

The poor boy raised his eyes towards the mast, trembling at the thought of spending the whole night there, but he must obey.

The next morning while walking on deck, the captain thought of the boy.

"Hello ! up there, he cried.

No answer.

"Come down, do you hear ?

Still no answer.

A sailor climbed up the riggings and found the child half frozen. In fear of falling into the sea when the ship plunged he had wound his arms so tightly around the rigging that the sailor had some difficulty in tearing him away. He then carried him down on deck and rubbed his limbs until he came to himself. When he was able to set up the captain poured out a glass of liquor saying : "Now drink this, my boy."

"If you please captain, I would rather not." Do not be angry with me, but let me tell you why. There was a time when we were happy at home ; but father began to drink. He could give us no more money to buy bread and a day came when we were obliged to sell our home with everything it contained. This broke my poor mother's heart. She lingered for a while and then died."

"A few hours before the end came she called me to her bed side and said:—John, you know what liquor has made of your father, I wish you to promise your dying mother that you will never touch intoxicating liquor."

"Oh ! sir," continued the little boy, "would you have me break the promise made to my dying mother ? I neither can nor desire to break it.

These words touched the captain's heart. Tears sprang to his eyes and, bending, he took the child in his arms and exclaimed :

"No, no, my little hero ! Keep your promise and if anyone tries to make you break it, come to me, I will protect you."

And to compensate for the punishment inflicted on him, the captain opened his purse and gave the young hero a \$50 bill, to dispose of as he wished.