

Children's Department.

THE LITTLE CONQUEROR.

"T WAS midnight; not a sound was heard;

Within the—"Papa! won't 'ou look,
An' see my pooty 'ittle house?
Wis' 'ou wouldn't wead 'ou book"—

"Within the palace, where the king
Upon his couch in anguish lay"—
"Papa! Pa-pa! I wis' 'ou'd tum
An' have a 'ittle tonty play"—

"No gentle hand was there to bring
The cooling draught, or bathe his brow;
His courtiers and his pages gone"
"Tam, papa, tum; I want 'ou now"—

Down goes the book with needless force,
And, with expression far from mild,
With sullen air, and clouded brow,
I seat myself beside the child.

Her little, trusting eyes of blue
With mute surprise gaze in my face,
As if, in its expression, stern
Reproof and censure she could trace

Anon her little bosom heaves,
Her rosy lip begins to curl;
And, with a quiv'ring chin, she sobs;
"Papa don't 'uv his 'ittle dirl!"

King, palace, book—all are forgot,
My arms 'round my darling thrown—
The thunder cloud has burst, and, lo!
Tears fall and mingle with her own.

THE STORM ON THE SEA OF GALILEE.

Fourth Sunday after Epiphany

WHO among us are forced to see the mightiness of God and the impotency of man so clearly as those who go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters? The storm arises, and they are tossed about at its mercy like a withered leaf, or drifted on helplessly into the very jaws of death. They cannot so much as stand upright before it, but reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, without being able to free themselves from its giant grasp. In such extremity what comfort there is in reflecting that our blessed Lord Himself experienced this very form of danger, that He was once a storm-tossed voyager on the Galilean sea, and that He quelled the winds and waters in their wildest uproar, saying, "Peace, be still." From that day forward the Christian should be as free from fear on shipboard as on dry land; his Lord has trodden both. Let the waves toss themselves, yet can they not prevail. The voice of the Lord is upon the waters; He can say to them "Peace, be still," and He will say it except when some higher good is to be worked out by the whirlwind and the storm.

Since our thoughts are directed by to-day's Gospel to the perils of the sea, it will not be unsuitable to tell you of a noble English ship, which was exposed nearly sixty years ago to the double danger of tempest and fire. God did not see fit to save the vessel, but He did preserve more than 500 of those who were on board, in a most wonderful manner. Their history is as follows:—

On the 19th of February, 1825, a

good ship of 1350 tons, called the "Kent," set sail from the Downs for Bengal and China, under the command of Captain Cobb. More than 800 soldiers of the 31st regiment were on board with their wives and children, making all together, with private passengers and the ship's crew, nearly 700 persons. They had a favourable voyage till they reached the Bay of Biscay, when a violent gale set in from the south-west. The swell was tremendous, and the vessel rolled fearfully, dashing about every thing in the cabins. Still the sailors had good hopes that their ship would hold out against the storm, when a fresh enemy appeared. Three days after the south-west wind arose, at ten o'clock in the morning, one of the officers went down into the hold to see that all was safe, taking with him two of the sailors and a lighted lamp. He found a cask of spirits adrift, and sent the men for some pieces of wood to secure it, while he held the light in one hand and kept the cask steady with the other. Before they returned, however, the ship made a lurch and the officer staggered, so that he let the cask go and dropped the light. The cask suddenly stove, the spirits caught fire, and the whole place was instantly in a blaze.

Captain Cobb at once set his men to pour water in the hold and to try and stifle the flames with wet sails and hammocks, but all to little purpose. The fire ascended into the lowest tier of cabins, and volumes of heavy smoke, rising through the hatchways, rolled over every part of the ship. Only one expedient now presented itself, and that a desperate one, the opening of the lower ports to let in the water. This was done, though not before some poor creatures had been suffocated to death in the cabins. The waves rushed in and checked the flames, and though there was risk of sinking the vessel, yet she was preserved till means of safety were provided for the living souls she bore.

The deck presented at this time a sight of horror. Every body had now left the cabins, and more than 600 human beings were crowded on it, some searching wildly for their husbands, brothers, or friends, some indulging in frantic grief, some loudly confessing that their sins had brought this judgment on them, and making vows of amendment if only their lives were now spared, while a few of the soldiers and sailors sullenly placed themselves over the powder magazine, with the hope, as they said, of being put quickly out of their sufferings when it blew up.

But amid all this confusion some were quite calm and self-possessed. A party of the soldiers' wives and children took shelter in the after cabins on the upper deck, and prayed and read the Bible together, and when one of the officers spoke to the children about putting in practice what they had been taught in school, they answered, as the tears ran down their cheeks, "Oh, sir, we are trying to remember it all, and we are praying to God!" Some of the officers were true Christian men, and were strengthened by firm faith in God to go through their duties at this trying time. The same faith enabled some among the ladies to put away womanish fears, and prepare quietly for their expected end. One of them, when death seemed close at hand, fell on her knees, and clasping her hands said, "Even so, come Lord Jesus!" and her sister began to read the forty-sixth and other Psalms.

At this time the fire was inwardly consuming the doomed ship, and the waves were dashing furiously against its sides. A man was at last sent up aloft to look out and see whether any vessel were in sight. He cast his eyes around, and presently waved his hat, exclaiming "A sail on the lee-bow," on which the poor creatures on deck broke out into three cheers. Flags of distress were hung out and minute guns fired, but the former could not be seen at such a distance, and the gale was too violent to allow the guns to be heard. The

volumes of smoke which burst from the Kent were its more effectual signals of distress, and when the other vessel perceived them she crowded all sail to her relief. The stranger proved to be the Cambria, a small brig bound for Vera Cruz. While she was approaching they were busy on board the Kent in getting out the boats and preparing to leave the burning ship. The women and children were to be sent off first, and then the men, the junior before the senior officers.

Though help was now at hand there was still much danger, for the Cambria durst not come near for fear of being involved in an explosion, and the sea was so rough that it was not easy to get the women and children in or out of the boats. They had to drop them in by ropes, and sometimes the poor creatures were plunged again and again into the sea before they reached the boat. The first boat was filled, sent off, and its passengers all received into the Cambria at half-past two, but afterwards many lives were lost, especially of children. There were at first six boats going to and fro, but in the course of the afternoon three of them were swamped. Captain Cobb, and the officers of the 31st regiment, devised every scheme they could for helping the men into the boats, but all were perilous on account of the stormy sea, and the soldiers, unaccustomed to being on shipboard, were timid and hung back. So there was more delay than should have been, and the sun had set long before the Jeck of the Kent had been cleared. It was now a dreary place. The boats were three quarters of an hour absent between each trip, and the time seemed long to the poor fellows, who were crouching together in the dark, worn out with hunger and fatigue. After gloomy fits of silence they would break out into piteous lamentations, till at last one of the officers roused them with the words, "Let us pray." The prayer was short but earnest, and all seemed to join in it heartily.

The darkness made the trips to the Cambria more and more difficult, and the officers had hard work in persuading the men to move. At last those who were left seemed paralysed with cold and horror, and refused to stir from their places. Nothing more could be done for them; so Captain Cobb and the remaining officers left the vessel at 10 p.m.

No sooner were they on board the Cambria than the flames darted up the masts and rigging of the Kent, and the ship was in a blaze. It burned brightly till two the next morning, when the magazine took fire: there was a terrible explosion, and all was still; but a small merchant bark picked up from the spars and rafters fourteen of the poor fellows who had stayed in the burning ship, and 554 were safe in the Cambria. That gallant little brig altered its course, and carried its fresh passengers straight into Falmouth harbour, to receive from their countrymen the aid of which they stood so much in need, and to return thanks in God's house the next Sunday for the wonderful deliverance He had granted them.

It requires some exercise of sympathetic feeling to minister to sorrows we have never felt, to pains we have never endured.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the faults I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

ANSWER THIS.—Did you ever know any person to be ill without inaction of the Stomach, Liver or Kidneys, or did you ever know one who was well when either was obstructed or inactive; and did you ever know or hear of any case of the kind that Hop Bitters would not cure? Ask your neighbour the same question.—Times.

LITTLE ANNIE.

LITTLE ANNIE was lost about a fortnight ago, and after two days' search was found near a railway station. Some good people had taken care of the lost child. Who would not be sorry for a little traveller of three years old?

Little Annie has a brother about five years old. He tried to comfort himself at the rest at home, when they mourned for the lost sister. He said, "The Good Shepherd will take care of Annie. And, if she is dead, she has gone to the Good Shepherd."

I do not know what the two children are taught at home. I hope their parents tell them of the Lord Jesus, the Good Shepherd, Who gave His life for the sheep and the lambs. I know that they go to the Infants' School close to Saint A.'s church. There, I know also, the children from very early years are taught "the fear of God," which, according to wisdom.

Thank God that there are such schools attached to our churches. Well it is for those children whose parents send them to such happy nurseries of piety.

Surely it is worth any money to keep up our Church schools.

FATHER IS GETTING WELL.—My daughter says, "How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters." He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable, and we are so glad that he used your Bitters.—A lady of Rochester, N. Y.—*Utica Herald.*

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