

stillness of the night. Their island was not moving. Evidently they had struck something. With this thought in mind, they hurried down from their high perch, and soon found themselves on another extensive ice-field that had not yet been dislodged from the mainland.

How quickly these three men hurried away from their old prison can well be imagined. For another day they travelled over the icy fields before they found relief from their sufferings. Then they met a party of sealers who, after listening to their story, took them on board of their own ship, and thus carried them into port.—*Our Youth.*

### A Life Wasted.

About thirty years ago a gentleman from New York, who was traveling in the South, met a young girl of great beauty and wealth and married her. They returned to New York, and plunged into a mad whirl of gayety. The young wife had been a gentle, thoughtful girl, anxious to help all suffering and want, and to serve her God faithfully; but, as Mrs. L——, she had troops of flatterers. Her beauty and dresses were described in the society journals; her *bonmots* flew from mouth to mouth; her equipage was one of the most attractive in the Park. In a few months she was intoxicated with admiration. She and her husband flitted from New York to Newport, from London to Paris, with no object but enjoyment. There were other men and women of their class who had some other worthier pursuit—literature, or art, or the elevation of the poor classes—but L—— and his wife lived solely for amusements. They dressed, danced, flirted, hurried from ball to reception and from opera to dinner. Young girls looked at Mrs. L—— with fervent admiration, perhaps with envy, as the foremost leader of society. About ten years ago she was returning alone from California, when an accident occurred on the railroad train in which she was a passenger, and she received a fatal internal injury. She was carried into a wayside station, and there, attended only by a physician from the neighbouring village, she died.

Dr. Blank has said that it was one of the most painful experiences of his life.

"I had to tell her that she had but an hour to live. She was not suffering any pain; her only consciousness of hurt was that she was unable to move, so that it was no wonder she could not believe me.

"'I must go home,' she said, imperatively, 'to New York.'

"'Madame, it is impossible. If you are moved it will shorten the time you have to live.'

"She was lying on the floor. The brakemen had rolled their coats to make her a pillow. She looked about her at the little dingy station with the stove, stained with tobacco, in the midst.

"'I have but an hour, you tell me?'

"'Not more.'

"'And this is all that is left me of the world! It is not much, doctor,' with a half smile.

"The men left the room, and I locked the door that she might not be disturbed. She threw her arms over her face and lay quiet a long time; then she turned on me in a frenzy:

"'To think all that I might have done with my money, and my time! God wanted me to help the poor and the sick; it's too late now. I've only an hour! She struggled up wildly. 'Why, doctor, I did nothing—nothing but lead the fashion! Great God! The fashion! Now I've only an hour! An hour!'

"But she had not even that, for the exertion proved fatal, and in a moment she lay dead at my feet.

"No sermon that I ever heard was like that woman's despairing cry, 'It's too late!'"

### Do It in Time.

A TRUE STORY.

"WINNIE, dear, have you finished that pair of socks you were knitting for little Harry Greene?"

"No," answered Winnie, "I am going to do them next week, auntie; I forgot about it yesterday, and read a book instead."

"How often you say that, Winnie. But what are you doing now?"

"Nothing particular, auntie."

"Nothing particular: well, then, do something important. Call your sister, and I will tell you a short story about myself."

Winnie obeyed her aunt, and, fetching her knitting from the cupboard, sat down beside her aunt and sister, who were both sewing, and began to knit quickly. Auntie, after giving her some instructions about her work, commenced her story.

"When I was about your age, Winnie, I had an old friend, a lady, who had been very kind to me when I lived in London, where she lived. Wishing to requite her kindness, I thought of making a little present of my own work. After a consultation with mother as to what I should make, I decided on a shawl. I saved some money and bought some wool. Mother began a pretty pattern for me, and I commenced it. But I soon began to tire of it, and in my leisure time did something else. It was not half done, and was quite forgotten by me, while I began new work. One day I heard that Mrs. Armand was very ill, and in two days she lay dead. I was filled with remorse—it was too late! Yes, now it was no use to her for whom it was intended. She had passed away to a better land. I finished the shawl, and also many things I had in hand, but I have never forgotten the lesson it taught me.

"And now, Winnie and Ethel, try and remember this short story and act upon it, and I shall not have told it to you in vain. Do all that you have to do in time. But there is one thing especially—prepare your hearts by being repentant, and give them to Christ now, while you have time, for soon it will be too late!"

### A Good Investment.

SEVERAL winters ago a woman was coming out from some public building where the heavy doors swung back and made egress difficult. A street urchin sprung to the rescue; and as he held open the door, she said "Thank you," and passed on.

"Cracky! d'ye hear that?" said the boy to a companion standing near.

"No; what?"

"Why, that lady in seal-skin said 'Thank ye' to the likes o' me!"

Amused at the conversation, which she could not help overhearing the lady turned round and said to him, "It always pays to be polite, my boy; remember that."

Years passed away, and last December, when doing her Christmas shopping, this woman received an exceptional courtesy from a clerk in Boston, which caused her to remark to a friend who was with her, "What a comfort to be civilly treated once in awhile—though I don't know that I blame the clerks for being rude during the holiday trade."

The young man's quick ear caught the words, and he said, "Pardon me, madam, but you gave me my first lesson in politeness."

She looked at him in amazement, while he related the little forgotten incident, and told her that that simple "Thank you" awakened his first ambition to be something in the world. He went the next morning and applied for a situation as office-boy in the establishment where he was now an honored and trusted clerk.

Only two words dropped into the treasury of street conversation, but they yielded returns of a certain kind more satisfactory than investments in stocks and bonds.

### Go Learn a Trade.

Listening you a song to-night,  
And every word is true;  
You'll find that every line is meant,  
Young gentleman, for you I  
I've no intention to offend,  
In what is sung or said—  
The sum and substance of it is,  
To go and learn a trade.

Your education may be good,  
But time is flitting by,  
Instead of working; don't be fooled—  
The old man may not die;  
And if he should, the chances are  
His will may be mislaid,  
Or you cut off without a cent;  
So go and learn a trade.

The country's full of nice young men,  
That from their duty shrink;  
Who think 'twould crush their pride  
If they should go to work;  
Take off your coat (your father did),  
And find some honest maid,  
Who'll help you make your fortune when  
You've learned an honest trade.

Be temperate in all you do,  
Be faithful to your boss,  
You'll find the more you do for him  
Will never prove a loss;  
You'll find out fifty years from now,  
When fame and fortune's made,  
The best step that you ever took  
Was when you learned a trade.

### The Romance of Coal.

In the reign of Edward I. the aversion to coal was most pronounced, and a proclamation was issued prohibiting its use in London. Even dyers, brewers, etc., were forbidden to burn coal on pain of a fine, loss of furnace, etc. The proclamation was brought about by the nobles and gentry, who complained that they could not stay in town on account of "the noisome smell and thick air" caused by burning coal.

Stow, referring to this period, says: "The nice dames of London would not come into any house or room where sea-coals were burned, nor willingly eat of the meat that was oven sod or roasted with sea-coal."

It was in the reign of Edward I. that a man was tried, convicted, and executed for the crime of burning sea-coal in London.

The students of Oxford and Cambridge were not permitted to have fires until the days of Henry VIII., and to warm themselves they ran for some distance—certainly a cheap mode of obtaining warmth.

Toward the reign of Elizabeth, coal was becoming a popular kind of fuel, chiefly owing to the difficulty of obtaining a cheap and plentiful supply of wood. A strong prejudice, however, lingered against it, and the Queen prohibited the burning of coal in London during the sitting of Parliament, for it was feared that the "health of the knights of the shires might suffer during their abode in the metropolis."

In the days of Charles I., the use of coal became very general, and as the demand increased the price went up to such an extent as to preclude the poor from obtaining it. Not a few died from cold for the want of fires.

SAY not that thou hast royal blood in thy veins, and art born of God, except thou canst prove thy pedigree by daring to be holy in spite of men and devils.