

Coming into Port.

I HAVE weathered the turbulent cape of storms,
Where the winds of passion blow;

I have sheered by the reefs that gnash to foam
The shadows that lurk below;

I have joyed in the surge of the whistling sea,
And the wild, strong stress of the gale,

As my brave back quivered and leaped, alive
To the strain of the crowded sail.

Then the masterful spirit was on me,
And with nature I wrestled glad;

And danger was like a passionate bride
And love was itself half mad.

Then life was a storm that blow me on,
And flew as the wild winds fly.

And hope was a pennon streaming out
High up—to play with the sky.

Oh! the golden days, the glorious days
That so lavish of life we spent!

Oh! the dreaming nights with the silent stars
'Neath the sky's mysterious tent!

Oh! the light, light heart and the strong desire
And the pulse's quickening thrill,

When joy lived with us, and beauty smiled,
And youth had its free, full will!

The whole wide world was before us then,
And never our spirits failed,

And we never looked back, but onward, on-ward
Into the future we sailed.

Ever before us the fair horizon
Whose dim and exquisite line

Alone divided our earth from heaven,
Our life from a life divine.

Now my voyage is well-nigh over,
And my staunchest spars are gone;

And my sails are rent, and my barnacled bark
Drags slowly and heavily on.

The faint breeze comes from the distant shore
With its odour dim and sweet,

And soon in the silent harbour of peace
Long-parted friends I shall greet.

The voyage is well-nigh over,
Tho' at times a capful of wind

Will rattle the ropes and fill the sails
And furrow a wake behind.

But the sea has become a weariness,
And glad into port I shall come

With my sails all furled, and my anchor dropped,
And my cargo carried home.

—Blackwood's Magazine.

Brother Will.

THE following thrilling story was told by Major Hilton, of New York, in an address before Christian workers in Chicago not long since:

"Just at break of day of a chilly morning the people of a little hamlet on the coast of Scotland were awakened by the booming of a cannon over the stormy waves. They knew what it meant, for frequently they had heard before the same signal of distress. Some poor souls were out beyond the breakers, perishing on a wrecked vessel, and in their last extremity calling wildly for human help. The people hastened from their houses to the shore. Yes, out there in the distance was a dismantled vessel pounding itself to pieces, with perishing fellow-beings clinging to the rigging; every now and then some one of them was swept off by the furious waves into the sea. The life-saving crew was soon gathered. 'Man the life-boat!' cried the men.

"Where is Hardy?"

"But the foreman of the crew was not there, and the danger was imminent. Aid must be immediate, or all was lost. The next in command sprang into the frail boat, followed by the rest, all taking their lives in their hands in the hope of saving others. O, how those on the shore watched their brave loved ones as they dashed on, now over, now almost under the waves! They reached the wreck. Like angels of deliverance they filled their craft with almost dying men—men lost but for them. Back again they toiled, pulling for the shore, bearing their precious freight. The first man to help them land was Hardy, whose words rang above the roar of the breakers:

"Are all here? Did you save them all?"

"With saddened faces the reply came:

"All but one. He couldn't help himself. We had all we could carry. We couldn't save the last one."

"Man the life-boat again!" shouted Hardy. "I will go. What, leave one there to die alone! A fellow-creature there, and we on shore! Man the life-boat now! We'll save him yet."

"But who was this aged woman with worn garment and dishevelled hair, who with agonized entreaty fell upon her knees beside this brave, strong man? It was his mother.

"O my son! Your father was drowned in a storm like this. Your brother Will left me eight years ago, and I've never seen his face since the day he sailed. You will be lost, and I am old and poor. O stay with me!"

"Mother," cried the man, "where one is in peril there's my place. If I am lost, God will surely care for you."

"The plea of earnest faith prevailed. With a 'God bless you, my boy!' she released him and speeded him on his way.

"Once more they watched and prayed and wailed—those on shore—while every muscle was strained toward the fast sinking ship by those in the life-saving boat. It reached the vessel. The clinging figure was lifted and helped to its place, where strong hands took it in charge. Back came the boat. How eagerly they looked and called in encouragement, then cheered as it came nearer.

"Did you get him?" was the cry from the shore.

"Lifting his hand to his mouth to trumpet the words on in advance of her, Natives of Africa, like the famed Indian scouts on the prairies, are very quick in tracking any one they wish to catch. The displacement of a twig, the leaf that has been moved by the hurrying footstep, are quite enough to put the hunters on the track of the hunted. They were baffled, but not for long.

The girl, in her eagerness to escape, had forgotten to use caution, and, in hurrying by a small stream, she disturbed some water-fowl, and they rose

Rewards of Grace.

THE Duke of Burgundy was waited upon by a poor man, a very loyal subject, who brought him a very large root which he had grown. He was a very poor man indeed, and every root he grew in his garden was of consequence to him; but merely as a loyal offering he brought to his prince the largest his little garden produced. The prince was so pleased with the man's evident loyalty and affection that he gave him a very large sum.

The steward thought: "Well, I see this pays. This man has got £50 for his large root. I think I shall make the Duke a present." So he bought a horse; and he reckoned that he should have in return ten times as much for it as it was worth, and he presented it with that view. The Duke, like a wise man, quietly accepted the horse, and gave the greedy steward nothing. That was all.

So you say: "Well, here is a Christian man, and he gets rewarded. He has been giving to the poor, helping the Lord's Church, and see, he is saved. The thing pays. I shall make a little investment." Yes, but you see the steward did not give the horse out of any idea of loyalty and kindness and love to the Duke, but out of very great love to himself, and, therefore, had no return. And if you perform deeds of charity out of the idea of getting to heaven by them, why it is yourself you are feeding—it is yourself you are clothing. All your virtue is not virtue—it is rank selfishness; it smells strong of selfishness, and Christ will never accept it. You will never hear him say, "Thank you," for it.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

The Slave Girl's Prayer.

A SLAVE girl in Africa once made her escape. Her cruel master, however, soon discovered that she had run away, and, calling together his neighbours, as cruel as himself, set out in search of her. Each of them was armed with a heavy whip, used by the slave-dealers when in charge of slaves whom they have stolen from their homes and families to sell. These whips are indeed terrible things to look at, and it makes one's heart ache to think that it could ever have been used to inflict punishment on a human being.

These men set out, but for a time they could not find a single trace of her. Natives of Africa, like the famed Indian scouts on the prairies, are very quick in tracking any one they wish to catch. The displacement of a twig, the leaf that has been moved by the hurrying footstep, are quite enough to put the hunters on the track of the hunted. They were baffled, but not for long.

The girl, in her eagerness to escape, had forgotten to use caution, and, in hurrying by a small stream, she disturbed some water-fowl, and they rose

in the air, flapping their wings and screaming in the most excited way.

Her pursuers saw this, and shouted in triumph. Nearer and nearer they came. At length the girl heard them. What was she to do? To go on was to be caught; to turn back would be to run into the very arms of her enemies. In an agony of despair she fell on her knees and prayed.

While she prayed, the footsteps were hurrying nearer and nearer; now she could hear their voices—now could hear their hard breathing, as they came on under the fierce sun. Suddenly there was a loud shriek, then retreating footsteps, then the silence of the grave. The girl looked up. She could see nothing. What had happened? Standing up she looked around, and there not ten yards away from her, was the cause of her would-be captors' retreat. A huge hippopotamus stood right in the way!

While she was praying it must have come up from the stream, and thus made itself a barrier between the girl and her foes. The men, coming upon it so suddenly, were terrified, and turned and fled. The girl hurried on once more, and soon gained a place of safety. "Truly the Lord preserveth all them that love him."

A Great Sea on Fire.

THE shores of the Caspian abound in naphtha springs extending for miles under the sea, the imprisoned gases of this volatile substance often escaping from fissures in its bed and bubbling up in large volumes to the surface. This circumstance has given rise to the practice of "setting the sea on fire," which is thus described by a modern traveller:

Hiring a stearn barge, we put out to sea, and after a lengthy search found at last a suitable spot. Our boat having moved round to windward, a sailor threw a bundle of burning flax into the sea, when floods of light dispelled the surrounding darkness. No fireworks, no illuminations, are to be compared to the sight that presented itself to our gaze. It was as though the sea trembled convulsively amid thousands of shooting, dancing tongues of flames of prodigious size. Now they emerged from the water, now they disappeared. At one time they soared aloft and melted away; at another a gust of wind divided them into bright streaks of flame, the foaming, bubbling billows making music to the scene.

In compliance with the wishes of some of the spectators our barge was steered toward the flames and passed right through the midst of them—a somewhat dangerous experiment, as the barge was employed in the transport of naphtha and was pretty well saturated with the fluid. However, we escaped without accident, and gazed for an hour longer on the unwanted spectacle of the sea on fire.—*Selected.*

THE way of the transgressor is hard.