



*The Ship on Fire; and the noble Pilot who saved 500 of his fellow-creatures, but sacrificed his own life.*







"She did not consider that she stole it, because it was condemned to the flames."

**"THOU SHALT NOT COVET."**  
 In 1853, I knew a young girl, whose great lament was a love of dress. She looked pale and wretched whenever she saw anyone among her companions better dressed than herself. She always lamented she was too poor to buy fine clothes. It happened that her aunt took a lodging-house at a watering-place, and this girl lived with her as a servant. A lady, from London, went down to lodge in their house. On the very night of the lady's arrival, she was seized with the worst form of cholera, and died in a few hours. The clothes the lady had on, when she was attacked with the disease, the doctor ordered should be buried, for fear of infection. There had not previously been a case of cholera in the town, and the authorities were anxious to take very vigorous measures, if possible, to stay the pestilence. Now the lodger had worn a very handsome silk gown. Jane noticed it with covetous eyes when the poor lady came. She heard the order given that the clothes should be burnt, to which of course the lady's friends made no objection, and Jane's aunt threw out a large bundle from the window, into an iron-pot in the yard, in which there was some lighted turf. But Jane managed to get away the silk gown. She did not consider that she stole it, because it was condemned to the flames. She coveted it, and yielded to the temptation. Now, some people think that cholera is not infectious, and I cannot venture to say whether it is, or not, but I know that no one in that house shared the poor lady's fate, but Jane. Ten days elapsed—she took an opportunity to wear that gown when she went to see her mother, and was taken ill with it, and died after three days' illness. "THOU SHALT NOT COVET."—From Mrs. Dalrymple's "Plain Thoughts for Plain People."

He that hateth covetousness shall prolong his days.

**A LADY OF THE OLDEN TIME.**  
 MRS. TROUPE, the accomplished wife of a captain of the British navy, gives a lively account of a call she with two other ladies made upon Mrs. Washington, who like her husband's mother, was distinguished for her management of household affairs. "As she was said to be so grand a lady," says Mrs. Troupe, "we thought we must put on our best laces and bands. So we dressed ourselves in our most elegant muslins and silks, and were introduced to her ladyship. And what do you think? We found her

knitting, and with a cheek upon on! She received us very graciously and easily, but after the compliments were over, she resumed her knitting. There we were without a stitch of work, and sitting in state; but General Washington's lady with her own hands was knitting stockings for her husband!"

**JACK, AND HIS HARD LUMP.**  
 "HALLO, Jack! Hallo! Won't you have a glass this cold morning?" cried a tavern-keeper to a jolly Jack Tar who was smartly stepping along the road. Jack had formerly been a hard drinker, and had spent many a bright sovereign in the tavern he was now passing, but a year ago he had signed the Temperance pledge.

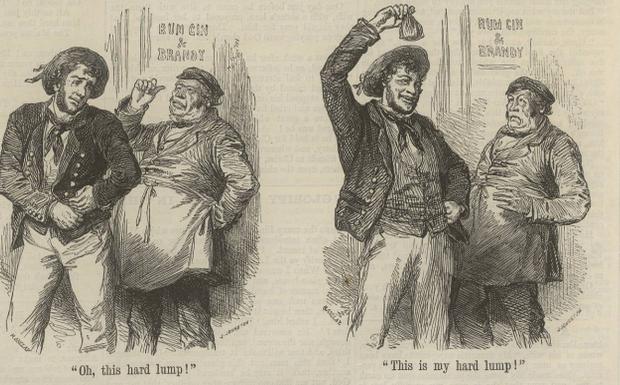
"No, landlord, no! I can't drink: I've got a hard lump at my side." As the witty sailor said these words, he pressed his hand against his side, adding, "Oh, this hard lump!"

"It's all through leaving off grog," replied the landlord: "some good drink will take your lump away. If you are fool enough to keep on teetotal, your lump will get bigger, and very likely you'll be having a hard lump at your side."

"True! true! old boy," with a hearty laugh, responded the merry tar, as he briskly drew out a bag of gold from his side-pocket, and held it up to the publican's gaze. "This is my hard lump. You are right in saying that if I drink, my lump will go away, and if I stick to teetotal I shall have a bigger lump. Good-bye to you, landlord. By God! he help I'll keep you of your net, and try to get a hard lump on your side!"

**TEARS.**—Robert Hall considered the word 'tears' surprisingly beautiful. It belongs to the Saxon family he so dearly loved. The tear itself often glows like a diamond on the cheek where the rose and lily blend. Its moral beauty, as a perfect dispenser of compassion and benevolence, is the greater. There are tears of gratitude, of joy. These sparkle like the morning dew. There are tears of penitence. Angels celebrate them with their heavenly harps.

**A Beautiful Thought.**—A little Swedish girl, while walking with her father on a starry night, absorbed in contemplation of the skies, being asked of what she was thinking, replied, "I was thinking if the wrong side of heaven is so glorious, what must the right be?"



"Oh, this hard lump!"

"This is my hard lump!"

**"PAINE'S LAST MOMENTS" AGAIN.**

The Rev. HUGH JONES, Minister of the Seaman's Chapel, Commercial Road, London, writes:—  
 "On Sunday afternoon, I observed a coloured man enter the reading-room. After tea, he related to us his Christian experience, the details of which were most gratifying. He reminded us that on his visit to this country during the last year, he had attended the Seaman's Chapel, and our Sunday meeting. He left port deeply impressed with what he had seen and heard there, and anxious about his soul's salvation. When on board, he read his Bible, as also the little publications with which our Mission supplied him on leaving England. These had, by the blessing of God, led him to the Saviour, and to the peace of the Gospel. Besides this, the mate of the vessel observing him reading one day, inquired what it was that interested him. He told the mate it was the BARRIST WORKMAN, and the article that he was then engaged with, was about Paine's Dying Moments. In reply to this, the mate, who was a septic, said it was 'all oosh and ooziness' or words of that sort. He, however, accepted the loan of the periodical. In a fortnight's time, the mate was observed to be reading the Bible, and before reaching port, professed to have found the mercy of God in Christ Jesus!"

**'NEW SHOES' OR, GOOD FOR TRADE.**

It is interesting to observe how 'good for trade' it is when a man gives up his drinking habits. There was a noted drunkard in York, who for twenty-five years had never entered a place of worship, and had during that time been accustomed to wear the 'cast-off things' of others. After joining the Temperance Society at the Merchant's Hall, he soon began to clothe himself in decent garments, bought with his own honest and hard-earned wages. The tailor, the hosiery, the draper, and various other tradesmen, reaped the benefit of the man's reformation. It was quite an event in his when he entered a shoemaker's shop to be "measured" for a new pair of shoes. What a mighty change would be effected in our country if the fifty millions now spent yearly in strong drink, were devoted to industry!

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