

wife; and so every woman has a future before her until she is chained, in a wedlock, which is a padlock, to a wretched and unworthy man. The deed once done cannot be recalled. The wine of life is wasted and the goblet is broken, and no tears or toils can bring back the precious draught. List the young think of this, and let them walk carefully in a world of snares, and take heed to their steps lest in this most critical event of life they go fatally astray.

But here we must guard against another error. Many people think they have made a mistake in marriage, when the mistake is only in their own behaviour since they were married. Good husbands make good wives, and good wives make good husbands; and the scolding, or intemperate, or slatternly partner often has but himself or herself to blame for the misery that clouds the life and desolates the home. Multitudes who feel that their marriage was a mistake, and who make their existence a life-long misery, might by a little self denial, and patience, and forbearance, and gentleness, and old-time courtesy, make their home brighten like the gates of Eden, and bring back again the old love that blessed the happy golden days gone by.

Suppose the wife does not know quite so much as you do;—well, you showed *your* great judgment when you thought her the chief among ten thousand! Or if your husband is not the most wonderful man in the world, it simply illustrates the wit and wisdom of the young woman who once thought he was, and could not be convinced of the contrary! So perhaps you are not so unevenly mated after all; and if one has had better opportunities since marriage, then that one should teach, and cultivate, and encourage the other, and so both journey on together. But if one has grown worse and sunk lower than at the beginning,

perhaps even then, patience, and toil, and sunshine may bring back the erring one to duty, lift up the fallen, rescue the perishing, and save the lost. How glorious for a wife to pluck her husband from the jaws of ruin and bring him safely to the heavenly home; how blessed for the husband to bring back to the gates of paradise the woman who through weakness had been led astray!—*The Common People.*

“I WAS SAVED AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.”

BY THE REV. E. W. VANDERKISTE.

So said one of our Sydney divers to a city missionary. In his house, in one of our suburbs, might be seen lately what would probably strike the visitor as a very strange chimney ornament—the shells of an oyster holding fast a piece of printed paper. But devoutly do I wish that every chimney ornament could tell such a tale of usefulness. The possessor of this ornament might well value it. He was diving amongst wreck on our coast, when he observed at the bottom of the sea, this oyster on a rock, with this piece of paper in its mouth, which he detached, and commenced to read through the goggles of his head dress. It was a gospel tract, and coming to him thus strangely and unexpectedly, so impressed his unconverted heart that he said, “I can hold out against God’s mercy in Christ no longer, since it pursues me thus.” He tells us that he became whilst in the ocean’s depth a repentant, converted, and (as he was assured) sin-forgiven man—“saved at the bottom of the sea.”

THE DYING SAINT.

I asked her if she had no fear of death and the grave. I knew her faith in Christ was strong; but I thought that, possibly, she might have