

'guess I can steer.' With tremendous force the ship that had been running before the strong wind, struck the sand-bar, throwing the men off their feet. The seas washed over the decks, and the water rushed into the cabin as the loosened planks gave way. The men sprang to the rigging. They were all young except Sol. They were terrified. Crowds collected on the shore; it was just below the church. The cries from the men in the rigging were terrible to hear over the wild roar of the storm. 'For God's sake, save us. Save us!' It 'was hard to die so near the land.

The banks of the island at that place are very high and steep. 'No boat can be lowered over that bank,' thought Sol to himself, as he stood on the wave-washed deck holding on to the rigging. The captain stood like a statue grasping the wheel. But yes—some daring men were trying it. The banks were wet with the spray dashing high up in the air, and the red clay was slipping like grease. They were trying to lower a boat down that bank! One false step and men and boat would be precipitated to almost certain destruction. It was got down at last. Again and again the attempt was made to launch her, but every time she was dashed back with tremendous violence. 'Tell them we can do nothing,' shouted the leader to the student, who was standing half way up the slippery bank with a coil of rope in his hand and his clothes covered with mud. He had helped them with the boat. Through a trumpet he shouted to the men on the wreck 'We can do nothing to save you. God alone can.' It felt like a death sentence.

Among the crew were three brave young men, powerful swimmers. They determined to make an attempt to save themselves and the crew. Each fastened tightly a string around the bottom of his oil cloth trouser legs, a belt around his waist, and strings around his sleeves. Then tying one end of a rope to the ship they threw the coil in the jolly boat, which had its side smashed when the ship struck, and launched it. They had scarcely left the vessel when the boat began to fill. A large wave struck her and she was swamped. Those on the vessel and on the shore now forgot everything else through fear for these men. They could not be seen over the heaving billows except now and again when borne on the crest of a high wave. For a time they lost sight of them altogether. At last one was seen clinging to the rock at the foot of the almost perpendicular bank. Those on the vessel alone could see him. They pointed and shouted wildly, but those on shore could not hear what they said. The receding wave drew him under again. To get a better view the student sprang on a rock that stood out in a precarious manner and seemed as though very little would send it into the sea below. Here he caught sight of the man below him as he disappeared the second time. He shouted and waved to the others to come to his assistance. The next wave again threw the swimmer against the bank. Quick as a flash the student threw him the rope. By this time some men were there and drew him up. Forming a line up the bank they passed him carefully up one to the other. He was exhausted and bruised, but recovered.

A party of girls and young women had watched the ship from the sand-bar, go-

ing out to the very edge of the water. While all attention was fastened on the incident related, one of the other men was trying to reach the bar. The water 'cobbling' up prevented him. He struggled bravely. The girls caught sight of him and screamed for help, but no men were near. He had grasped the mud of the bar. If he could only get hold of something solid! His hold was giving way. He was slipping back again into that relentless wave. As if by inspiration the girls grasping hands rushed along the bar through the water. They were just in time to catch his hand as he was sinking. The waves dashed over them. Some were thrown off their feet, but they were held up by the others, and after a brave struggle, through drenched with the waves and filled with mud and sand, they brought the drowning man to safety. A shout went up from the men who had run to their assistance, and those on the ship waved their hands, while the warm congratulations and praise from friends and parents, and gratitude from the one rescued more than repaid them for the danger and exposure they had suffered. They were the heroines of the country side.

The third man was seen clinging to the jolly boat. It was being carried in to the shore. A big wave picked it up and hurled it high on the beach. In some miraculous way known only to him who holds the sea in the hollow of his hand, the man escaped with a broken leg and some severe bruises. One of the crew of the life-boat saw the rope floating in the water. He boldly plunged in and watching his chance succeeded in bringing it to land. By means of it they were now able to launch the life-boat. The sea had gone down some with the ebbing of the tide. All were saved, but none too soon. Before the sun set little remained to mark the spot where the trim little vessel, the 'Minnie May,' had been.

The student's prayer was answered in a way he little dreamed.

A. J. W. MYERS.

Lake Verd, P.E.I.

The Story of a White Lie.

(By D. H. Talmadge, in 'Good Cheer'.)

Once upon a time a boy told a lie. Many boys have done the same thing, but this was a certain, particular boy who has since become a man of considerable prominence in his profession and in the councils of a great political party.

The lie was not an extraordinary one. In fact, it was forgotten by him almost as soon as it was uttered. It entailed no injustice to any one. It merely freed him at the time from an embarrassing situation. He was an errand boy in a lawyer's office, and he told his employer he had performed some inconsequential duty which he had not performed. He performed it immediately afterwards. No one was the wiser, he thought. He deluded himself with the idea that he had done quite a smart thing. He was pleased with himself.

Twenty years later he was a candidate for the office of State Treasurer. All indications pointed to his election. The opposition party went over his record with exceeding care, and were forced to admit that there was nothing in it upon which to build political capital. They virtually conceded his success, although the vote was very close. Therefore they were greatly aston-

ished when it was found that he alone of all the candidates upon the ticket was defeated. He, too, was astonished and chagrined. He could not understand it.

Some time afterwards he chanced to be in the city where as a boy, like Sir Joseph Porter, he had served a term with an attorney's firm. Naturally, he called upon his former employer, and spent an hour in that gentleman's private office talking over old times and new before a cheerful fire. At the close of that hour he had something to ponder over.

The conversation had drifted into politics, and his former employer, with whose gray hairs had come affluence and influence, referred delicately to the results of the recent election.

'I have a confession to make to you, my boy,' he said, after the other had expressed his inability to account for the defeat he had sustained. 'I think I can tell you why it was. You may be angry when you hear it, but you have too much sense, I think, to accuse me of treachery in the premises. Twenty years ago you lied to me. You have probably forgotten the circumstance. I never had the confidence in you afterwards that I had before you did it. I could not justify myself in voting for you. I told myself and my friends that you were not qualified entirely for the treasuryship. The tendency to dishonesty which you had manifested was one which, in that position, might become dangerous both to yourself and the State. I could not declare myself against you. The opposition papers would have failed, intentionally or otherwise, to understand my motives. They would have exaggerated the charge, and the consequences would have been such that your reputation might never have been fully recovered. I did not tell you what I intended to do, because it was unnecessary. It would have made no difference.'

The other, very red in the face, listened to the end. He arose excitedly, and his lips moved as though he were about to speak. But he restrained himself. He stood for a moment, looking into the face of his defector. Then, impetuously, he extended his hand and left the room.

Visitors to a certain law office in a Western city observe, with some amusement, a motto which hangs over the senior partner's desk. It reads, 'Honesty "is" the Best Policy.' 'I had it made to order,' says the lawyer, when questioned; 'I wished it to express a conviction, so I had the "is" italicized.' This motto is the visible result of the interview between the senior partner and his former employer.

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A man who was told by his physician that he could be cured of a serious disease if he would give up smoking, looked long at his cigar and slowly replied: 'Doctor, I believe I could give up drinking if I really set myself to do it, but I can't give up this,' and he pointed to his cigar. 'Very well,' said his physician, 'get another doctor and die.' The man did both.