



DAN LAVIN SHOWS HOW THE FIRE-SHIPS ATTACKED THE SPANISH FLEET.

DO THY LITTLE—DO IT WELL.

Do thy little—do it well;  
Do what right and reason tell,  
Do what wrong and sorrow claim—  
Conquer sin and cover shame.  
Do thy little—do it well;  
Do what right and reason tell.

Do thy little; never mind.  
Though thy brethren be unkind;  
Though the men who ought to smile  
Mock and taunt thee for a while.  
Do thy little—do it well;  
Do what right and reason tell.

Do thy little. God hath made  
Million leaves for forest shade;  
Smallest stars their glory bring;  
God employeth everything.  
Do thy little—do it well;  
Do what right and reason tell.

Then the little thou hast done  
Little battles thou hast won,  
Little masteries achieved,  
Little wants with care relieved,  
Little words in love expressed,  
Little wrongs at once confessed,  
Little favors kindly done,  
Little toils thou didst not shun,  
Little graces meekly won,  
Little slights with patience borne—

These shall crown thy pillowed head,  
Holy light upon thee shed.  
These are treasures that shall rise  
Far beyond the shining skies.

IN THE DAYS OF THE GREAT ARMADA.

(By Crona Temple in Sunday at Home.)  
CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

There was more bell-ringing in Plymouth when the ships came back to the Haven. The "Ark-Raleigh" stayed at the Nore, together with the "Golden Lion," and most of the larger vessels, but the "Little Bear" came beating back against the adverse winds, and on board of her were the Devon and Cornish men who had volunteered for the queen's service. And amongst these were Earle and Dan Lavin.

The "Saucy Susan" was reduced to a few scorched fragments tossing in the tide on the Flanders shores, but Dan had never been so proud to own his sloop as he was to return without her.

"I tell you," he said, when at length he stood again on his own house floor, an admiring audience around him, "I tell you that it was herself, my sloop no less! that very sloop the "Saucy Susan" that first frightened the Dons. They were not beaten till then, not they. We had hurried and worried them well, that I don't deny; but there they lay in their flaunting lines waiting for the Prince of Parma. When down the wind in dead of night what should come against them but the "Susan!" A small thing, my masters, say you? aye. But the cargo she carried was large enough to fright Medina and all his men. You might recollect the tar and pine that I did not take time to clear out from her hold,

when we rushed off in such haste at the heels of the Dons? Well, that remnant of cargo was what did the business! That tar the "Susan" carried, flaring and spluttering, right into the Spanish throats. I crave your patience:—see, it was in this way:—here, we will say, lies the "Armada—"

And Dan ranged a circle of working-men's boots (boots being part of the stock-in-trade of his store) to represent the Duke of Medina's fleet; seized a large tin can for the "Saucy Susan," and half-a-dozen very small porringers for her sister fire-ships, and finally laid a broom-stick in the background which was to stand for the English.

"There! a fool might understand the thing," cried he, vigorously pushing on both can and porringers, "what could the Dons do in the face of such an onslaught as that?"

And his listeners, hanging breathless on the tale, watching every movement of the queer collection illustrating his story, look on Lavin himself with a respect they had never before felt for their bustling tradesman. Dan Lavin, shopkeeper and owner of the "Saucy Susan" was as nothing in comparison with Dan Lavin whose sloop, though lost for ever, had taken the first place in the rout of the ships of King Philip, and who had been rewarded for his devotion and thanked by the queen herself in her own palace in London!

And as for Dan's wife and three rosy-cheeked daughters, they held their heads higher to the day of their death on the strength of Dan's share in the defeat of the Great Armada.

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The news of the return of the Devon men ran through the country like wild-fire. It was not only Mistress Lavin and her daughters that had cause to be proud; other folks living on the shores of Exe had heroes to welcome, and valorous deeds to hear of.

And up on the slope—where the rye was reaped, leaving bare stubble, with here and there a wild pansy, and here and there a struggling poppy-bud, and again a bit of chickweed trailing humbly with its milk-white stars—stood Doris.

It was one of her father's good days; he had been carried into the open air, and lay in the mellow sunshine, his hollow eyes looking as wistfully as Doris's down towards the town.

He knew now how dearly he loved his boy.

He had given him up to danger, to probable death—for who could imagine that the victory could have been so cheaply purchased, at such small cost of life to England? And now he was about to welcome him home. Such parting and such meeting times probe to the very depths of human love.

"Doris!"

The girl retraced her steps, and came from the edge of the field to her father's side where he lay, with the late summer flowers making the air sweet above him, and the clematis from the porch swaying its load of blossom above his head.

"Doris, how long is it since he went away?"

"Nine weeks and three days, my father."

"Nay, child, and that cannot, cannot be—"

She blushed as red as the rose-petals beside her.

"You ask of Earle? Of Earle surely... Barely six weeks, dear father. 'Tis now the end of August, and he left us the day the word came that the Spaniards were in sight."

She had been thinking of her lover, it was not alone for Earle she was watching; it was not only Earle who had carried a bit of her heart with him off in the Lord Admiral's ships.

But it was only Earle that came up the hill in the sharp cruel sunshine that showed so plainly the lad's solitary figure. Was Robert loitering, then? Had he greetings in Exmouth that must come before his

greetings to her? Or... and her cheeks faded from rose-red to lily-white,—or had something terrible happened? Was it that he would never, never come back at all?

It seemed like a dream to her, afterwards, that hour that followed. Earle, so full of joy; with his proud gladheartedness held well in check lest he should again be betrayed into "boasting." Her father with a light in his eyes that she had not seen there for long years, and on his lips deep broken words of thankfulness for his boy's safety and for his country's deliverance. And above them the deep blue of the summer sky spread like a benediction over the world. While murmurs from afar,—snatches of music, the hoarse voice of British cheers, and those untiring bells—spoke of the great chorus of England's rejoicing. Then neighbors came trooping in,—even old Dame Townshend whom nobody had seen walking for ever so long!

And amongst them all Doris stood like one under the spell of a dream. She would have given the dearest thing she possessed to have had power to ask "Where then is Robert Bulteel?" And yet after all it was the possible answer, not the asking of the question that daunted her.

In the midst of all that joyous talk Earle suddenly caught sight of her face. "Selfish wight that I am!" he cried, "I'm keeping your property, Doris, while I talk you all deaf." And he took from his doublet a packet which was tied and sealed very securely, and superscribed "For the dear hands of Mistress Clatworthy, these."

The girl's reading powers were sadly limited; ladies following the example of their learned queen were yet rare in England, and it is said that even Shakespeare's daughter was unable to write her own name! But Doris managed to decipher every word of that letter, notwithstanding: It was a strange letter.

There was in it just what she longed to know. Her lover lived, and loved her still. When that was plainly to be read it was easy to bear the next words:—he had been wounded almost to death; but he was mending now, under kind care from noble hands whose tendance was greater honor than he deserved.

Doris did not believe that! Her hero had deserved from England the highest and noblest that England could give. Then what did these next lines mean? Had she read them quite right'y?

"There are many things to be learnt through pain, dear-heart. Some truths there are which show more sharply in the valley of the Shadow than they ever do in the careless light of health and prosperity. I have learned something of the meaning of life:—that meaning of which thy father spoke one day, and I failed to grasp the sense of his words. Now, day by day, it grows clearer to me. It is not success, Doris, or possessions, or victory, however great and grand, it is not even duty done that gives a man peace when he lies as I have lain at the threshold of the Dark Door. But a message of Peace reached me there, dimly and in wavering clearness; and when I return to thee, sweet-heart,—if such joy there be yet in store—thou wilt help me to understand it more perfectly; that thy life together with mine may be given to that service which alone is Love and Liberty."

It was no marvel that Doris failed to comprehend such words as these.

They held the secret of all existence, the sum of all knowledge. Our life is our Father's gift, sealed with the Infinite Image, sanctified with the incarnate life of his sinless son. And this life is not to be spent for man's pleasure or gain or glory, but in the service of the Father.

And in that service all duty is enfolded; all love is included; all joy is held. And truest dignity, and highest honor, and widest worth all given to the "meek which inherit the earth."

Not yet could Doris grasp such truth. But it is to the simple and the childlike that such "wisdom" is revealed; and to her simple child-like heart it came at last.

They tell yet on Plymouth Hoe of how the news came of the approach of the Great Armada; and stories yet are handed down amongst the fisher-folk of the sea-

fight that was fought off shore. But deeper traces and clearer evidences than any that the weed-grown reef can show exist of the victory won for England in the year 1588. Once and for ever the bonds that would fain have enthralled men's consciences were shattered and cast to the winds. There are open Bibles in every home,—the pure simple English worship of God in every village in the land. It was not only Queen Elizabeth and her people, not only such as Doris Clatworthy and Sir Robert Bulteel that had cause for rejoicing.

And we ourselves, in this free country of ours, have now, at this very day, cause to thank our God for the victory which he helped British hearts and hands to win three hundred years ago.

THE END.

NOT A DAY TOO SOON.

John Grant knew nothing about salvation when he entered a crowded Mission Hall one Sunday evening.

He had gone in because he saw a crowd going, and because the singing sounded so pleasant. He was a rough miner, but sometimes under a very unpolished surface there beats a warm, true heart; and as John sat and listened to the preacher, and understood for the first time that Jesus Christ had really died for him, actually taken his place, and borne his punishment, a great thrill of gratitude moved him, and tears of deeply-stirred feeling sprang to his eyes. And when the people thronging the building were solemnly asked if they had availed themselves of this great sacrifice, if the question of salvation by Christ was settled for them, a rapid purpose was formed in John's mind.

He was the first to enter the inquiry-room, emphatically saying, "The question is not settled yet, but, please God, it shall be before I leave this room." And it was. He rose from his knees at length, with the "marvellous light" into which he had been led, reflected from his face, and utterance of clear, definite testimony to the Saviour's life-giving power on his lips.

As he was leaving the room, he turned to say to the kind Christian friends who had helped him so much, "Yes, the question is settled now, thank God! and tomorrow morning, when I go down into the mine, I shall take the Lord Jesus with me."

And in the morning he came to the pit's mouth, his whole aspect telling of the new-found joy, entered the cage, and began to descend in the usual manner. But not for long. Something wrong with the machinery, a sudden jerk, a crash, and the body of John Grant lay lifeless hundreds of feet below. He thought to take the Lord Jesus with him down into the gloom and toil of the mine; Jesus, instead, took him up to the glory and rest of heaven. The question was not settled a day too soon.—A. I.

GREATEST HUMAN AIDS.

If we were asked what are the two greatest human aids to pulpit power, we should say, self-possession and self-abandonment.—Paxton Hood.



EARLE GIVES DORIS A LETTER.