

THE ATLANTIC DEMOCRATIC AND CATE'S MAY COUNTY REGISTER.

SATURDAY EVENING.

From the White Friend.

FRESH TIDE WORK.

"Fisherman, the time is short;

The sun is in the sky,

The night is coming down—all that

that's not rest.

You fish, you work best;

Then sleep, eat, then go to bed;

The rest prepares for the day by God.

It rest forever.

Wish thy self, then why thy how;

Leave them from thy soul;

And then strength giving air

Take thy all.

Wish thy work, then at the done.

On some costal boat;

And a strong strength giving air

Take thy all.

Wish thy work, then go in peace;

Life's half bright and won;

Meet from the ocean the master's voice,

"Well done, well done."

Wish thy work, then take it hard;

Give pride to God above,

Show a sign of mighty joy

And leave the last love.

Give thanks to Him who had the up;

All the costal boat.

Wish made then failed unto death.

And leaves the now.

—Allan and Jamie.

"Need I say my prayers tonight, ma-

ma?" said Allan to his mother, when the

time came to him to give him his good night

time: "I'm so sleepy, mamma."

"Too sleepy to think God for taking care

of you day after day; I keep you from falling

and your foot slipped while you were

were crossing the brook on a log to day."

"O mamma! if I suppose a big boy

as I am will keep myself from falling just

because my foot happens to slip, then I

will think I'm too big to be a baby," said Allan, adding: "I hope I'm strong enough to hold myself up; now I'm about eight years old."

"Allan, come with me," said his mother;

and the child went to his grandmother.

Both little boys were very quiet, and a few words to a sweet looking old lady, who arose and taking a bunch of keys from her pocket, gently unlocked a drawer in an old fashioned bureau. Grandmother's hand took the bunch of keys, and Allan saw a parcel wrapped up very carefully in a white towel. Sealing herself in a large arm chair, she called Allan to her side, and commented on the parcel, adding: "This is the gift from the town. The parcel is mine. Now the parcel is opened and Allan is rather disappointed to see nothing more wonderful than a suit of little boy's clothing worn and patched, and old fashioned.

"It is not bad, but not very nice," said Allan.

There was no better gift for the grandchild, who had the same idea in his mind.

Grandmother wiped the tears from her eyes, as she tenderly unbuttoned the little boy's garments. Her voice was very soft, when she said:

"These little clothes have lain here thirty years, Allan."

"Thirty years, grandmamma? Why were those so long ago?"

"You remember the old lady, now as

you are?" said Allan.

"It is thirty years since that day, when the bright waters closed over my ankle. I remember all about it, as if it were yesterday—then they brought him into this room, and he said: 'I am Allan, and I am the son of the town.' How stiff and cold he was. Then he said he had fallen from the high wall, crossing the brook. His fair curls were wet and tangled with gravel and weeds; his clothes were torn by the water; yet how beautiful he was when his hair was washed, and the color gone from his lips—He was eighty years old the day before."

"I shall be eight next week," whispered Allan.

I took the clothes from my darling—the little white clothes in which they had him on my knee—and here they have rested thirty years. Thirty years my Jamie has been in heaven, and I shall soon go to him, though he would not let me," said grandmamma, closing her eyes.

"Come, Allan, and his mama, speaking very softly, "say good night to grandmamma." Allan kissed her cheek, and looking at the old man, the old clothes, went out gently, and left the room.

"Dear mamma!" said he, when he was in his own room again, "was Jamie really your brother?"

"Yes, Allan, he was, and only brother I ever had."

"My heart was almost broken when he died."

"Mama," whispered Allan, "why did God keep me from drowning, and not little Jamie?"

"Perhaps my dear son, he saw that Jesus was better prepared for heaven than poor Allan. He was always a sweet, obedient child, and loved nothing so much as to hear the blessed Saviour."

"Oh, Allan, I am sure he was

not meant to die, I have often thought."

It was very proud because I thought I saved myself from falling off the log; and I didn't want to think that it was God who took care of me—*Second Story.*

It is not dangerous to put out your hand for mischief if I suppose God should punish; every naughty hand—the hand stretched out to strike, the hand stretched out to steal, the hand stretched out to push or to fight. God sees what every hand is doing.

OPPORTUNITY. Opportunity is the bower

time, and as the storm may remain after

the rain, so opportunity may remain to us

after the storm.

"No man is born with bad habits, and vicious propensities; though we frequently meet with viciousness under a mask."

To do good is of the very nature of God;

the very nature of the fire to warm or light to shine.

Keep yourselves from opportunities, and

God will keep you from sins.

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