

Chinamen looked up and said, "What you doing here?" He said, "I wanted to see what they give you for dinner." "And how you like if we go into saloon, when you at dinner and look at you?" was the prompt response. I will ask them, when we come to the door, if they object to us coming in." He did so, and we were received most courteously. Some were sitting or sleeping in their bunks, others were smoking opium, and one was reading a Chinese book. We went back in the evening, and found about thirty of them, crowded round a table, playing Fan-tan, and winning or losing their money at the game with a coolness that showed them to be confirmed gamblers. They play every night till the ship's lights are put out.

We have a wonderful variety of races on board. The crew are Africans, Arabs, Malays, and Manila men—partly pure and partly cross-breeds with Spanish or Portuguese blood in their veins. The Engineers are Scotch and the Carpenter a Japanese. The Officers are British, and the Stewards Chinamen. There are four grades of passengers, first saloon, second saloon, steerage, and Chinamen's steerage; and among them are to be found New Zealanders, Australians, English, Scotch, Irish, Canadian, Danish, Chinese, Polynesian, a man from Helena, and at least one from Ceylon. One of the Polynesians is from Erromanga, the island where our missionary Mr. Robertson is doing such good work among the people who murdered Williams and the Gordons.

Are we not a mixed company? We get on very well together, though it is sometimes difficult to keep up a long conversation. But, sometimes I think that it is a good thing to be obliged to express your meaning in very few and very simple words. As Mrs. Wilson put it,—“There is too much talk when people meet who speak the same language; for when you are going away and try to remember what they have been talking about, you can remember nothing.” It is not a bad rule, “keep silent unless you are sure that you have something to say.”

Your friend, GEO. M. GRANT.

SOMETHING TO DO.

Hark, the voice of Jesus calling,
 “Who will go and work to-day?
 Fields are white, and harvests waiting,
 Who will bear the sheaves away?
 Loud and long the Master calleth,
 Rich reward He offers thee.
 Who will answer, gladly saying,
 “Here am I, send me, send me?”

Let none hear you idly saying,
 There is nothing I can do,
 While the souls of men are dying,
 And the Master calls for you:
 Take the task He gives you gladly;
 Let His work your pleasure be;
 Answer quickly when He calleth,
 “Here am I, send me, send me.”

“DON'T! DON'T!”

Don't! don't! a little voice seemed to say, clear and strong, in Harry's ear. The two cents lay on the window-seat; some one had forgotten them. Two cents' worth of candy came right up before Harry's eyes, and in a moment he had put out his hand to take the cents.

But that “Don't! don't! Who spoke? He turned and looked. No one was in the room. The door was open, but no one was in the entry.

“Nobody can see,” he said to himself.

“Thou God seest me,” said the voice.

“Nobody will know where they're gone,” said Harry.

“Thou shalt not steal,” the voice said again.

Harry was frightened at himself, and ran away as fast as he could. He was saved from a great sin and trouble. If he had taken those two pennies he would most likely have taken more another time, and not been so frightened about it either.

I knew a boy who stole a ten-cent piece once. He felt very badly about it. He was so ashamed that he did not know what to do. Not long after he had a chance to steal again. He did, and that time it was not half so hard. So he went on and on, and at sixteen years of age he was in prison.