

THE RUDDER.

Of what are you thinking, my little lad,
with the honest eyes of blue,
As you watch the vessels that slowly
glide o'er the level ocean floor,
Beautiful, graceful, silent as dreams, they
pass away from our view,
And down the slope of the world they go
to seek some far-off shore.

They seem to be scattered abroad by
chance, to move at the breezes' will.
Aimlessly wandering hither and yon,
and melting in distance gray;
But each one moves to a purpose firm, and
the winds their sails that fill
Like faithful servants speed them all on
their appointed way.

For each has a rudder, my dear little lad,
with a staunch man at the wheel,
And the rudder is never left to itself, but
the will of the man is there;
There is never a moment, day or night,
that the vessel does not feel
The force of the purpose that shapes her
course and the helmsman's watchful
care.

Some day you will launch your ship, my
boy, on life's wide treacherous sea—
Be sure your rudder is wrought of
strength to stand the stress of the
gale,
And your hand on the wheel, don't let it
flinch, whatever the tumult be,
For the will of man, with the help of
God, shall conquer and prevail.

THE GENTLE SOUTH WIND.

"Now, Walter Harrison Ames, you get
right out of that chair this minute, for
that's my seat, and I want to sit there;"
and little Miss Rose, who looked more like
a snap-dragon just then, tried to shake her
sturdy brother, who had a very cool way
of pretending not to hear when he did not
mean to heed, and who sat as calmly look-
ing out of the window, as if only a fly were
attempting to move him.

Papa was reading in the other window,
but he seemed to know exactly what was
going on, and so he called the little snap-
dragon, though he did not use that name,
to come to him, as he had a story to tell
her.

A story was always a delight, and so the
little changeable flower, almost a rose
again, went instantly and seated herself
on a little bench by his feet.

"This morning, Rose, as I was going
down town," he began, "I met a disagree-
able north wind and it snapped and snarled
in a very spiteful way. It began by
trying to injure the trees and break off the
branches, but the branches were too strong
for it and wouldn't give way. Then it
rushed at me and blew my coat as hard as
it could and said in a gruff tone as plain as
a wind could talk, 'Take off your coat
quick, I won't wait.' But I laughed at

the idea of obeying such a command as
that, and just buttoned my coat as tight as
I could, and the north wind tugged and
tugged in vain.

"In the afternoon as I came home the
south wind met me, and such sweet
manners as it had! It came up and kissed
me first, and then said so gently, as it
played with my hair and patted my cheek,
'Open your coat, please, open your coat.' I
opened it right away, every single button,
for I was so glad to get all the south wind
that I could, and it is doing me good yet.
Which is my little girl, the stormy north
wind or the sunny south?"

"The sunny south, papa," answered little
Rose cheerfully, as she went up to her
brother Walter and kissed and patted him
and said: "Please let me have that chair,
Walter, dear."

Brother Walter didn't say one word, but
he whisked out of the chair in a second,
caught the little south wind up, clapped
her in the chair, gave her two kisses, and
scampered off to play.

TOMMY'S SURPRISE.

"It's Hallowe'en," says Tommy Lee, "and
I'll put my big jack-o'-lantern in little
Benny Bly's window," thought Tommy.
"Won't he be scared!"

So the round-eyed pumpkin stared in at
the window, while naughty Tommy hid in
the dark to hear Benny scream.

Pretty soon he heard, not a scream, but
a merry little shout. The door opened,
and out trotted the dearest little curly-
head, chattering and laughing.

"Isn't it a beauty, mamma?" said he,
hugging up the ugly pumpkin in his fat
little arms. "I've wanted and wanted a
jack-o'-lantern all my life!"

"Where could it have come from,
Benny?" asked mamma.

"Oh, I s'pose somebody brought it here
for me," said Benny, with a wise little nod.
"Somebody awfully good and kind. It's a
surprise, isn't it, mamma?"

"I should think it was a surprise,"
thought Tommy, in the dark, "to hear him
call me kind! I'm just as shamed as I
can be!"—*Companion.*

AN IRISH GIRL.

THERE are always brave men and women
in the world who are willing and eager to
risk their own lives in the service of others
whenever there is need for them to do so.
An exchange tells of an Irish girl out in
Iowa who lived in a farmhouse near the
railway bridge over Honey Creek. One
night there was a cloudburst, followed by
torrents of rain. The bridge was carried
away by the swollen waters. An engine,
sent out in advance of a passenger train to
ascertain if the track was clear, ran into
the creek, and the engineer and fireman
were drowned.

It was eleven o'clock. The passenger
train would soon be due. The girl resolved
to give warning. She took a lantern, set

out through the woods, and reached the
track, wading knee deep in water part of
the way. Three times she was thrown
down by the wind, and the last time her
lantern was extinguished.

In black darkness and in a flooding rain
she ran down the track, and reached a long
bridge that had open ties. The train was
already due, but she did not falter. Creep-
ing cautiously from tie to tie, and clinging
to the sides of the bridge, she forced her
way across. The station was not far from
the bridge. Cold and benumbed with
wind and rain, she made a dash for it, and
fell exhausted in the doorway.

"Stop the train!" she cried. "Honey
Creek bridge has fallen!"

The agent sprang to his instrument and
telegraphed to the next station: "Hold
the passenger train. Honey Creek bridge
is out."

The train was caught in the nick of
time. It was held back, and its two
hundred passengers owed their lives to the
brave Irish girl.—*Selected.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

NOVEMBER 11.

LESSON TOPIC.—The Twelve Chosen.—
Mark 3. 6-19.

MEMORY VERSES, Mark 3. 13-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.—I have chosen you, and
ordained you, that you should go and bring
forth fruit.—John 15. 16.

NOVEMBER 18.

LESSON TOPIC.—The Sermon on the
Mount.—Luke 6. 20-31.

MEMORY VERSES, Luke 6. 27-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.—As ye would that men
should do to you, do ye also to them like-
wise.—Luke 6. 31.

"How long does it take to be con-
verted?" said a young man to his father.
"How long," asked the father, "does it
take the judge to discharge the prisoner
when the jury have brought him in not
guilty?" "Only a minute." "When a
sinner is convinced that he is a sinner, and
is sorry for it; when he desires forgiveness
and deliverance from sin, and believes that
Christ is able and willing to save him, he
can be converted as speedily as the prisoner
can be discharged by the judge. It does
not take God a lifetime to discharge a pen-
itent soul from the condemnation and power
of sin."

Now that there are so few flowers to
send to sick boys and girls, can you not
think of something else to send? Games,
dolls, picture-books, jellies and nice little
things to eat are always welcome. The
other day I read about a little girl who
sent a dear young kitten to the Children's
Hospital. Wasn't that splendid? And
don't you suppose the sick boys and girls
had a lovely time with it?