

but had not Jack's arm supported her, and his practised feet climbed by a path only goats could mount with difficulty, she must have perished. As it was, they were both bruised and injured.

Another day they went, with more caution, at spring-tide, to try if they could see "Johnston's Cave," and Jeanie told how the shipwrecked sailor had lain in that fearful abode from a Wednesday night till Sabbath morning; and how, when he had climbed up the precipice, he astonished the people going to church, "who could scarcely regard him as a creature of this world," and how, like Jack, he was the sole survivor of a large vessel. A few dozen red herrings, and a tin cover, in which he caught fresh water drippings from the roof of the deep cave, had served to keep him alive; and tears filled Jeanie's eyes while she described the waves rolling up to the narrow strip of shingly beach where Johnston lay.

Jack interrupted her: "Jeanie, I maun gang to sea—it's no use feeling wi' the burning desire o' my heart. When ye're a' asleep, I ha'e creepit to the edge of this cliff, where my father flang me up, and your father keppit me; and I ha'e watched those angry billows that took him from me; and you will never try to stop me, Jeanie? you will ask your father to let me go this very night?"

It were better to draw a veil over Jeanie's grief and her mother's speechless agony, as they prepared a well-filled kit for the orphan, and let him depart in three weeks on board a fine new whaler. Aleck had tried to persuade Jack to help him as pilot; but finding it in vain, he gave him his blessing, and let him go.

Long did Jeanie remember the only time she ever saw tears in her father's eyes, when he took Jack's hand, and said, "Farewell, my son! Fear God, and keep His commandments, for that is the whole duty of man."

The whaler was never heard of more. For months and years Jeanie and her mother burned a candle in the west window of their cottage, lest perchance the sailor might return; but he probably met a fate like his father's.

Aleck felt deeply the loss of the boy who, he hoped, would be the stay of his declining years. But he had been taught in all things to submit to the will of God. He died in faith, trusting to his Saviour's righteousness.

### WHAT CAME OF A TRACT.



MORE than half a century ago, on the 5th of September, 1825, the Rev. Jonas King, after a missionary sojourn of between two and three years in Palestine and Syria, was about to return to his native land. He little expected that a long and event-

ful work was in store for him in another portion of the Old World—Greece—and only knew that it

was doubtful whether he should ever again see the faces of the friends he had made in Jerusalem, Ramleh, and other places. Accordingly he conceived the happy thought of writing them a "Farewell Letter," in which he simply and clearly answered the question often put to him in the East, "Have the English any religion?" And in addition to a statement of the leading articles of his own faith, he exhibited some reasons why he could not be a Roman Catholic.

The letter was written with no ulterior object. It was composed in the Arabic language, and forty copies in manuscript were sent to the persons to whom it was addressed. But it met a want which the author little suspected, and the consequence was that it was translated into one after another of the European languages.

Years after, when Jonas King was no longer a vigorous young man, but a veteran witness for the truth in Athens, a copy of his "Farewell Letter" in the Italian language was left by some unknown person—undoubtedly a devout lover of the truth—at the door of the residence of the Rev. Dr. De Sanctis, then a distinguished preacher and priest of the Roman Catholic Church in the city of Rome. He picked up the pamphlet or tract, and read it. It awakened strange doubts and misgivings, or stimulated those which lay latent in his breast.

He resolved to examine more closely the pretensions of the church in whose ministry he found himself; and the examination, under the blessing of God, resulted in his renunciation of his priestly office, and embracing with all his heart the Gospel which reveals to man the universal priesthood of all believers, and their access to God by the one sufficient sacrifice of Jesus Christ.

He went to Turin, and there he began faithfully to preach the truth. A Spaniard of the name of Ruet heard and believed. Returning to Spain, and becoming a pastor of a small congregation of converts at Gibraltar, Ruet did not forget the claims of the rest of the Peninsula, at that time groaning under the double yoke of Isabella and the Jesuits; and soon, at Malaga, he was blessed in reaching some hearts.

Matamoros—the proto-martyr of modern Spain—was one of the earliest to profess the purer faith, and to testify to his fidelity to Christ before judges and in prison. And with him was also converted the lad, Antonio Carrasco, the silver-tongued orator of the Protestant Spanish Church, the pastor of the crowded chapel of Madrid, who, after a wonderful escape from the Inquisition and galleys, has exchanged the cross for the heavenly crown.

The wave of sanctified human influence set in motion by Jonas King's unpretending "Farewell Letter" is not arrested; it is only widening and enlarging its circle. King, De Sanctis, Carrasco, are already in glory, resting from their labours; but the new Reformation in Italy and Spain is going gloriously forward. May it not cease before both of these beautiful and important lands are brought into complete subjection to the truth as it is in Jesus!