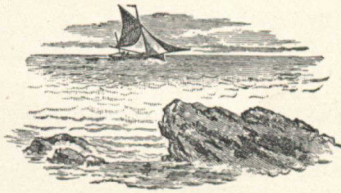


And though I weep because those sails are tattered,
Still will I cry, while my best hopes lie shattered,
"I trust in Thee."



* * *

"But the ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves, for the wind was contrary." This verse, from the 14th chapter of St. Matthew, makes a good foundation for a sermon. The genial commander of the S.S. Northumberland gave me a good illustration lately:

In leaving Point du Chene, in a gale, some time ago, Capt. Cameron stated, he became anxious about being able to dock at the wharf at Summerside. When, however, they were half way over, the storm abated, and before seeing the lights of Summerside along the shore the sea had calmed down.

How truly this pictures, to every one of us, our own experiences of life.

* * *

In our start upon our journey how the storms of life upset us. How anxious we are inclined to be about the future : the most of our troubles never come to pass, anyway.

When we get half over our voyage, things look brighter and better, more especially if we have our Master-Captain on board. As eventide comes on apace we will see that light, that lighteth every one's life, and anchor safely in our Haven of Rest.

