

He was very wet by that time, but he had such trouble in rowing that he was warm enough. At first he thought he would go straight across the channel to the large island, and cross over a hill, and walk around the shore of the bay till he reached the hut; but when he reached the shore nearest him, he saw that the rough rocks were glazed with ice, and he knew it would take a long time to walk over such slippery surface.

"If I get out of this channel, most likely the bay will be smoother," he thought; and so he toiled bravely through the waves till he cleared the channel and rounded the point into the bay.

It was much smoother there, and the moon shone out suddenly, as if to guide him; but the poor little fellow was so wearied that it was midnight before he reached the fisher-hut, and he had hard work enough to waken the soundly-sleeping men. When at last he made them understand the trouble, he sank in a shivering heap on the hearth, where there was still enough fire to warm his drenched and half-frozen body; and, before he knew it, he was sound asleep.

He did not hear the words of praise the fishermen gave him, as they made ready to go off in their boat. "I would not have believed that weak slip of a boy would have done that," said big Hans, struggling into his overcoat.

"He's given the best he had," said Grandfather Lassen, making up the fire, and putting on the kettle to get some tea ready, for he was to stay with Peter while three of the young men went to sail the Ohlsen boat home to the village.

"It isn't often that a boy's best is worth so much," said another of the young men.

"Never say that, Aaron," answered the old man. "What did I read to you last night, out of Holy Scripture? Wasn't it about a boy who had a few bread-cakes, and a couple of fish, and by the Lord's blessing they fed five thousand hungry folk? Suppose that boy had said, 'I've got nothing worth giving, I'll just keep quiet about it,'—sure, the Lord would have done the miracle with something else, and that boy would have been no use to his Master. Give your best, boys; and hurry now, for there's a storming around the moon."

The young men hastened to the row-boat, for they had no time to set sail in their own fishing smack, which lay at anchor in the moonlit bay.

"The weather's too peaceful to last; we'll have a storm soon; and the Ohlens must be gotten home," said big Hans. Three strong pairs of arms made it easy to take the boat back quickly, and before daylight the sick men were on their way home.

Little Peter awakened in a great fright, feeling sore all over, and having had his struggle with the waves repeated in his dreams. Grand-

father Lassen comforted him for being separated from his father, and promised he should go back to Gronthal in a day or two. "You were soaking wet, my child; and had you sat in the open boat again, last night, your mother would have had two to nurse."

Before night a heavy storm set in, and as Peter looked anxiously out at the sea, old Mr. Lassen patted his shoulder, and said, "No need to fear, my child; my boys are taking good care of your people. Their boat is strong, and they will reach home at dawn. But if you had delayed coming, the *Freia* would have dashed to pieces, where she was anchored. You have been wise and brave, and I think the good God must have given you wisdom, for you are not used to sea life. What made you think you could row all the way here?"

Peter smiled gratefully, as he answered, "My teacher at school often says, 'If a thing ought to be done, try to do it; for it is God's work; and if you fail, He keeps account of you.' I wasn't sure I could row, but somebody had to do something, and there was nobody but me."

"Come now," said Grandfather Lassen, "your schooling hasn't spoiled you for common folk's life, as they say it has. Keep right on doing things that ought to be done. Now sit by the fire while I read you about a boy who gave what he had, and it turned out to be more than any one could have expected. Never mind the storm. The dear Lord, who showed you what to do, will attend to the rest of this matter."

Then Grandfather Lassen brightened the fire, rubbed his spectacles, and read, from an old, well-fingered Bible, the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel; and little Peter, curled up in the chimney corner, understood that, when we do our best to help others, we give the Lord something with which He does a great deal more. Our two small fishes, become, in His hands, food for many people.—*Young Christian Soldier.*

Just a little dew-drop brightens up the flower,
Growing by the wayside or in shady bower;
Just one little songster, singing in the tree,
Makes the place around him ring with melody;
Just a little candle, shining in the dark,
Drives away the shadows with each tiny spark.

So each little effort, though 'tis small and weak,
Will be blessed of Jesus if His aid we seek;
Just one cup of water, given in His Name,
Just a song of praises, just a little flame
Shown to those about you in some word or deed,
To the great Light-giver will some other lead.

—*Youths' Instructor.*

A DISTINGUISHED man once said to a friend, "Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some bear three kinds—all have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have."