

Family Bible. Each child in turn might choose a story to be read verse about, and then all knelt, while the mother prayed, not with long words or set phrases, but just a simple talking to God about her children, asking His love, and care and help. It is a memory we will never lose, and we can give no better to our children.

St. John, N.B.

Which?

Here are two little hands,
What can they do—
Good things or bad things
The whole day through?
Helping or hindering—
Which of the two?

Here are two little feet,
Where have they run—
Into the shadow or
Into the sun?
Helping or hindering—
Which have they done?

Here are two little lips,
What can they say—
Glad words or cross words
Through the whole day?
Helping or hindering—
Now, which are they?

Who Was the Prisoner?

On a wild and stormy sea a stout ship was tossing, buffeted by the waves. On board were nearly three hundred souls, many of them prisoners on their way to the capital of the empire to be judged by the emperor.

Each day the winds grew worse, and they skirted sheltering islands to escape the fury of the gale. When at last they reached a place which seemed to promise a safe harbor, the chief prisoner tried to prevail upon the captain in charge of the prisoners to remain there for the winter. But he listened instead to the master and owner of the ship, who promised to carry them on to a more convenient place to spend the winter in.

Then, when the south wind blew softly, they set out on their way again. But, not

long after, there arose another fearful storm. On one side lay a rocky, dangerous coast, and on the other the open sea. So they lightened the vessel, throwing overboard the cargo and the tackling, and the ship drove helplessly before the wind. The weather was so bad that the sailors could see neither sun nor stars to guide them, and all gave themselves up for lost.

But the chief prisoner stood up amongst them, and exhorted them to be of good cheer, for an angel of God had appeared to him in the night and said that, although the ship would be cast on an island, not a single person on board should perish.

So their hearts grew light again, although for fourteen days longer the tempest raged furiously. On the fourteenth night they found that they were near land, and the sailors cast anchor, let down the boats, and prepared to leave the ship.

But the chief prisoner again spoke to them all, and reminded them of God's promise to save them, if they trusted themselves to Him. So the boats were cut loose, and they waited patiently for daybreak. As the dawn shewed them an island with a narrow creek before them, the anchors were taken up, the main-sail hoisted, and the ship was run aground. There she went to pieces; but by swimming or clinging to pieces of wreckage, every one on board was saved, as God had promised.

Even the barbarous people of the island treated them with unusual kindness, providing them with food and clothing and sheltering them, until, three months later, they were able to proceed on their journey.

Who was the chief prisoner? And what was the name of the island on which the ship was driven?

Little Ones in India

The babies in India are darlings, with their merry laugh and pretty bright eyes. I am sure you would love them; but if you were there, it would never do for you to say, "What a little dear!" or, "Isn't it a darling?" because the mother and grandmother and aunts would all come round you and say, 'If you look, you will bring harm on him; we are afraid of "the evil eye."'

*Miss Lucia H.
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