

go to pieces, and the men drown before their eyes.

"Will she last for an hour!" cried Dorothy. "If I thought she would hinge there, I'd be away for the life-boat."

"You can never cross the burn," said the old men.

Four miles south there was a village where a life-boat was kept. Half-way there was a stream usually shallow, which ran into the sea, and over which was a rude plank bridge.

"I'll away!" said Dorothy. Over the moor she ran for a mile in the teeth of the storm. The second mile was still harder, for she had to splash through the foam, and the great waves might have dragged her off her feet.

At the mouth of the burn, or stream, her brave heart failed for a moment. There was no guessing at its depth as it rushed along, swollen and angry. In she plunged, the water up to her waist, and once she tumbled in a hole and fell, but struggled to her feet again.

Then the water grew deeper. Stretching out her arms, Dorothy battled with the current, and, half-wading, half-swimming, she reached the hard ground.

Wet to the neck, and her hair dripping she fought her way on till she reached the house where the cockswain of the life-boat lived.

"The schooner! On the Letch! Norrad" she gasped.

"Here, wife, look after the lass," cried the man, as he ran for his boat. Poor, brave Dorothy! Her part of the work done, she had fainted. But the life-boat went northward round the point, reached the schooner in time, and saved all on board, except the Captain, who had been washed away.

—*Harper's Young People.*

My Mother's Book.

LILLIE E. BARR.

There is not a book more sweet and dear
Than the book that lies at my mother's hand;

There is not a book more wise and good,
Or one more easy to understand.
She turns its leaves with a tender care;
She whispers its words at morn and night;
And still as she reads, her dear, dear face
Gathers a new and beautiful light.

She says it has been her truest friend,
Her comfort, her hope, through fifty years;
I have seen her open its clasps with joy,
And wet its pages with bitter tears.
The other books she used to love—
Story, and thought, and poet's lay—
One by one she has laid them aside;
Her Bible grows dearer every day.

The world may doubt, and the world may sneer,
The world may alter, and change, and mend;
To her it is perfect, and sweet, and clear,
From the very first letter unto the end.
The critic and scholar she does not heed;
"I knew," she says, "what it means to me;
I go to it weak, it makes me strong;
I go to it blind, it makes me see."

The light of the Book was on her face;
The strength of the Book is in her heart;
It gives her home its highest grace;
It makes of her life the sweetest part;
And mother would scarce be mother, I think,
To her wayward boys, when back they look,
If they did not see her in memory
Peacefully reading the Blessed Book.

I'm a busy man, and full of care,
Eagerly toiling for fame and gold,
But often there comes to me unawares
Some solemn warning, some promise old;
And just for a moment I pause and think:
"Oh, where did I hear those words before?"
Then I remember the good old Book,
And mother reading them o'er and o'er.

Ah, wonderful Book! that with one word
Can thrill the heart in the dark midnight!
With just one word can alter the will,
And turn a purpose of wrong to right.
Many good things I have cast aside,
But I always ponder, and backward look,
If I hear in my heart a single verse,
In my mother's voice, from my mother's Book.

—*Laingsburg News.*

A Precious Pillow.

DR. JUDSON, one of the earliest missionaries to Burmah, completed the translation of the New Testament in 1823. The manuscript, within a year, was destined to enter on a strange history. The Judsons went to Ava, the capital of the empire, very hopeful of doing effective missionary work there. War, however, broke out between England and Burmah, and all foreigners were soon regarded with great suspicion. On June 8, 1824, Dr. Judson was apprehended, and with cruel violence and gross indignity was cast into the death-prison. In a few days, through a money payment, he and other prisoners were removed from that awful place to an open shed within the prison bounds. There they lay with irons upon their limbs. When her husband was cast into prison, one of the first acts of Mrs. Judson was to bury the manuscript of the New Testament under the house in the soil, lest it should be found and destroyed by their persecutors. When Mr. Judson was permitted to receive a visit from his brave wife, and they could speak together a little naturally, one of his earliest inquiries related to the safety of the work which had cost him so much time and toil. The rains had set in, and the manuscript would be destroyed if it remained long in the ground. A plan for the preservation of this priceless treasure was soon devised. Mrs. Judson sewed it up in some cotton stuff, which she further encased in matting, thus making a pillow for her husband, so unsightly and so hard, that she supposed no one would care to take it from him.

After about seven months had passed the prisoners were suddenly thrust again into the inner prison and loaded with extra fetters. The few poor mattresses and pillows, which had scarcely seemed to ease their aching bones, were taken from them, and among these the rough bundle on which Dr. Judson was wont to lay his head. The first night of this new misery the prisoners expected speedy execution, and Dr. Judson's thoughts dwelt a good deal on the contents of the strange pillow he had lost. He thought of passages in that New Testament which might be more perfectly translated. He wondered what the future of the manuscript would be. Would Mrs. Judson ever see it again? Would it in some future year be found, and be a source of light and blessing to the benighted people of Burmah? The jailer, however, to whose share the pillow fell, found it so uncomfortable, and apparently so worthless that he flung it back into the prison. Tastes differed, and if the prisoner like that sort of thing to rest his head upon he might have it for all the jailer cared. Presently came a day when the prisoners were stripped of nearly all their clothes, "tied two-and-two," and driven bare-footed over sharp gravel and burning sand to a wretched prison some miles away. When, on that occasion, the fierce Burmans were seizing all the spoil they could, the mat was unfastened by one of them from Dr. Judson's pillow, and as the hard stuff within seemed to be of no value it was thrown away. A Christian convert picked it up as a relic he would keep in memory of the dear teacher he feared he would never see it again. Little did he imagine what the mean-looking cotton roll contained. Months afterward, when the trouble was over, and the Judsons were free again for their loved work, the New Testament was found no worse for the perils through which it had passed. In due time it was printed, and to-day the men and women of Burmah read in it "the wonderful works of God."

An Incident of Sunday-School Work in Manchester.

It is many years ago now that as I walked home from business one evening, I was accosted by a young woman who was in deep trouble. With tears in her eyes she told me that her little boy was "down with the fever," then prevalent in the neighbourhood, and had been crying out all day for "Teacher."

On reaching the humble cottage I at once recognized the sick child as one of our infant scholars. He was indeed very ill, and with all speed I sought my fellow-labourer, and returned with him to the bed-side of his dying scholar. On one side of the couch was the father, and on the other the mother, looking with anxious eyes upon the flushed face of their only child, a darling boy of six years. The little sufferer opened his eyes, recognized the voice, and greeted his teacher with a smile of loving recognition. With difficulty he said "happy land." The hint was understood, and his teacher sang in a low and gentle tone the well-known hymn, "There is a happy land," etc. There was an expression of satisfied joy on the face of the child while he did so.

At the close of the hymn he began to repeat the words of another favourite song when the death-struggle seized the little frame, and its spirit took its flight to fairer and happier scenes in the "happy land." The parent informed us that it was but two days since their little boy sickened. For some days previous he had been more than usually occupied with singing and repeating the songs taught in the infant class. When the doctor was called in, he shook his head, knowing it to be a bad case. The broken-hearted mother could not restrain her grief, and little Charlie seemed to comprehend the situation. When the doctor left the room, turning to his weeping mother, he said, "Don't cry, mammy, teacher says 'there is a better land, far, far away,' and if Charlie dies, Jesus will take him there."

"And does Charlie love Jesus?" asked his mother.

"Yes," he replied, his face beaming with pleasure, "'cause Jesus loves Charlie."

The death of the child was life to the mother. The seed of the kingdom sown by his hand was blessed by the Spirit of God to her salvation. She found peace and joy in believing, and was enabled to say, though often with tears, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." The gospel of love is adapted for all ages, and can touch with saving power the heart of a child. Sunday-school teachers, take courage!

The Curse of Ireland.

"If you ask me," continued General Conway, "what kind of an army is needed to liberate Ireland, I would say an army of faithful temperance workers—not an O'Donovan Rossa with dynamite, but an apostle like Father Matthew, to go again into that country with temperance pledges. The dynamite that Ireland needs is the dynamite that would blow up the whiskey barrel, not dynamite that blows up men and women and houses of Parliament." The speaker said that he was in London at the time of the explosion. The sensation it created he could compare only to that produced here by the firing on Fort Sumter. "Would to God," he said "that some commotion might awaken the slumbering consciences of the statesmen of England on the subject of drunkenness." On landing at Queenstown the first person that accosted him on Irish soil was a beggar. In less than twenty days in Ireland 500 beggars had asked alms of him. It was a peculiarity of Irish beggars that they always put the worst foot forward, when asking charity. "Please, for the price o' a pint o' drink, sor?" were the words most frequently used by Irish beggars in soliciting alms. But as a matter of fact, Irish beggars were not more addicted to drunkenness than the English beggar, whose favourite address was: "Please, for the price of a loaf of bread, sir?"—*New York World.*

Providence and the Wood-pile.

ONE snowy Saturday night, years ago, when the wood-pile of the Alcott household was very low, one of their neighbour's children came in to beg a little wood, as "the baby was very sick, and father off on a spree with his wages."

There was a baby, too, in the Alcott household; and the storm was wild, and the Sabbath was coming between that night and the chance of more wood. For once Mrs. Alcott hesitated; but the serene Sage of Concord looked out undismayed, into the wild and wintry storm.

"Give half our stock," said he resolutely, "and trust to Providence. Wood will come, or the weather will moderate."

His wife laughed, and answered cheerfully: "Well, at any rate, their need is greater than ours, and if our half gives out, we can go to bed and tell stories."

So a good half of the wood went to the poor neighbour. Later on in the evening the storm increased, and the family council decided to cover up the fire to keep it, and go to bed. Just then came a knock at the door, and lo! it was the farmer that usually supplied Mr. Alcott with wood.

He had started to go into Boston with his load, but the storm so drove in his path, that it had driven him back; and now if he might unload his load there, it would save him taking it home again, and he "s'posed" they'd be wanting some soon.

Of course his proposition was gladly accepted, and as the farmer went off to the wood shed, the triumphant Sage of Concord turned to his wife with a wise look which much impressed his children, and said—

"Didn't I tell you wood would come, if the weather did not moderate?"—*The Youth's Companion.*