



sudden I thought I saw in that corner of my bed-place Jesus Christ hanging bleeding on his cross. Struck with the idea, I thought I arose and crawled to the place, and casting myself at his feet in the greatest agony of soul, I cried out for a long time, like the blind man you read of, 'Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me!' At length I thought he looked at me. Yes, my dear lad, he looked at your poor wicked captain; and O, Bob, what a look it was! I shall never forget it. My blood rushed to my heart, my pulse beat high, my soul thrilled with agitation, and, waiting for him to speak, with fear not unmingled with hope, I saw him smile. O, my child, I saw him smile—yes, and he smiled on me—on me, Bob. O, my dear boy, he smiled on wretched, guilty me. Ah, what did I feel at that moment! My heart was too full to speak; but I waited, and ventured to look up, when I heard him say, hanging as he did on the cross, the blood streaming from his hands, and feet, and side—O, Bob, what sounds were these!—shall I ever hear his beloved voice again?—I heard him say in sounds that angels cannot reach, 'Son, be of good cheer; thy sins, which be many, are all forgiven thee.' My heart burst with joy; I fell prostrate at his feet: I could not utter a word but glory, glory, glory! The vision vanished; I fell back on my pillow; I opened my eyes; I was covered with perspiration. I said, 'O this cannot be a dream!' No, Bob, I know that Jesus bled and died for me; I can believe the promises, the many precious promises you have read to me out of the Bible, and I feel that the blood of the cross can cleanse even me. I am not now afraid to die; no, Bob, my sins are pardoned through Jesus. I want no more; I am now ready to die; I have no wish to live. I cannot, I feel I cannot be many days longer on this side of eternity. The extreme agitation of my mind of late has increased the fever of my body, and I shall soon breathe my last."

The boy, who had silently shed many tears, now burst into a flood of sorrow, and involuntarily cried, "No, my dear master, don't leave me."

"Bob," said he calmly, "my dear boy, comfort your mind; I am happy; I am going to be happy forever. I feel for you as if you were my own child. I am sorry to leave you in such a wicked world, and with such wicked men as sailors are in general. O may you ever be kept from those crimes into which I have fallen! Your kindness to me, my dear lad, has been great. God will reward you for it. To you I owe everything as an instrument in the Lord's hands. Surely he sent you to me! God bless you, my dear boy! Tell my crew to forgive me, as I forgive and pray for them."

Thus the day passed in the most pleasing and profitable manner, when Bob, after reading the Bible as usual, retired to his hammock.

Eager the next morning to meet again, Bob arose at daylight, and opening the state-room door, saw his master had risen from his pillow, and crawled

to the corner of his bed-place where in his dream he beheld the cross. There he appeared kneeling down in the attitude of prayer, his hands clasped and raised, and his body leaning against the ship's side. The boy paused and waited a few moments, fearful of disturbing his master. At length he called in a sort of whisper, "Master!"

No answer.

"Master!"

No reply. He ventured to creep forward a little, and then said, "Master!"

All was silent. Again he cried, "Captain!"

Silence reigned. He stretched out his hand and touched his leg; it was cold, and stiff, and clammy. He called again, "Captain!"

He raised his hand to his shoulder; he tenderly shook it. The position of the body was altered; it declined gently until it rested on the bed; but the spirit had fled some hours before, we hope, to be with Christ, which is far better.

Who, after reading this, will say that very young Christians cannot do great good?

A CHILD'S MORNING THOUGHTS.

The Lord has kept me all the night,
And let me see the morning light;
While others never more shall wake
Who thought to see the morning break.

To me the Lord gave pleasant sleep,
While others waked to watch and weep;
And while they toss on beds of pain,
I rise to joy and health again.

Kind friends all here around me move,
To make me happy with their love:
While others said a long "good-by,"
Last night, to dear ones called to die.

In far-off lands, on heathen shores,
This morn the child his offering pours
To gods of wood and stone; while I
Am taught to pray to God most high.



They never heard how Jesus gave
His life, a dying world to save;
While God's own Book to me is given,
That guides to happiness and heaven.

The Lord has crowned my life with good,
With home and friends, and clothes and food;
While at my work, and at my play,
I'll try to please the Lord to-day.

THE GOOD THAT LITTLE CHARLIE DID.

"I wish, I wish," said a little boy who awoke early one morning and lay in bed thinking, "I wish I was grown up so as to do some good. If I was a judge I would explain the laws; or I might be a missionary; or I could get rich and give away so much to poor people; but I am only a little boy, and it will take me a great many years to grow up." And so was he going to put off doing good till then?

"Well," he said to himself while he was dressing, "I know what I can do. I can be good: that's left to little boys."

Therefore, when he was dressed, he knelt and asked God to help him to be good and try to serve him all day with his heart and not forget. Then he went down stairs to finish his sums.



CHARLIE AT FAMILY PRAYERS.

No sooner was he seated with his slate before him than his mother called him to find his little brother. Charlie did not want to leave his lesson, yet he cheerfully said, "I'll go, mother," and away he ran.

And how do you think he found "Eddie?" With a sharp ax in his hand! "I chop," he said; and quite likely the next moment he would have chopped off his little toes. Charlie only thought of minding his mother; but who can tell if his ready obedience did not save his baby brother from being a cripple for life?

At family prayers Charlie behaved like a Christian boy. As Charlie was going on an errand for his mother he saw a poor woman whose foot had slipped on the newly-made ice and she fell, and in falling she had spilled her basket of nuts and apples, and some wicked boys were snatching up her apples and running off with them. Little Charlie stopped and said, "Let me help you to pick up your nuts and apples," and his nimble fingers quickly helped her out of her trouble. He did not know how his kind act comforted the poor woman long after she got home, and how she prayed God to bless him.

At dinner, as his father and mother were talking, his father said roughly, "I shall not do anything for that man's son; the old man always did his best to injure me."

"But, father," said Charlie, looking up into his father's face, "does not the Bible say that we must return good for evil?"

Charlie did not know that his father thought all the afternoon of what his little boy had said, and that he once murmured to himself, "My boy is more of a Christian than I am. I must be a better man."

When Charlie came home from school at night he found that his dear little canary-bird was dead. "O mother! and I took such care of birdie, and I loved him so, and he sang so sweetly." And the little boy burst into tears over his poor favorite.

His mother tried to comfort him. "Who gave birdie's life and who took it again?" she asked, stroking his head gently.

"God," he answered through his tears, "and he knows best," and he tried to quiet himself.

A lady who was a visitor was sitting in the room at the time. She had lost her two children, and, though she hoped they had taken angels' wings and gone to nestle in the heavenly land, she would rather have had her little sons back to her nest again. But when she beheld Charlie's patience and submission