

Bertrand's cheeks flushed as he heard his father's words of praise, and thought how that fond heart would ache if he really knew how he had acted.

Farmer Hibert concluded,—

'Get the vrac, and sell it, and keep the money. There now, be off, and get the boat ready.'

The day was a lovely one, and Bertrand, after a hurried breakfast, took some bread and cheese with him and went out with the high tide. He rowed far out and then waited in the boat until the tide had gone down and he was able to get out and cut the vrac with the large kind of reaping-hook he had brought with him. He worked very hard. Above him was the blue sky, in which there was not a single cloud, and around him the rocks, covered in many places with the heavy vrac, and others on which lichens, black and golden, grew plentifully. There were seaweeds, too, of all colors; every shade of brown and green, and some nearly black, growing in clusters or tufts, and lining the little pools.

At last he had got a large quantity, the boat three-quarters full, but he thought he might get a little more. If only he could make some money! The very idea was so delightful that his heart beat quickly at the thought. Then he remembered how his father had cautioned him over and over again against filling the boat too full, boats through being overladen had been swamped, and more than once lives lost as well. But he would not heed the unpleasant thought, and went on loading the boat with the heavy seaweed. At last he had quite done his work. The tide was flowing fast, and flinging the reaping-hook on the top of the seaweed he got into the bow of the boat.

The rising waves lifted her gently off the strand, and when once afloat Bertrand began to row, but he had gone scarcely a dozen yards when, in a way that seemed quite extraordinary to Bertrand, who was not on the alert, the boat went quietly down, and sank in deep water.

Bertrand by a great effort freed himself from the boat and rose to the surface. In an instant all his past life seemed unrolled before him. He seemed to remember every action, right or wrong, that he had ever done; every word that he had spoken, every scene that he had taken part in, and above all, the sin that so easily beset

him—coveting love of gain; for had not his overloading the boat, so as to get more money, been the cause of swamping?

While he thought thus he was struggling hard among the floating masses of seaweed that entangled him. But he was very strong and a good swimmer, and at last freed himself and struck out boldly for the land, which he reached, and fell exhausted on the shore.

His cries for help were heard by some vrac gatherers, but when they carried the wet and dripping body of the lad into the great kitchen of Ferme-du-Roi there was no sign of life about it. Hap-

had been that had brought him to it. Conscience was speaking very clearly to him, and Bertrand listened, humbled and repentant.

Dressing himself quickly he went downstairs. His mother was not down yet, Jeanne was helping her upstairs; only Farmer Hibert, who always was an early riser, was in the open doorway.

'Father,' said Bertrand, 'I want to tell you—'

'Ah my boy, don't go over it all again; you told me last night about the boat sinking, and of how nearly you were lost,—don't tell it again, for it was my fault letting you go alone, and it makes

fault; I overloaded the boat because I wanted more money.'

And as Bertrand stood by his father's side in the doorway he told him everything. He kept nothing back; all about the boat, the cheating the missionary-box, and the shilling, all was told. His father said he must tell Mr. Esnel about it, and Bertrand, too, felt that it must be done.

Much bitter pain had Bertrand to suffer, much shame and remorse, for the sins he now saw in their true light. But the pain was the godly sorrow that worketh repentance, and it helped to change Bertrand's character very much. He determined to be watchful, and, God helping him, never to forget that the love of gain had led him to sin against truth and honesty, and how very nearly it had cost him his life.

L. E. D.

PRIDE.

Prov. xii. 16-19: "These six things doth the Lord hate; yea, seven are abomination unto him: a proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood, an heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift in running to mischief, a false witness that speaketh lies, and he that soweth discord among brethren."

Prov. xiii. 10: "Only by pride cometh contention, but with the well-advised is wisdom."

Prov. xxi. 24: "Proud and haughty scorner is his name, who dealeth in proud wrath."

Prov. xi. 2: "When pride cometh then cometh shame; but with the lowly is wisdom."

Prov. xvi. 18: "Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall."

Prov. xviii. 12: "Before destruction the heart of man is haughty, and before honor is humility."

Prov. xxix. 23: "A man's pride shall bring him low; but honor shall uphold the humble in spirit."

Luke i. 5: "He that shewed strength with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts."

Matt. xxiii. 12: "And whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased; and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted."—*The Christian*.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest."



"BERTRAND TURNED AWAY FROM HIS SUPPER."

pily, after much rubbing with hot towels, breath and life returned, and Bertrand was carried to bed and nursed by his mother and the doctor, who had been sent for, and by the next morning was not much the worse for the accident. The boat had been recovered, and as Bertrand looked out of his bedroom window he caught sight of it stranded on the shingle. The sight recalled all that had passed the day before.

Never could he forget those few moments of agony when he was so near death; never could he lose the remembrance of what it

me feel so bad.'

'But father, I—'

'Ah, my boy,' interrupted the farmer, 'it was terrible to think I had so nearly lost you!' and as Bertrand looked up, he saw tears in his father's eyes. That touched him more than anything. He loved his father dearly, and the thought that he had caused him so much sorrow made him strong to confess all.

'Father, don't blame yourself about letting me go alone. You know I've been before alone when I was only a little lad, and I know the sea well. It was my