

## SAFE HOME ONCE MORE.

ON the coast of Massachusetts, there are small towns, where the fishermen dwell close by the salt sea. The fisherman has to run great risks; and his family often pass many anxious hours watching for his return. During the year 1873 more than fifty fishermen belonging to one small town lost their lives at sea.

John Payson lived in a little house on a bank near the beach. He had a wife and four children, two of whom were girls, and two boys. Mary, the eldest child, took care of the youngest, who was a baby. Paul and Jerry went to school, and were bright little scholars.

Once, when John Payson was absent on a fishing-trip, a great storm came up, and many vessels were wrecked. Several days passed by; and no news could be had of John or his vessel. At last, on a bright day in autumn, Mrs. Payson put on her bonnet and shawl, and, telling Mary to keep house, went to the village post-office to see if she could get a letter.

While she was gone, Jerry, the younger of the two boys, who spent nearly all his time on a rock near the shore, looking out for his father's vessel, all at once gave a loud shout of joy; and then ran leaping into the house, with the exclamation, "I see 'The Nancy Payson!' She's coming up the harbor! Father's safe! Oh, isn't it too good!"

"The Nancy Payson" was John Payson's little fishing-vessel. Sure enough, he was coming back safe and sound. When about an eighth of a mile from the land, he got into his small boat, and rowed ashore. Jerry, with bare legs, ran into the water to meet him, jumped into his arms, and gave him a kiss. Mary with baby in her arms, followed by Paul waving his hat, ran eagerly to greet him.