

THE MESSENGER.

And you have suited just splendid,' she added, with her most grown-up air.

So Grace Collins found a happy home, and Mrs. Green gained a loving, generous husband through Maggie Bryan's unique way of 'doing unto others as she would that they should do to her.' In telling her mother of it afterwards she said: 'After this, when I am tempted to talk about anybody, I will think first if it ought to be said at all. If it ought I will go straight to the person and say it. What if I had not said that to Mr. Green?'

[For the Messenger.

Sailors.

'Come here, Ronald, and let sister put on your nice new suit.'

'Don't want any nice new suit.'

'Oh, Ronny! See what a beautiful suit it is, see this big blue collar, just like the sailors wear.'

'What's a sailor?'

'A sailor? Oh, don't you know what a sailor is? A man that sails, you know, sails on a big ship and goes all over the world,' replies Gracie with a very wise look.

'What's a s'ip?' inquires Baby Ronald, who is of an enquiring turn of mind.

'What's a sailor and what's a s'ip?'

'Oh, Ronnie dear, do let me put on your suit, mother told us to hurry, and there she is calling us now. Do be a good boy, and I'll ask mother to tell you all about sailors and ships when you are dressed.'

Thus admonished, Ronald obediently allows Gracie to put on him his new suit, and merrily runs away from her to climb into mother's arms as her step is heard on the stair.

'What's a sailor, and what's a s'ip?' he asks.

'A sailor and a ship?' repeats mother.

'Yes, Gracie said a sailor sailed in a s'ip, and I don't know what a sailor is.'

Mother takes Ronnie on her knee and Gracie sits down on her favorite low chair beside mother.

'Sailors are men who work on big ships, see, there is a picture of a ship, and the sailors make the ship go through the water. Would you like me to tell you the story of a sailor I once knew?'

'Yes,' 'yes,' replied both children.

'Well, once there was a naughty little boy who ran away to sea—'

'I'm a dood boy,' observes Ronald, complacently.

'This little boy was naughty, and when his mother punished him he was very angry, and ran away from her, and went to where there was a ship and got on board. The ship sailed away—'

'I fought it was the sailor sailed.'

'Ronald must not interrupt the story,' says Gracie, gently.

'The ship sailed away from land and the little boy began to wish he was at home with his mother, as the captain gave him very hard work to do.'

'What's a captain?'

'The captain is the man at the head of the ship.'

'Do s'ips have heads?'

'Ronnie dear, do let mother go on with the story,' pleads Gracie.

Mother proceeds:—'The boy had very hard work to do and often wished himself back at home with his mother, but the ship did not come back to the place it sailed from for eight years, and by that time Tom had grown to be quite a man. When at last they got back he went to see his mother, but there was nobody in the old home. The neighbors said that the whole family had moved away, and they did not know where

they had gone. Tom felt very sorry not to see his mother again, and when he went back to the ship he thought that no one cared anything for him, so he could be just as bad as he wanted to. Some time after this the ship stopped at a big city and all the sailors went off the ship to see what the city was like. As they came down to the wharf, a nice, kind gentleman met them and asked them if they would not like to come and spend the evening in a beautiful, warm, bright reading-room, where they might read or play games or listen to sweet music, and he gave them each a ticket, inviting them to this 'Sailors' Institute' and giving them the number and name of the street.

'Some of the men threw away the tickets, saying that they were "going to the saloon to have a jolly time." Tom knew that if they did have "a jolly time," at the saloon that night they would be very sorry for it in the morning when they would wake up with a headache and find all their money gone, so he persuaded two or three of his



mates to come with him and see what kind of a place this "Sailors' Institute" was. They found it to be all that the kind gentleman had described, and they spent a very pleasant evening there. They felt that it was so home-like and everyone was so kind, that they spent most of their time there while they stayed in the city.

'When the ship sailed away again, the kind lady at the "Sailors' Institute" had given to each of the men a beautiful, bright little bag, saying, "Here is a comfort bag for you, I hope it will come in handy." Tom laughed, comfort was something he knew very little about, but he thanked the lady for her gift, and as soon as he got back to the ship he opened the bag to see what was in it. What do you think he found? Well, first of all he found a letter, addressed, "To a dear Young Sailor." Now, Tom had never had a letter in his life before this, and he felt as though something great had happened to him. He looked at the front of it, then turned it over; it was sealed. He concluded to lay it aside till he had looked at all the other things in the bag. The next thing he drew out was a large penknife—Tom's eyes glistened as he saw it, "Just the very thing I was wanting," he said, as he tried the blade to see that it was sharp and keen, "this is a beauty, too."

'The next thing that Tom drew out made him laugh heartily, it was a celluloid thimble. Probably the person who had put it in the bag thought it very large indeed, not so Tom, for it scarcely

went on his little finger, sailor men's hands do grow so large.

'He laughed again as he drew out a neat little pin-cushion full of pins, but he realized their usefulness, as well as that of the ball of wool, needle-case with all kinds of needles, black and white linen thread, a little bag of buttons, a sheet of court-plaster, a cake of soap, a pencil, a quire of note paper and a package of envelopes! Who would have thought that all those things could have come out of that little red bag with the green and gold pattern?'

'He placed all his treasures in a row on his berth and turned them all over and over. How kind and thoughtful some one was to fix that nice "comfort bag" for him, he thought, it would indeed be a comfort to him.

'He now took up the letter to see what it said, and he read:—"Dear Young Friend, I am an old lady of seventy-six, and I have sewed much love into this bag as I made it for you. I hope you will like all the things I have put in. Most of all I hope you will love and read the little Testament which I have marked for you. Dear boy, I shall be praying every day that you will study it, and that you will give yourself to Jesus who 'is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.' God bless you, my boy." Tom's tears were falling fast as he finished this letter, and he took from the bag the little Testament, which he had purposely left in it. Opening the book at random, he came upon a clearly marked verse—"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." And with a humble cry for mercy he dropped on his knees and called upon the name of the Lord. He gave his heart to Jesus and Jesus received him and filled his heart with peace and joy.'

'Is that all, mother? It was a lovely story. Mother, couldn't I do something to help the sailors? What could I do?' asks Gracie.

Mother smiles as she kisses the earnest little face, saying 'Certainly, darling, you can do something to help. You can pray for the dear sailors—yes, and I'll show you how to make a comfort bag, and you can mark a Testament and write a letter to the sailor, too.'

'I nearly went to sleep, tause I couldn't ask questions,' murmurs Ronald drowsily, 'but I is very glad the sailor boy gived his heart to Jesus and was a dood boy.'

IVY LEAF.

Our Helper.

Father, I need thee, troubles abound,
Billows on billows break all around;

Hold out Thy helping hand,

Help me in faith to stand;

Thou dost the waves command—

I shall not sink.

Father, I need Thee! dangers are near;

Thine arm around me, I will not fear.

Teach me Thy voice to know

Speaking so clear and low,

'Fear not, with Thee I go,

Thou shalt o'ercome!'

Father, I hear Thee!—hear and obey,

Know Thou art near me, near me alway—

Near me when troubles lower,

Near in temptation's hour,

Near me, O love and power!

Yea, more than near!

Father, I trust Thee!—Thou wilt defend,

Comfort and guard me on to the end;

Still would I do my part,

Keep a brave, cheerful heart;

Since Thou my helper art,

I shall not fall.

—'Waif.'