

a perilous job. I was standing near the mate and heard him order the boy aloft to do it. He lifted his cap and glanced at the swinging mast, the boiling wrathful sea, and at the steady, determined countenance of the mate. He hesitated in silence a moment then rushing across the deck, he pitched down into the fore-castle. Perhaps he was gone two minutes, when he returned, laid his hands on the railings, and went up with a will. My eye followed him up till my head was dizzy, when I turned and remonstrated with the mate for sending that boy aloft.—He could not come down alive! Why did you send him?

"I did it," replied the mate, "to save life. We've sometimes lost men overboard, but never a boy. See how he holds like a squirrel. He is more careful. He'll come down safe I h-o-p-e."

Again I looked until a tear dimmed my eye, and I was compelled to turn away expecting every moment to catch a glimpse of his last fall.

In about 15 or 20 minutes, having finished the job, he came down, and straightened himself up with the conscious pride of having performed a manly act, he walked aft with a smile upon his countenance.

In the course of the day I took occasion to speak with him, and ask him why he hesitated when ordered aloft? why he went down into the fore-castle?

"I went, sir," said the boy, "to pray."

"Do you pray?"

"Yes, sir; I thought I might not come down alive, and I went to commit my soul to God."

"Where did you learn to pray?"

"At home; my mother wanted me to go to the Sabbath school, and my teacher urged me to pray to God to keep me, and I do."

"What was that you had in your jacket pocket?"

"My Testament, which my teacher gave me. I thought if I did perish, I would have the word of God close to my heart."—*Seamen's Magazine.*

THE CHOICE.

A Quaker residing in Paris was waited on by four workmen, in order to make their compliments, and ask for their usual New Year's gifts.

"Well, my friends," said the Quaker, "here are your gifts; choose fifteen francs, or the Bible.

"I don't know how to read," said the first, so I take the fifteen francs."

"I can read!" said the second, "but I have pressing wants." He took the fifteen francs. The third also made the same choice. He now came to the fourth, a lad about fourteen. The Quaker looked at him with an air of goodness.

"Will you, too, take these three pieces, which you may attain at any time by your labor and industry?"

"As you say the book is good, I will take it and read it to my mother," replied the boy. He took the bible, opened it, and found between the leaves a gold piece of forty francs. The others hung down their heads, and the Quaker told them he was sorry they had not made a better choice.—*Literary American.*

THE HAPPY LAND.

There is a happy land,
Far, far away;
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King;
Loud let his praises ring—
Praise, praise for aye.

Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will you doubting stand—
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free!
Lord, we shall live with thee—
Blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye—
Kept by a Father's hand
Love cannot die.
Oh then to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun
We reign for aye.