

The Dying Sailor and the Bible.

AN affecting story is related of a young sailor who died on board a whale-ship in the South Atlantic. James Duboice (such was his name) had been carefully reared; but impelled by a strong love of adventure and an ardent desire to see the world, had gone to sea. The ship had made a prosperous voyage, and was on her way home.

Of all the men in that ship none were more elated than James. He had been ashore at the Azores, and got a few curiosities; he had been ashore at Rio and Cape Verde Islands, and clambered up the rocky sides of one of the Falkland Islands; and he felt already his mother's kiss, and heard the cordial welcome of friends at home, and saw their look of wonder, and heard their words of astonishment, while he showed his shells and related his adventures to them. He spent the whole of his middle watch in painting with enthusiastic words the anticipated meeting, and the scene which would occur at home. Poor fellow! it was only a waking dream with him; he never saw his mother again.

The next day he went to work at "stowing down" the oil. It was a rough sea, and the ship pitched heavily, so as to make it hard and dangerous work to handle the casks of oil. The last cask was stowed and filed, and in ten minutes more the hatches would be down. Duboice stood on the cask, in the main hatchway, and was passing a few sticks of wood down amongst the water casks, when the vessel rolled leeward, a cask of water broke from the lashings at the weather rail, and rolled into the hatchway where he stood, and in one instant, both legs below the knees, were literally jammed to pieces, the bones were broken into shivers.

We took him into the steerage, and did the best we could to bind up his broken limbs, and make him comfortable; but we knew, and he knew, that his days were numbered—he must die. That night, as I sat by his berth and watched with him, he was constantly calling "Mother! mother!" Oh, it was heart rending to hear him in his piteous ravings, calling "Mother! mother!" and then he would weep like a child because she came not. In the morning watch he grew calm and spoke rationally again. After giving me his parents' address and a message for them, he slept a little while. When he awoke he bade me go to the fore-castle and open his chest, and under the till I would find his Bible. I brought it to him, and he opened it at the blank leaf, and looked long and eagerly at the name. His mother had given it to him when he left home, and on the fly-leaf was written by her hand, "Presented to James Duboice, by his mother, Sarah Duboice."

"Now read to me," said he, handing me the book.

"Where shall I read?"

"Where it tells us how to get ready for heaven."

I felt bewildered, and knew not where to read; but opening the book at random, my eye fell on the fifty-first Psalm, and I read to him from that psalm till I came to the tenth verse, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

"Hold there! That is what I want," said he. "Now, how shall I get it?"

"Pray God to give it to you for Jesus' sake," I suggested.

"Oh, yes, Jesus is the Saviour. Shipmate, it is an awful thing to die; and I have got to go. Oh, if mother was here to tell me how to get ready!" and he trembled with earnestness. After a short of pause, during which he seemed to be in deep thought, he said:

"Do you know of any place where it is said that such sinners as I can be saved?"

I quoted 1 Tim. i. 15: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."

"Oh, shipmate," said he, "that is good. Can you think of any more?"

I quoted Heb. vii. 25: "He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them."

"That's plain. Now, if I only knew how to come to God."

"Come like a child to his father, I suggested."

"How is that?"

"As the child feels that his father can help him in danger, so you are to feel that God can help you now. And as the child trusts his father by fleeing to him, so you must trust Jesus by casting yourself upon him."

He lay a little time engaged in earnest pleadings with God, as was evident from the few words I overheard. Then the tears began to run down his face; his eyes opened, and a bright smile played like a sunbeam over his features.

"He forgives me, and I shall be saved," he said, "with a voice like the sound of a flute for sweetness. The day dawned—then the sun arose in regal splendour on the ocean. I held his hand in mine, and I felt the death-thrill; then he murmured, 'He's come, He's come.'"

"Who has come?"

"Jesus," he whispered, and he fell asleep.

On sped the noble ship till four bells in the afternoon, and then we laid the main tops to the mast and buried him, closely sewed in his hammock, in the "deep, deep sea."

WHEN you take up a spool of cotton or silk and read on the end, "warranted" so many hundred yards, do not suppose that the thread is measured when reeled. All that is regulated by the size of the spool, consequently much care is taken to make it of exactly the right size. The wood from which spools are made comes from the saw-mill in sticks about four feet long, and from one to four inches square. These are put in a machine which turns out a long cylinder with a hole running through the centre. A saw then cuts the stick into the proper length, making what are called "rough" spools. An expert can turn out 23,000 a day. After being sent to a drying-room, where hot air is blown through them that they may shrink properly, they are put into the hands of a "finisher" to be grooved to the proper size, by means of a machine made for the purpose. When covered with silk or cotton, spools look much alike in size, but the empty ones show what a difference there is, and what a chance there might be to cheat in the number of yards.

The Stolen Starling.

A LAWYER had a cage hanging on the wall in his office in which was a starling. He had taught the little fellow to answer when he called it. A boy named Charlie came in one morning. The lawyer left the boy there while he went out for a few minutes. When he returned, the bird was gone. He asked, "Where is my bird?" Charlie replied that he did not know anything about it. "But," said the gentleman: "Charlie, that bird was in the cage when I went out. Now tell me all about it; where is it?" Charlie declared that he knew nothing about it; that the cage-door was open, and he guessed the bird had flown out. The lawyer called out, "Starling, where are you?" The bird spoke right out of the boy's pocket, "Here I am." Ah, what a fix that boy was in! He had stolen the bird, and hid it, as he supposed, in a safe place, and had told two lies to conceal his guilt. It was testimony that all the world would believe. The boy had nothing to say. The bird was a living witness that he was a thief and a liar.

We have not all of us a starling, but we have a conscience, not in our pocket, but in a more secure place—in our soul; and that tells the story of our guilt or our innocence. As the bird answered when the lawyer called it, so when God speaks our conscience will reply, and give such testimony as we cannot deny.

EACH little duty left undone,
The selfishness however small,
The evil thought, which nurtured grows,
A heart all blind to others' woes—
God sees it—all!

The little duty bravely done,
Each sacrifice, however small,
An ill-thought strangled in its birth,
The smile to cheer another's death—
God sees it—all!

He sees it all! the right, the wrong!
Nothing can be too great or small,
The feeblest effort in His name,
The sorrow, happiness, or shame—
God sees them—all!

Why Put Off?

THERE is a legend of a hermit, who was led by an angel into the wood, where he saw an old man cutting down boughs for an armful of wood. At length he tied it up and lifted it on his shoulders; but, finding it heavy, he laid it down again, and cut more wood, and tied this up with the rest. Then he tried again to carry the larger bundle away, but it was heavier still. He kept adding wood until it was impossible to carry the bundle. At last, in a desperate effort to do so, he fell and was crushed to death. The hermit, seeing the old man's folly, asked the angel what it meant. "The old man," said the angel, "illustrates the folly of those who think they will repent, but find it so hard that they get discouraged, and go on adding to their sins, which year by year become greater, while their strength becomes weaker, until at last they die in their sins, and where Christ has gone they cannot come."

How foolish it is to put off that which we know ought to be attended to at once—repentance and friendship with God!

"To-day the Saviour calls—
O listen now,
Within these sacred walls,
To Jesus now."

Boys and Girls' Temperance Lessons.

LESSON II.

Alcohol—Continued.

QUESTION. How is alcohol obtained?

ANSWER. Alcohol is the product of fermentation, and is obtained in usable quantities from fruits and vegetables and grains while they are in the process of decay.

Q. Is alcohol a necessary in a healthy condition of animal life?

A. It is not a necessity.

Q. Does alcohol permanently increase strength?

A. Science and experience unite in saying that it does not.

Q. Does alcohol add permanently to the body's power of endurance?

A. It does not.

Q. Do persons who seek to possess their highest possible physical force, use alcohol to this end?

A. They do not. On the contrary, they do not use it at all.

Q. Can persons do more work with the mind by using alcohol?

A. In the long run, they cannot do as much.

Q. Is even the moderate use of alcohol a good to the healthy human system?

A. It is not.

Q. What is the PROPER use of alcohol?

A. Alcohol is a preservative and solvent, and is necessary in the preparation of medicines and in the mechanical arts.

Q. What effect does it have when taken into a healthy animal body?

A. Taken in small quantities, into a healthy animal body, it is a disturbing and evil agent. Taken in large quantities, it is a deadly poison.

A Touching Story.

ONE rarely meets with a more touching romance than is found in the following story, which comes from Wales:

"A number of years ago some miners in exploring an old pit that had long been closed found the body of a young man dressed in clothing of a fashion long out of date. The peculiar action of the air of the mine was such as to preserve the body so perfectly that it appeared asleep rather than dead. The miners were puzzled at the circumstance. No one in the district had been missed within their remembrance; and at last it was resolved to bring in the oldest inhabitant—an old lady long past her eightieth year, who had lived single in the village the whole of her life. On being taken into the presence of the body a strange scene occurred. She kissed it, and addressed it by every term of endearment. He was her only love; she had waited for him during her long life. She knew he had not forsaken her. The old lady and the young man had been betrothed sixty years before. The lover had disappeared mysteriously, and she had kept faithful during the long interval. Time had stood still with the young man, but had left its mark on the woman. The miners who were present were a rough set; but very gently and with tearful eyes they removed the old lady to her house, and that night her faithful spirit rejoined that of her long lost lover."

*We purpose giving a series of these Temperance Lessons, which, we hope, will train up our boys and girls to be thorough abstemious.