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HOW PRAYER IS SOMETIMES ANSWERED.

AN OLD SAILOR'S ANECDOTE.

The cause of my choosing the sea for a profession was this.—My father had dealings with sea-captains in the way of business; and when I was a slip of a boy, I used often to go with him to the docks; and while he was attending to his affairs, I was at liberty to roam over the vessels, of which we were on board, pretty much as I liked. It was not long before I ventured up the rat-boards; and being nimble and clear-headed, I was soon expert enough at that part of the business.

One day my father came on deck with the captain of a fine In-
man, out of the cabin; and looked round for me; but I was nowhere to be found, till at last, casting his eyes aloft, he saw me perched on the cross-trees. He soon made his voice heard; and the next minute I was standing beside him.

"You shouldn't have ventured there, George," said my father. "I don't know how soon an accident might happen."

"Oh, father," I said; "there is not any danger: it's only good to get up into the rigging."

"Good fun, you call it, my boy, eh?" interposed the captain, rapping my head, good-naturedly; "well, now, I shouldn't wonder if you would like to be a sailor."

"I don't believe that I had ever thought of it before: I had always expected to be brought up to my father's business; but without much hesitation, I answered that I thought I should like it.

"Very well," said the captain; "get your father's leave, and I will all go out with me next voyage."