

seemed every prospect of a speed voyage; but after a time the contrary winds of disapproval blew, and the vessel, beaten to and fro, could make little headway on the broad waters of Ambition. Her master however, still undaunted, spread more sail, and altered her course. This brought her near to the rocks of disfavour; and there, through a long, dark, dreary night, in the teeth of a biting gale of contempt, she was tossed like a plaything for the winds.

The chill morn of another Effort dawned at last, to find the ship a sorry sight, her sails hanging in ribbons from her masts, and all her timbers cruelly strained. Her master, whose face also bore evidence of the storm, had decided to put into the smoother waters of the Bay of Notoriety, hoping to sail thence to the desired haven, and there erect his beacon.

So the sails of the 'Windpraise' were patched and hoisted, and the dangerous latitudes left. All was fair sailing for a time, until, when crossing the shallow Straits of Satisfaction, the boat collided with another.

Both vessels narrowly escaped destruction, and nothing remained but to make for the nearest land, if perchance it might be done with whole timbers. But during the night the cold winds of despair raged, and the 'Windpraise,' drifting before them, was wrecked on the ice-bound shores of the desolate country of Frustrated Hopes, where all on board perished.

'She was a fair vessel,' said the woman sadly, 'better to have had humbler aspirations, and sail over calmer seas, than to be cast away on this inhospitable coast.'

'Look into her hold,' said the angel, 'and you will see the cause of all her troubles.'

The woman did as she was bidden, and at first saw nothing but darkness, and ahead nothing but the swirling of water against the shattered sides of the boat, but suddenly as she gazed into the gloom, an inky scroll unrolled itself in the turbid darkness of the hold, and four letters seemed burnt into the blackness—SELF. Shrinking back the woman said no more.

Again she found herself beside the great dock, The Threshold of Life, and looked on the launching of vessels.

One was a sister-ship of the 'Windpraise.' Her name was the 'Upward Endeavour.' Boarding her with the angel, the woman found that she also was bound for the Seas of Ambition.

Her master was one Honest Work, and his mate was Self Denial. The ship's lading was of Noble Deeds. Bravely she sailed out of the dock, her white wings of Faith spread to the breeze. On dark nights the Lamp of the Word was lifted aloft. It shed a gleaming pathway over the gloomy waters.

When tempests beat, and the waves rose high, the master then betook himself to his cabin, to study over the Chart in which the Great Master of all mariners had mapped out a clear course.

On, and on she sailed, until Ambition's Seas were left far behind, and she was on a great ocean.

'Surely this is the Ocean of Fame,' said the woman, as she gazed upon the wide blue waters. But the angel made no reply.

After many days, shaping her course for a lonely rock, the master anchored his trusty vessel, while he and his crew set to work to build their beacon. One by one, the stones which had formed her loading were brought from the ship's hold, and placed in position.

Day after day the pile grew, and at last, when it was completed, the woman's heart was full of joy, though she could not have told why.

As she stood gazing upon the beautiful white structure the angel stood beside her, her face shining with celestial joy, and her eyes like stars on a dark night.

'You wonder at its beauty,' she said, in a voice of thrilling sweetness, 'know you not that the rock of its foundation is called, "the Love of God," and this great ocean "the Everlasting Mercy of the Father." The stones of the building are also precious. Do you not see the white stones of Faith and Hope, the corner stones of Conscience and Truth. Then there are the smaller, and no less priceless stones, Good Deeds, Kindness, Selflessness, Right-thinking, and many others, all cemented together by the precious mortar of Charity. This building shall stand for ever, its materials blended and beautified by the Sun of Righteousness, a beacon that all the world may look on and wonder at—the Beacon of a Well-lived Life.'

At Even as she spoke the sun gleamed on the noble pile, lighting it into life; and traced on it, as with a finger of light, the woman saw the fair legend:

'TO THE GLORY OF GOD.'

The Sun rose higher, dyeing the wide waters with golden splendor, and away in the very heart of the sunshine a glorified ship could be seen sailing, sailing, until its spars and masts were lost in a living blaze of glory.

And weeping with joy the woman said to the angel: 'Oh tell me the meaning of this sweet vision.'

'The first ship,' said the angel sadly, 'was thine own soul, almost lost on the rocks of Self and Unbelief—"He that loveth his life shall lose it"—the last, and her face shone with joy as she spoke, 'was thy True Self made in God's own image, a fitting Temple for the Most High, and lo! my mission is ended; my fairer sister—Sweet Forgiveness—shall, with her kiss of peace, usher you into the Kingdom which knows no end, and "you shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free."'

The woman sat on the seashore—Heaven's peace on her face, Heaven's joy in her eyes, and deep in her heart of hearts 'The love that passeth knowledge.'

And filled with the beauty of the scene she said:

'Out of the depths of my grief comfort has come to me, for I have seen visions, and know that that which seemeth substance is but shadow, while the shadows we fain would hold—the fair ideals which allude us—are the substance, the angel in man. 'The Spirit of God hath made me, and the breath of the Almighty hath given me Life.' And I go now to seek my True Self.'

And she rose and went her way.

Light in Darkness.

Approaching a heathen town in company with a native brother, we noticed a light in the distance. Pointing to it he said, 'There lives the only Christian in that town. Ten years ago he received Christ; his father and mother turned him adrift, friends forsook, and neighbours persecuted him, but to-day he lives honored by all.' Entering his bamboo hut, I asked if he felt lonely, to which he joyfully responded, 'Lonely! Never! for as God was present with Daniel and those Hebrew youths, as their helper, so for ten years he has lived with me.'—A. H. Baynes.

The Christian citizen's prayer: 'Take my vote and let it be, consecrated, Lord, to thee.'—The Midland.

A Trivial Fault.

(By Charlotte Mellen Packard, in 'Wellspring'.)

'Rose!'

No answer.

'Rose! the car is coming up Lester street. I'll be there in a moment.'

'Rose!'

Another voice calls from the foot of the stairs, 'Take your gloves and run!'

'My gloves are on my hands, and I am quite ready, mamma,' answers a laughing girl, gliding from the upper regions through the open hall door to a seat in the car.

The young lady who has preceded her gives an annoyed glance at her companion; so dainty, so sweet, is this provoking creature, the half-frown turns to a smile in spite of herself.

'Why should one hurry so desperately, Grace? We shall reach the city hall just as soon as if I had begun to dress an hour ago.'

'But if we had missed this car my plans for the morning would have been entirely disarranged. You made me very uneasy, Rose.'

'My friends ought to be used to my little peculiarity by this time,' responded the unabashed Rose, comfortably, 'I simply cannot hurry for anything or anybody.'

Just then the car slipped a rail and Grace restrained the query on her tongue:—

'Couldn't you exert yourself for your friends' sake?'

'Teasing child!' exclaimed Mrs. Anstey as she returned to the library where her guest, Mrs. Vane, had witnessed the episode, 'Rose has such a perfect temper that she minds our complaints no more than the blowing of the wind. I should think she would weary of being driven to her appointments which, thanks to others, she seldom loses. And, after all, one must not be too severe on a transmitted tendency.'

Mrs. Vane looked grave. 'A dilatory habit is not sinful, but my patience would long ago have given out were the dear child mine. She is quite too charming to allow of such a 'but' in the list of her attractions. You remember my promptness as a schoolgirl?'

'Indeed I do, and Rose is less to blame than her indulgent parents in this matter. We have not taken a serious view of her delays and hindrances, but if it offends those whom she longs to please, it is serious.'

Mrs. Anstey spoke in a tone of pique and her face flushed slightly, but the old friend knew that she was pacified as quickly as ruffled when wisely dealt with.

'Rose is beautiful,' Mrs. Vane replied to the hurt motherly feeling, 'and I have thought of borrowing her for the season at Washington. My Ellen would so enjoy a companion of her own age, and Rose adapts herself so easily to persons and places, it is pleasant to observe her.'

Mrs. Anstey's face was fairly radiant.

'You are too kind. We cannot afford our daughter such privileges as yours enjoys.'

And there the talk was dropped.

The family was nearly done lunch when Rose appeared in the dining-room, not flushed or breathless, for she had taken time to rest a bit and arrange her dress before meeting Mrs. Vane, whom secretly she was trying to copy.

'Am I very tardy?' she asked, with a graceful inclination all round, 'I dare say Bridget has a hot dish for me, I am quite a favorite with our cook,' she explained, resting her fine eyes on Mrs. Vane with that smile which served to remove her mountains.

'Bring the steak for Miss Anstey and tell Bridget that she can leave now,' was the order given the waitress; and the mother added, 'I kept Bridget to ensure you a good meal after your cold jaunt, my dear. She