

**A Mesh at a Time.**

Just a mesh at a time, my child !  
It's not so hard as you think :  
Slip in the shuttle, draw up the loop  
Without a knot or a kink.  
So, one by one, those thresome holes  
That seem so many to mend,  
Will be done, though you'll hardly guess  
Just how, when you come to the end.  
Yes, a mesh at a time, my dear ;  
A mesh is a little thing :  
Only a single loop, you know,  
Made of this common string.  
Yet see, it strengthens the weak, frayed  
edge,  
It bridges the gaping rent ;  
To the worn out loop, just ready to  
break,  
Its help is cheerfully lent.  
A mesh at a time, and loop by loop,  
The net grows firm and strong,  
To do its duty beneath the waves,  
And prison the finny throng,  
For if not one single mesh gives way,  
The net will faithfully keep  
Its trust, and never a silver fish  
Shall wander back to the deep.  
Just a mesh at a time, O child !  
In this work-a-day world of ours  
There are nets to mend, and fish to catch  
For us all, with our varied powers.  
If we may not be like the learned and  
great,  
That toll with the brain and pen,  
We may do their work to whom Christ  
said :  
"I will make you fishers of men."

**Cousin Jackey.**

BY OLD CORNISH.  
II.

"Hullo!" said old Johnny, as he stood one day upon the cliff, a man who had a marvellous faculty of telling the name of every boat in the bay as soon as she put her nose around the point at Pensee, "why, the Mystery es comin' back! What in the world es the matter? There must be somethin' wrong." And so saying, he watched the unfolding of events for the next half-hour.  
Yes, there was something sadly wrong, for over the side of the Mystery they gently lowered into the "punt" what seemed to be a man, and four burly, bronzed fishermen rowed with all their might for the shore. No sooner had they reached the beach than, raising their burden into their arms, they carried him up into Nancy Curnow's cottage. Yes, Cousin Jackey was ill—"very ill," they said. Soon the doctor was by his side, who after a careful examination of the case pronounced it fever!  
"Doctor," said the dear old patient in his own playful way, "es et a 'ot wind or what?"  
"Hot!" was the laconic reply.  
"Too 'ot for the children? Don't ee think they could come and taalk to me a bit? Jackey dearly loves the children, and ef they caan't come, then sure 'nough I shall die."  
"Well, not just at present," was the doctor's guarded response.  
"Then, ef I caan't 'ave the children, I may 'ave the children's Friend?"  
"Who is that?" asked the master of the healing art.  
"Why, don't ee know?" said the sufferer. "Ah, doctor, 'e's been wi' me in sunshine and storm, in sickness and 'ealth, and 'e waan't leave me now. No. 'E 'as said, 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the 'ivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.' Doctor, the fire edn't 'ot for the Lord!" And the dear old man attempted to sing, but couldn't.  
"The fire our graces shall refine."  
Greatly moved, the doctor turned to depart, when, seeing Nancy in tears, he said: "Now, Nancy, cheer up. You must keep him as quiet as you can; much will depend on that."  
"Doctor," said the sufferer, "one word afore ee go. Do tell me the worst. Jackey edn't afraid. Es et a tough bit of a job?"  
"Very, Jackey; but we will pull you through if we can."  
"But s'pose the Lord pulls t'other way, doctor, what will ee do then?"  
A strange question was that. He had never thought of it before. It came as a surprise. It was s a new revelation from heaven. At length the doctor dreamily replied, "Well, well, we'll see."  
Again the shadows of the evening fell, and again the night was succeeded by another day. When morning came the doctor was early at the bedside of his patient, and to Nancy's inquiries as to what he thought of the case, whether he could pull him through, he could only reply he did not know, but he would do his best. And with that he passed from the presence of the patient to pause and pray.

Again the words were on his lips, "S'pose the Lord pulls t'other way, doctor, what will ee do then?" In fact, they had made a profound impression on his mind. He had been accustomed to think that everything in his profession depended upon his skill; now he was disposed to imagine that perhaps, after all, he was dependent upon that God of whom he once heard Cousin Jackey sing: "The praise of every virtuous thought, And righteous word, is L.I.N.O."  
Again a restless day was succeeded by a still more restless night. "I've been in maany a storm," said the dying man, "but never in such a one as this. I've faced maany a sea, but none so rough as this. But, thank God! the lights are burning bright, and all is well."  
As midnight drew on he was as one who dreamed. He talked about his mother and home. He said something about the children which they could not catch. He mentioned the name of Jesus, and it sounded as clear as a bell. And then, as if seeing him who is invisible, he exclaimed, "I 'aven't been able to do much for ee, Lord, but I've tried to feed the dear little lambs, I 'ave."  
The next morning was the Sabbath. It was a lovely day. The waters of the great lake-like bay looked like molten silver shimmering in the sun. The fishing boats were at their moorings, for the fishermen were keeping the Sabbath Day holy. Even the very waves of the great Atlantic rippled along the shore as if they would chant the requiem of the dying man. He had often expressed a wish that he might go to heaven on the Sabbath, and now it seemed as if the Lord was about to give him the desire of his heart.  
Among the many who had come to take their last look at their life-long friend was Widow Tregurtha's little Liz. She had actually cried to come. "O mother," she said, "just let me 'ave one more look at his faace." And as she entered the chamber, the old man opened his eyes, and seeing the child, he flung his arms around her neck and said: "Liz, my dear, I'm goin' down to the gaates o' the graave agen. I told the dear Lord that ef 'e would only let me take thee back to thy mother, thou precious pet lamb, I would come back myself as soon as 'e called. Liz, the Maaster is callin'—Cousin Jackey must go."  
Those were the last words of which he was conscious, and it was meet they should be said to the child whom he had nursed back from "the gaates o' the grave." The day was fast drawing to a close, when his faithful old wife took him by the hand, and said: "Jackey, it's me. Doan't ee know me? I'm Nancy, your wife." He opened his eyes and smiled; and that smile was sunshine to poor Nancy's soul.  
At length he began to ramble in his talk. He was at sea. It was a wild night. The waves were running high, and he was making for the harbour. "Job!" he exclaimed, "keep 'er 'ead to the wind—keep 'er 'ead to the wind! . . . We shall reach the port on this tack. . . . The lights are right ahead. . . . Luff a bit, luff. . . . There, that'll do, Job, that'll do. . . . Thank God, we are inside the 'eads! . . . Let go the 'alyards. . . . Down wi' the fo'sail. . . . Iss, et es nice to be in out o' the storm!"  
Not a word more was said. Silence reigned in the chamber. They looked, but the dear old fisherman was dead. And faithful Nancy, his life-long companion, bending over all that remained of her husband, exclaimed as she wept: "This blessed word be mine, Just as the port is gained, Kept by the power of grace divine, I have the faith maintained."

**THE MEETING BERTHA MISSED.**

BY ELIZABETH F. ALLAN.

"Whither away, Little Red Riding-hood, over these slippery pavements? Don't you know you'll fall down and crack your crown directly? Give me that small hand, and let me keep you up."  
"And who'll keep you up, sir?" inquired the little girl in the scarlet hood, giving the gentleman a little mitted hand.  
"My own dignity will support me," he answered, laughing down at her; "but where are you going anyway?"  
"To a meeting of King's Daughters," she said, with an air of importance.  
"Yes? and what are you going to do when you get there?"  
"Oh! we'll sew some, and say verses, and pay our ten cents, and Miss Fanny will read us pieces about doing good, and all that."  
The gentleman did not make any reply this time, and Bertha glanced up quickly at him.

"Don't you like King's Daughters, cousin Sam?" she asked heartily.  
"Yes, indeed," he answered heartily; "I like all plans that are working for my Master, and 'In His Name'; isn't that your motto?"  
Bertha turned up her little silver cross, and showed him the symbolic letters, "I. H. N." But young instincts are very keen, and she felt the chill of a little shadow over her enthusiasm.  
"Do you like King's Daughters out and out, cousin Sam?" she asked presently.  
"They are on a glorious path, my child," he said gravely, "but there are pitfalls along it."  
"Tell me one," said Bertha briefly.  
There was a little silence, as if he did not know just how to point out his objection without seeming to discourage this eager child, but Bertha waited.  
"Suppose," he said, presently, "when that Great Day of Assize comes, told about in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, we should hear that wonderful voice which is as the sound of many waters, saying, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, for I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat—by a machine; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink—through a town pipe; I was naked—and ye sent me a garment by your servant; I was sick—and ye sent a committee to see me; I was in prison—and ye got up a fair for my benefit.'"  
Bertha did not know whether to laugh or cry; the words sounded absurd, but the gentleman's face was as grave as possible.  
"Little cousin," he said suddenly, "I wish you would go with me this afternoon instead of going to your meeting. I have been sent to see about some of the Lord's little ones, and I want you to help me."  
For one instant Bertha thought she must refuse; those meetings were so nice; Miss Fanny's room was gay and cosy; the girls would be there, full of merry chat; it would be a pity to miss it all. But this thought was only for one swift instant; the little heart was true, and before Cousin Sam had time to know that she had hesitated, she said cheerfully, "All right, sir."  
The gentleman did not talk much more to her during that swift, slippery walk; but holding her carefully by the hand, he led her into a part of the city she had never seen before, where the houses were shabby and dilapidated, and where the people she met looked sullen and despairing.  
Presently, after hunting up and down for a certain number, and meeting rude answers to his inquiries, Cousin Sam took Bertha into a dirty lane, and up a perfectly dark flight of stairs, and opened a garret door that turned rustily on its hinges, and opened into a place only a little less dark than the crazy stairway.  
Oh! what a sight met their eyes. Never, while she lives, can our little girl forget those two pallid faces that stared through the gloom of the place. On a heap of filthy rags lay a little girl apparently breathing her last, while a half-dressed boy sat at her head, too near frozen or too near starved to take any notice of them.  
For the next half-hour the two rescuers worked as hard as men in life-boats, battling against wind and wave.  
Meantime a spirit-lamp had come forth from the bag (for the gentleman had been told what he would find in the garret) and a bottle of milk, and drop by drop the hot milk was given to the unconscious children, until some pulsation returned.  
"Little King's Daughter," said Cousin Sam solemnly, "will you wait here, and keep these poor things alive, while I go for a hospital waggon?"  
Perhaps he called her by that name to give her courage, for it was needed to stay alone in this grewsome place, with death in the chamber. But she did not hesitate this time. "I will stay," she said.  
And it was not until she had seen the poor waifs in warm beds, with doctor and nurse attending, that the little woman's nerves gave way, and she wept and sobbed on Cousin Sam's shoulder.  
"This has been a trying ordeal for you, my child," he said tenderly; "if I had known how terrible it was going to be, I could hardly have brought you. Yet I could not have saved them without your help."  
"Now I want you to go next Wednesday to your meeting, and tell them of this afternoon's work; and tell them not to stop at meetings, and readings, and sewings, and sales: that is all well enough in its place, but, oh! the King's other children are crying for bread, and his Daughters must go and see them, and feed them, before they can expect to hear those tender, gracious words, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.'"

**THE BRAVE CABIN BOY.**

A dark-eyed boy, with a pale, sad face, stood leaning against the railing of a ship, looking at the foaming waves, which were dashing against the sides of the vessel. The ship had left port only a few days before, and this was the first time that Allan, the cabin-boy, had ever been on the sea. He seemed to avoid being with the other sailors, who were rough, wicked men. Though he was quick to do whatever was asked of him, yet he spent his spare time in gazing over the waters toward the land which they had left behind. The sailors often tried to get him to taste of their liquor, and would laugh and snort at him and sometimes cruelly torment him because he refused to do so.  
Finally, they agreed among themselves to make Allan drink some liquor; and finding him one day alone near the stern of the ship, one held him, while another tried to pour the rum down his throat. The others laughed loudly to see the fun.  
"Laugh on!" cried Allan, with a firm voice, "but I will never taste a drop of it. You ought to be ashamed to drink it yourselves; and much more to try and force it down a boy!" And just as the sailor was about to pour it into his throat, quick as a flash, Allan snatched the bottle and flung it overboard. The captain and the mate, hearing the noise, came that way, much to the joy of Allan, who supposed they would put a stop to the sailors' abuse. But the captain was himself a rough, drinking man, and when he heard the cause of the trouble, he said he would "soon make the lad take his medicine." When he learned that the boy had thrown the liquor overboard, he cried angrily: "Hoist that scow aloft into the maintop-sail! I'll teach him not to waste my property!"  
Two sailors came forward to carry out the captain's order, but Allan quietly waved them back, and said, in a low, respectful tone: "I'll go myself, captain; and I hope you will pardon me, for I meant no offence." His hand trembled a little as he took hold of the rigging, for he was not used to climbing the ropes of a ship. As the captain saw how slowly and carefully he climbed, he cried: "Faster, faster, there!" And faster Allan tried to go, but his foot slipped, and clinging by one hand, he hung dangling over the water. A coarse laugh from the captain, a jeer from the sailors; but Allan again caught his foothold, and in a few minutes more was in the watch-basket.  
The mate was a kind-hearted man, and begged the captain not to leave the boy there all night, else he would be chilled to death. The captain refused to let him come down, but said he would go on deck and see how he was doing.  
"If I allow you to come down, will you drink what is in this glass?" shouted the captain. And he held up a sparkling glass of his favourite wine.  
"No, sir; I cannot do it!" cried the brave boy.  
"There, that settles it," said the captain; "he's got to stay there all night; he'll be toned down by the morning."  
After dark, the mate, unknown to the captain, managed to carry the poor boy a blanket and some food and hot drink.  
By early dawn the captain came on deck; and when to his call of "Ho, my lad!" there was no reply, he began to be alarmed, and ordered the boy to be taken down. A glass of warm wine and biscuit was standing beside the captain, and as Allan's limp form was carried in before him, his voice softened a little as he said: "Here, my lad, drink that, and I'll trouble you no more; but you will have to do this to show how I bend stiff necks on board my ship."  
The boy was weak and cold, but he straightened himself up, and said: "Captain Harden, two weeks ago I promised solemnly by my mother's open grave that I would never taste the terrible drink which had ruined our once happy home, and sent my dear mother to an early grave. The next day I stretched my hands through prison bars to bid my poor father good-bye. With tears in his eyes, he said: 'Pray for me, Allan; and, remember, my boy, never, never to taste of strong drink.' Do with me what you will, captain; let me freeze to death on the mainmast, throw me in to the sea below, do anything, but do not, for my dear mother's sake, make me drink that poison."  
The boy sunk back, and burst into a fit of tears. The captain stepped forward, and laying his hand, which trembled a little, upon the lad's head, said to the sailors: "For our mother's sake let us respect Allan Bancroft's pledge; and never let me see you catch one of you!" saying this, he turned and strode hastily away to his cabin.  
Children, how many of you are brave enough to resist temptation, even at the cost of your life?