

Bible; he came close to the dying man, and having opened at the third chapter of the Gospel of John, he read these words—"God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." All our attention was fixed on the dying man while these words were slowly and quietly read. His countenance displayed the most anxious and earnest gaze I ever saw. The little boy was continuing to read when he was interrupted by the voice of Richards, in a loud and excited tone, "Stop, my boy, stop! read that again!" and again the boy read the words—"God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life." And again he was interrupted a second, a third, and a fourth time by the dying request—"Stop, my boy, stop, read that again!" until the struggling soul learned by heart those precious words, and the departing spirit, till it was emancipated from its earthly tabernacle, was employed in faintly repeating the sacred text, upon which I believe it was enabled with true faith to rest.

After a short pause, I looked around and beheld the tears rolling down many a weather-beaten face, and observed even the dark countenances of the Kroo-men turn pale. This pause was disturbed by a Kroo-boy looking into our faces and saying, "Whitey may he cry when him brother die happy and go for toder place." It is difficult, and I may say impossible, to describe the solemn, impressive awe which prevailed the whole circle from the time the Bible was introduced. It made a lasting impression upon myself, which was considerably increased in intensity when I subsequently learned that that Bible was the gift of a widowed mother to her only child, on his parting with her in Liverpool. Often, months after, when keeping my watch and walking the deck, that entire scene came before me; and my heart is now but too anxious to testify how God hath mercifully dealt with my soul in conversion through this incident, and by the power of his grace on these words—"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

The Cabin Boy and the Old Sailor.

"How is it I don't seem to hear you speak bad words?" asked an "old sailor" of a boy on board a man-of-war.

"Oh, 'cause I don't forget my captain's orders!" answered the boy, brightly.

"Captain's orders!" cried the old sailor. "I didn't know he gave any."

"He did," said Jem, "and I keep 'em safe here," putting his hand on his breast. "Here they be," said Jem, slowly and distinctly; "I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is His footstool; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by the Head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than those cometh of evil."

"Them's from the good old-loghook, I see," said the sailor, "which I don't know much about these days."

"Then I'm afraid you've lost your reckoning, sir," said Jem, "and are drifting on the breakers."

"What then?" asked the old man.

"You will be wrecked," answered Jem, "wrecked for ever."

The old sailor had been wrecked. He knew what it was to be in a ship breaking up and going to pieces on a wintry coast. He knew what it was to be lashed to a spar, half-naked, hungry, cold, benumbed, tempest-tossed. He had heard the shrieks of the perishing. Yes, he well knew what being wrecked was. "Wrecked for ever!" said the old sailor, slowly, "that's a long time, boy."

"Yes, sir," said Jem, "it is so."

Jem looked wistfully at him, and the old man turned away his head. "That wrecking for ever is bad business," said he.

"Yes, sir," said little Jem, "it is so."

"And is there no way of escape?" asked the old man.

"Our minister that used to preach at the Bethel, I'll tell you what he says. He says the Admiralty of heaven has got out a life-boat for poor souls. The life-boat is Jesus Christ. It was launched on Calvary, and has been round picking up poor souls lost in the stormy waters of sin ever since; and he used to tell us, Stretch out your arms to get in, and pray, 'Lord, save me, or I perish.'"

"And does he?" asked the man.

"I know about myself," said the boy humbly. "I was going down, and I cried to the Lord, and he had mercy on me, and took me in; and I've shipped with him ever since. He is a good Captain, the Captain of our salvation, sir. Won't you ship too?"

"I should be a poor hand for that craft,"

"Besides saving you, He'll fit you for His service," said Jem; "there's no difficulty on that account. He's good, very good."

"Thank ye, boy, a thousand times," said the old man, with a tear on his weather-beaten cheek. "I'm afraid we old sinners are too water-logged and sin-soaked to be