

been reading when I got on to that island in the Pacific, my last voyage home."

"What was that? Oh! do tell me about it, grandfather."

He did not need much pressing. It was a story he had been telling everybody these twenty years, a bit of a yarn so full of dashing sea-waves and blowing winds that often he had to repeat it again and again.

"It had been a gusty day, my dear, and as night came on I said to my men, for I was captain on board, 'Mates, we shall have a fight for it to keep the *Pride of the Haven* well above water. But they looked bright and brave, and all through the dark hours worked on, the waves dashing over us every minute. Presently a big roller lifted us high in the air, and then flung us like a toy on to the rocks in the surf. The ship fell to pieces; we caught hold of what we could, and I got to shore grasping a floating plank. Cold, half-drowned, and miserable, we found at last we were on friendly shores, and the simple villagers with very great kindness provided us with food and garments."

"One of the best friends we had at that time was the clergyman in whose church we found ourselves the following Sunday, and our attention was aroused when he gave out as his text these very words, 'And so it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land.' Of course he spoke of the mercy of God in saving our lives at the shore close by, and hoped, he said, that those who had escaped a watery grave would be found at last safe in the harbor of heaven."

"Ah, Mary, it was really there that the Lord spoke to me. He reminded me that all these years had I been travelling over the sea, and yet never had I given my heart to Him who had held me safe among so many perils."

"The voice of the preacher sounded in my ears. He warned me of a danger far greater than the hungry wave; of that storm of judgment which must come on the ungodly, and how God had in Christ provided a Rock of Ages whereon to find safety and shelter forever. Afterwards I walked into the churchyard in the sunshine and sat on one of the graves, giving there and then my whole heart unto the Lord. Then came a new light into my spirit brighter than the rays of the sun, and a new life began, all too late, my dear, for I was getting on in life; but, thank God, I have walked by this rule ever since."

Tears were in the old man's eyes as he finished his story, and in a thick voice he added, "Please God, one day I shall get safe to land."

Little Mary looked down at the Bible again, and began to turn over the leaves slowly in search of something. Presently her eyes sparkled as she said, "Grandfather, shall I read you the texts I said at Sunday School this afternoon?"

"Do, dearie; I shall be glad to hear them."

"Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me."

"In My Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

Blessed words of promise and peace! They fell on the old captain's heart like a dew from heaven, and spoke to him of that rest which remaineth unto all who are trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation and heaven.

AN ACT OF HEROISM.



LARGE concourse of people had collected in one of the streets of San Diego in California, and were shouting at the top of their voices in a very excited manner. The cause of the uproar and tumult soon became apparent.

A drunken drover had charge of a herd of wild cattle, and was driving it through the town. Every one knows how dangerous these animals are, especially when goaded into fury by a tipsy drover. One of the largest of the bulls, with terrific horns, detached himself from the others.

Now, a little child was playing in the street, dragging a toy cart after it, and the mad bull rushed after the child. The drover tried to turn the infuriated animal, but in doing so lost his balance and fell heavily from his horse to the ground. A cry of terror arose from the lips of the spectators as they saw the great danger the poor child was in. Surely nothing could save it from its horrible fate!

But help was near. A young lady was passing, and the shouting of the tumultuous crowd having attracted her attention, she took in at a moment the imminent danger of the little child. She immediately seized hold of the drover's horse, and, springing into the saddle, gave chase to the bull. She soon caught up with the animal, and taking a shawl from her shoulders she threw it over its head and neck while the bull was in full charge, and painfully near the child. In less time than it takes to tell, she had reached down, clutched the child, lifted it into the saddle, and bore it away out of danger.

The shouts and hurrahs of the delighted spectators were deafening, as this young lady (Miss Lawrence by name) dismounted and placed the child in the arms of its grateful mother. Not only did this splendid action show great presence of mind, but it was a feat of horsemanship which most people, even if they had been willing would have been incapable of performing.

There is not the slightest doubt, that had it not been for the young lady's heroic action the child would have been tossed and goaded to death.

Such an act will live in the memory of all those who were so fortunate as to have witnessed it.