



HIRAM LAWRENCE, THE SAILOR BOY.

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BY MARY F. BASTIAN.

Hiram's father died suddenly one bleak winter day, and Mrs. Lawrence was left with her four little children to fight the battle of life. Hiram was the second child. He was one of the brightest scholars at the village school. His home was by the seaside, and he was very fond of the water. He would often go down to the beach after school and play sailor with his companions. His Uncle George, who was captain of a big ship, gave him a nice little sail-boat when Hiram was a little boy, and this he used to sail on the little creek that emptied into the sea.

One day Hiram, who knew that his mother found it hard to support her family, made up his mind to help. His uncle, Captain Hunter, was soon to sail in the *Sea Gull* on a long trip from New York to San Francisco. Hiram told his mother that he would like to sail in his uncle's ship, earn a little money and do something to help her. Mrs. Lawrence could not think of parting with any of her children, even though it was so hard to support them. When Uncle George came to visit them Hiram told him how anxious he was to help his mother, and then Mrs. Lawrence told her brother of Hiram's wish to ship with him in the *Sea Gull*. Captain Hunter talked the matter all over with

them, and it was agreed that Hiram should sail with the *Sea Gull*, and should perform certain duties and be paid a certain sum.

During the last few weeks that Hiram was to be at home Mrs. Lawrence was constantly thinking of her dear boy and it was with many a heartache that she gathered his things together and packed them, with her own little Bible, in Hiram's sailor-bag. Hiram was a sunny, hopeful fellow, and as the day of departure approached he became somewhat excited over the novelty of the trip and the many strange things he was sure to see.

The day came when the last load was stowed

away in the hold of the *Sea Gull*. The hatches were battened down, the great hawsers hauled in, and the big ship began her long journey, amid the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, the receiving and sending of parting salutations amid smiles and tears. The noble ship passed out of the harbour into the open sea, and soon was well started on her voyage.

Hiram soon became used to the strange motion of the vessel and really enjoyed his surroundings. His kind disposition, his willingness to work, and happy face, soon made him a favourite with officers and sailors. He saw many new sights, and had many new experiences. The Southern Cross, of which he had heard his father speak, seemed entirely different from his idea, but the sight of it made a deep impression on his mind. He was very much amused at the sports of the sailors when the vessel crossed the line, although he was sorry for the rough handling some of the new sailors received at the hands of old Neptune. The run around the Cape was dangerous, but the scenery was simply grand. The run up the west coast was very pleasant, and in good season the *Sea Gull* sailed through the Golden Gate and anchored in the harbour of San Francisco. Here Hiram found some letters from home, and he lost no time in answering them and giving a full account of the voyage. He also proudly sent his mother some money—the first he had ever earned. In San Fran-

cisco he met some friends of his father, who took good care of him while the *Sea Gull* was getting ready for the return voyage. They took him about the city and showed him a great many strange sights. The return voyage was made in good time, in spite of a fearful storm which was encountered off the coast of Chili. Early one morning Hiram came on deck and Captain Hunter told him to look through the glass. He did so, and saw the land. As the vessel sailed on along the coast Hiram climbed to the top of the main-mast and let his soul drink in the sight of the old familiar places. In a few hours the *Sea Gull* entered the harbour and dropped anchor. The big anchor had hardly touched bottom before a little row, boat, in which Mrs. Lawrence was sitting, put off from the shore and approached the *Sea Gull*. The widow's heart rejoiced when she saw her sailor boy waving his hat to her from the ship, and when she lovingly embraced him in the presence of the ship's company many an old tar brushed away an unbidden tear.

## THE BOY'S SERMON.

I came to-night to preach  
A sermon if I can;  
For little boys can preach to boys,  
As well as men to men.

I never thought of such a thing  
Until the other day,  
I found a text so short and good;  
So hear to what I say.

"Mind" is my text; 'tis for you, boys,  
And something that you need.  
The girls may listen to it all,  
And, what they ought to, heed!

First mind your tongue! don't let it speak  
An angry, an unkind,  
A cruel or a wicked word;  
Don't let it, boys: now mind!

Mind eyes and ears! don't even look  
At wicked looks or boys;  
From wicked pictures turn away—  
All sinful acts despise.

And mind your lips! Tobacco stains!  
Strong drink, too, keep away;  
And let no bad word pass your lips—  
Mind everything you say.

Mind hands and feet! Don't let them do  
A single wicked thing.  
Don't steal or strike, don't kick or fight,  
Don't walk in paths of sin.

But more than all, oh, mind your heart!  
From Satan turn aside;  
Ask Jesus there to make his throne,  
And ever there abide.

A little one of four years, being teased because she had a pug nose, climbed up on a chair and looked in the glass, saying, "I saw a lady at church whose nose was a great deal puggier than mine!"