

get some." "I can't takè a boy into my ship without any recommendation." "O Sir, I'll be so obedient. I'll do whatever you bid me!" "O, that's very well to say, my good fellow; but, once for all, I say, I'll not have a boy without his certificates." Poor John thought a moment, and looked about him with great sadness. Suddenly he recollected he had his Bible. He took it out of his pocket, and showed the Captain what was written on the first page. "Will that do, Sir, for a testimonial?" The Captain read, "Given to John Reynolds, as a reward for his good conduct in the Sunday-school." "Well, my boy, I'll take you on that recommendation. Follow me quickly to my ship."

John was now on board, on his way to St. Petersburg. After a few days, a violent storm arose, and the vessel was in danger of shipwreck. In the midst of the general confusion and alarm, John took out his Bible, and read the fifty-first Psalm aloud to them. He then knelt down, and earnestly prayed to God to make the storm cease, and to save them from its fury. One by one, the sailors, and even the Captain, gathered round him, fell on their knees, and prayed with him. It pleased God to hear their prayer: the wind ceased, and the ship went on its way in safety. "It was a happy day for me when I decided to take you, my boy," said the Captain. "As soon as we reach St. Petersburg, you shall have a day on shore; for your prayers have saved the ship." He kept his promise, and the boy employed his holiday in going all over that large and beautiful city. He stopped in front of the Emperor's palace, and stood still, admiring all the magnificent carriages which were passing to and fro. While thus employed, he saw something fall out of one of them. He picked it up: it was a beautiful diamond bracelet. He ran after the carriage, and called out

to the coachman to stop; but it was useless. The carriage was soon quite out of sight. John went back directly to the Captain, and showed him what he had found. "You're a lucky fellow, John: these are very valuable diamonds." "But they are not mine," answered John. "Where did you find them?" "They fell out close to me. I picked them up, and ran after the carriage; but the coachman drove on, and neither saw nor heard me." "Well, John, you did all you could to give them back to their owners: now they are yours. You can sell them in London, and get a great deal of money for them." But John was much too honest to be caught by the bait. "No, no, Captain: the diamonds are not mine. If we had a storm in returning to England, I could not pray to God with such a dishonest intention in my heart; and what would become of us then?" "Ah, I had not thought of that," said the Captain: "come, we'll try and find the owner." She was soon discovered, and John received £50 as a reward for his honesty. An immense sum for him. By the Captain's advice, he laid it out in furs, which he afterwards sold in England for double the price they had cost him. With this little fortune, and a light joyous heart, he began his journey home.— He soon saw the cottage where he had left his poor mother; but the path was all grown over with grass, the windows were shut up, the house was empty. Poor John was almost broken-hearted. "Doubtless," he thought, "my poor mother has died of want and misery." But he just then recognised one of the neighbours, who ran up to him, and told him his mother still lived, and was well, though in the alms-houses. With what delight they met! and how happy and grateful did John feel, when he brought his mother back to their own cottage again! It is his greatest delight to take every care of her, and