

appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Gibraltar, and filled that position until 1874, when he finally returned to England.

WE DO NOT KNOW.

DEAR child, dear child, we do not know
Why sorrows come and pleasures go,
Why oft we fail when most we try,
But God knows why,
And we shall all know by-and-by

We do not know, we cannot tell,
But O, the Father knoweth well,
Why one is sick and one is fair,
One sick with care,
And this world's poor are everywhere

We walk in darkness; but He sees
And shows us gently, by degrees
And step by step, the hidden way,
If we but pray:
"Lord, make me follow Thee alway."

We must be patient till the end,
And leave to him the way we wend,
For never here our eye can see
The plan that He
In mercy plans for you and me.

Our best is ill; our worst perhaps
His pity counts a lesser lapse,
But every sin is very black,
And holds us back
From duty's straight and shining track.

Sweet is the fear that will not dare
Forget his law or spurn his care,
And sweeter still the love that saith
With every breath:
"Lord, make me faithful unto death."
—Harriet M Ewen Kimball.

A BRAVE BOY.

BY THE REV. J. C. SEYMOUR.



O this is our new cabin-boy, was my inward exclamation," says our story teller, "as I walked on deck and saw a dark-eyed, handsome youth, leaning against the railing and gazing with a sad abstracted air into the foamy waves that were lustily dashing against the vessel. I had heard so many remarks made about him by the crew, who did not like him because he seemed somewhat shy of them, and they were continually tormenting him with their rough jokes. He had refused to drink any intoxicating liquor since he came on board, and I was curious to know more about him.

"Allen," I asked, "have you ever been on the ocean before?"

"No, sir," he replied, respectfully touching his hat.

"You will find that this is a very rough and dangerous life then," I continued.

"I shall endeavour to use myself to it as other have done before me, besides," he continued earnestly, "as long as I know that God dwells on sea as well as land, I can safely face any hardships I may have to encounter." These words uttered with such an air of innocence and trust in a supreme power, surprised me. Not being entirely satisfied with my enquiries, I asked—

"Why did you not accept the liquor which some of the sailors have so good-naturedly offered you?"

"Because," he replied almost vehem-

ently, "I hate the smell of rum, I despise the beverage, and can only look with disgust upon those who favour it and," here his voice quivered with suppressed emotion, "because I have felt the curse of its baneful effects." He said no more, but abruptly turned and left me.

"My interest and sympathy were sufficiently aroused however, and I resolved to watch over, and protect him as far as possible from the un-governable temper of the captain, and the rough jokes of the sailors. A few days after my conversation with Allen, I was standing beside the captain, when suddenly rough shouts and laughter broke upon our ears; we went to the fore part of the deck, and found a group of sailors trying their utmost to persuade Allen to partake of their grog.

"Laugh on," I heard Allen's firm voice reply, "but I'll never taste a drop. You ought to be ashamed to drink it yourselves, much more to offer it to another." A second shout of laughter greeted the reply, and one of the sailors, emboldened by the captain's presence, whom they all knew was a great drinker himself, approached the boy, and said—

"Now, me hearty, get ready to keel roight over on your beam end, whin ye've swallowed this." He was just going to pour the liquor down his throat when, quick as a flash, Allen seized the bottle and flung it far overboard. While the sailors were looking regretfully after the sinking bottle, Allen looked pale but composed, at Captain Harden, whose face was scarlet with suppressed rage. I trembled for the boy's fate. Suddenly Captain Harden cried out sternly—

"Hoist that fellow aloft into the main topsail. I'll teach him better than to waste my property." Two sailors approached him to execute the order; but Allen quietly waved them back, and said in a low respectful tone—

"I'll go myself, captain, and I hope you will pardon me, I meant no offence. I saw his hand tremble a little as he took hold of the rigging. For one unused to the sea it was extremely dangerous to climb that height. For a moment he hesitated, as he seemed to measure the distance, but he quietly recovered himself, and proceeded slowly and carefully.

"Faster!" cried the captain, as he saw with what care he measured his steps, and faster Allen tried to go, but his foot slipped, and for a moment I stood horror-struck, gazing up at the dangling form suspended from the arms in mid-air. A coarse laugh from the captain, a jeer from the sailors, and Allen again caught hold of the rigging, and soon he was in the watch basket.

"Now, stay there, you young scamp, and get some of the spirit frozen out of you," muttered the captain, as he went down into the cabin. Knowing the captain's temper, I dared not interfere while he was in his present frame of mind. By night-fall, however, I proceeded to the cabin, and found him seated before the table, with a half-empty bottle of his favourite champagne before him. I knew he had been drinking freely, and, therefore, had little hope that Allen would be released, still I ventured to say—

"Pardon my intrusion, Captain Harden, but I am afraid our cabin-boy

will be sick if he is compelled to stay up there much longer."

"Sick! bah, not a bit of it; he's got too much grit in him to yield to such nonsense; no person on board my ship ever gets sick; they know better than to play that game on me. But I'll go and see what he is doing, anyhow."

"Arrived on deck, speaking through his trumpet, he shouted, 'Ho! my lad.'"

"Aye, aye, sir," was the faint, but prompt response from above, as Allen's face appeared, looking with eager hope for his release.

"How do you like your new berth?" was the captain's mocking question.

"Better than grog or whiskey, sir," came the quick reply from Allen.

"If I allow you to descend, will you drink the contents of this glass?" and he held up, as he spoke, a sparkling glass of his favourite wine.

"I have foreworn all intoxicating drinks, sir, and I will not break my pledge, even at the risk of my life."

"There, that settles it," said the captain, turning to me; "he's got to stay up there to-night; he'll be toned down before morning." After the captain had disappeared, I hastily took some blankets, and induced the steward to supply me with some warm biscuit and coffee, and with them I went up to the poor fellow. He eagerly took it without saying a word, at last he said—

"I suppose, I will have to stay up here all night."

"Yes, poor fellow, I'm sorry, but why did you not taste, at least, a little of the wine, just to humor him? You would have been free now, if you had done so."

"Sir," he began earnestly, "if you had promised your mother, in her dying hour, never to taste anything intoxicating, would you break that promise?"

"No, certainly not, my friend; but I think if your mother knew the circumstances you are placed in at present, she would absolve you from your pledge for the sake of your safety."

"She does know, she does know it," he whispered, grasping my hand tightly. But fearing to be discovered in my work of mercy, I cut short the conversation and bade him good-night. By early dawn Captain Harden ordered him to be taken down, for to his call, "Ho, my lad!" there was no reply, and he began to feel alarmed.

A glass of warm wine and biscuit were standing ready for him beside the captain, who was sober now, and when he saw the limp form of Allen carried into his presence by two sailors his voice softened, as he said—

"Here, my lad, drink that and I will trouble you no more." With a painful gesture, the boy waved him back, and in a feeble voice said—

"Captain Harden, will you allow me to tell you a little of my history?"

"Go on," said the captain, "but do not think it will change my mind, you have to drink this just to show you he bend stiff necks on board my ship."

"Two weeks before I came on board this ship I stood beside my mother's coffin. I heard the dull thud of falling earth as the sexton filled the grave which held the last remains of my darling mother. I saw the people leave the spot, I was alone, yes alone, for she who loved and cared for me was gone. I knelt for a moment

upon the fresh turf, and while the hot tears rolled down my cheeks, I vowed never to taste the liquor that had broken my mother's heart and ruined my father's life. Two days later, I stretched my hand through the prison bars, behind which my father was confined, I told him of my intention of going to sea. Do with me what you will, captain; let me freeze to death in the mainmast, throw me into the sea below, anything, but do not for my dead mother's sake, force me to drink that poison that has ruined a wife's husband, and do not let it ruin a mother's only son."

He sank back exhausted, and burst into a fit of tears. The captain stepped forward, and laying his hand, which trembled a little, upon the boy's head, said to the crew who had collected round—

"For our mothers' sake, let us respect Allen Bankroft's pledge. And never," he continued, firing up, "let me catch any of you ill-treating him." He then hastily withdrew to his apartment. The sailors were scattered and I was left alone with Allen.

"Lieutenant, what does this mean? Is it possible that—that—"

"That you are free," I added, "and that no one will trouble you again." "Lieutenant," he said, "if I was not so ill and cold just now, I think I'd just toss my hat and give three hearty cheers for Captain Harden." He served on our vessel three years, and was a universal favourite. When he left, Captain Harden presented him with a handsome gold watch as a memento of his night in the mainmast."

NICE GIRLS.

ONCE I met at a garden party a clergyman's wife—an accomplished, graceful woman—who introduced her three daughters, all so much after the mother's type that I could not help admiring them.

"Yes," she said, with a tender pride, "I think my girls are nice girls. And so useful too. We are not rich, and we have nine children. So we told the girls that they would have either to turn out and earn their bread abroad, or stay at home and do the work of the house. They chose the latter. We keep no servant—only a char-woman to scrub and clean. My girls take it by turn to be cook, housemaid, and parlor maid. In the nursery, of course, they are all in all to their little brothers and sisters."

"But how about education? I asked.

"O, the work being divided among so many, we find time for lessons too. Some we can afford to pay for, and then the elder teach the younger ones. 'Where there's a will there's a way.' My girls are not ignoramuses, or recluses either. Look at them now."

And as I watched the gracious, graceful damsels, in their linen dresses and straw hats, home manufactured, but as pretty as any of the elegant toilets there—I saw no want in them; quite the contrary. They looked so happy, too,—so gay and at ease.

"Yes," answered the smiling mother, "it is because they are always busy. They never have time to pet and mope, especially about themselves. I do believe my girls are the merriest and happiest girls alive."

I could well imagine it.