

she had been careless in not having kept a sufficient supply of oil in the house. Jenny came out to her mistress. The gale was blowing fiercely in their faces. The spar was driven close up to the rocks, together they dragged it on shore.

'Oh, mistress, what is this?' exclaimed Jenny, showing a black silk handkerchief which had been tightly secured to one end. Margaret examined it with pale cheeks and trembling hands. There could be no doubt that it had belonged to her husband. Her fears were confirmed by the men, who returned from their search, bringing with them a small keg which they recognized, and a piece of plank, which they were also certain had formed part of the missing vessel. On a rock some way out lay a wreck, but in vain had they searched for any signs of the crew. There could be no doubt that Archy Macfarlane and his companions had met with a watery grave. At length information was received that Archy had sailed during the lull in the gale, remarking that with the light from his own little lighthouse he could make his harbor as well by night as by day. Margaret was bowed down with grief and remorse. At length she sought for comfort whence alone true comfort can be obtained—from the God of mercy and love.

'I have done very wrong, and have brought this heavy affliction on myself,' she said. 'My fault I cannot undo. Still, I may save others from the fate which has overtaken him I loved. From this night forth, as long as life is spared me, I will place the lamp in the window, and be careful to have a good supply of oil in the house with which to feed it.'

The bereaved widow kept to her purpose; and many a storm-tossed barque steering by that steady and guiding light had been saved from shipwreck, and found shelter under the cliffs of the loch. At length, so well known did the widow's lighthouse become, and so great was the service it had rendered to shipping, that the committee of Lloyd's (the well-known association of marine insurers) voted her a testimonial—a new lamp with reflectors, and an annual sum to defray the expenses of the lamp.

We all of us, if we would be Christians indeed, are bound to keep the light of truth we possess burning brightly at all times; for we know not what storm-tossed fellow-creature on the voyage of life may be looking out for the guidance we are able to afford. What think you our blessed Lord meant when he said, 'Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven?' That you should trust in him and love him, and that you should prove and exhibit your faith and love by showing the effect which his blessed example and teaching has on your life and conduct; that your religion should ever be kept burning brightly; that you should go constantly to the throne of grace for that power of God's Holy Spirit which alone can keep it burning.

### Self-Control.

Sir Isaac Newton had a favorite little dog, which he called Diamond. Being one evening called out of his study into the next room, Diamond was left behind. When Sir Isaac returned, having been absent a few minutes, he had the mortification to find that Diamond had overturned the lighted candle among some papers, the nearly finished labor of many years, which were soon in flames, and almost consumed to ashes. This loss, from Newton's advanced age, was irreparable; but, without at all punishing the dog, he only exclaimed, 'Oh, Diamond, Dia-

mond! you little know the mischief you have done.'

A harsh minister was in conversation with a placid elder, and the elder said to him, 'Doctor, I wish you would control your temper better than you do.' The doctor looked at the placid elder, and said, 'Sir, I control more temper in five minutes than you do in five years.' It is harder for some men to be right than for others. The same amount of grace that would lift you to the seventh heaven might not keep your brother from knocking a man down.

A London merchant had a dispute with a Quaker respecting the settlement of an account. The merchant was determined to bring the account into court, a proceeding which the Quaker earnestly deprecated, using every argument in his power to convince the merchant of his error; but the latter was inflexible. Desirous to make a last effort, the Quaker called at his house one morning and inquired of the servant if his master was at home. The merchant, hearing the inquiry, and knowing the voice, called out from the stairs, 'Tell that rascal I am not at home.' The Quaker, looking up at him, calmly said, 'Well, friend, God put thee in a better mind.'

The merchant, struck afterwards with the meekness of the reply, and having more deliberately investigated the matter, became convinced that the Quaker was right and himself wrong. He requested to see him, and after acknowledging his error, said: 'I have one question to ask you. How were you able, with such patience, on various occasions, to bear my abuse?'

'Friend,' replied the Quaker, 'I will tell thee. I was naturally as hot and violent as thou art. I knew that to indulge this temper was sinful, and I found that it was imprudent. I observed that men in a passion always spake loud, and I thought, if I could control my voice, I could repress my passion. I have therefore made it a rule never to let my voice rise above a certain key, and by a careful observance of this rule, I have, by the blessing of God, entirely mastered my natural temper.'—'Day of Days.'

### Mixing the Mortar.

An earnest minister used often to say to the young people of his congregation: 'Work, my lads and lassies, wherever you are put; for all labor, even the lowliest, if well and faithfully done, will ennoble the one who does it.'

Several years ago, when the great cathedral of Cologne was finished, there was a great stir all over Europe. Four centuries had been occupied in the erection of this wonderful building, one of the most magnificent in all the world. People flocked from all directions to take part in the grand ceremonial of rejoicing. It was a large and a brilliant and fashionable crowd. But right in the midst of some of the grandest people stood a humble workman, with torn clothing, dilapidated hat and shoes all out at the toes. As he stood there, with his eyes glowing as they took in all the noble proportions of the building, he was heard to exclaim:

'Oh, yes, indeed, we have made a glorious building of it!'

'Why,' said a gentleman who overheard the remark, 'what did you have to do with it?'

'I mixed the mortar for a year,' was the proud reply.

That is it. We cannot all be builders. Sometimes we may not be able to place even one brick upon the structure. But we can each and everyone help mix the mortar

for others to use, for certain it is that if the mortar is not found mixed the building itself cannot be built.—'Presbyterian Witness.'

### My Favorite Hymn.

(Written for an Evening for Favorite Hymns recently held by the St. Andrew's Christian Endeavor Society, Cheltenham.)

When asked my favorite hymn to name,  
My best-loved song to cite,  
Bright memory set my heart aflame,  
And joy impelled to write:  
That hymn of many is the best  
Which tells of what I am—  
Through his great love who gave me rest  
From foolishness and sham.

'I was a wandering sheep,  
I did not love the fold,  
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,  
I would not be controlled.  
I was a wayward child,  
I did not love my home,  
I did not hear my Father's voice,  
I loved afar to roam.'

In language plain is here portrayed  
The way my youth was spent.  
Perverse and foolish sheep that strayed,  
I knew that life was meant  
A path to form that leads to God,  
And Heaven and righteousness—  
Yet giddy pleasure's courts I trod  
And joy'd in wickedness.

'The Shepherd sought his sheep,  
The Father sought his child;  
He followed me o'er vale and hill,  
O'er deserts waste and wild.  
He found me nigh to death,  
Famished and faint and lone;  
He bound me with the bands of love;  
He saved the wandering one.'

His loving voice unheeded passed  
Till tempest clouds did lower,  
And then how welcome was the sound  
To one so bruised and sore!  
New life and hope his glad words bring,  
New joys replace the old,  
And all my days I mean to sing  
This song so well re-told:

'Jesus my Shepherd is;  
'Twas he that loved my soul,  
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,  
'Twas he that made me whole.  
'Twas he that sought the lost,  
That found the wandering sheep,  
'Twas he that brought me to the fold,  
'Tis he that still doth keep.'

But if through weakness, pride or lust  
I yearn again to roam,  
Kind Shepherd, show me what it cost  
To bring the wanderer home;  
The thorn-crowned head, the wounded side,  
The anguish deep and long,  
The cross of shame, God's face denied,  
The mocking of the throng.

'I was a wandering sheep,  
I would not be controlled;  
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,  
I love, I love the fold!  
I was a wayward child,  
I once preferred to roam,  
But now I love my Father's voice,  
I love, I love his home.'

—C. H. Smith.

### The Find-the-Place Almanac.

#### TEXTS IN REVELATION.

Nov. 25, Sun.—God shall wipe away all tears.

Nov. 26, Mon.—They shall hunger no more.

Nov. 27, Tues.—Now is come salvation.

Nov. 28, Wed.—They overcame by the blood of the Lamb.

Nov. 29, Thurs.—They loved not their lives unto the death.

No. 30, Fri.—Rejoice, ye heavens, and ye that dwell in them.

Dec. 1, Sat.—Follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.