



MAN OVERBOARD.

WHAT a terrible cry this must be, when the ship is flying along before the wind as the one in our cut is doing, with the sails at their greatest tension and the darkness of the night all round, and the hapless man who falls overboard can have very little chance of being saved. Luckily, however, he has been seen and the sailor with outstretched arm will at once throw out a buoy or a rope to him so that he may keep himself afloat until a boat can be lowered and his rescue effected. It is snowing hard and doubtless the water will be very cold indeed and the poor lad may be numbed before he can be got on board again and be warmed back into a healthy glow of life.

IT'S GOOD ENOUGH.

"THERE! I guess that will do," said John, as he took a shovelful of ashes out of the stove. "The pan isn't empty, but it's near enough, nobody will see it. If I can get the stove swept in about five minutes, I can finish reading that story before anyone comes."

The stove was swept very much as the stove had been cleaned. The open spaces presented a good appearance, but out-of-the-way corners and underneath boxes and barrels told a different story. However, John said it was "good enough." The story was finished and the paper hidden out of sight before the clerks arrived. Then Mr. Willis, proprietor, came in, bade them all "Good-morning," glanced around

the store, and went into his private office. Presently he called John. "Take these letters to the office as soon as you can. They will just be in time for the nine o'clock mail. Come right back."

John hurried to the office as he had been bidden, but, having deposited the letters safely, he saw no more reason for haste. Indeed he even indulged in a game of marbles before returning to his work. When he entered the store again, Mr. Willis made no comment on his tardiness, but remarked. "Well, John, I've almost learned my lesson."

John stared: "What lesson, sir?"

"Why the one you have been teaching me lately."

John was more puzzled than ever, and all day long he wondered what lesson he could possibly teach Mr. Willis. The next morning John's work was done as speedily and no better than the day before. Mr.

Willis came before the clerks, and sent John out on an errand. While he was gone the gentleman, with a quiet smile, began to investigate the corners that John thought "nobody would see." When he returned, Mr. Willis said. "John, I told you yesterday I had almost learned my lesson. To-day I know it thoroughly. Would you like to hear it?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have been teaching me how well I can get on without you. I thought the stove needed cleaning and the stove sweeping every morning, but it seems they don't. So I shall not need you any longer than this week."—*The Christian Leader.*

THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

ALICE and Ellie were twins,—that is, they were little sisters,—and both of them were five years old that very day. They each were always just as old as the other.

Their father and mother loved them very much, but they were not rich, and the little girls had never been given a birthday present. They thought that they were well off to get a little candy and a doll at Christmas, and so they were.

That morning they were much surprised when their father said to them:

"Come out of doors little lassies; father's got a birthday present for you."

"Is it a kitten? Oh! the dear little pussy-cat?" asked Ellie.

"No, it's something that you can't carry, but it can carry you."

"Is it a cart?" asked Alice.

"No, it takes you up ever so high into the tree tops," answered her father.

"Oh! is it an e-fe-lunt? I'd be 'fraid of him," said Ellie, who had seen a picture of a child touching a branch of a tree from an elephant's back.

How her father did laugh. "No, no, lassie. Do you take me for Mr. Barnum?"

Ellie didn't know who Mr. Barnum was, but she was glad the present was not an elephant.

"Here it is," said their father, stopping under the big maple tree. "Don't break your heads tumbling out."

There was a fine swing, and the twins were happy all summer with their present.

A BOY'S WISHES.

I wish there waen't any school,
Where little boys must go;
Nor any sums; nor lessons hard
Which I must always know!

I wish I could stay here and play,
And lie on the soft, green grass,
And watch the pretty clouds above,
That all so swiftly pass;

I wish that mamma wouldn't care
To have me neat each day;
And wouldn't punish me because
My shoe-string broke away!

I wish that shoe-strings would stay in,
And never bother so!
I wish I was a grown-up man!
Then I'd wear boots, I know!

I wish that every single day
Was Saturday!—maybe
I'd have a Sunday, now and then,—
Just for a change, you see!

I wish—I wish—Why there's the bell!
Of course I shall be late!
I wish there—wasn't—any—school!
I wish—the time—would—wait!

A QUEER TRAP.

PAPA and mamma and all the children went to a picnic, and left Dick, the canary bird, in his cage, which was carefully hung on its hook, so that the kitty could not do him any harm. When they returned home in the evening, Lizzie said, "Why, there is Dick on the round of a chair!"

"How did he get out?" they all exclaimed, as they ran to the cage.

What do you think they found? Why, the kitty shut into the cage herself. In her efforts to open the door, Dick flew out, and the spring shut and held kitty prisoner.