

always careful not to offend by word or deed; and even those who differed most widely from him, were fain to acknowledge that he well deserved the "grand old name of gentleman."

They had been many days out now; and eager eyes were watching, and pious hearts were praying, for their safe return. With fair weather, and no ill-luck, the captain hoped to sight their destined port to-morrow. Ah! these to-morrows, that we count on so certainly. They had almost lost all feeling of insecurity by their long familiarity with their ocean home. They had slept so many nights—

Rocked in the cradle of the deep—

why should not they go to their berths as usual on this last night, and fall asleep to the lullaby of the panting engines, and the splashing of the waves against the vessel's side! The "City of Charleston" had proved a staunch little craft, and there was a tinge of regret in the thought that their ways must soon divide, and the association, that had been so pleasant even in spite of its monotony, be a thing of the past. It was near midnight before they could bring themselves to say good-night; but no thought of danger disturbed them. Loved faces soon to be greeted fondly, loved forms to be embraced tenderly, seemed near each member of the happy group.

No one ever knew how it happened. It would seem that in the broad Atlantic, there should be room for two vessels to pass each other. The night had darkened suddenly, a rough wind had risen, and rain was falling in blinding sheets. There was some neglect or mistake in the display of signal lights; and without any warning, a great French brig bore down upon the poor, doomed "City of Charleston," and the terrified passengers were thrown headlong by the shock of the collision. The vessel careened, and for a few moments the sea seemed to swallow it up; but it righted itself by a mighty effort, and straining timbers settled back. The brig went on its way, scarcely injured at all; unable, they said, to find their wounded victim, though, they searched till morning dawned.

A very brief examination showed the officers that the pumps would make slow headway against the rushing tide that was fast filling the vessel's hold. The brig had made a frightful opening in its side. Could it be kept afloat until a boat from the life-saving station should reach them? The water was gaining at a fearful rate, although the pumps were being urged to their utmost force. The life-boats were launched. All the life-saving apparatus was put in readiness for immediate use; and then they watched and waited with death staring them in the face. Ah, what a precious thing this human life of ours is in times like this! All hearts were full of an intense longing to press the solid earth once more; and

prayers went up from lips that rarely used God's name save in unholy ways.

There was no looking at God from an intellectual stand-point now. Every man realized that there was a Supreme Arbiter of human destinies, in whose hands they stood powerless. It was the great admirer of the Evolution theory who clasped his hands in agony, and said, in a voice that trembled, despite his efforts to make it firm, to the young missionary:

"Sir, you are a praying man. Beseech your God to spare our lives. I cannot hope that my prayers will be heard; but he may listen to you."

The servant of God was calm. It was no new thing to him to trust his life to his Heavenly Father. He had said now as often before; "My times are in thy hand," and he was thinking how long ago Paul had besought the Lord to spare all who sailed with him. Now he raised his hand in response to this poor unbeliever's request, and prayed aloud that God would guide their efforts to save their lives, or give them grace to die. Fervent amens were uttered on all sides, and vows to lead better lives were silently registered. An awful stillness settled upon them, broken only by the cannon's report of their distressed condition. The moments seemed hours, and the hours long nights of horror. They could scarcely be convinced, when the life-saving corps had reached them and taken them ashore, that the day had not yet dawned.

They were saved. God was good, and some of them praised him for his great mercy; and out of the depths of their great despair one soul rose to walk forever in newness of life. The disciple of Ingersoll became the disciple of Christ, crying out in that supreme moment: "Lord, I believe. Help thou mine unbelief."

Temperance Notes.

DRINK is the keystone of the bridge which leads to moral degradation, physical deterioration, and political slavery.—*The Reformer*.

NEUTRAL! Neutral in the fight against drunkenness? Don't ask a mother to be neutral when a wild beast is destroying her child.—*Christian Advocate*.

NO WAY so rapid to increase the wealth of nations, and the morality of society, as the utter annihilation of the manufacture of ardent spirits, constituting, as they do, an infinite waste, and an unmixed evil.—*London Times*.

WHEN public opinion shall place those who furnish the means of this destructive vice on a level with thieves and counterfeiters, then, and not till then, may we expect to see our land purged from this abomination.—*Judge David Daygett*.

AND when the victory shall be complete—when there shall be neither a slave or a drunkard on the earth—how proud the title of that land which may truly claim to be the birthplace and the cradle of both those revolutions that shall have ended in that victory! How nobly distinguished that people who shall have planted and nurtured to maturity both the political and moral freedom of their species.—*Abraham Lincoln*.

THE grog-shops must be shut. The power that will do the thing, whatever it be, is the power that must do it. So long as eighty-five per cent. of our prisoners owe their incarceration to drunkenness; so long as there is in our city one licensed place for the sale of liquor to every 170 inhabitants; so long as sixty thousand a year die drunk or from the effects of drink, there is no other side to the matter. The grog-shops must be shut. At any rate—whether of public inference or private self-denial, whether the law goes on the statue books or the wine comes off the dinner-table—by some means the grog-shops must be shut. He is either criminally ignorant of the facts, or criminally indifferent to them who can deny this.—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps*.

Two Angels.

BY M. K. A. STONE.

THE Lord from his glory spake
To an angel by his side,
"Go, wing thy flight to the green-robed earth
Where my well-beloved died;
For there, at the solemn midnight hour,
A sinner to me hath cried.

"Go, tell him that heaven hath joy
Over each penitent tear;
Go, clothe his nakedness in my robe,
That his shame do not appear;
Yea! give him my golden ring of peace,
The seal of his sonship here.

"Tell him the door is opened,
The feast of my love is spread;
That you bring him the Father's welcome
In the name of him who bled;
And the Spirit's oil of anointing
Outpoured on his bended head."

Then to another angel,
Of loving and gentle mien,
Whispered the Master: "An erring child,
Who hath grieved me by his sin,
Is asking pardon in Jesus' name,
That his blood may make him clean.

"Go, tell him where he mourneth,
How faith's instant flash can bear
His message swiftly from earth to heaven,
By the shining path of prayer,
While his answer from the Father's heart
Speeds back as on wings of air.

Tell him my love restoreth
His soul unto peace and light;
That my covenant stands unchanging,
More sure than the day and night;
That I clasp him now and forever,
In Jesus' blood washed white."

SICKNESS should teach us what a vain thing the world is,—what a vile thing sin is,—what a poor thing man is,—and what a precious thing an interest in Christ is.

Sam Jones on Praising God.

"IN everything give thanks." I reckon you all think that's the hardest thing in the world. "Thank God I was sick. Thank God I lost my child. Thank God I lost money." Whatever is a blessing you had better thank God for it. And the best way in the world is to put yourself in the hands of God fully, and then thank God for everything that happens. This incident will illustrate what I mean. A Presbyterian preacher who preached with glorious power, commenced bleeding from his lungs profusely; and for five successive sermons as he preached that bleeding took place. Finally the doctor said, "Sir, you can never preach another sermon. You must come down out of your pulpit." When he walked down from his pulpit the elders said, "Pastor, our new pastor's coming in about a week; you must leave this house." One noble man said, "Pastor, you can come to my house; the best room in my house is yours, the best place at table, the best place in our hearts." Just a little while after he left the parsonage, his only daughter took suddenly ill—about grown up, she was—and grew worse and worse, and died about the sixth day. And they buried their only daughter, and God took her to heaven. In a few days the wife was stricken with an eye trouble, and became quite blind. The pastor walked out one afternoon, and when he got back to his home, his wife walked up to him and put her hand on his shoulder, turned her sightless eyes toward him with a tremor in every muscle of her face, and the tears running down her cheeks, and said, "Husband, I got a great victory since you went out. I made up my mind to submit to God." He said: "Wife, that is a good thing, but let us go at it understandingly. We have got the best friends anybody ever had in the world. Will you submit to that?" And she said, "Yes." "Wife, we have got the best place to stay any mortals ever had. Will you submit to that?" "Yes." "Wife, our precious daughter is in heaven playing on her harp. Will you submit to that?" "Yes." "We have got all the precious promises to count on. Will you submit to that?" "Yes." "Well," he said, "God is going to come down in a few days and take us to heaven. Will you submit to that?" And she said, "Oh hush, husband, hush. I will never say another word about submission. I will praise God from this day out." Glory to God for the privilege of praising God in fire and out of fire; praising him when my body is rotting in a dungeon, praising him at the stake, praising him in gaol, praising him living, praising him dying, praising him everywhere. The Lord sanctify this talk this afternoon. I want every person to stand up that says, "I want my religion to make me rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks." The whole congregation appeared to rise.