

and one from the sealer 'Diana.' All three ships were now diligently searching the ice for any traces of the rest of the crew—but none were to be found, though for three days and nights an unwearying search was kept up by all three steamers. It was quite evident the rest had perished. It now became imperative for the 'Greenland' to hasten home, and carry the injured to where skilled assistance was available, and so endeavor to save limbs and senses injured by the exposure. Under a pall of ice on deck she bore the sorry cargo of her frozen crew.

After leaving the ice the vessel made the open roadstead at Cape de Verde, where she was forced to anchor. But she was as yet by no means out of danger, for the weather was still boisterous, and the gale which seemed to have followed in her track broke on her again that night with redoubled fury.

She was forced back and back under the frowning cliffs till at last she suddenly struck bottom—rose—fell—and then stuck fast. All on board thought she had gone, and that their last moment had arrived; but once again stout hearts, indomitable courage, and strong arms saved the ship from what appeared inevitable destruction. Haste was made to shift cargo, and as the gale decreased a little, and the stern was raised up, she glided off all safely, and was soon clear of the rocks. From there she crept round the coast and was at last safe in St. John's.

It was with different emotions that the crowd gathered to those with which it assembled a few days before. Then it was all joyful anticipation and glad forecasts of cloudless future—now it was sorrowful reflections and sad realizations of the past. Alas! it is often so in life. In this case no one was to blame. And so this terrible experience takes its place with many another story of the perils of the sea.

The Old Clock.

What do you think the old clock says
As it ticks away in the hall?
The day has fled, it is time for bed,
Birdies and children all.
Go sleep in peace till the night shall cease,
And the Eastern sky be bright;
Ye heed me not in my corner dim,
As I tick to you all 'Good night.'

What do you think the old clock says
To Mother at close of day,
When the children rest in each cosy nest,
And the toys are laid away?
'Courage, brave heart, nor dream thy toil,
Or thy tears have been in vain;
The tears thou sowest in faith and love
Shall yield thee golden grain.'

What do you think the old clock says,
From its quiet nook in the hall,
To the old and grey at the close of day,
When the evening shadows fall?
'Lift thy eyes to the sunset skies,
And think of the Father's love—
Of those who stand in a better land
To welcome thee home above.'

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Charlie Simpson's Conversion

Dr. Charles Simpson, as he was now called, sat in his little office with his feet cocked up on his desk puffing at a 'two-bit' Havana cigar, thinking of his old home in the east, of his grey-haired widowed mother, who had helped him through college, by taking in sewing and who was now under the care of kind neighbors, being too ill to work.

But Charlie didn't care, he was young and fast, 'one of the boys' as it were, and the thought of him helping his mother was absurd.

He left home with all the brightest prospects that any young man could have had before him, but it wasn't long until the weekly letters to his mother became shorter and shorter until they finally ceased altogether.

He couldn't be bothered writing home; it was too much trouble, and besides he didn't want to receive the letters of reproach that might come from his dear old mother.

The months flew by, the evenings that used to be spent in the little boarding-house room studying, were now spent in the saloons and concert-halls down-town with the wine and women that make these places so full of life and excitement for the average medical student, who is, by the way, the toughest of all students, and so by such associations he picked up habits, little pet ones that formed the warp in the web of his later life that he could not overcome, but grew with his growth, strengthened with his strength, and now has molded his character and formed his destiny.

Time elapsed, he graduated, left the city and located in a little western mining camp, where we found him, a drunken, heart-broken young man, too proud or too full of shame to write to the old folks at home.

He had lost his money by gambling, his practice was gone, and he sat in the cheerless little office where he was found by a missionary, who had been sent out during vacations, to preach in the different camps in the district. They talked several hours on the advantages and disadvantages of the West; but later the drift of the conversation led back to the college days in the old city in the East, where they both had attended school, one in medicine, the other in theology.

A warm friendship grew up between the two; they became close friends, chummed together, roomed together and gradually the Christian light from the associations of the other, dawned on the young doctor, so that by the time Mr. Farley, the missionary, had left his field to resume his studies in the East, Charles closed up his office, sold his belongings, and left also, to start over again in life; to begin anew the formation of good habits and the building of a Christian character. Later on in a Y.M.C.A. meeting he was converted, and shortly after left for his old home, the home of his mother and sisters. He arrived full of anticipation and pleasure at the thought of meeting his mother, but, alas! she had gone, died from a broken heart caused by the blighted life of a cherished son.

No welcome was his, the old homestead had long since been mortgaged and sold. Strangers occupied the place where once he used to play in childhood days. He returned, sad and down-hearted, to the city, and engaged in mission work in the

slums, where you can find him to-day, a shining light, a helper to other men and women who have fallen by the way-side in the struggle for existence.

In his nature yet can be seen the results of the habits of by-gone days, but through grace he is now living a Christian life, although the nature formed by the habits will always remain with him.

During one night in the mission I heard him remark to a number of young men, 'If you think you can toy along with some little pet indiscretion, lead it around like a woman does a poodle, cut the string, and let it go when you get tired of it, permit one who has passed along the road a little ahead of you and picked up a pet or two, to tell you that you cannot do it. I will not say you cannot, but you will not. You undertake to shake that dog once he gets attached to you, no, sir, you cannot, he will be at your heels when you come to the river. He may become a nuisance but he'll stay and grow from the smallness of a poodle to the dimensions of an elephant. Listen: Don't start with them; cultivate good habits if you cultivate any; remember, the habit forms the character and the character the destiny.'

WM. A. GLASGOW, M.D.

Missoula, Mont.

The Servant Verses

(By Mary E. Bamford, in 'The Classmate.')

'I didn't tell mother the hardest of it,' whispered Isabel.

She was sitting in a shadowy corner of the ferry-boat. No one was near, and the evening darkness hid some tears. Somewhere a violin and a flute were playing, but Isabel was too tired to listen.

After her day's work Isabel had crossed the bay to carry her first month's wages, twenty dollars, home to mother. She had longed to stay and see mother and the three little ones, but she could only stop a few minutes, and had hurried away again to catch this boat to return to her city working-place by nine o'clock. Exhausted, homesick, Isabel faced another month's hard work.

Several months before this Isabel's family had been burned out, losing everything in the fire. Afterward her father had work, but they were poor, and Isabel, being sixteen, felt she could not leave it to father alone to supply all they had lost.

'I'm going to help, too,' Isabel had bravely said, and she had taken the best place she could find, a situation in a boarding-house in the city across the bay. She was to have twenty dollars a month, and room and food.

'It's more than I could earn at anything else,' she told her mother, who was reluctant to let Isabel go out to service, a thing she had never done. 'We need the money so!'

And her mother, knowing the need of clothes for the children, and of furniture to replace loss of everything, had let Isabel go.

But what a month this first one had been to Isabel! The city private boarding-house where she worked was five stories high, with no elevator. Isabel had expected to care for eighteen rooms, but more guests had come, so she had to attend to twenty-five rooms. She ran up and down stairs continually. If everybody had risen at the same hour, mornings, so she could put the rooms in order it would have been different. But a person in the third story would get up, and