

sounded like reverberating thunder. It lashed the sea into foam and lifted the waters into mighty and threatening billows. Night came on. The storm increased. The women and children trembled and asked to be removed to a place of safety. The men went out, looked into the face of the maddened sky and came back, saying, "There is no danger." There was danger. It increased every moment. It was heard in the tempest. It was seen in the rising waves. At last the men went to seek for help. It was too late. The waves still higher. The storm blew fiercer. The floods arose and swept over the frail support, and houses and inhabitants were whelmed in the waves of the sea.

Another and fiercer storm, dear sinner, is on your track. Jesus Christ offers to save you. Accept Him and live, and be not foolhardy, "O man," whoever thou art, and "reply against God."

Poetry.

THE PRECIOUSNESS OF JESUS.

"Unto yon therefore which believe He is precious."—1 Pet. ii. 7.

Oh the preciousness of Jesus !
How it passeth human thought ;
How it resteth like a sunbeam
On each soul that he hath bought !

All that sorrow holds most sacred,
Records of a vanished joy—
Lock of hair or faded flower,
Tiny frock or baby toy ;

All round which love twines her tendrils—
Let'ers from some far-off land,
Baby lips' first lisp of "Mother,"
Smile of welcome, clasp of hand ;

All that wealth hath ever purchased,
All that pleasure deems most fair—
Marble statue, gilded palace,
Costly gem, or picture rare ;—