouth, and don't say one word, only repeat to myself the prayer for charity and the Lord's Prayer. If I am firm, and don't let myself speak one word, I can generally put down the feeling pretty soon; but if I begin to talk, all is over."

## A COMFORTING CHILD.

It seems to me that in all the world there is not a sweeter child than the little girl I have in mind. Her hair hangs in lovely ringlets about her face, on which the dimples come and go, while the beautiful brown eyes dance with joy—that is, as a rule. But the other day, finding her mother in tears, the big eyes opened wide, and then, throwing her arms about the neck of "the one I love best," Nellie said, pleadingly: "Let me comfort you, mamma."

The sweet way in which she did this so touched her mother's caller that she said: "I haven't any little girl to comfort me when I'm in sorrow."—*Sunday-school Messenger.*