

they struck the rocks. Though only going at half-speed, the shock was sufficient to wreck the vessel. She rose on a rock and broke her back. All the passengers aft were plunged in the water and apparently drowned. Those who were forward clung to the vessel as she lay on the reef and were picked up by the coaling steamer when the fog cleared. There were 200 passengers on the 'Merry Monarch'; only forty-six were brought back!

'Many of the bodies were washed ashore, but not all. Mrs. White and the two children were never found. Till the sea gives up its dead we shall not know where they are.'

'I could not get my poor friend away from the pier. He stood there for two or three hours saying, "She must come, she is sure to come. I can't do without her. Mary! Mary! Mary!" At last I got him home.'

'But he was at the pier next day.'

'He has been there every day since, and that is fourteen years ago. He gave up his London practice; at least, his friends arranged the matter for him. He lives here in Riverhead by himself in a cottage near the church, and he won't leave the place for a day. The poor fellow is quite harmless. But he is always at the pier at four o'clock, because he fancies the steamer with his wife may be coming in. He is excited when the boats arrive in summer, and scans every passenger eagerly as they come on shore. But in winter he just goes (as you saw him) to the pier head, and, after looking out over the sea, calls "Mary! Mary! Mary!" and then comes home again.'

'The Other Home.'

A lady who spent the summer vacation months in a remote corner of New England relates, says an exchange, a pleasant incident of Christian faithfulness and trust. She went one day to visit an old lady, who within the brief space of a year had been called upon to part with husband, daughter and brother—almost the last of her surviving kin.

There was, however, no sign of mourning, either in the aged woman's dress or manner, and her visitor wondered at her sweet cheerfulness of face and speech, her sunny, self-forgetful sympathy and evident peace of mind and heart. Presently the conversation turned to religious topics, in which the reality of God's love, the restfulness of faith and the hope of immortality were simply and in almost childlike acceptance dwelt upon by the good woman.

The visitor finally said: 'Mrs. J., you have given me more hope and cheer in the half-hour I have talked with you than I think I have ever received from any other Christian friend. And yet you have been called upon suddenly to bear a burden of sorrow and bereavement, such as falls to the lot of few of God's children.'

'Yes,' replied the dear old lady, 'husband, brother and child have been taken from me—and yet it does not seem as if they had gone very far away. When I was a child, my older sister, whom I loved dearly, married, and went to live in a house about a mile from our home. At first I almost cried my eyes out; but one day mother said:

"Why, Eunice! Don't you see that Sarah hasn't left us? She has only gone down the road to make another home where we can go—a home as full of love and welcome as this. Now you have two homes instead of one. Come, put on your sunbonnet and run down to the other home."

'After I had accepted that view you may be sure no more tears were shed. Just in this way I think of my dear ones who have left this earthly house. They haven't gone

far—simply just over to the other home. And before long I am going to put on my sunbonnet, just as I did when I was a little girl, and go to see them.'

The wrinkled face was lighted by a smile of unspeakable sweetness, and the aged eyes shone with wistful joy, as they looked away into that blue sky where faith sees its 'many mansions.'

Death would be robbed of its terror, bereavement of its pang, mourning of its tears, if we all had this trusting woman's conception of the life beyond the grave. Her faith was based upon the Great Teacher's declarations that death is not a narrowing, but a widening, of the horizon of life and love—the multiplying of those ties which unite us with the great household of God.—'Union Gospel News.'

One Poor Old Scrub-Woman.

(Mrs. Annie A. Preston in 'American Messenger.')

Some years ago there lived in a large city in Scotland a poor old woman who was not a Christian. Not altogether an ignorant woman, she had been brought up in the faith of the church, but never converted. Good people sometimes spoke to her about her soul's salvation, and the mistress of the house where she worked, going in by the hour as she was needed, often invited her to go to church; but the poor old woman would always say sharply, 'I willna. Leddies and gentlemen gang to church; I'll hide by myself.'

One day, after a while, the minister was at dinner, and as the old woman was at work in a closet near the dining-room she heard some talk that stirred her heart in such a way that she said to herself over and over, 'I must hear more o' this gospel that gies rest to the soul when it bides within a body.'

So early next Sabbath morning she went to the church, and curled down in a little alcove behind the organ, where she could hear every word said by the minister. Here she could cry silently, and no one could see her; and when the organ roared she sobbed aloud for her load of sin, and no one heard her.

For three Sundays she sat there, and no one was the wiser. On the fourth Sunday the minister said in the midst of his sermon, 'This glorious gospel is for all. Not alone for the few who sit before me this bleak, rainy winter's morning, but for every sinner in the city, and oh, how many there are! Enough, should they pour in here in answer to my call, to fill every nook in this wide church, even to the alcoves in the sides of the great organ. O my friends, your rejection of this great truth is appalling! Over and over it has been presented to you in words vivid enough to almost put feeling into a heart of wood.'

At this—the old woman never could explain how it happened—she walked out from behind the organ, with the tears streaming down her cheeks and with her knees shaking from her cramped position. Her fear of the ladies, of the gentlemen, and of the minister himself, was quite gone as she looked up at him and said clearly,

'Please God, I think I be one of those for whom this salvation is meant. Would you mind praying that it may come home to my heart?'

Upon that a great wave of excitement passed over the congregation, and three very light-minded young ladies in the front seat fell upon their knees, and there was a great breaking down of the hard-hearted and of the stiff-necked, and in that church there were many such.

It appeared afterwards that when the poor woman in her plain brown serge gown stepped out from behind the organ in the dim light of the church, the people thought indeed that one of the carved figures had been started into life to reproach those who had for so long held out against the truth.

Although this was a singular beginning, there sprang from it a wonderful work of grace. The three light-minded young women became very devout Christian workers. Through them a wealthy and fashionable young man became a Christian, and was the means of the conversion of a great many of his gay companions.

The Sunday-school teachers in that church were revived by the poor old woman's simple testimony, and organized a working band of forty young men and women, who went out into the villages in all the country round about the city, and there abode, teaching and praying, until a fire of Christian zeal was kindled. And all of these souls were revived and converted through the conversion of one poor old scrub-woman without money, home, friends, power, influence, or hope even; but with the birth of the Christian's hope in her heart all the rest were added unto her.

This story was related to me by a person who was present at the time, acquainted with the parties and familiar with the facts.

In the King's Banqueting House.

I walk on my way with the others, I toil at my daily task;

I am sometimes weary and careworn, and sometimes I wear a mask,

And cover with smiles and sunshine a heart that is full of tears;

And yet, and yet, there is joy divine, and it crowns my burdened years.

For sometimes there comes a whisper in the silence of my soul,

'Rise up, my love, my fair one, and forget the sorrow and dole,

And come to the house of the banquet, and feast with the King to-day.'

And oh! when I hear the summons, is there aught except to obey?

And the look on his brow is loving, a brow that was worn and marred;

And the hands I clasp with reverence—ah me! they are torn and scarred;

And the voice that speaks is tender. 'It is finished,' that dear voice said,

When on Calvary's mount for me, for me, He bowed His fainting head.

O, 'tis sweet to sit at the banquet, a guest of the King divine;

'Tis sweet to taste the heavenly bread and to drink the heavenly wine,

To look away from the earth-cares, to lift the spirit above,

To sit in His shadow with great delight, under His banner of love.

And what if the way be dreary, and I sometimes think it long?

There's always, sooner or later, a bit of a cheery song.

And what if the clouds above me are sometimes thick and gray

There is never a cloud on the mercy-seat, where I meet Him day by day.

So I go on my way with the others, I am often weary and spent.

But aye in my heart I am thankful, happy and well content ;

For oft in the early dawning, and oft at the fall of the day,

He calls me to the banquet, and what can I do but obey?

—M. E. Sangster in 'The Christian.'