



LITTLE MISS CONSEQUENCE.

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS SON.

Among the honest fisher folk of our north-country village no man was more respected than George Collier. He was a fisherman, the son of a fisherman, grandson of two fishermen, the brother and brother-in-law of a dozen fishermen. He knew the whole coast well. He knew how to ply his trade as successfully as any in the village, and he was a very interesting man to talk with. Many a tale he could tell of adventures on the deep in storms; and right pleasant was it for some of us boys of the village, when he would allow us to go with him and his son in their boat for a few hours' fishing. It is pleasant to remember some of his stories yet, and the boys—all men now—will never forget some of the good and homely lessons he taught them, in his own quiet and quaint way.

His son, young Willie Collier, grew up to be a man, as much respected as his father; and he says he owes all he is to his father's teaching. They were returning home one day after fishing, bringing in baskets the fish they had caught. They were talking about their success.

"We've done very well to-day, father!" said Willie.

"Ay, boy, ay! let us be thankful to Him who made the fishes. Do you mind what

the preacher said at chapel last Sunday, Willie?"

"To be sure I do. Did not mother tell me never to forget it?"

"Ay, boy, ay! that preacher does not know everything about fishing, maybe, like we fisher-folks do; but he told us what never struck me before, though I've had some wonderful thoughts in quiet hours on the water; but it was a new idea to me that just as God sent a fish with a piece of money in his mouth to the apostle he sends fish worth money to our nets to pay our taxes and feed our mouths. It makes one feel more like praising God and taking interest in one's work."

"Yes; our teacher in the Sunday-school said, in the afternoon, that it was a good thing, now and then, to hear preachers preach about our work if they only understood it; but I was thinking that sometimes they tell us lots of things that they have been thinking about, that even fisher-folk would never think about themselves. You see, father, with so many of the disciples being fishermen, it makes good people look kindly on us."

"Ay, boy, ay! but do you remember what the preacher said when he made the collection?"

"Oh! that I do, father; it made me give an extra penny—the only one I had

left. He said that after the Saviour had taught the people out of a boat, he told the owners to launch out into the deep for a draught, and then he gave them a great catch of fish, and he said, 'The lesson my friends, is, lend the Lord your boats, and he will fill your nets with fishes.' I remember his very words, and how he looked when he said them."

"Ay, boy, ay! that's right. And so you gave an extra penny, did you? Well, mind you always try to lend the Lord your boat; give him what he asks of you, and serve him, and you'll be a happy lad, and no loser. We have had a good catch to-day, boy, and if it sells well, as I think it will, I will give you a silver sixpence for yourself. I like to hear about your extra penny, Willy; it does me good."

HOW I ENLISTED.

Our Sunday-school lessons had been very solemn for several weeks. Our teacher had often urged us to be followers of Jesus, She had spoken to us as a class, and to each one alone; but still I did not feel ready. I meant to be a Christian some time, but not then.

One Sabbath, after a solemn lesson, our teacher talked with us very tenderly and solemnly, and then said: "Boys, I want to be a recruiting officer for the Lord Jesus. He wants soldiers for his army. He wants you, and he has told me to ask you." She then took from her Bible a paper, on which was written: "I will choose Jesus for my Master." She read these words slowly, and then said: "Can I have any recruits to-day for my Master?"

There was a deep silence. I could hear my heart beat.

At length she asked: "Shall I not have one name?"

A boy at the end of the class quickly answered: "You may put down my name."

These words went all over me, for he was the last one from whom we should have expected to hear them.

Soon another and another said: "I will enlist."

I was the last one invited, but I was not ready. I shook my head, and said: "It would do no good."

As I walked home I did some deep thinking. I said to myself: "If Warren and Hill have enlisted, it is time for me to do so too. I thought that I was far nearer being a Christian than Warren, but perhaps he has started first. His 'I will' decides me."

So the next Sabbath I enlisted as a soldier in the army of the Lord; and although I have not been as brave as I meant to be, I've always been glad that I enlisted.

It was a beautiful thought of the little boy who said: "I know why flowers grow. They want to get out of the dirt."