

THE CORDS OF LOVE.

A WEEK at Folkestone ! The weather was rough and wet, but we could not stay indoors as the sea air was necessary for the one for whom we had gone. The only thing was to have a tent, and a tent we had. We were sitting in it, enjoying the shelter and cosiness the first day of our arrival, when suddenly we heard a voice saying : " Do you ladies know anything about the Master ? " And there stood our friend who let out the tents, at the door of our canvas room, strong, sturdy, bronze ; his weather-beaten face fairly shining with happiness and goodness. In answer I put the book I was reading into his hands, and after that he often came to have a chat about the love of God and the preciousness of Christ. " Yes," he said one day, " I often wish I could write down what the Lord has done for me. I was a sailor, and until I was five-and-twenty years of age I could not read a word. Then a mate and I determined to learn together, and so we got a spelling book when in port and began. At first we used to pick out short words in the newspaper for practice. We could always get hold of one of those. But one day I hunted out of my box an old bible my mother had given me, and I found in the psalms short words that I could read. I said to my mate : Look here Bill, here's just as easy words as in the newspaper. I shall read this.

" Well, the more I read, the more I began to feel my need of something ; that I was not right. And one night some time after this, I dreamt such a dream.

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