

**"TELL MOTHER IT'S BROTHER
WILL."**

At a Moody and Murphy meeting at Farwell Hall, Major Hilton, of New York, being present, was called out by Mr. Moody, and made a particularly impressive address. Among other things he gave the following incident which occurred not long since on the Scottish coast while he was there:

Just at break of day of a chilly morning the people of a little hamlet on the coast were awakened by the booming of a cannon over the stormy waves. The knew what it meant, for frequently they had heard before the same signal of distress. Some poor souls were out beyond the breakers, perishing on a wrecked vessel, and in their last extremity calling wildly for human help. The people hastened from their houses to the shore. Yes, out there in the distance was a dismantled vessel pounding itself to pieces, with perishing fellow beings clinging to the rigging, every now and then some one of them swept off by the furious waves into the sea. The life-saving crew was soon gathered.

"Man the life-boat!" cried the men.

"Where is Hardy?"

But the foreman of the crew was not there, and the danger was imminent. Aid must be immediate, or all was lost. The next in command sprang into the frail boat, followed by the rest, all taking their lives in their hands in the hope of saving others. Oh! how those on the shore watched their brave, loved ones as they dashed on, now over, now almost under the waves! They reached the wreck. Like angels of deliverance they filled their craft with almost dying men—men lost but for them. Back again they toiled, pulling for the shore, bearing their precious freight. The first man to help them land was Hardy, whose words rang above the roar of the breakers, "Are all here? Did you save them all?"

With saddened faces the reply came: "All but one. He couldn't help himself. We had all we could carry. We couldn't save the last one."

"Man the life-boat again!" shouted Hardy. "I will go. What! leave one there to die alone! A fellow creature *there*, and we on shore! Man the life-boat *now*! We'll save him yet."

But who was this aged woman with

worn garments and disheveled hair, who with agonized entreaty fell upon her knees beside this brave, strong man? It was his mother!

"O my son! Your father was drowned in a storm like this. Your brother Will left me eight years ago and I've never seen his face since the day he sailed. You will be lost, and I am old and poor. Oh stay with me!"

"Mother," cried the man, "where one is in peril, there's my place. If I am lost, God will surely care for you."

The plea of earnest faith prevailed. With a "God bless you, my boy!" she released him and speeded him on his way.

Once more they watched and prayed and waited—those on the shore—while every muscle was strained toward the fast sinking ship, by those in the life-saving boat.

It reached the vessel. The clinging figure was lifted and helped to its place, where strong hands took it in charge. Back came the boat. How eagerly they looked and called in encouragement, then cheered as it came nearer.

"Did you get him?" was the cry from the shore.

Lifting his hand to his mouth to trumpet the words on in advance of landing, Hardy called back:—"Tell mother it is brother Will!"—*The Advance*.

COMPREHENDING OURSELVES.

Let us comprehend our own nature, ourselves and our destinies. God is our rest, the only one that can quench the fever of our desire. When men quit that, so that "the love of the Father is not in them," then they must preforce turn aside; the nobler heart to break with disappointment; the meaner heart to love the world instead, and sate and satisfy itself as best it may, on things that perish in the using. Herein lies the secret of our being, in the world of the affections. This explains why our noblest feelings lie so close to our basest; why the noblest so easily metamorphose themselves into the basest. The heart which was made large enough for God wastes itself upon the world.—*F. W. Robertson*.

John B. Gough by his eloquence won thousands from sin and despair to holy lives; but if a poor shoemaker had not won Gough from intemperance, his eloquence would never have been heard.—*A. E. Dunning*.