

neither of us consecrated the life given back as it were almost from the shadow of death to him for his use.

The second incident took place far away from Kansas City, — near the city of Ningpo, China, I was staying with Dr. S. P. Banchet, a medical missionary, working there, and one evening he and I went to bathe in a canal near his house, taking a long bamboo with us, with which we wanted to help his eldest son to learn to swim.

We remained in the water rather too long for my strength, and I became exhausted when out of my depth and some distance from the bank. I retained my faculties perfectly, I came up once and sank, and came up twice and sank. I knew I had only one more time to rise, and I felt sure my time had come to die. Still I uttered no prayer for help, either physical or spiritual, but the thought took possession of me, 'I wonder whether I shall die easy!'

As I came up the third time, the doctor saw me. His face represented the very embodiment of pallid terror. Within his reach, however, was the long bamboo we had used to give his boy a lesson in swimming, and he pushed this toward me, striking out in my direction at the same time. I gripped the bamboo, and he soon had me safe on the bank of the canal.

On the third occasion there were probabilities of death coming from three directions (for practical purposes) at once, and yet the first and last and entire thought occupying my mind was the safe preservation of certain papers in my possession.

I was making a voyage to one of the islands of the Chusan Archipelago in a Chinese junk chartered by an Englishman with whom I was sailing. He and I were the only white men on the junk, and I think our firearms included only one shot gun and revolver.

One evening we were trying to make a small harbor. The sun had set some time before, but there was enough moonlight to enable our boatmen to see where they were going, if they would only exercise reasonable care. We had our doubts, however, as to whether they were really doing this. And we were well aware, too, that the inhabitants of all the islands among which we sailed had an ancient reputation for skill and daring in the successful practice of the arts as well as the science of piracy. We also well knew that there were many places in Shanghai where they could get at least a fair price for any articles of foreign make they might offer for sale there, without any question being asked as to the source of supply.

We had not been altogether unobservant of what looked like a 'lack of care' on the part of our sailors once or twice during that day and the day before, and after sundown we took the precaution of being both of us on deck until the junk should be anchored for the night in this harbor.

As we were turning round to make this little port I noticed the indications of shallow water over a rock, and said to the Englishman, 'He's going to run us on that rock I believe,' and the words were hardly out of my mouth before we were resting square on the top—not of that rock, but of another one near it. The junk pitched up and

down once or twice, and then slid off. Had she been a European or American built boat her bottom would have been stove in, and she would have sunk in a few minutes.

This was what we expected she would do. I rushed down into the cabin to get some papers of value to others as well as to myself and then returned to the deck.

The outlook was death by drowning if the vessel sank. The water was inhabited by sharks and the shore was at least half a mile away, so that swimming offered no reasonable chance of escape.

Our men began shouting with all their might and a boat put out to our assistance. We saw a number of men start in it from the shore, but for anything we knew to the contrary, they were just as likely to cut our throats when they reached us as to help us.

I remained perfectly cool and calm. The revolver and the shotgun were already loaded, and my friend and I got them within reach, prepared to sell our lives as dearly as possible if we found ourselves compelled to fight.

But no prayer to God for help, no attempt at preparation of any kind for eternity, no thought of any need of our souls, or asking for forgiveness of sin or comfort in the hour of death.

For several minutes we faced eternity in this way.

But the junk was built in Asiatic style, of Asiatic materials, and manned by Asiatic mariners. Her bottom was made of thick, solid timbers, put together and caulked in such a way that when she struck the rock and slid off it again the only effect was to make some long and serious openings between the timbers, but not to make any great hole. Into these rents, such as they were, the crew stuffed rice bags containing rice.

By the time the boat from the land reached us we were comparatively safe so far as sinking was concerned. Still we judged it safer to arrange with the men who had come out to us to stand by till the morning, when we ran right up to the shore and beached the junk before trusting ourselves in her again on the open sea.

The point that strikes me forcibly when I remember these episodes in my own life is not that there was not time for me to have looked after my own soul, but that there was no 'desire' to do so, although there was in each instance full realization of the peril in view. The mind though perfectly clear and calm, was fully taken up with things of comparative triviality.

As compared with the realities of Heaven or Hell, one or other of which certainly seemed within a few minutes of realization in the first two cases, what would it matter whether strangers recognized my features after death or whether I died 'easily' or otherwise?

On any one of these occasions I was both mentally and physically much more capable of 'turning to God' than an average dying man or woman can possibly be, but I have not the slightest doubt that had death overtaken me either time, I should have been forever excluded from the New Jerusalem.

Therefore I would say to any reader who may be tempted to put off the settlement of the eternal question for his own soul until his deathbed, 'Seek ye the Lord while he may be found.' 'Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation.' Make the most of it while you have it.

School and Bible.

(Composed by John Baird, of Thorne Centre, Que., November, 1869.)

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Why do so many in our land
Stand in such constant dread
Lest daily in our common schools,
The Bible should be read?

Why do they always strive to keep
The people from that light?
Should we submit to such a law,
Think you would we do right?

Man shall not live by bread alone,
Did Christ the Saviour say;
By every word that comes from God,
Shall he subsist each day.

Then Christ commanded us to search
And we can plainly see
That God is working by His Truth,
To set the captive free.

The Bible tells of Adam's fall,
How Satan tempted Eve,
And shows though dead we yet shall live,
If we in Christ believe.

Then shall we not read it in school?
Shall we not teach our youth
To prize it daily more and more?
This blessed Book of Truth.

Shall we not read that blessed Book
Which God was pleased to give,
To teach us where for help to look,
That we to Christ may live?—

That we with Christ may live and reign
That we with him may dwell?
It shows that he alone can save
Our guilty souls from hell.

It shows that we should all repent
And come through Christ alone,
Seeking redemption through His blood,
Which doth for sin atone.

It shows that Christ for us hath died,
But now doth intercede,
And that in Him all fulness dwells;
He can give all we need.

The Bible shows our sinful state,
And points to joys on high,
And asks in God's entreating voice;
Why will the sinner die?

Those who reject the word of God,
If they will read with me
John, chapter twelfth, verse forty-eighth,
Their condemnation see.

The words that Christ hath spoken shall
Judge those at the last day
Who do reject Him and His word;
Thus doth that Scripture say.

Lord, grant the grace which I require,
To tread in wisdom's way;
Let my path bright and brighter shine
Unto the perfect day.

Let me sit humble at Thy feet,
And help me boldly still,
To show to others by Thy Word
The way to Zion's hill.

Thy Word doth teach me how to live,
It tells me how to die;
Lord, help our youth to know Thy Truth,
Shall be my daily cry.

Never keep the little ones away from the house of God because they can not understand the profound words of the preacher. Let them go, for their little souls can gain much from the impressive surroundings.—
'Evangelical S. S. Teacher.'