

God is a very present help in trouble.—Psalm xli. 1.

The Tug Boat.

By ALF. SANDHAM.

SOME years ago when I resided in the City of Montreal, I had occasion to visit the Custom House, which stands on a street running parallel with the massive stone wharves for which Montreal harbour is noted. Immediately opposite to the Custom House are the docks of the Allan Line of Ocean Steamers. As I stood on the steps leading to the building, and looked toward the wharf, I noticed a crowd of people watching one of the steamships. Not being a frequent visitor to the harbour, I became interested,

and crossed the street to a point where I secured a better view. I then noticed that the length of the vessel almost equalled that of the dock in which she lay—scarce 10 or 15 feet to spare. As I watched, I saw the officer on

the bridge giving orders; and as he did so, the screw began to revolve, and the vessel moved forward till her bow touched the pier. Then she backed till the rudder-post struck the opposite pier. Thus she kept moving up and down for some time. Being a novice, I could not make out what it meant. Just then I heard a puff—puff—puff—of some vessel out of range of my vision. I left my position and passed on to the long pier, and then I saw a little tug boat attached to the great steamer by a hawser. I noticed that as the steamship moved up and down, the little tug put on steam, and pulled for all she was worth. It did remind me of "dignity and impudence." What help could such a little tug give to such a great vessel? But as I looked I noticed that every time the bow of the steamship struck the

pier it struck several inches further out towards the open river; and in course of time the vessel's head was so turned, that the captain waved his hand, the hawser was loosed from the tug, the engine bell was sounded, the mighty engines began to move, and amid the cheers of the onlookers the vessel passed out of the harbour.

Now for the lesson. That steamship had hanging to her sides several boats not much inferior in size to the little tug; and she had deep down in her hold a mighty power which could move her across oceans, and which would enable her if needs be to draw after her a hundred boats like that tug; but—all that power was useless till that little tug gave the assistance needed to set her free from the piers and docks which encircled her. So, dear friends, there are many

Christians so hemmed in by worldliness and by pleasure, that they are next to useless; and how often do we find God using simple instruments and humble workers to carry the message, and to lend the helping hand which



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shall set them free. Be not discouraged, humble worker! If you know of any such land-locked ones, lay hold of them; let love, as a hawser, connect you, and then, heedless of the laughs or comments of others, keep on pulling—puff away—do your part, and God may use you in setting some free, as Spurgeon's or Moody's, to carry a heavy freight of rich treasure, or the Divine mail of glad tidings to other lands.

"Come and See"—"Go and Tell."

"Come see the place where the Lord lay: and go quickly and tell his disciples that he has risen from the dead." (Matt. xxviii. 6, 7.)

The thought here presented is "come and see"—"go and tell." The words contain the pith of the Gospel.