

"IT WON'T SINK."

ONE beautiful evening in summer I was seated with an old sailor on the sea shore. We admired together the beautiful view which the setting sun presented. My companion had for many years in his earlier history been in command of a smuggling craft, but a complete change in his course of life had taken place as will be seen by the following recital. After a pause of some minutes my companion suddenly broke silence by saying:

"What grace to be brought to a knowledge of God who has created all things, and whose love is more marvelous still than his power! At one time I had no eyes to see the beauties of creation, and still less to see the grandeur of divine grace manifested in Jesus Christ. I thought neither of the magnificence of the works of God nor of Him who has created them. My men and myself were in the habit of searching with the spy-glass every quarter of the horizon to see if there was any man-of-war in sight or any coast guard on our tracks. We were always better satisfied when the darkness increased, and often we would have been, if the night had been several hours longer, so that we might have disposed our cargo in a place of safety.

"I remember well one morning," he continued, "just as the day began to break, we discovered a coast guard in the distance. We had on board a heavy cargo of tobacco upon which we expected to make quite a

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