

WHERE CONVICTS COME FROM.

 SHORT time since a young man condemned to die for the awful crime of murder, lay in a prison-cell, awaiting the day of execution. A kind lady, who had heard of his condition, visited him several times, and sought to lead him to penitence and faith in Jesus as his only hope. On one occasion the lady was accompanied by her little son, who spoke kindly to the poor prisoner and offered him some fruit. The man seemed much affected by the grace and gentleness of the child, and drawing him towards him, said, as the tears ran freely down his cheeks :

" My dear child, let me tell you what it was that brought me here. It was disobeying my parents, then breaking God's holy day, and, lastly, drinking and gambling : that grew out of the other two. Never forget this, if you would not be where I am now ; and tell your play-fellows to take warning by my sad fate. Always obey your parents ; never drink a drop of anything that can intoxicate ; keep holy the Sabbath-day : and turn, as from the Evil One-himself, from any one who would persuade you to enter a gambling-house or engage in any game of chance. These are the things that fill the dungeons and prisons of the earth, and crowd the gates of hell with victims.—
Young Reaper.

GRANNY'S STORY.

 ES, lads, I'm a poor old body ;
My wits are not over clear ;
I can't remember the day o' the week,
And scarcely the time o' year.
But one thing is down in my memory
So deep, it is sure to stay ;
It was long ago, but it all comes back
As if it had happened to-day.

Here, stand by the window, laddies,
Do you see, away to the right,
A long black line on the water,
Topped with a crest of white ?
That is the reef Defiance,
Where the good ship Gaspereau
Beat out her life in the breakers,
Just fifty-six years ago.

I mind 'twas a raw Thanksgiving,
The sleet drove sharp as knives,
And most of us here at the harbour
Were sailors' sweethearts and wives.
But I had my good man beside me,
And everything tidy and bright,
When, all of a sudden, a signal
Shot up through the murky night.

And a signal gun in the darkness
Boomed over and over again,
As if it bore in its awful tone
The shrieks of women and men.
And down to the rocks we crowded,
Facing the icy rain,
Praying the Lord to be their aid,
Since human help was vain.

Then my good man stooped and kissed me,
And said, " It is but to die :
Who goes with me to the rescue ?"
And six noble lads cried " I !"
And crouching there in the tempest,
Hiding our faces away,
We heard them row into the blackness,
And what could we do but pray !

So long, when at last we heard them
Cheering faint, off the shore,
I thought I had died and gone to heaven,
And all my trouble was o'er.
And the white-faced women and children
Seemed like ghosts in my sight,
As the boats, weighed down to the water,
Came tossing into the light.

Eh, that was a heartsome Thanksgiving,
With sobbing and laughter and prayers :
Our lads with their brown, dripping faces,
And not a face missing from theirs.
For you never can know how much dearer
The one you love dearest can be,
Till you've had him come back to you safely
From out of the jaws of the sea.

And little cared we that the breakers
Were tearing the ship in their hold,
There are things, if you weigh them fairly,
Will balance a mint of gold.
And even the bearded captain
Said, " Now let the good ship go,
Since never a soul that sailed with me
Goes down in the Gaspereau."