

storm. But his mother was a widow, and where could the boy earn a living for himself and mother better than at sea? The ship was rolling fearfully; twice I saw the captain lose his centre of gravity—though he kept his temper pretty well—and measure his length on the deck. Some of the rigging got foul at the mainmast head, and it was necessary that some one should go up and rectify it. It was a perilous job. I was standing near the mate and heard him order that boy aloft to do it. He lifted his cap and glanced at the swinging mast, the boiling wrathful sea, and at the steady determined countenance of the mate. He hesitated in silence a moment, then, rushing across the deck, he pitched down into the forecandle. Perhaps he was gone two minutes, when he returned, laid his hands on the ratlines, and went up with a will. My eye followed him till my head was dizzy, when I turned and remonstrated with the mate for sending him aloft. He could not come down alive! Why did you send him?

"I did it," replied the mate, "to save life. We've sometimes lost men overboard, but never a boy. See how he holds like a squirrel. He is more careful. He'll come down safe, I h-o-p-e."

Again I looked, till a tear dimmed my eye, and I was compelled to turn away expecting every moment to catch a glimpse of his last fall.

In about fifteen or twenty minutes, having finished the job, he came down, and straightening himself up with the conscious pride of having performed a manly act, he walked aft with a smile on his countenance.

In the course of the day I took occasion to speak with him, and ask him why he hesitated when ordered

aloft? Why he went down into the forecandle?

"I went sir," said the boy, to pray."

"Do you pray?"

"Yes, sir; I thought I might not come down alive and I went to commit my soul to God."

"Where did you learn to pray?"

"At home; my mother wanted me to go to the Sabbath School, and my teacher urged me to pray to God to keep me, and I do."

"What was that you had in your jacket pocket?"

"My Testament, which my teacher gave me. I thought if I did perish I would have the Word of God close to my heart."—*Seaman's Magazine*.

LITTLE BELLA, THE ORPHAN.

Among the lambs of Christ's flock, many, we trust, will be found gathered from the Orphan Schools of Benares. The Rev. W. Smith, who has lately returned from that city, relates the following of one of them. Little Bella became seriously ill—so ill, that she was for a day or two insensible. While she was in this state, her little schoolfellows, gathered beside her bed, urged out their hearts in prayer to God, that he would restore her, if it pleased him, to health, or take her to dwell with him. They had scarcely risen from prayer, when, to their surprise, she suddenly revived. Little Bella called for a Bible; and, on its being brought to her, selected a chapter, which she requested her schoolfellows to read to her. They did so; and then taking the book herself, she in her turn beautifully read a few verses to them. Then, bidding them kneel down, and putting herself into a praying posture as well as she could in her weak state, she offered up a prayer with them in her