

There was no surprise in her tone. She had trusted God, and, of course, he had kept his word to her—that was all.

Pennie had looked on in astonishment until now. Now she began to understand something of what was going on. She crept to the bedside and whispered.

'I prayed for you too; didn't I, grannie?'

'Who is it, mother?' asked the sailor. 'I knew my models again—but the child?'

'A little one saved from the wreck of the 'Warrior King,' Tom. The mother and all the rest was drowned. O Tom, that was an awful day!'

'And her name?' he asked eagerly. 'I heard that every soul on board that fated vessel went down.'

'I never could find her name,' grannie answered. 'We found Just 'P. T.' on her pinafore, so we called her Pennie,' and she passed her fingers lovingly through Pennie's soft hair.

'You are right, mother. Penrose Trevanion is her name,' cried the sailor, clasping the child in his arms. 'She is your own little grandchild, and my poor Mary Anne, was drowned. I thought they were both gone.'

And then he told them the story of his life, beginning from the day when he had left home, his hard sea life, then his marriage in Sunderland with a servant girl, whose piety had been the means of his conversion, how three years after their marriage he had started on his last long voyage and sent Mary Anne and the baby, with money to keep them until his return, to his own mother, praying her to forgive the past and to receive them. He spoke of his long, rough voyage, wreck and danger, and now when in the Channel on his way home the news came upon him like a thunder-clap that the 'Warrior King,' with every soul aboard, had gone down off the rocks of Saint Austell.

Poor old Penrose! The very joy of her meeting thus with her long-lost son was her death. She died of joy. About a week later she lifted up her sightless eyes to heaven and a smile beamed on her face as though she saw visions of glory unspeakable.

'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace,' she murmured, and fell back on her pillow—dead! God had gathered his lily to bloom in Paradise.

Savourless Salt.

Trodden beneath by the careless feet,
Mixed with the foul and lost to the sweet,
Are those who, wedded to earthly fame,
Have lost in life's journey their twofold aim.

It was not meant they should tread alone
The path so sweet they had claimed their own;

The Master wanted their love and care,
And He offered them some of his work to share.

But they heeded not his wisdom's plan,
Nor tarried awhile their ways to scan,
And they missed the joys He had meant to give,
And so by the highway they scarcely live.

And only because of the depth of love
That brought the Lord from his home above
Are they left in pity on earth to stay,
Mixed and crushed with the mire and clay.

—The Christian.

We hear much of the power of habit, but usually in the negative form. 'Don't accustom yourself to this'; 'Don't learn to do that run the warnings. But habits are good as well as bad, and there is nothing that takes root so easily or yields such large returns for cultivation. Every good habit formed—promptness, helpfulness, self-control, faithfulness, Sabbath observance—whatever it is, it becomes a part of our capital in life, and pays an ever-increasing interest in comfort, prosperity, reputation and character.—Forward.

The Pawned Testament.

A poor student, who was in the University at Leipzig, had occasion to undertake a journey at a moment's notice to see his mother, who was dangerously ill, and was in want of the necessary money for the purpose. In this difficulty he went to a learned Jew, a neighbor, and borrowed the money, leaving as security his Hebrew bible, and his Greek Testament, which contained the Greek and German words side by side in separate columns. During the absence of the student, the Jew determined to read the Testament through, in order to strengthen his mind in his hatred to Jesus, ridicule His teaching in the synagogue, and so be better prepared to show forth his zeal for the Jewish faith. His wife and children were not permitted to see the book, for he was determined to be the only one to discover the falsehood of the Christian religion in all its parts. But, as he proceeded with his reading, his surprise increased, and a strange feeling of fear mingled with admiration and reverence, came over him, and as he studied the life of Christ on earth he could hardly prevent himself crying out. 'Oh! that Jesus were my Saviour!'

Having finished the book, he was surprised to find that, however eager he might be to increase his enmity against Jesus, his study of the New Testament had taught him that Jesus was worthy, not of hatred, but of the highest respect, admiration, and love. 'Surely,' he said, 'this is the height of silly simplicity and blind folly. I will open the book no more.' But, however, in a short time he changed his mind, and determined to read the book a second time, resolving to be more careful in ascertaining that Jesus and His apostles were fully deserving of the hatred of all Jews in all ages. But again he was unable to discover anything that was absurd, or which bore the stamp of falsehood. While, on the other hand, he discovered wisdom which was more of heaven than earth, of comfort inexpressible for an afflicted mind, and a hope of immortality which seemed to deliver him from that dreadful anxiety with which the thoughts of the future had often troubled him. Still he could not overcome his prejudice, but read the New Testament for the third time, resolving that if he could find no excuse or reason for his hatred, he would become a Christian, but that, if he could discover the slightest tokens of deceit or fraud he would for ever detest the Christian religion.

During the third reading of the history of Jesus, His doctrines and His promises, the Jew was quite overcome. The love of Christ filled his very soul, like Saul of Tarsus, he cried, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' Being determined to become a Christian, he went without delay to a clergyman and commenced a course of instruction.

Seven weeks had passed since the New Testament had been left with the Jew, and now the student returned and came to redeem his property. The Jew asked him if he would sell him the New Testament. The student was unwilling to part with it, but at last yielded. 'What do you ask for it?' said the Jew. 'Four marks will satisfy me,' was the reply. The Jew opened a drawer in the table, and taking out a bag, counted out a hundred gold pieces. 'There! Take that,' said he. 'Gladly will I give you more if you wish it; and if at any time I can be of use to you, only come to me and I will help you to the utmost of my power.'

The student was amazed, and thought the Jew was making a joke at his expense. But he told him what a change of mind had been wrought in him by reading the New Testa-

ment. At the same time he upbraided him for setting so little store by such a book, and finished by saying, 'Oblige me by accepting that money. As for this book, I shall never part with it.'

From that time the Jew became a sincere Christian, an active worker, not a mere professor. Nine Jewish families in that town did he win to Christ, and thus did he show the power of the Word of God when the Holy Spirit applies it to the heart.—'Jewish Missionary Advocate.'

An Extraordinary Incident.

MARVELLOUS ESCAPE OF SUNDAY SCHOLARS.

Those people who imagine that God does not take care of His children, would not be allowed to say this at Atcham, a little village near Shrewsbury; for on one occasion, some years ago, the inhabitants learned in a most remarkable way that God takes care of His own.

One Sunday, when the boys and girls of Atcham were at Sunday-school, a terrific thunderstorm—the like of which had not been known for years—broke over the village. Flash after flash of lightning and crash after crash of thunder succeeded each other in a bewildering manner. Teachers and scholars started in amazement from the pursuit of their lessons, and listened aghast to the fury of the elements.

The little school-room shook with the



THE EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING IN A SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

vibration of the thunder, until at last there came a vivid flash which seemed to pass through the whole school. Several children were struck, and the screams of the frightened scholars resounded on all sides. But quiet was soon restored, and it was found upon examination that no one was seriously hurt, and that those who had been struck had the damage confined to their boots.

We give a picture of the boots which were struck by the lightning. The spectacle they presented was enough to convince any villager that God had marvellously preserved His children from harm, and to this day the good folk of Atcham tell of the incident with awe and reverence. —'Sunday Companion.'

Joy.

So take joy home,
And make a place in thy great heart for her,
And give her time to grow, and cherish her;
Then she will come and oft will sing to thee
When thou art working in the furrows.
It is a comely fashion to be glad;
Joy is the grace we say to God.
—Waif.