

Out at Sea.

I know that I am dying, mate; so fetch the Bible here,
 What a loud unopened in the chest for five-
 and twenty year;
 And bring a light along with you, and read
 a bit to me,
 Who haven't heard a word of it since first I
 came to sea.

It's five-and twenty year, lad, since she
 went to her rest,
 Who put that the old Bible at the bottom
 of my chest;
 And I can well remember the words she
 says to me;
 "Now, don't forget to read it, Tom, when
 you get out to sea."

And I never thought about it, mate, for it
 clean slipped from my head;
 But when I come from that first voyage, the
 dear old girl was dead.

And the neighbours told me, while I stood
 as still as a stone,
 That she prayed for me and blessed me as
 just gone out to sea.

And then I shipped again, mate, and forgot
 the Bible there,
 For I never give a thought to it a-sailing
 overboard;
 But now that I am dying, you can read a
 bit to me,
 As seems to think about it, now I'm ill and
 down at sea.

And find a little prayer, lad, and say it up
 right loud,
 So that the Lord can hear it if it finds him
 in a crowd,
 I can scarce hear what you're saying for the
 wind that howls to sea;
 But the Lord'll hear above it all, for he's
 been out at sea.

It's set in very day, mate; and I think I'll
 say good-night,
 But stop—look there! why, mate; why, Bill,
 the cabin's turning light;
 And the dear old mother's standing there as
 give the book to me!
 All right, I'm coming; Bill, good-bye! My
 soul's going out to sea!

A RAGGED KNIGHT.

BALTIMORE streets were wet and
 slippery with a week's rain, the water
 in the gutters went booming along
 like angry little rivers, and the cross-
 ings were villainously dirty. It had
 stopped raining, but the heavy fog
 that followed was almost as wetting
 as a rain, and brought the daylight to
 an end long before almanac time.
 Through the misty rain the street
 lamps glistened like glow-worms, that
 shine for themselves only, giving hardly
 any help to passers.

There were a good many passers on
 Madison Avenue. An Easter festival
 for children had just been held in the
 church with the iron gate in front of
 it, and it was now going-home time.

A carriage with two restless horses
 had been waiting at the curb some
 time, but Michael found it hard to
 keep his horses quiet, and was obliged
 to drive them several times round the
 square. In doing this he lost his
 place, and when Mrs. Park and little
 Juliet appeared he was some distance
 from the church-door.

"Michael," cried the lady in an
 anxious voice, "can't you come and
 put Juliet in?"

"Indeed, mum, it's myself as can't

hardly hold the bastes stiddy at all
 the night," answered Michael rather
 gruffly.

The lady gathered up her skirts and
 took Juliet's hand; but a glance at
 the child's thin slippers, and then at
 the muck of the pavement, made her
 hesitate.

"I'll carry the little girl over," said
 a pleasant voice; and a tall, strong
 boy, twelve years old perhaps, set
 down his little milk-can, and, lifting
 Juliet up gently, put her, snug and
 dry, into the carriage.

"Thank you," said the little girl;
 and Mrs. Park offered him a dime.

"No; thank you; ma'am," he said
 quickly; "I never take money that I
 haven't earned."

"But you have done me a service."
 "That was not work," he said;
 "that was just politeness."

The lady put the silver in her bag:
 "Then jump into the carriage and I'll
 take you home. Come, now: we ac-
 cepted your politeness; you must
 accept ours."

And, to Mike's astonishment, he
 was told to drive away out to Poplar
 Court, over streets his pampered
 horses had never trodden in their
 lives. Phil felt like a boy in a fairy-
 tale as he sat opposite this fine lady
 in her soft carriage. Excitement made
 him so communicative that, before the
 indignant driver had found his way
 through this crooked part of the city,
 Mrs. Park knew that Phil's father had
 been a school-teacher in a little Vir-
 ginia village, of which Phil spoke with
 tender enthusiasm; that a year ago
 he had gotten a place in the office of
 one of the big daily newspapers in
 Baltimore. It did not pay much, but
 was a good starting-place, Phil ex-
 plained. Then the father had gotten
 sick—"nervous prostration" was what
 the doctor said—and it would be a
 long time before he could go to the
 office again; so he was obliged to lose
 his place. They had left their board-
 ing-house and had taken one cheap
 little room in Poplar Court, and there
 they were getting along.

How! Oh, the newspaper people
 were kind, and gave the father jobs
 to do at home when they could, and
 the mother took care of five children
 all day while their mothers were out
 washing. No, he could not go to
 school just now, because, of course, he
 and Nell had to help mother. But
 she was the "smilist" sort of a
 mother and always said, "Never
 mind, the heavenly Father was look-
 ing after them."

As Phil sprang out of the carriage,
 with a feeling of having waked up
 from the fairy tale, Mrs. Park said,
 "Tell that 'smilist' mother that her
 boy is a real little knight."

Then the carriage went on through
 the court to find a getting-out place,
 and Phil bounded up a narrow flight
 of steps as hurriedly as the milkman
 would allow.

"A pretty ragged knight, mother,

ain't it?" he said merrily at the end
 of his story.

"Yes, indeed, Phil," she answered
 in a voice almost as cheerful as his
 own. "I really must take time to-
 night to mend you up."

"What is a knight, just exactly,
 father, besides a sword and all that?"
 Phil asked presently.

"Just exactly, I think, a knight
 is one who is always ready to help
 those who need helping," said his
 father. "In story-books they only
 help beautiful young ladies, but in
 real life they oftenest help—"

"Mothers," said Phil's mother; and
 then the three laughed merrily.

Michael was almost ready to throw
 up his place when he found he must
 drive up that shabby lane again and
 in broad daylight. For several days
 Mrs. Park and Juliet had been
 "hunting work" for their little ragged
 knight's father and mother.

"I have often wished I were a poor
 little girl and had to earn pennies,"
 said Juliet; "but to-day I'm glad we
 have a carriage to go about in. It
 makes people say 'Yes' to you,
 mamma."

"Maybe it does," said mamma,
 laughing; adding gravely, "I hope
 when we have to earn our pennies
 that you will be as honest and inde-
 pendent as Phil, and I as brave and
 trustful as his mother."

When Phil came back one day from
 a money-making errand he was startled
 to find his mother crying.

"Never mind," she said; "you
 know I only cry when the help comes.
 It came to-day. Your lady and little
 girl have found your father a
 steady job with good pay, and we are
 going to move into the Roxer Hospital,
 where I am to be assistant house-
 keeper. Now my little ragged knight
 shall have a whole coat and go to
 school."—Elizabeth P. Allan.

TIMELY HINTS.

PROFESSOR THOMAS HUNTER of the
 New York Normal College, wrote an
 article for the "Epoch" last March,
 entitled, "Novel-Reading by Girls."
 As Professor Hunter says, "A parent
 would be justly alarmed to find his
 boy or girl associating with others of
 depraved morals," and yet this same
 parent will be almost utterly indiffer-
 ent to the books read by his children.
 He says that not only should children
 be protected from bad books, but they
 should be encouraged and stimulated
 to read good ones; which is a self-
 evident fact to those who give any
 thought to the subject. Professor
 Hunter goes on to say:

"The first evidence of a superior
 mind in a child is the possession of a
 retentive memory. The mind, like
 the body, needs nutrition suited to
 the child's age and capacity. After
 the reading of fairy tales, which
 nourish the imagination, the best books
 for boys and girls are biographies of
 heroes, travellers, patriots, and philan-

thropists; but these biographies must
 be written in a clear and simple style.
 If boys read the lives of Columbus,
 Washington, Lincoln, and Grant, there
 would be little difficulty afterwards in
 teaching them the history of the
 United States. If girls will read the
 lives of Joan of Arc, Lady Jane Grey,
 and Florence Nightingale, their minds
 will be lifted up to a higher plane of
 duty and their hearts stirred to a
 better appreciation of whatever is good
 and noble. When the youthful mind
 has been filled to overflowing with the
 deeds of an Alfred or a Tell, even if
 some of these deeds are mythical, the
 reader should be encouraged to talk it
 all out, for this not only improves his
 vocabulary, but fastens the subject in
 his memory and becomes the ver-
 y best review. This kind of reading
 should never be compulsory. Locke
 says that if a boy were compelled to
 scourge his top at stated times and
 under fixed rules, he would soon cease
 to consider the play a pleasure, and
 abandon it in disgust. The child of
 active imagination needs no urging to
 read; it is the dull child—dull,
 perhaps, by heredity—that needs en-
 couragement and careful training, that
 needs to have his mind awakened and
 interested.

A RIGHT START.

A YOUNG man was recently gradu-
 ated from a scientific school. His
 home had been a religious one. He
 was a member of a Christian Church,
 had pious parents, brothers, and sisters,
 his family was one in Christ.

On graduating he determined upon
 a Western life among the mines. Full
 of courage and hope, he started on his
 long journey to strike out for himself
 in a new world.

The home prayers followed him. As
 he went he fell into company with
 older men. They liked him for his
 frank manners, and his manly independ-
 ence. As they travelled together
 they stopped for a Sabbath in a border
 town. On the morning of the Sabbath,
 one of his fellow-travellers said to him,
 "Come, let us be off for a drive and
 the sights."

"No," said the young man, "I am
 going to church. I have been brought
 up to keep the Sabbath, and I have
 promised my mother to keep on in the
 way."

His road acquaintance looked at him
 for a moment, and then, slapping him
 on the shoulder, said, "Right, my boy,
 I began that way. I wish I had kept
 on. Young man, you will do. Stick
 to your bringing up, and your mother's
 words, and you will win."

The boy went to church; all honor
 to his in that far-away place among
 such men. His companions had the
 drive, but the boy gained their out-
 denance, and won their respect by his
 manly avowal of sacred obligations.
 Already success is smiling upon the
 young man. There is no lack of places
 for him.