

his hammock as on his bed, and when he was nearly stifled with the close air, his heart gave a great leap of joy that at last he was on the sea.

"Turn out!" shouted a voice down the companion way, and in a few moments Tom was on deck. The morning wind whistled and dashed the icy brine, but Tom rubbed his hands and danced about a bit, and then was ready to haul on ropes, reef sails, swob the deck, or do anything else that fell to his lot to be done. This gave a fine appetite for breakfast in the little cabin, which seemed wonderfully cosy after the storm and wet outside.

Tom was busy all day, for the crew of the "John and Maria" was small and there was more than enough for every one to do; but after tea there was leisure to unpack his chest and see what his mother had put in it. Many pleasant surprises had that loving woman tucked in among the sailor-boy's clothes. A pair of warm wristers to keep the bitter cold out of his sleeves; some home-made salve for the many cuts and bruises that were sure to come on the beloved old ocean that tumbled them about so roughly; a big cake that Tom knew would call cheers from his companions; and with his Prayer Book and Hymn Book, a new Bible with his name on the fly-leaf, and, below, a prayer, in his dear mother's hand, that he would never forget to study and follow its teaching; and shut in the Bible a paper box which Tom recognized as a little missionary mite box.

"It shall stand in sight all the time," said he, "and maybe the others will put something in when we have good luck," and he set it in the rack over the table.

"Ship ahoy!" cried the men, when they tumbled into the cabin for the evening. "What craft's that? Lay off a bit and show your papers!"

"A mite box, eh! For the heathen!" said the captain, who was an honest, upright Christian man, or Tom's mother would not have let her boy sail with him. "Well, well, I've seen enough heathen in my day! Seen 'em in most every country of the world. Heathen! In China they're packed like sardines, and the worst of it is, for every missionary who preaches love to God and man comes a crew of sailors drinking and swearing and knocking about, as if Christianity didn't teach them any better, and they undo all the missionary has done. Just the same in other countries, but the good men get ahead sometimes. Once I saw a lot of fellows on the African coast who had filled a boat with negroes and were taking them into slavery. Two missionaries met them, and you should have seen how those two unarmed men stood up against the mean slave-traders and scared them into standing still. Don't know how the affair would have ended, but it called a crowd together, and some of us backed up

the missionaries, and they finally got the blacks free, and carried them off to feed and teach them in their schools. There are plenty of heathen all over the world, in the big cities too, and good men and women teaching them, but there's sore need of money. Yes, lad, I'll put money in your box gladly."

The men followed the captain's example that night, and other nights that followed, for the little mite-box made them think of a lighthouse, as it shone out in the dimness of the cabin, and they thought of the many souls tossing on the sea of ignorance and doubt without a Gospel light to guide them to safe harbor. So hands went into pockets, and coppers chinked, although the store of money in their chests was but small. "It doesn't matter," said they, sailor fashion, "for she's a lucky box, that will bring us plenty of fish and good markets when we get home."

And truly, for a time, the nets were drawn in full of splashing, struggling fish, and everything went prosperously. Then there came a change, and day after day the nets came in almost empty. The sailors grew grave; even the cheery, stout-hearted captain looked very sober.

"It's that there little yaller box," muttered Sam Mason, who was next to Tom in age. "We never ought to have set it up like an idol and put all our money into it; it's brought us the bad luck."

"Nonsense," said the captain, "the box has nothing to do with it. We're doing a good work filling it. What we put there is laid up in the Lord's bank, that can't break, and pays good interest. We'll let her stand there, and fight it out like men."

But Sam still muttered, "It's an evil genius, I tell ye; I wish I had my money back out of it."

Sam thought this over a great many times; so often that, at last, there seemed to be many good reasons why he should take his money back; and so, one night, when the rest were sleeping and the cabin lamp burned dimly, he stealthily worked with his clever fingers till his money was back in his pocket.

But that was not the end. From taking back his own money, he passed to feeling that he had as much need of all the coppers as the heathen, who, to be sure, were so far away that nobody knew what they did need. So the stealthy fingers did their work again, and bits of shell took the place of the coppers. And after that, lo! the nets came in full again, and Sam was sure he had turned the luck; at least, he said so to himself.

But soon there came a day of storm, with angry sea and threatening waves, and winds that swept everything before them with a terrible force that none could resist. There was need then of steady heads and strong, quick hands. The crew pulled at the ropes and tore