

poor sailors; and some masters of vessels too, are praying men. The Lord helping us poor sinners, we will also seek him with prayer." "Ah! Harry," said the other, "had ship chapels been built before, gladly should I have attended, and I might, by God's blessing, have escaped many sins. Thank you kind friend, the Lord reward you."

ANECDOTES.

A Sunday Scholar's value for the Bible.

A little boy, a Sunday scholar, was one day sent by his mother to a shop for some soap; when the shop-woman, having weighed it, took a leaf from a Bible that was placed on the counter for waste paper; at which the boy was greatly astonished, and vehemently exclaimed, "Why mistress, that is the Bible!"—"Well, what if it be?" replied the woman. "It is the Bible," repeated the boy, "and what are you going to do with it?" "To wrap up the soap," was the answer. "But mistress you should not tear up that book, for it is the Bible!" cried the boy, with peculiar emphasis: "What does that signify?" said the woman sharply; "I bought it for waste paper, to use in the shop." The boy with still increasing energy, exclaimed, "What, the Bible! I wish it was mine; I would not tear it up like that." "Well" said the woman, "if you will pay me what I gave for it, you shall have it." "Thank you," replied the boy, "I will go home and ask my mother for some money." Away he went and said "Mother, mother, please to give me some money?" "What for?" said his mother. "To buy a Bible," he replied, "for the woman at the shop was tearing up the Bible, and I told her she should not do it; then she said she would sell it me: O mother, do give me some money to buy it, that it may not be torn up!" His mother said, "I cannot, my dear boy, I have none." The child cried; still begged for some money, but in vain. Then

sobbing, he went back to the shop, and said, "My mother is poor, and cannot give me any money; but, O mistress, don't tear up the Bible, for my teachers have told me that it is the *word of God!*"

The woman, perceiving the boy to be greatly concerned, said, "Well, don't cry, for you shall have the Bible, if you will go and get its weight in waste paper." At this unexpected but joyful proposal, the boy dried up his tears, saying, "that I will, mistress, and thank you too." Away he ran to his mother and asked her for some paper: she gave him all she had; and then, he went to all his neighbours' houses, and begged more; and having, as he hoped, collected enough, he hastened with the bundle under his arm to the shop, and on entering it exclaimed, "Now, mistress, I have got the paper." "Very well," said the woman, "let me weigh it:" the paper was put into one scale, and the Bible into the other. The scale turned in the boy's favor, and he cried out, with tears of joy sparkling in his eyes, "*the Bible is mine!*" and seizing, he exclaimed, "I have got it! I have got it" and away he ran home to his mother, crying as he went, "I have got the Bible! I have got the Bible!"

Value of the Bible.

A Ship's company one sabbath evening attended the service on board the Floating Chapel. On closing the exhortation, a part of one of the Bethel Companies' reports was read, particularly relating to the wonderful effects which had, in some instances, followed reading of the Bible. They were so struck with the advantages resulting from an acquaintance with this precious book, that the following morning they begged of the captain to purchase each of them a Bible. The captain, therefore, called at the depot of the Merine Bible Society, and purchased a Bible or Testament for each of his men.