LITTLE JIM.

BY DR. WILLIAM FORBES LESLIE.

(Late Officer, Marine Service.)

"Well, you ask me what was the bravest act I've seen," said Captain Mortimer, one day, as we were sitting in his cabin. "Well, I don't mind telling you, though it calls up painful memories.

"It happened to me that at an early age my father, who was a country parson, died, and I had to do for myself. By chance some people will say, but I would rather say Providence, I got a berth as ordinary seaman on board the ship "Maryland," commanded by Captain Stewart, who had known my father and was willing to help on his only child to an honest livelihood.

"I had made one voyage in her to Sydney, and considered myself no small seaman. Indeed, I believe I was deemed conceited, and, alas! to have to confess it, priggish, by the captain, who constantly lectured me on the importance of making a good character with my shipmates and not considering myself above my employ; for when set to clean out the pigsty or other similar occupation I was accustomed to grumble loudly at the disgrace put upon a gentleman, forgetting my humble position on the ship's books, and, furthermore, that a gentleman can only disgrace himself by his conduct, and not by honest if menial work.

"When I came aboard the second voyage at Blackwell, I found that an additional ordinary seaman had been shipped, and had already occupied my berth, which, by the kindness of Captain Stewart, had been constructed by the carpenter to seclude us from the rougher living of the forecastle hands.

"The "Maryland" carried no apprentices, but the complement was considered incomplete without ordinaries. It is of little importance whether a boy on board some ships bears the humble name of ordinary seamen, or delights in that of an apprentice, as both in grub and occupation it is impossible to differentiate them. Indeed, one signs for the voyage, the other for four or five years; and I should prefer, were I to go to sea again, to be less the slave of time and more at liberty to choose my ship and skippers. This is my personal opinion, and you can take it for what it is worth.

"But to return. I was exceedingly annoyed to find my berth occupied by a stranger, and was not long in expressing this, and I'm afraid not in the choicest language. I was one of those silly boys who, because they can make a coarse interjection or smoke a pipe, think themselves men; though old they only know the feelings of men towards them they would feel humiliated to find how base they were esteemed and how contemptible they appeared.

"My berth-mate was a quiet, middle-sized lad, with soft grey eyes, hailing from the land o' cakes. He talked with a broad accent that was, however, more pleasing than otherwise, but which I could never imitate. He took my expostulations in good part, and shifted his bedding into the lower bunk, that humble and unpretentious refuge of the uninitiated. I felt annoyed at his suitable demeanor; I would have been better pleased had he bitten my heels for my insolence. I put him down as a milksop, and so ran out to take my part in hauling out the ship.

"The quay was crowded with people: wives were saying good-bye to their husbands with big tears and fond embraces: and sweethearts were waving adieus and kissing their hands to brawny bare-armed jack-tars, who roared out soft things and threw off resounding kisses like shot from the mouth of a cannon; while fond mothers were impressing on their hopeful offspring the necessity of not catching the fever and being saving of their wage, and only forbore their fond commands as they stepped off the gangway with a "God bless you, lovey."

"We were a long time getting out of the Channel. It was in the month of January, and it was proverbially rough for even that inclement season.

"The first thing which befel us was breaking the tug's towing-hook, which obliged us to bring up. The wind rose to a hurricane, and as we were taking our tea the chain snapped with a loud noise, which brought us to our legs, and the skipper's voice hailed us, like a foghorn, to let go the other anchor.

"It plunged down, but no sooner had it touched bott m than the enormous weight of nearly two thousand tons starting on it carried the cable away like a rope of withe; and we floated broadside on towards the Goodwins.

"What a night was that! I shall never forget it. The wind was so strong that it beat down the sea, and drove the beheaded waves bodily into the troughs they had themselves created, while the crests, gathered into a sheet of hurtling spray, swept over the carcasses of the laid billows till neither heaven nor sea was visible in the breath of the tempest.

"To make a long tail short, we drifted on the sands, bumped over them, and were saved by a miracle. It was a month, however, before we were out of the Channel.

"It may be supposed that I came to know my berth-mate in this time; peril is the great medicine-man aboard ship as elsewhere; it smooths the waves of discussion, tyranny and malice, and oftimes begins a friendship that is lifelong. But it was otherwise with us; we became more alien, like two dissenting arguments that grow wide from the bags.

"He was a new-comer, and it was but natural he should fag for me, his senior in the service—so it seemed to me. But I must say, I ordered him about like a king. He was my serf, and I made him feel it.

"Once the captain reprimanded me, but although I relaxed my discipline for a time, it soon grew to its accustomed fruit. One day also, the quartermaster, finding me kicking him for some slight fault, some sin of omission, such as not going aft to get the remnants of the cabin meal for his lord's consumption, separated us and knocked my head in a shameful manner—so I thought at the time.

"But there was one thing I didn't like—it was a perpetual rebuke; and that was Jim Anderson every night kneeling down and saying his prayers I tried to stop it; but when I woke up I frequently caught him reading his Bible instead of darning my stockings, or other honsewife's work I had set him to. Of course I corrected him; I was wicked in those days, and hated such old woman's nonsense, as I called it.

"One day it occurred to me to abstract his Bible, and, getting up, I opened his little trunk and took out the book. He was sleeping, wrapped up in his brown blanket, so didn't see me. I read in a bold lady's hand, "From his loving mother to her son with God's blessing."

"This made me a little irresolute, and I opened it, Facing me I saw, "The way of transgressors is hard." I shut the book and put it back again. Somehow I couldn't do it after that.

"Passing Madeira I took ill. A sunstroke, the captain said. My head ached and throbbed as if a donkey-engine had got inside it. I lay for days caring for nothing but to die, and yet horribly afraid of it. Jim's way of things didn't seem such old woman's nonsense now; so do our thoughts change with our strength. And all that time Jim Anderson nursed me like my mother had done when I was a child.

"What do you do that for, Jim?" I said one day as he took to fanning my burning head with a palm-leaf fan he had obtained somewhere or other, just as we were off Teneriffe. He had brought me on to the fore deck and set me in a comfortable place. "You ought to kick me now as I did you when I was strong; as perhaps I'll do again:" But I knew I wouldn't, for I felt a bit changed.

"'No, you won't,' he said, with a smile, 'and why—I don't believe you meant to be unkind.'

"'I did,' I said snappishly. 'I was a brute—a downright mean brute!'

"'No, no,' he said, 'I don't believe it. Do you know I saw you when you took out my book from my chest. I wasn't asleep, and I prayed that you might let me keep it, for it was my mother's gift. And so you did. I knew you weren't wicked, though you prided yourself so on it.'

"'Oh, Jim, Jim,' I said, 'don't look at me—I'm not fit to live!'

'He was called away at that, and I lay feeling most contrite in my heart, wondering how evil I had become since my poor mother died, and promising myself to be better in the future.

"The prospect was enough in itself to awaken thoughts far different from the careless life I had led. The sea, blue as a turquoise, stretched away in ridgy vistas of cloud shade and sunshine from our rushing forefoot to the dark roots of the Peak of Teneriffe, the tall summit of which was wreathed in floating haze, as if hiding the gateway of heaven which here opened down to the world, on the everlasting sea; while away over the stern, like a storm bank, the black outlines of Grand Canary showed under the foot of the foresail with every plunge of the ship.

"Above a little iceberg of cloud swam slowly through the sky, and for a moment hid the great face of the sun from the ship. So had my life been, I contemplated, from the bright luminary of a good and noble manhood. But it gave me hope to see the ship rush from the shadow on to a broad sea aglow with the sunshine of a sub-tropical day.

"Jim came up with a bowl of soup, and presently I went below.

"For some days after this we talked of many things, for my strength was returning, and I sought to fulfil to myself the spirit of my promise.

"Jim Anderson was a brass worker by trade; although his father had come of a good south-country family, his early death had thrown them into very moderate circumstances, and had forced Jim into a trade which his aptitude of hand greatly favored him in adopting. To his mother and sister he was greatly attached, and had been able by his industry to soothe the pangs of poverty. But evil times came on apace; the brass dust affected his lungs, and, threatened with consumption, he had sought refuge in the breezy life of a sailor.

"This was another link to make my liking for him stronger; for it is wonderful how misfortune knits the hearts closer, especially if there is similarity in it.

"One day I remarked Jim more than unusually despondent: He was a boy of moods, a characteristic frequently observed in delicate and intellectual boys.

"'I had a dream last night,' he said, after we had munched our hard tack and marmalade for some time.

"'Well: what about that?' I returned, 'I don't believe in dreams.'

"'Oh, but I do, shipmate; and the mother says dreams are given to us to guide us by, same as the stars we steer our course by in the night.'

"'Well, let's have it,' I remarked, for I thought he was a bit superstitious. I was more fleshy built than Jim, and made little of his spiritualities.

"Jim shook his head. 'It was a pretty picture, but I don't understand it, unless it means that I shall never see them again.'

"I well knew who he meant by them, and it deadened the laugh I had on my lips. Had I known what a few hours would bring I had choked on it.

"We were running to the westward, and things began to look ugly when we came on deck at four bells to do the second dog watch. There was a scud in the sky, and it was settling lower. It now came flying over the sea almost on a level with the royal trucks. The sea got up, too, and anyone with half an eye could foretell a bad night.

"By seven the wind had risen to a gale, and we were taking in canvas as fast as twelve men can disrobe a ship of sixteen hundred tons.

"'Haul down the fore-topmast staysail,' roared the mate through his hollowed hands from the poop, where, sheathed in oilskins, he was conning the ship through the great surges.

"'Ay, ay, sir!" answered the not less stentorian voice of the boatswain.

"'He—ho!' and down it came, whipping its great sheet-block about with a noise and force truly appalling.

"'Who's to furl it?' called out the boatswain from the fore deck.

"'Here, Mortimer, where are you? Lay out and take a turn round the sail till the hands come down. It'll take the jib-boom out of her.'

"'Ay, ay, sir!' I answered, although I felt shaky. I hadn't got quite over my illness yet, and it seemed certain death on the boom with the sail flapping over it like the very wings of the tempest itself; every now and then, too, she plunged her nose into the smooths till the flying jib-boom end stood up like an island out of the drift, while tons of green water swept over the fore top-gallant foc'sle, and swilled the quarter deck as far as the cabin doors.

"I got out as far as the heel of the boom, when she shipped a sea over the weather bow, and I clung on to the fore-stay while my feet swung away to leeward with the boiling water.

"It shook my nerves, and I hesitated.

"'Lay out, you land-lubber," roared the boatswain, 'are ye skeered? Are we to lose our stitch along of a milk-pail? That's what ye are: lay out, I say, or I'll be 'longside o' ye in a brace of shakes.'

"I took my courage in my hand, and was going for'ard, when a voice at my elbow said, 'Never mind, Harry, I'll go, stay you in-board. You're not right yet.' And with that a figure sprang past me on to the jib-boom foot-rope, and was hand-over-handing along it before I could say Jack Robinson.

"It was Jim; and when I understood it I called out mad-like for him to come back, for he wasn't fit to smother that sail by himself. But he wouldn't, so out he got me. I hadn't reached on to the foot-rope from the heel of the spar when the "Maryland" gave a mighty dive and took me down fathoms. I thought I was gone, and the roaring in my ears was like all the thunders crowded in a sea of sound.

"The last thing I remembered was seeing Jim with his arms round the sail, high up in the sky, it seemed, as the ship reeled on the top of the great surge. It seemed to burn itself into my brain, made more intense and vivid by the blackness into which every sense was plunged.

"When I came up again, the first thing which took my eye was the same tapering spar outlined against the horn of the moon, but bare, oh pity!—bare of sail, foot-rope, and everything; of the human form that but a moment before had been there, dripping with the salt sea spray and moaning in the wind.

"I turned instinctively to the wake, casting a white line broadly on either side, but nothing broke it under the moon-arrows that strewed the sea. And then I called loudly, "Man over-board!" and rushed madly into the waist of the ship to throw a hen-coop over the side, in a hope that itself told me was vain before it lit the horror of my mind.

"It was useless to stop the ship—it was impossible in the wild hurricane that now swept over us; and my grief lost itself for a time in the tumult which raged around, in fighting a doom that it seemed impossible to escape from. When calmer days brightened over the sea, I cradled my misery as a sacred gift; and even today that brave act of self-immolation—for it was death to him, young and inexperienced—is as fragrant in my memory as it was in those days of tropical distress.

"'See,' said Captain Mortimer, as he opened a small chest, 'here is the Bible I sought to destroy. Many a time have I blessed the thought which prevented me from so evil a course and gave me, in attempting it, a blessing beyond computation. I sought out his mother and sister on my return, and with tears confessed my wickedness and the manner of his death. That I was forgiven it is unnecessary to say. Here is my wife's photo, whom you saw before the ship sailed'—a soft-eyed, handsome woman it represented—'that,' he said, continuing, 'is the sister of little Jim, who has all her brother's sweetness with a woman's charm.—Boy's Own Paper.

Exposure to cold, damp winds, may result in pneumonia unless the system is kept invigorated with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A good mother is the richest blessing that a man can have.

Improper and deficient care of the scalp will cause grayness of the hair and baldness. Escape both by the use of that reliable specific, Hall's Hair Renewer.

When a town licenses the saloon, it lets hell loose upon earth.

Holloway's Corn Cure destroys all kinds of corns and warts, root and branch. Who then would endure them with such a cheap and effectual remedy within reach?

The richest man on earth is he who gives all he has to the Lord.

The leading physicians of the Maritime Provinces have repeatedly endorsed Puttner's Emulsion, and constantly prescribe it. No other popular remedy is regarded so favorably by sound medical men.

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Many people, when a little constipated, make the mistake of using salts or other drastic purgatives. All that is needed is a mild dose of Ayer's Pills to restore the regular movement of the bowels, and nature will do the rest. They keep the system in perfect order.

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendship constantly in repair.—Dr. Johnson.

You Can Believe

The testimonials published in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla. They are written by honest people, who have actually found in their own experience that Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, creates an appetite, strengthens the system and absolutely and permanently cures all diseases caused by impure or deficient blood.

Hood's Pills for the liver and bowels, act promptly, gently and effectively.

A mild laxative, do not sicken—the best family medicine

Beach's Stomach & Liver Pills Small, Sugar Coated, vegetable.

HANNAH HIGGIN'S EXPERIENCE.

A STORY FOR WOMEN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

I am very much obliged to you for re-electing me treasurer for another year. But may I talk to you a little while? You will pardon my plain, awkward way of putting things. I can't speak like our gifted president, for I am only plain Hannah Higgins.

Perhaps you think it is easy to be a treasurer. If you will bear with me, I'll give you one day's experience collecting dues. It was so bright and cool last Tuesday I said when I woke, "It is a fine day to give to God and collect money for His work."

I began with Mrs. A. They were a long time opening the door. Little Minnie invited me into the parlor, and there was Miss Bertha decorating the room. Two of the other girls were sitting in the back parlor finishing off a fancy gown, while from the kitchen came the sound of egg-beating.

After awhile Mrs. A. came in with a streak of flour on her forehead. She said they were getting ready for a party for Edna, and she was making the fourth cake.

When I told her my errand, an anxious expression came over her face and she said, "Oh, yes! Is it time already? It doesn't seem like three months, but of course you know best. I'm not sure I have any change, though. I spent nearly all I had for cream this morning. Minnie, run and get my purse."

The purse contained only sixteen cents, which Mrs. A. handed me, saying she would pay the rest some other time, if I would call for it. I invited her to come to the meeting this week, but she said she would be having company.

I then went around the corner to Mrs B.'s; she had been taking a nap, and looked confused when I knocked. "Oh, is it you, Mrs. Higgins? You are quite a stranger. I never see you unless you are coming for money. Oh, yes, I know, it's time for dues. I never forget that. But I haven't the money ready today. I'll send it as soon as John gives me some. You needn't call for it, I'll send it." But it has not come yet.

In the next block was Miss C., and her sister Mrs. D., was visiting her.

They are both members of the W. F. M. S., but looked annoyed when I told them what I'd come for. Miss C. said, "Oh, dear, is it time already? Well, I might know it, just to see you, for you never come on any other errand. Well, here's the money. You never have to ask me twice for it."

"Thank you," I answered, "it is a relief to find some one who is always ready, but it would help me more if you would come to the meetings and bring your dues."

"Oh, dear, no! I never have time to go to the meetings. You ought to be satisfied that I keep up my dues. You don't have such an easy time with all of the members."

"No, indeed!" put in Mrs. D. "Here I am cramped for money all the time. Mr. D. never gives me a cent ahead, so I can't be independent like Sister Julia here, who has her own money to do with as she pleases. I can't pay you today, Mrs. Higgins. I may next week."

Mrs. E. was out; Mrs. F. was sick and I couldn't see her. Mrs. G. was at home, but looked so uneasy when she saw me that I was really sorry for her.

"Oh, Mrs. Higgins," she said, "I know you want your money, and you ought to have it, when you've come such a long way to get it!"

"No, Mrs. G.," I said, "it is not my money. It is the Lord's. I am only His steward."

"Yes, yes," she interrupted impatiently; "I am sorry, but I really can not give it to you. I am getting ready to take a trip up the lakes. After all, what have those heathen ever done for us? I often think of that. Well, I will try to pay you when I get back."

At the next place, Mrs. H. was ready with her dues, and apologized for not having sent me the money. Mrs. I. met me with a long face, and said, dolefully, "I think you must take my name off your list. I just can't raise the money. The times are hard, and the children are sick. You may drop my name."

I tried to talk her into letting her name remain, but no, take it off she must and did. I left her one of Mrs. Rider Meyer's "Do Without," leaflets, but she looked at it suspiciously, as if she thought I was trying to get her to pledge herself to something against her will.

The day had its streaks of sunshine, after all. By this time it was getting on towards evening, but I wanted to finish, as there was only a few names left. One of my shoes had burst at the side, but I hoped it wouldn't look too unseemly before I could get home.

At the very next home I met with so much encouragement, I'll tell you outright who the person was. It was old Auntie Runnels on the hill.

The minute she saw me, she said, "Mrs. Higgins, of all people! I'm so glad to see you, dear. Come right in and rest and take a glass of lemonade, for you do look about tired out, I must say. I've missed the meetings, this spring, just dreadfully. The rheumatism has been so bad in my feet that I couldn't get on my shoes most of the time, and have to wear these old slippers. Do you know I believe the Lord can always bring good out of things, and here's an instance of it. I haven't had to buy a pair of new shoes, because what was the use? I could not wear 'em! So I laid aside fifty cents out of money I'd been saving to buy some new boots, and here 'tis, enough to pay my dues for the next six months."

I felt quite cheered and went on my way uplifted by Auntie Runnel's spirit to Mrs. Taylor's. I found her sad and disheartened. Poor Nettie was failing fast, you know, and was lying on a couch at the west window, pale and drooping like a fading lily. After a little I ventured to ask Mrs. Taylor for the dues. Poor woman! She burst into tears and said, "Oh, Mrs. Higgins, do not ask me! Every cent I can possibly spare for housekeeping and doctors bills goes to getting comforts for my poor child. I'll not have her with me long."

Nettie heard us from the inner room and she called out, in a thread of a voice, "Mamma and Mrs. Higgins, will you please come here?" We went to the couch, where the setting sun shone on the face of the sick child. Holding out her little hand, so thin and almost transparent, she said gently:

"Mamma, I have been a great trouble and expense to you. You have worried over your poor Nettie very much. Oh, yes, mamma, I know it! I haven't been blind all these long months. I have seen the care on your dear face, and have heard you sigh when you thought I was asleep, and I knew it was all for love of me! You are sorry to have me leave you, dear mamma, and yet you are wearing yourself out trying to make me comfortable. But," and she wiped away a tear, and her lip quivered, "if you love me, and I know you do, grant me one favor. Will you?"

"If I can, my darling," said the poor mother, her voice choked with sobs.

Nettie raised her face with an effort, and turning herself in such a way that the sunlight fell full upon it, giving an expression of heavenly beauty, she continued, "Mamma, I want to do some good in the world before I go, and you must help me. Instead of spending so much money in getting me luxuries I do not need, I want you to set aside that much for missions. You spoke of getting me a birthday treat next week. Now, instead of doing that, you will please me a good deal more if you will use that money to pay your dues. And more than this, mamma. Every year when your dear Nettie's birthday comes around, and she is celebrating it in heaven, I want you to set aside a certain sum for missionary work. Then it may be that some poor, ignorant girl in far-off lands will learn of Jesus and His love through this remembrance of Nettie's mother. On my next birthday—not this one, for it is so near that I think I will spend this one with you—but next year, instead of grieving and saying, 'My poor Nettie would have been seventeen today. If she were only here!' I want you to rejoice, mamma, dear, and to think, 'I have a precious daughter, who is waiting in heaven for me, and what I would have expended on a little gift for her today, I give gladly to help some young girl in heathen lands to find Christ.' Will you do this, my mother?"

She sank back almost exhausted, but waited anxiously for her mother to speak. For answer, Mrs. Taylor went to a drawer and brought out some money, which she slipped into my hand without a word. I went out, I looked back and saw the sick girl lying on her pillow, deathly pale but with a smile of content on her face, waving a good-by with her little white hand.

At the next place I hesitated, wondering whether to go in or not. Old Mrs. Felter had seemed to be losing her interest in us, and I could only think of Nettie Taylor, and I wanted to slip away home, but while I paused at the gate, I heard Mr. Felter's pleasant voice calling me and he and his wife came out together, hand in hand, from under the archway of roses.

"Mrs. Higgins," he said, "my wife saw you coming, and told me she expected you wanted her missionary dues," and he handed me, not a quarter of a dollar, but a bright gold eagle, the sight of which nearly took away my breath. Then he passed his arm around her waist and, looking fondly into her eyes, he went on.

"Mary and I have lived together for fifty years. Yes, this day we celebrate our fiftieth anniversary, and we love one another more, much more, than we did the day we were married. Our life together has been a beautiful one. We have shared one another's joys and griefs, and have found living together a happy experience. We want to do much good the little while we remain on earth, and we give this little sum as the earnest of what we may do in the future. Is this not so, Mary?"

She looked up at him through tears, and slipping her hand into his, said softly, "I have been young, and now am old,' and am ashamed I have done so little for my Lord, but from this time on I mean to work, remembering how soon the night cometh."

As I passed out through the gate, I saw a beautiful picture. That aged couple stood under the archway, still hand in hand, she, little creature that she is, looking up, trustingly into his face, he, tall and erect in spite of his seventy years, smiling down into her tear-dimmed eyes.

The next morning, Benny Ream came running over to my house, with a purse in his hand and a note from his father, which said, "Dear Mrs. Higgins, our home is gladdened by the coming of a little daughter, whom we mean to dedicate to the Lord. As a thank-offering to Him for His great mercies, we send five dollars for missions, wishing it were more. God bless it as it goes on its way!"

This is all, sisters. Thank you for listening so patiently to my long story, and now if you wish me to be your treasurer for another year I am glad to accept the office.—Heathen Woman's Friend.

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Said She Was Past All Help

and wanted me to send her to the 'Home for Incurables.' But I said as long as I could hold my hand up she should not go. We then began

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

to give her Hood's Sarsaparilla. She is getting strong, walks around, is out doors every day; has no trouble with her throat and no cough, and her heart seems to be all right again. She has a first class appetite. We regard her cure as nothing short of a miracle." W. WYATT, 89 Marion Street, Parkdale, Toronto, Ontario.

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Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax	7.00
Express for Halifax	19.10
Express for Quebec and Montreal	15.20
Express for Sussex	16.40

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping car at Moncton at 19.20 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex	8.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)	10.30
Express from Moncton (daily)	10.30
Express from Halifax	15.50
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton	15.20
Accommodation from Moncton	24.00

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D. POTTINGER,
General Manager.

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7th October, 1895.

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