

"Never mind, Tom, we're all right. Ain't you glad we didn't bring Mary with us? You come on up here beside me, I must keep on rowing; let Humphrey sit in the stern." Tom crept up the boat and laid his head against Billy's knee. Billy rubbed his leg against him gently.

"Never mind, Tom, never mind: I guess your mother's praying for us, Tom."

Tom gave a little sob and crept closer to Billy.

Humphrey's voice came up from the stern. "That just like you English people, mean, stuck-up, selfish things. You are two to one and you cheer each other up and feel sorry for each other and leave me all alone. I don't care, I wouldn't be such a pig."

"Tom," whispered Billy, "you stand up for your flag, show him we ain't selfish."

Tom crept back to the stern and put his arms round Humphrey's neck.

"Never mind, Humphrey, we didn't mean that; 'twas only because I was silly and Billy was good to me because I was younger than you. We wouldn't ever dream of leaving you, Humphrey."

"Boys!" suddenly shouted Billy, "I do believe, I do believe I see a light, and it ain't so very far away."

Tom and Humphrey looked behind them. Dancing over the waves, beckoning, waving to them, shone a ship's lantern.

"It's a boat," said Billy, "she's just whizzing along with the wind. Oh, I wish I had a match, if I had I'd burn my hat."

The boys shouted together frantically. The light kept on its course straight towards them.

"I do believe," said Billy, "that it's the Morning Star."

"Daddy," he called, "Daddy." Some one shouted an answer.

Billy handed Tom up first when they came alongside, then Humphrey climbed up the side and they fastened the boat behind.

Billy's father pulled him on board. "Well," he said looking at Billy's upturned face.

"We went out cod-fishing, daddy," he said, "and—to see the Phantom Ship."

"You did," he said; "you were smart, with them children." Billy stood looking up steadily, but his lips trembled a little.

"Well," said his father, "go off and lie down, you'll find some coats there, you must be cold."

"You'd better take a look ahead of you before you go," he added with a gruff laugh.

"Daddy," cried Billy. He rushed to the cuddy, pulled Tom and Humphrey out and dragged them to the side of the boat.

"Tom," he said "the Phantom ship."

Far down the bay, leaping up to the sky, shone a bright high blaze. The three boys stood holding with both hands to the side of the boat, their eyes fixed on the light.

Tom rubbed his eyes and looked earnestly at it.

"Why, Billy," he said, "can you see the masts and spars? Can you, Humphrey?"

"No, I can't," said Billy, "it's only sometimes the ship is close enough to see that, Tom."

"Well," said Humphrey, "we've seen it any way."

Toronto.

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## The Christian Life.

[FOR CANADA.]

### THE TEACHER'S PRIVILEGE AND RESPONSIBILITY.

BY ANNIE CRAWFORD.

"Must Jesus bear the Cross alone,  
And all the world go free?"

I asked myself, indignantly, as, shaking off a disinclination to leave my cosy seat by the open fire, I threw down my Sunday Magazine and prepared to face the driving snow and choking bluster of a February storm in Canada.

Seated in the midst of my Sunday school class, half an hour later, I marvelled that it had taken such a strong incentive as the memory of my master's sacrifice to bring me there. With the sweet, pure faces of my six little girls so attentively upturned to mine, came an overwhelming realisation of the extent of my privilege, the might of my responsibility. Mine it is, so to speak for my Saviour week by week that these bright girls may be won to His love and service; or so to mar the picture of His wondrous loveliness that they may turn away uninterested, perchance, indeed, repelled.

As a pebble thrown in the ocean, whose point of touch is enclosed in ever widening circles, so is the influence of the teacher upon each young soul committed to her care. What know I of the importance or magnitude of the fields in which the lot of each may be cast? In the world of literature, perchance, sweet, calm-eyed, thoughtful Mary may mould the minds of millions. Dark-eyed Maude, with her radiant beauty and social privileges, may win the hearts and influence the lives of the leaders of our nation. And Grace, so helpful and sympathetic, may walk the weary hospital ward, and while ministering to the dying body, find golden opportunities of ministration to the never dying soul. Or in the home, perhaps, woman's truest, happiest sphere, each may find her place, and, as Christian wife and mother, may mould other characters after the pattern of her own, sending them forth in turn to exercise a wholesome influence in their day and generation. Still another possibility: I see, in imagination, the shadow of the dark wing of the Angel of Death, and it falls upon this face, — or that, and soon the last lesson of earth will have been laid before that young mind, and the spirit whose time of preparation has been so short, will have entered upon the realities of Eternity. In an agony of soul I cry,—"Lord, who is sufficient for these things!"

Sweet and soft as an evening chime of distant bells comes the reply,—"Your sufficiency is of God." O then! that we may invoke His aid! without which the best lesson helps, the fullest notes, the most brilliant commentaries are useless. But by faithful intercession for our beloved classes, collectively and individually, we may move to swifter blessing the willing arm of God.