

"And yet there was a credit side in the account of the storm. A big fat American boy was on board the steamship, who never spoke without using blasphemous language; and painful it was to hear him, for what he said was not only vile but positively sulphurous and blue. The day previous to the storm I spoke quietly to him, and said how it pained me to hear him talk so, and I ventured to say that I was sure that his mother would not like to hear him talk that way. I spoke to him quietly, almost apologetically, for I told him I had boys of my own, and I would thank any one who reprov'd them did they talk as he did. He said nothing, but looked up at me with an incredulous smile.

"On the morning after the storm, while walking on the deck, he met me, and exclaimed, 'Good morning, sir! May I speak to you for a minute?' 'Certainly,' I replied, as I turned to walk with him. 'You spoke to me yesterday morning about swearing, and of my mother—who is dead' (and a glaze came over his eyes), 'and then last

night's terrific storm came on, and I was frightened, and I promised God this morning that I would never take his name in vain again, and I never will, so help me God; and I thank you, sir, for speaking to me about it.' Surely, I thought, pressing his hand, my talk with this boy has been a 'word fitly spoken,' and it is possible that a mother's sainted spirit has sent on the viewless winds to her boy, through me and through the storm, a message to him. As I lay in my upper berth in my state-room that night I saw through my porthole window the bright moonlight shining upon a placid sea, while pleasant thoughts followed me into my slumbers, for I dreamed of wife and children, and home and sweet content. I knew not then that Time, the old artist, had commenced painting a picture that was to hang up in the chamber of my memory, and that in the far-off years, when I became mellowed with age it would be uncovered, and I would see 'some apples of gold in a picture of silver.'