

they said; but one day the old weather sage of the village shook his head. "If ye'll be said by me, not a man will take out his boat to-day;" and as he spoke, he leaned over the sea-wall, and set his battered "sou' wester" more firmly on his head.

"Never fear," laughed David Pryce, "me and my mate will have a haul, and be back before the storm. She's a good one to go, that boat."

"She's fast enough, my lad, but she can't sail dead agen the wind."

"Just wait a bit," answered David, as he sprang into a punt; "see if I don't bring you a nice bit of fish for dinner."

"Well, take the punt, any way," urged the old man; "she'll be some good to you, if you get into trouble."

"Not I," called out David, as the little boat leaped from the beach; "she's too trim a craft to give this lubberly punt a tow. We'll weather the headland easy enough, and I'll leave the punt at the moorings."

"If you won't hear reason, why, you won't," growled the old man. "I only hope ye won't repent of it before night."

Another boat or two followed the example of the *Seabird*, but the greater number stayed in the safe shelter of the bay. Tamsine was selling some fish, a little way inland, and started uneasily, as she saw the *Seabird* stand out to sea. "I will go to the point and watch," she thought; so, hastening to the beach, she pushed off in her boat to the point, to gaze on the brown sails of the boat she loved so well. Far away round the coast, seeking the expected "school" of fish, sped the pretty smack, in the clear sunshine, while the storm-cloud drove fast towards the coast, darkening the horizon, and lashing the distant waves to foam. The other boats, with close-reefed sails, scudded uneasily, one by one, to the shelter of the bay; but Tamsine's heart sank as she saw the *Seabird* still standing on her course; for she knew Davie was proud of his boat, and that her father was brave to rashness. Through the long hours of the day she watched and waited, while the storm waxed fierce, and the waves lashed in angry excitement over the long reef that ran from the point. At last a sea-mist hid the channel from her gaze, so she hastened home along the point, leaving her boat moored in a tiny cove, in fear lest the *Seabird* should slip past her in the mist. The kindly village folk strove to hide their forebodings from the pale, quiet girl, who made no cry, and spoke no despairing word; but it was plain they feared the worst. The old weather-wise sailor laid his hand on her arm and said, "I told him 'twas a bad day, an' he would go;" but she only answered him, "Hush! God is with the *Seabird*."

Evening came on, and though the wind still blew fiercely, the clouds were gone, and the moonlight showed every jagged point of rock in the deadly reef. The missing boat had not come in. Suddenly, from a knot of fishermen on the pier, rose a hoarse cry of dismay, as round the point, still battling with the resistless wind, came the disabled *Seabird*, no longer fresh and trim, but battered and storm-tossed, ropes flying, and sails rent to shreds. Straight she came for the lee shore; she had rounded the point, but no seamanship could bring the disabled boat clear of the reef. A moment's awful silence, and then another cry from the gathering crowd, as the brave little boat was suddenly checked in her course, and shivered like a living thing at the blow of the cruel rock.

It was a mile or more to the point by water, and three good miles by land, so, though a dozen willing hands manned the largest whale-boat, it was almost a forlorn hope; the *Seabird* could not hold together so long amid the breakers, and those on board had, alas! no boat in which to make for the point. It was a risk for the whale-boat to venture among the eddying billows round the reef, but brave men know no fear when comrades are in danger.

Suddenly, from the very end of the headland, a boat, clearly seen in the moonlight, shot among the breakers of the reef. A frail boat, manned by a frail woman, whose strength was from on high. This was the moment when the Master's wisdom grew manifest; the gold He had been so long

refining was tested and tried. Tamsine had gone again to the point to see if the *Seabird* were in sight; she had stood in silent agony, fearing to distract the men she loved, if, by word or sign, she revealed her presence to them, while the little craft struck on the unfriendly rocks; but then, in a moment, she sprang to her boat, and launched out into the foaming deep.

"Of course!" you say; "any one would have done that. Who could stand by and see those they loved in deadly peril?"

Ay, you and I might have yielded to the blind impulse of love and bravery; but what about the strong, steady arm, or the calm self-control needed to steer the ill-built boat among the awful rocks, or the quick memory of every turn and channel, or the promptness needed to meet each eddying wave? I tell you, it tested the girl to the utmost, and scarce a man in the village could have done what she did.

Breathlessly the whole village watched the two boats. The men in the whale-boat strained every muscle; it was plain they would be too late; but the little boat among the rocks crept steadily on, now hidden by a mountain wave, now balanced on some crushing billow, till it seemed as if each moment must bring its doom.

On board the *Seabird* there was naught to be done, only to wait—for rescue or death. The two men watched the whale-boat in silent suspense; fishers as they were, they knew the slender prospects of any rescue from the shore.

Tamsine's voice, "Father! Davie!" made them turn with a start, and there, close beside the smack, was the noble girl, still toiling at her oars. A rope, flung with practised skill, fell across the boat, and in a moment more, the two men had left the *Seabird* to her doom, and were pulling towards the whale-boat, still some way off. Before they reached the shore, the *Seabird* was a shapeless mass.

There was joy and rejoicing in village homes that night, and elsewhere too—among the choirs of heaven—for in one of the fishing huts, three people knelt in prayer—a girl who had long loved the Master, and two toil-worn, weary men, who had resolved to take His easy yoke.

Tamsine and Davie and "Big Ben" had to begin life over again, and have not even yet made up for the loss of the *Seabird*, but they are happy in the possession of the Great Treasure, and Davie has told Tamsine how he listened to her prayer on that summer night, and never felt at rest till it was answered for him, as well as for her father. I cannot tell you of her future life, for she has not lived it yet; I only know that, loving God, and accepting gladly just what He sends, she is sure to be blessed and a blessing.

DISCOURAGEMENTS.

LOVING MESSAGES TO YOUNG WOMEN.

By LOUISA CLAYTON.

NO. II.

IF we were to collect all our discouragements together, they would make a very large heap; but instead of looking at them thus, let us take them one by one, and try to find a remedy for them.

Perhaps you are discouraged because your life is taken up with odds and ends of work, or with what you call mere drudgery. You say, "I should not mind how hard I worked, if only it were some work for the Lord." Nay, there is a little mistake here; all these odds and ends of work may be transformed into work for the Lord. Stamp them with the royal seal, and they will shine with a new lustre. Inscribe the word "Whatsoever" upon the drudgery, and then open your Bible, and ask the Holy Spirit to make that text shine out as if written in letters of gold,— "Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." In a moment, all thought of drudgery will be forgotten, and the irksome duties will be done cheerfully, because a new light shines upon them, a sparkling ray from the glory of God. "Whatsoever!" Yes, every duty, great or small, is wrapped up in that. It is one of those wondrous Bible words, which turn every way, and meet every-body's need.

But some Christian workers are discouraged, because their work makes so little show; they long for greater opportunities. Surely the Master knows best. Those who had charge of the pins and cords of the Tabernacle, in the wilderness, did as much in their way, as those who had the care of the beautiful golden candlestick. It is not so much *what* we do, as *how* we do it, that God looks at; what may appear to us to be a very humble little duty is acceptable to Him, if it be done for Jesus' sake. The remark of a Christian lady has often helped me. She said, "I like to be the Lord's maid-of-all-work, doing whatever He gives me to do."

Only the other day, I met with a nurse who was cast down and discouraged. On Sunday afternoons, her work was to take the children for a walk, and she wished to go to the Bible Class, and missed the happy times spent there; but I gave her a remedy in the text, "Jesus Himself drew near, and went with them," and she found that His presence was better than anything else. God will never let our souls lose blessing, when we are in the path of duty.

I must say a few words about another discouragement, for it is one which often lurks secretly in the heart, and is a root of bitterness,—I mean, being dissatisfied with our position in life, and trying to step out of our station. This is foolish, for imitations are always a failure. Are you saying in the pride of your heart, as it was said in olden times, "I shall sit a lady for ever"? What are you exalting? That poor thing between the sole of your feet and the crown of your head, called "Self." And what will be the end of it? Self must be cast down. What a fall it will be! Do get rid of "I," and say, "I will be what God has made me." Will you not try to adorn the position in which God has placed you? If God's grace is reigning in your heart, it will make you what a lady should be, gentle, courteous, modest, and refined in thought and feeling. You will shrink from impure conversation, and your self-respect will not allow any liberties to be taken with you. But there is something higher still. You may be "the King's daughter!" This is the title given to all who are washed in the Blood, and covered with the righteousness of Christ.

Perhaps you are in service, and your spirit chafes at the thought. Dear sister, think of the words of the noblest Man who ever lived on this earth, even "the Man Christ Jesus." Did He not say to a company of humble men, "I am among you as He that serveth"? and again, "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." What higher work can you wish for, than to do as He did, and to be called "a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ"? If two angels were sent down from heaven, the one to rule a kingdom and the other to sweep a crossing in the street, both would be doing God's service, and would be equally honoured by Him. Looking at earthly position and work, according to God's standard, is often a remedy for our discouragements.

I am quite sure you have many more discouragements, which I have not mentioned, but the remedy for them may be found in the three *F*'s of God's Word:—Fret not, Fear not, Faint not. Always carry these three "F's" with you wherever you go, and you will find them very useful pegs on which to hang the discouragements which are sure to spring up in your daily path.

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