

hearts sick," and their grief was alleviated only as passing time alleviates grief. Their home was now to them desolate, and after all hope of the return of the lost boy was abandoned they sold it and went out, hardly caring whither. They went from one city to another, boarding in the different hotels, probably hoping that in some way they might hear of the lost one. Her daughters married as time passed on, and one being widowed, returned to live with her mother, who was then staying in a select boarding-house in a New England city.

One evening the inmates, as was their custom, had gathered in the parlours, and a stranger, who was a clergyman, was entertaining them with his adventures.

"One circumstance of my life," he said, "is so indelibly impressed upon my memory that it often occurs to me, although it happened twenty years ago. I was then chaplain on one of our ships of war cruising in the Pacific. It was a calm and beautiful morning, with scarcely a breeze to fill our sails. At not a great distance lay a whaling vessel, and floating from it was a signal of distress. We soon saw approaching us a boat containing two men, who, when they had reached us, inquired if we had a chaplain on board. They were told that we had, and they replied that they wanted to take him with them to their vessel, as an accident had occurred. A boy had fallen from the masthead; he was dying, and wanted very much to see a clergyman.

"I immediately entered the boat, and we were soon alongside of the vessel. After being hoisted upon the deck, I beheld the saddest sight that ever met my gaze. Lying upon a mattress on the deck, with his head supported by a sailor, lay bleeding and dying a beautiful boy, apparently about fourteen years of age. I went to his side, and, stooping, took one of his hands in mine. He raised to me his sightless black eyes, and feebly said, 'O, I am so glad you have come. I want to tell you all about it, and I want you to pray with me that I may be forgiven. I am going to die, and can never, never go home and see my dear mother and

tell her how sorry I am that I ran away. He then told me that he had wanted to become a sailor, and had gone to New York when sent to school, and had found this vessel about to sail, and had changed his name, 'and,' he continued, 'if you ever go near my home, find my mother, tell her how I loved her and dreamed of her every night, and sorry I am I left her. I thought I would go only one voyage and then go home and stay; but now I can never, never see my home again. The work they required of me was so hard I could not do it, and they whipped me, and almost starved me; and this morning when they made me climb to the mast-head I was so weak and faint, and my head was so giddy, I fell. But I forgive them all; I know they are sorry. But if I could only see my dear mother I would be willing to die.' I told him he must ask Jesus to forgive him his sins. 'I have,' he said. 'Ever since I left New York I have prayed, and I think He has.' I then prayed earnestly for him, and for all on board the vessel. When I had ceased, I saw that a change had taken place. I stooped and kissed him, and gently brushed the damp locks from his forehead. A smile of rapture passed over his face, a few sighs, and he was at rest.

"The sailors wept for him as for a brother; and we all again knelt around him as I prayed, amid sobs, that that death might be sanctified to the salvation of all on that vessel. Tenderly they prepared him for his watery grave, and as the cool evening breeze sprang up we laid to sleep amid the billows of the Pacific the body of Charles Le Grand."

Clasping her hands together, Mrs. Le Grand exclaimed, "That boy was my only son! For twenty long years I have wept and prayed and waited for him; and this is the first information I have received since the fatal day he left us."

"I thank you, sir," she continued, "for your kindness to my poor, dying son more than I can express." And, rising, she took the arm of her daughter, and they withdrew to their apartments, and late at night could be heard their weeping and moaning for their lost loved one.—*New York Witness.*