

crew of men, two of whom had returned only a few days before from a southern voyage. It was in the month of December; the two men had hardly any clothing, and in the shiftless way, of many sailors, had thrown overboard, when entering the harbor, all but what was on their backs. Then, when on shore, they had either wasted their pay in drink or had it stolen from them. "The fellows will freeze," said the Captain. "If we who are used to this weather are shivering, I don't know how they can stand it."

"Yes, but they deserve it," said the mate.

"Very likely; but if you saw a man drowning, even if it was his own fault, it would be your duty to humanity to save him?"

"Don't know; would'nt such a fellow deserve to drown?"

"It's not the fellow at all, it's your duty; because he's wrong you must not be."

"I see."

Amy had been listening. "Morton," she said.

"Yes Amy," answered her brother.

"There are some real old clothes of Will's upstairs, it would'nt be disrespectful to give them to some one, that is, to do some good with them, would it?"

Now Will was the dead brother's name, and the Captain and he were twins. Morton waited for a moment, until he had swallowed the lump in his throat, then answered: "No Amy, do any good you can with them."

So all that day she mended, patched and packed the clothing off to the ship. The captain gave the sailors the clothing with the request not to either sell or pawn them; because his sister had sent them for a present and had made that request. They promised they would not, and as far as the captain knew, they kept them, at least for that voyage. But Amy had been trying to put in practice lately "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." What could she do? She was not talented; she was not clever and rich like some other girls. Then there was always so much work to be done at home, that she did not have much time for church work. Well, perhaps that was where God meant her to work. She could do her very best there. When she was packing the clothing to send away, a sudden thought came to her, "Why not put something in the pockets for those two men, it would be a little bit of missionary work for God. But what would she put in them? At last she decided the only two things she had to give away were this little Testament and a small book of hymns. In which coat should she put the Testament? She put it in the grey, then on a sudden impulse changed it to the brown, putting the hymn instead into the grey.

Four years later is the time when our story opens. Amy has more time now for work, more money of her own, and has found her one talent, the use of her pen. What does the letter say?

DEAR MISS AMY:—I am a nurse in one of the Liverpool hospitals. Not very long ago, a seaman, Joseph Martin, was brought in here hurt unto death. He was looking after some work on board his vessel when some of the tackling gave way. He might have saved himself but four others would have been killed had he done so. He saved them rather than himself. The doctors at first thought they could help him; but bad symptoms set in from the fact of his being at one time a hard drinker, and after being here three weeks he died. Through his delirium he kept saying: "Little Amy, little Amy; who saves his life shall lose his soul." At the last he was conscious; then he told me his story. He had been brought up respectably by Christian parents. He was led astray by evil companions, which ended in his running away to sea. He had led a bad life. Four years ago he was in—city, Canada: and being almost destitute of clothing, you, the captain's sister, sent him and another sailor something to wear. In the pocket of his coat was a New Testament—the one I'm sending to you with your address in it. It was the means of changing his life, though he was not yet a Christian. He thought by abstaining from all evil and doing good he would be doing all that was required of him. He found his own strength was insufficient for this, so at last he gave himself up to Christ completely. He said it was only a moment he had to decide in at the time of the accident; but that verse: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends," made him do it. "Perhaps God would accept it as a reparation for the many years of evil he had lived." "God bless little Amy," were his last words. It was his desire that I should write to you and return the Testament, which I do; and I also say, "God bless little Amy." I hope you are still at your old address, and that nothing may go amiss, so you may learn of the fruits of your labor. It is not always granted to us to know them; but we are assured that "My word shall not return unto me void."

HELEN EBERS,

— Hospital, Liverpool, G. B.

And now the book lies upon Amy's table, while her heart is full of joy and thanksgiving. Never again will she repine about the littleness of her work; for God can use the least service or weakest person to do His greatest work. "And who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

SIDONIE ZIL ..

Halifax, N. S.