

Now it is plain that young Jack's ways were not to be tolerated much longer. Either he must bend or break. So his father, determining to bring things to a head, and check him in his evil doings, had recourse to a very thick stick and some tough muscles, which, with the young gentleman for their victim, were exercised somewhat vigorously in the back kitchen. Thuds and howls and multiplied promises of amendment were heard with startling clearness, not only throughout the house, but some doors off as well.

So long as the pain lasted Jack was a very good lad, and obeyed orders promptly; but alas! with the dying away of the pain, and the disappearance of the bruises, his improvement vanished too. And so it was not very long before he was as bad as ever.

One morning Jack Stubbs was missing. Instead of turning up at breakfast-time as usual, his place was vacant. He had disappeared, it was afterwards discovered, with his best suit of clothes, his father's silver watch and purse, and other small articles of value. While the little household had been wrapped in sleep he had been up and doing, and before they had awakened had vanished no one knew where.

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"Holloa! Who have you got there?"

"A young chap, cap'n, as we've just been and found stowed away behind them casks there."

"Ho! ho! A stowaway is it?"

Then Captain Stewart, fixing stern eyes upon the half-starved lad, put him through a somewhat stiff examination as to who he was, where he came from, and what he wanted, and finally asked how he would like to be thrown overboard to the sharks.

Of course, the stowaway could be no other than young Jack Stubbs, whose ambition had at length led him seaward.

Now, master Jack hadn't been very long on board the *Saucy Arctusa* before he was undeceived on more matters than one—unpleasantly undeceived.

For one thing he intensely disliked work, and having the idea that the sailor was a man whose hands were everlastingly in his pockets, was smitten with the idea that a sailor's life was the life for him. But lo! no sooner is he discovered to be on board than he is set to work in a most unpleasant fashion, and kept at it from morning until night. Captain Stewart was not going to have any lazy land-lubbers on board his ship.

Some little light was thrown upon his inexperienced mind, too, on the subject of discipline. Here he had put his head into a trap with a vengeance. At home no doubt he defied everybody, but he soon found what different sort of people he had to deal with now. Discipline! it was all discipline, and always discipline, and woe be to the man or boy who didn't obey. Of course he tried it on for a while, but the rope's end left such an unpleasant stinging sensation behind it, that he soon fell into the ship's ways. This was another bitter pill he had to swallow.

Poor Jack! how his poor bubble had burst! How often he wished himself at home again, seated at the

well-stocked table, cared for, loved, and tended day and night!

But the greatest surprise of all was when he found his soul as thoroughly looked after as it had been at home. Captain Stewart was a Christian man of the right sort, who, having tasted the sweetness of a Saviour's love, longed to pass it on to others, and so he provided good books for the men, set on foot a Bible class, and saw that the Sunday was maintained as much as possible as a day of rest. Young Jack found himself taken in hand, and warned and encouraged, and taught with quite a startling warmth.

It is strange how circumstances alter cases, for while at home Jack Stubbs turned up his nose at all that was good and Christian, on board ship, and under such unexpected teachers, he actually began to turn an open ear to what was said of Jesus and His love.

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"Any letter from Jack?"

"No, wife, none."

How often, I wonder, had this mournful question and reply been uttered? Never a day since Jack had vanished had they remained unspoken.

But one stormy winter morning, when both hearts were sadder than usual, they saw lying upon the table a letter with a foreign postmark upon it.

It was a letter from Jack at last, and such a letter! It told the whole story of his past—from the night when he stole away from his home up to the time of writing. It told of his perils and his escapes, of his joys and sorrows, and how at last he had seen the error of his ways, and had turned into better paths. He was coming back soon, he said, and fervently did he ask their forgiveness for all the trouble he had been to them both. He would be a different son from what he had been.

"Wife," said the husband, "this makes up for it all. God be praised!"

Rev. Charles Courtenay.

THE GARDEN OF PARADISE.

IN Upper Carinthia is a village named Millstadt, close to which there formerly stood a large Jesuit monastery. In the latter half of the last century a boy, fifteen years of age, served as waiter in this monastery, who had secretly inherited from his parents the Protestant faith, and that good old book of Johann Arndt, called "The Garden of Paradise."

This lad had been entreated by his dying father to continue in and to practise the pure faith, to use the little book in secret, and to take good care of it, for in a little while perchance the day might come when he would be allowed to confess openly Luther's doctrine. The boy faithfully followed the injunctions of his dying father. When, late in the evening, all in the monastery had retired to rest, the young Protestant lighted a candle in his chamber and prayed and read out of the "Garden of Paradise."

One of the fathers, who also frequently stayed up longer than was the custom in his cell, remarked that almost every evening, at that unusual hour, a