

it with what all but she to whom it meant so much had already recognized as signs of the coming home-call which was to bring freedom and release to the sufferer below.

By what instinct that mighty fish is guided in cruel search of a possible prey, is one of the secrets hidden from human knowledge. That it is so guided, in the face of such frequent testimony, cannot be denied, and I for one, after the experience of those days at sea, should never venture to doubt its truth. So seldom, however, is the opportunity for retaliation afforded to the sailor, that when it is, it brings into action a ferocity of which one could hardly believe him capable. This especial shark, having been caught on one of the huge hooks concealed by the monstrous portion of salt junk with which it was baited, struggled furiously to regain its freedom. The waves were lashed into fury as it fought for release, but ropes and chains quickly lassoed it, and it was drawn midway to the lee of the ship and fastened half way between the water and the upper bulwarks. Then the side of the "Bonnie Bessie" literally swarmed with sailors, each determined to revenge a comrade maimed or killed in shark haunted waters, by stab after stab of his dirk. I had to fly below stairs to get away from the hideous spectacle, but not so Mrs. Dollet. "Serves him right; it just serves him right. It's our turn now—yah! yah! If you knew half I know about them sharks, Miss, you'd not be so tender 'arted. I'm going down to the master myself, so that Dollet may come and have a hand in it too. There's no call to let the missus know why Dollet is wanted on deck." Well, that is one of the pictures which I cannot easily banish from my memory, though I turn over the page upon which it is printed as seldom as I can. Perhaps now I have written of the little episode, it may possibly fade away altogether. And now, the real tragedy of the "Bonnie Bessie" centers around her captain, her kind, tender-hearted captain, and curly-headed "Jim," the cabin boy.

There had been, after we had got out of the unbroken calm of the tropical seas, and some little while after the home-call had come to our suffering fellow-passenger, some very tempestuous weather. Our barque was tossed from one mountain wave to another as if she were but a cockleshell. We were kept back by head winds, and we were getting nearer and nearer to a coastline which spelt "danger" and redoubled the vigilance of our careful captain. We knew that the "Bonnie Bessie" was long overdue, and that anxious hearts beat for us in the home land. We had so hoped that, though it had been denied us to spend Christmas in England, we should arrive in time for the New Year's greetings and gatherings, but nearer and nearer came the New Year, and fainter and fainter grew our hopes. We despaired of a pilot being able to board us, and, although with one consent we all agreed not to be one bit down-hearted, and to show in every way in our power that we had implicit reliance upon the good seamanship of our captain, our patience and our faith were both sorely tested.

"I suppose they were shipwrecked after all," you will probably say, "and that is where the tragedy comes in." "No," I reply, "we all got safe to land," and yet our voyage had its sad, sad ending; all the sadder perhaps that the safe arrival of the "Bonnie Bessie" was telegraphed in the usual way, and therefore the news of what befell her captain and our merry-hearted little Jim, the cabin boy, came to the little home in Wales as more difficult of belief, and, oh! so much harder to bear than if no word had reached it at all. But my story must await its telling in the next number of our "Home Magazine."

H. A. B.

The Jews' Wailing-place.

The artist depicts a portion of the rough-hewn wall of wailing, from which to the present day re-echoes the cries of the dwellers of Jerusalem. It seems to give us a direct illustration of the expression, "her very stones cry out," for weird indeed must be the sounds which issue therefrom. Old customs are guarded amongst the Jews with the most jealous care, and even the very tone and volume of the wail of long ago becomes the pattern for the formal utterance of the bitterness of that old-time grief to-day. Let us hope and pray that the hour may soon dawn when "their sorrow shall be turned into joy."

H. A. B.

Jimkins had a habit of keeping late hours, and although his better-half made it uncomfortable for him at times, she failed to cure him of his nocturnal home-coming. At last she hit upon a plan to frighten him, and so when he staggered in one night at his usual hour he saw a white-shrouded figure gliding towards him along the passage in the moonlight. "Wh—wh—w—w—what's that?" chattered Jimkins. "I am the family ghost," a sepulchral voice replied. Jimkins heaved a sigh of relief. "Good gracious," he said, "how you frightened me. I was 'fraid 'twas my wife."

THE QUIET HOUR.

The Glory of Common Things.

"The time is great.
What times are little? To the sentinel
That hour is regal when he mounts on guard."

Three weeks ago a train was flying through the darkness, carrying many weary holiday-makers back to their everyday life. How little they thought that some would be called that hour to lay aside their work in this world, and that for all a testing time had come. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, without the slightest warning, the great change came, and many souls took the dreaded plunge into eternity. Others were tried more or less severely, and called to prove their heroism by patient endurance of pain. Others showed that they were equal to the great occasion by self-forgetful helpfulness in caring for the wounded and dying; while a few, perhaps, were too occupied in caring for themselves, and in thinking about the shock to their nerves, to be able to spare a thought for others.

But such occasions, happily, do not come often in life; and they never make heroes or cowards, but only bring to sight the heroic or cowardly character which has been slowly growing through years of ordinary life. When such a testing time comes, men and women reveal to themselves and others the material of which they are made. The surface polish no longer hides the real quality of the material. But surely God knows all about us without the test of what we are pleased to call a "great occasion," and even men give more weight to everyday evidences of character than to these flashlight exhibitions, where excitement often supplies a kind of temporary courage.

St. Peter was taught by a vision that it was not right to call anything "common." How can we tell what God hath cleansed, and

"Who shall dare make common or unclean
What once has on the Holy Altar been?"

Nothing that God gives us to do or bear can ever be commonplace. If "those mighty Hands that rule the sky" found work in a village carpenter-shop great and glorious enough to be well worth doing, we may hardly venture to scorn the homely duties which lie ready to our hand in home or farm life. The task God Himself has set us must be far more important than any we could choose for ourselves. The truest heroes are those who, without display, quietly do their work day after day, year after year—no man can do more than that.

Some navvies were once working in an English tunnel. Suddenly the mouth of the tunnel fell in and they were entombed, with very little chance of escape. It was about twenty-three hours before they were found, almost dying for want of air, and how had those terrible hours been spent? Not in useless, exhausting efforts to escape, not in fear and horror. One of those rough men was like an angel in disguise, helping his comrades to endure long hours of torturing suspense bravely and quietly. He said: "Well, chaps, we shall never get out of this alive, so we may as well go on with our bit while we can." So they went on with their "bit" till they fell exhausted, pro-

ceeding steadily with their commonplace work of mining, in the very face of death. Was there not something magnificent in the way these rough, ignorant "chaps" continued the wearisome work they had undertaken to do, instead of frantically lamenting their expected doom. Certainly they were not working for money, for they never thought they would be rescued in time. They lived at "Bugsworth" too, and who could expect anything grand to be done in a place with such a name? It was certainly much better for themselves to turn their thoughts from their position to their work, as far as it was possible to do at such a time. People who have to work are always much less to be pitied than those who can and do nurse their sorrows and hug their griefs in miserable idleness.

No honest work should be scorned as "common," but there is only one way, so far as I know, of making all work glorious. That is, of course, to do it "not with eye service, as men-pleasers, but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart, with good will doing service, as to the Lord, and not to men." This is the magic "tincture," as George Herbert quaintly calls it, which "makes drudgery divine," if we could only always remember it. Those simple lines of his, about sweeping a room for Christ's sake, have cheered millions of hearts, and will continue to cheer weary Christians for many years to come. Is it not because we all find some "drudgery" in our path, and welcome any help towards making it "divine"? Does your work often seem wearisome and monotonous? It is not the kind of work that matters so much as the way it is done, and the motive force behind it. If we could only remember always that a beautiful life may be lived anywhere.

"He bowed himself

With all obedience to the King, and wrought
All kind of service with a noble ease.
That graced the lowliest act in doing of it."

Since writing the above I have received a farewell letter from my friend Miss Rye, saying that she is slowly dying of an incurable disease. I know that many women, living in happy Canadian homes, have good reason to love and reverence her who has been such a true and faithful friend to them. I therefore call on all such to join with me in the earnest prayer that God will strengthen and uphold her to the end, cheering her with His own Presence as she passes through the dark river, and filling her soul with joy and gladness as she steps out into the light beyond. God has promised to grant the prayers of those who agree in their petition; let us claim His promise.

HOPE.

Caramel Blanchemange.

Take one large teacupful of brown sugar, put into a saucepan and set on the stove until sugar is very brown; "avoid burning"; keep stirring all the time; add one pint of sweet milk. When very hot, and all the sugar is dissolved, stir in two tablespoons of cornstarch, mixed with a little cold milk. Keep stirring all the time, and when cooked or boils, turn into a mould which has been wet with cold water. When wanted for use, turn out on a flat dish and serve with whipped cream.—Eulalie.



THE JEWS' WAILING-PLACE.