

## Our Young Folks.

### THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

"Say, captain, do you want a boy?"

The old man looked up and fixed his keen blue eyes on the boy who stood before him.

"What do you want to go to sea for?" he asked.

"To have a good time," answered the boy promptly.

"What's your name?" asked the captain.

"Willie Harrison."

"Do your mother and father know you are going to sea?" asked the captain.

The boy's face flushed. He hung his head and did not answer this last question.

"I thought as much," said the captain, reading his answer in the boy's face. "You looked to me like a boy that was running away from home. Now, you have probably been reading books about sailors that have made you believe they have nothing but an easy time and lots of fun. These books have said nothing about hard work and storms. If you will take my advice, my boy, you will go right back home again, and not leave it again in this way. Wait till you are older and wiser before you decide on your calling for life. When I was a boy about your size I did the same thing. I ran away from home and shipped on a vessel without telling my mother what I meant to do." I left a note where I knew she would find it after I was gone, telling her that I would write when we reached a port. I thought it would be a grand thing to be a sailor, but I was soon undeceived. We had scarcely left port before I would have given anything in the world to get home again. I had plenty of hard work to do, and many a taste of the rope's end if I failed to please. Sick or well I had to work, and even when I did my best the mate swore at me for a lazy lubber. I used to cry myself to sleep many a night thinking of home and the dear mother I had run away from. I knew then what a foolish boy I had had been, but that did not help the matter.

"At last there came a terrible storm. The waves seemed to me to tower up like mountains, and they looked as if they would swallow us up. Our sails were torn in shreds and the masts were broken.

"We must take to the boats," the captain said; "she is sinking fast."

"The boats were hastily lowered, and then the men crowded into them as fast as possible, lest there should not be room for all.

"Give-way!" shouted the captain; and the men bent to their oars.

"Don't go without me!" I screamed, as I saw they had deserted me, but my call was in vain. The roar of the storm drowned my voice, and the men were too intent on saving themselves to heed me.

"The vessel was very near shore when she was wrecked, and I thought perhaps the men might have intended to return for me; but, as I saw the little boats tossing on the waves like empty shells, I feared that they would not be willing to face them to save me. I was without a friend or helper save One.

"Very earnestly I prayed that God would spare my life and let me see my home again.

"I saw a wave approaching which looked as if it would surely engulf the vessel, and, clasping an empty hen-coop which was on deck, I awaited its coming. I felt it sweep me from the deck, and I clung to the coop with all my strength, knowing that it would keep me afloat at any rate.

"Two or three times I almost lost my hold, but at last my life preserver was thrown upon the

beach, and kind hands saved me from the water. God had answered my prayer and mercifully saved my life. When I was well enough I wrote to my mother, telling her of my escape and asking her forgiveness for leaving her. I did not receive an answer, and it was some time before I was able to get a passage home.

"When at last I reached my native place, I found the house empty and closed, and weeds growing everywhere in the once well-kept garden. My mother had died of a broken heart when, as she supposed, I had perished with the wreck. My letter had been too late.

"Now, my boy, you have heard my story. Will you profit by it? Will you take my advice and go back to your mother?"

"Yes, sir," answered Willie.

The romance he had fancied in a sailor's life was offset by the sad story he had just heard, and he was sensible enough to profit by it and return to his home and his parents before it was too late.

### MAKE SOMEBODY GLAD.

On life's rugged road,  
As we journey each day,  
Far, far more of sunshine  
Would brighten the way.  
If, forgetful of self  
And our troubles we had  
The will, and would try  
To make other hearts glad.

Though of the world's wealth  
We have little in store,  
And labour to keep  
Grim want from the door,  
With a hand that is kind  
And a heart that is true,  
To make others glad  
There is much we may do.

A word kindly spoken,  
A smile or a tear,  
Though seeming but trifles,  
Full often may cheer.  
Each day to our lives  
Some treasure would add,  
To be conscious that we  
Had made somebody glad.

### PREACH THE GOSPEL.

The other day a dear little girl with the softest of yellow curls and the sweetest of rosy faces, lifted her blue eyes and looked into mine, while she said, "Won't you please tell me about Jesus when He was on the earth?"

So I told her one story after another, and at last the beautiful words of our Saviour, just before His ascension, when He told His disciples to "go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

"Didn't you say that all the people who loved Jesus were His disciples?" she said, looking a little puzzled.

"Yes, dear."

"And the people that love Him now are His disciples too, then?"

"Yes, certainly they are."

"But they don't all do as Jesus told them, do they, or else there wouldn't be so many little heathen children. Why don't they tell everybody 'bout Jesus, when He is so good, and told them to?"

"Why, dear, I don't know," I said slowly. How could I tell the dear child, with her simple faith and love, that I was afraid it was because they did not care enough for the Lord to heed His command and obey it!

"I should think they would," she said, and then lifting her eyes up towards the sky, "Oh, I guess Jesus is looking down from heaven to see

if they are telling other people about Him, and I wonder what He thinks when He sees they don't do as He told them to. Don't you believe He thinks they don't really love Him?"

"Dear child," I answered, "I am afraid that He does think so, indeed."

Then I thought within myself of the Saviour's agony in the garden and on the cross, of the love and yearning in His tender heart for the souls of men; of His sympathy with their sorrow, and the great price which He paid for their redemption.

Then of His command to them to spread His name through all the earth, and the promise that His presence should be with them all through their times and labour for His sake; and I said in my heart:

"Oh little one, your words are true, for it is but the slightest proof we can give of our love and allegiance to Christ, when we obey His command and tell to those around us the joy we 'have found in believing;' and, as one of the hearers of God's Word, extend to them the invitation to 'come,' where He shall 'give them rest;' and can we say that we love Him, and will He own us as His disciples, if selfish even in spiritual things, we do not share with others, the joy which is ours?"

### RIGHT OR "SMART?"

Turn the grindstone a few minutes for me, won't you, Will?" asked Mike, as Willie was hurrying by on his way to school.

There was plenty of time, but Willie wanted to be early enough for a game of ball in the school yard; besides he had a new book under his arm with a certain story in it which he well remembered. So he looked back over his shoulder with a laugh:

"No, thank you. Nobody can catch me in that way. I know all about the story of 'The Man with an Axe to Grind.'"

Jamie was following him, and he wanted to get to school early enough for a play too; but he hesitated a minute, and then threw his satchel on the ground and said: "I'll turn for you, Mike."

Willie laughed at him when they were coming home at noon. "What made you stop this morning? I'd be too smart to be caught in that way. Didn't you ever read that story about Franklin?"

"Yes, but I don't suppose it meant that no boy should ever turn a grindstone, and I don't believe he meant to teach people to be disobliging, either," answered Jamie thoughtfully, "but only not to be flattered into doing wrong. Anyway, I remember something else that is wiser than anything Franklin ever wrote: 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.' I know if I were a poor fellow like Mike, I'd think a little school boy with plenty of time might stop and help me a few minutes."

Mike was standing in the yard with a pretty white rabbit that he had caught while chopping in the woods. He held it up as the boys reached the gate.

"Oh, Mike, where did you get it? Give it to me—do! I've been wanting a rabbit this long time," cried Will.

"No, sir!" said Mike, emphatically. "This isn't for the smart boy; it's for the right boy—and that's Jamie. Folks that are too smart to be kind to anybody else will soon have to be smart enough to get along without anybody being kind to them. That's the truth, whether your great Mither Franklin said it or only Mike Gwyn."

THE Scriptures were written not to make us astronomers, but to make us saints.