

me like an angel's voice,' continued the captain 'and I seemed to feel that the Lord would spare us somehow; and when I went on deck again I said, "Keep a good heart, my lads; God is as good as his word. He will pull us through this trouble if we will only trust him."' He then told how they set to and got a 'handful' of canvas on the vessel, thus bringing her up. The Captain repeated the text to the men, and they being thereby encouraged, struck up a hymn. Going to the pumps cheerfully, they pumped and sang from five in the afternoon until eight o'clock next morning, encouraging each other till a Lowestoft lugger came out and helped them. The watchword that night amid the storm, during thirteen hours' pumping, in imminent danger, was, 'Keep your eyes on the text, my lads.' 'This,' concludes the narrator, 'is one simple instance of the power of the word.'—*'The Christian Herald.'*

Mable's at Home Convention

(Alice May Douglas, in the 'Christian Intelligencer'.)

'I am so glad to see you, Miss Ewing, but I really was not looking for you to-day, I thought that you would be off to the convention with the rest of the good people.' The speaker pulled forward a rather shabby looking chair and motioned for the young lady to be seated therein.

'I did plan until the very last to go on our Sunday-school Convention,' replied Mabel, 'but some money that I was expecting did not come to me and so I took this as an expression of God's desire to use me in his work here rather than at Bradley where our pastor and a full dozen of our teachers are. I know that they are having a perfectly lovely time.'

'But you deserve to have a perfectly lovely time if anyone does,' said the sad faced woman. 'God alone knows how your calls have cheered me. I often think that if I did not have any little ones, they'd have no Sunday-school teacher to call here.'

A full hour spent Mabel in this home which was shadowed by the intemperance of the husband and father, during which time she helped the woman with her household duties, thereby giving her opportunity to care for a sick baby.

Mabel next called upon a 'new family,' where she obtained the five new scholars for the Sunday-school, children who had not been in the habit of going to the house of God.

Then there were other calls to make upon several members of the Home Department, upon the babies of the Cradle Roll and upon people of all classes who were not and never had been connected with the Church or the Sunday-school in any way and were therefore more in need of her visits than any other classes.

At noon she found herself a long distance from home in the heart of the rural suburbs of her home city and as the dinner hour arrived she found herself at the table of Farmer Lucas, surrounded by his buxom wife and six ruddy children, enough of themselves to form the new Sunday-school she was to found in the neighboring schoolhouse upon the afternoon of the following Sabbath.

'The others are having a typical New England convention dinner like this,' she said to herself, 'they are seated at a long table in the basement of the church eating brown bread and baked beans, doughnuts and apple pie, or boiled dinner and Indian pudding and the cream of that; they are making new friends as they eat; so am I. They are obtaining new ideas for the Sunday-school; so am I, and practical results at the same time.'

Mabel spent the afternoon in the city going among her friends, soliciting from them funds towards the purchase of supplies for the new rural Sunday-school. She also obtained a large quantity of cards, picture papers and library books and best of all the promise of two assistant teachers.

In one week from this Sabbath the delegates read their reports of the convention to the Sunday-school. They had received a great spiritual uplift while attending it and brought back many valuable suggestions which the school subsequently put into practice. Mabel likewise had received a great spiritual uplift during the time she had not attended the convention. She, too, had brought to the school many valuable suggestions—those she had obtained first hand and what was of infinitely more importance, she had been instrumental in bringing into the school seven new scholars and had kept in it six of the others who but for her calls would have drifted away and she had the satisfaction of knowing that through her efforts a new school had been organized in a little country place which stood in great need of Christian influence.

As she and some of the delegates walked home after Sunday-school, and were relating their recent experiences in Sunday-school work, Mr. Burns, the pastor, said: 'You have really accomplished more by your Home Convention than have all the rest of us.'

Beautiful Answers.

A Persian pupil of the Abbe Sicord gave the following extraordinary answers:

'What is gratitude?'

'Gratitude is the memory of the heart.'

'What is hope?'

'Hope is the blossom of happiness.'

'What is the difference between hope and desire?'

'Desire is a tree in leaf; hope is a tree in flower; and enjoyment is a tree in fruit.'

'What is eternity?'

'A day without yesterday or to-morrow; a line that has no end.'

'What is time?'

'A line that has two ends; a path which begins in the cradle and ends in the tomb.'

'What is God?'

'The necessary Being, the Sun of eternity, the Merchant of nature, the Eye of justice, the Watchmaker of the universe, the Soul of the world.'—*'Western Christian Union.'*

Miss Palmer's Outing.

(Willard N. Jenkins, in the 'Morning Star'.)

Miss Mary Palmer sat down to her breakfast of bread and butter and coffee, and as she ate cast loving glances at an unopened letter that lay on the white cloth. She knew the handwriting well. It was that of her precious brother, more than a son to her, it would seem, if one judged by what she had done for him. If she got back less than so many sons give to their mothers what matter, since not being a mother she could not be supposed to know her due? More than this, Miss Palmer had never known how to measure love or anything else by what she had received. Her life had been to give, and all her friends had profited by her sweet, generous disposition. The years had brought trials—she had had disappointments, much to worry, and more hard work; but her face had never lost its tender, placid expression.

Her father had been twice married, and when he died he felt his motherless boy, two years old and the child of his last marriage,

to the care of his daughter, who was then a comely young woman of twenty-three. In all the years that had passed since then Miss Palmer had been faithful to her trust. Her brother was a delicate lad and she petted him until he came to think only of his own wants, and people shook their heads, asserting that she would spoil the boy. At fifteen he became interested in religious matters, and expressed his desire to become a minister of the gospel.

'My dear boy,' said his sister, with tears streaming down her face, 'you have made me very happy.'

She had paid his way through college, taking for that purpose the money that had been left to her by her own mother. For his sake she had given up all idea of a home and attachments of her own, and now, at forty-eight, she was living in a small flat and 'taking in' plain sewing.

John, the brother for whom she had sacrificed so much, was now a minister of the gospel. He had married young, and a wife and two children were the adjuncts of his theological course. And now, in addition to first the charge and first parsonage, he was to have his first vacation. A kind parishioner had given him the use of a cottage in the wilderness, near a trout brook, and in the first flush of his good fortune he had written to his sister to have her trunk all packed, ready to join them at the Junction, when his letter settling the date should come.

And the trunk was packed, and the little flat swept and garnished, and the last scrap of food eaten—and here was the letter.

How kind it was in John to remember that the summer was one of unusual heat, and that she was not so strong as she used to be. She never remembered the helpless young wife, the children who needed such constant care, the cottage to be put in order, the hard work that had always been her portion when she had visited her brother's family. She thought only of the joy of being near John, of the trees and flowers and the fresh country air. Yes, she was very happy.

And then she read the letter:—

Dear Sister:—

I am very sorry, but we have had to change our plans. My wife's aunt and cousin decided to spend the time at the cottage with us, and we couldn't possibly take in even one more. I told Annie you would be worth both the others in helping with the work, and if anybody got sick she'd be thankful enough to send for you. But in domestic matters a man's views don't seem to count. So Mrs. Sprague, my wife's aunt, wanted to go a few days earlier than we had planned, and by the time this reaches you we shall be settled.

Your affectionate brother,

JOHN.

That was all. It was but a trifling thing to her idolized brother that she had been shut out from his home. She would have been far better for the work than the others; but there was not one thought of her need of change—not one remembrance that his parsonage was so sweet a home because her flat was stripped bare of everything that she thought they would like—not one thought of counting her as one of them. For a moment it seemed that the bitterness of her disappointment was more than she could bear; then she put it bravely aside, and, rising, she cleared away the breakfast dishes. When everything was in order, she went to her trunk and took out her well-worn Bible. 'What is it,' she asked, 'that it says about the shadow of a great rock?' Turning the leaves eagerly she found