

A CURE FOR THE HEARTACHE.

BY WALTER MITCHELL.

Little girl! I don't sink 'oo looks happy; what's matter? I s'oudent suppose That a girl big as 'oo would be naughty: perhaps you has tored your new c'ocs, Slapped your kitty, or waked up the baby, before he had finished his nap, Or spilled the milk that you carry, or stopped on your nurse's best cap.

Such sings, I don't 'member and do them, sometimes when I've been real bad; 'Oo must have dono sumfin' kite awful, 'oo'r face is a looking so sad— Now I'll tell 'oo, Jane Hannah Maria, for I spect, my dear child, that's your name, Then when people's looks sorry like 'oo do, its just coz yourself is to blame.

Now perhaps you ain't got no dear mother, nor sister Serona like me, Nobody to go to and 'foss to, when she takes you right up on her knee— So 'oo'd better tell me all about it, and hear me say how I am grieved, And to sink that my daughter s'oud 'have so, I could 'nt at all have believed.

Then we'll cry, and I'll kiss 'oo and say never mind my own pechus delight, And 'oo'll try not to wander again from the ways what is duties and right, An' 'oo'll promise me, soldem, that never, you'll do so again, and I'm sure You'll feel better directly, for this is my mother's unfallible cure.

—Selected.

THAT WRECK ON THE ROCKS.

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

"O mother! Quick, quick! A rocket! Come to the eastern window! Mother! Jamie!"

There was just two other occupants of the house when this loud, abrupt summons was given, the Widow Halfrey and her crippled son, Jamie, and both hastened from their apartments into the little bedroom with its eastern window, as fast as love and crutches could carry them.

"Mother," said Alice Halfrey, a fair young woman of twenty, "I happened to be lying awake in my bed, and it set me to trembling to see a rocket flying over the water this stormy night, and I am hunting up my cloak and hood to go to the life-saving station."

"But, Alice"— "Why, mother, that rocket means a vessel in distress, and you are not the woman to keep me from going to the station when our Tom is at sea? It is somebody's brother if it isn't mine."

"I—I—of course—but, Alice, I was thinking—isn't there somebody else to go?"

"No, mother. There are three families of us down on the Ridge, and the others are old folks—and—good-by, mother, Jamie, don't worry. I'll go right along the beach."

Another minute, and Widow Halfrey and Jamie heard a door slam.

"She's gone, Jamie!"

"Don't I wish I was strong, mother! I would have gone."

"Well, Jamie, it must be as it is. Oh, dear, what can we do?"

"Might pray," whispered Jamie.

The widow nodded assent, and her voice went up to God.

"Now, Jamie, it must be something else," said his mother, when her prayer was ended, "and we must do just the same as if our Tom were in that vessel that's in trouble. Our Tom is off at sea, but somebody's brother, as Alice said, is in that wreck."

"Oh, Tom said if he got wrecked, he would be thankful for a fire on the shore."

"Well, we will build one on the edge of the Ridge. The sea is roaring fearfully, but I don't think it is raining, and we will start a fire."

"The Ridge" was a high cliff overlooking the sea. The Widow Halfrey and two others had houses perched like little nests on the summit of the Ridge.

As Jamie and his mother were going to the edge of the Ridge, the widow's arms filled with dry wood, Jamie said, "I sometimes think, mother, if—if I could walk and run like other young men, I wouldn't be so much with you."

"I know it, Jamie, and it is such a comfort to be with you. And you help me, too. Have you got those shavings in your pockets?"

"Yes, mother," said Jamie, his crutches

striking the ground with a kind of proud, self-important sound.

"There, Jamie, we will start our fire here. It will shine down into that black hole."

From the edge of the Ridge, all the world beyond seemed like one vast hole of blackness, one horrible chasm filled with an incessant, deafening roar. And what a brave illumination that fire made on the edge of that deep, black pit!

"Oh, if Tom could see it, wouldn't it make him happy, mother? You know it's his fire, kinder so. He said it would be a good thing."

"Well, I hope so. I wonder where Tom is! Off on the sea somewhere. He'll be home in a week, I dare say. Hark!"

"Hul—lo—o—o!" sounded a voice far down in this black hole that the fire was trying to illuminate.

"Mother, it's Alice! She's got back." He shouted, "Al—l—l—ice!"

"Yes, it is Alice. She has got back and I am thankful. But look, look, Jamie! They've seen our fire and are sending up a rocket!"

A rocket flashed up out of the chasm, up out of that perpetual roar of the waves.

"Poor fellows!" murmured the widow.

"If Tom could know what we are doing, he would be pleased. Lend a hand to other folks," that's what Tom used to say. Now, Jamie, I seem to think that on board the wreck they have seen our fire. Poor men, may they all get ashore! We will pile the wood on the fire, and then go into the house and do the next thing Tom advised."

"What's that, mother!"

"Why, he said, in case of a wreck, the sailors that might get ashore would be so thankful for dry clothes and for something to eat."

"Well, we will do just as you said," replied Jamie, starting off on his crutches. He might be a cripple, but it was glorious to witness his spirit. You forgot that he was not like other people.

When they reached home, Alice was there.

"O mother," she reported, "I was just

in time to catch the surfman. You know that his boat only comes as far as Lion's Head, and that hid, as I thought it might, all rockets sent up on this side. There he was!"

"Who was it, Alice?"

"Silas Young, walking along, his lantern in one hand, and when I told him there was a wreck, he ran up on to the hummock back of him, pulled out his custom signal, lighted it, and then waving it, started on the run across the hummocks for the station, but I don't believe those on the wreck could see the light. The life-saving men will be here soon. Now I will help you, mother."

"We will get a quantity of dry clothing, Alice. If Tom were here, he would say, 'Take any of my clothes I left behind.' There are some hanging up on the nails in the wall as you go up the garret stairs," said Mrs. Halfrey. "I will be setting the table and think of something for the poor fellows to eat when they get ashore. I have heard Tom say more than once, 'Think of me when you see a poor hungry sailor, and feed him well.'"

"And me, mother?" asked a voice. "What can this young man do?"

"You, Jamie? Well, you can put a fire in the fireplace in the foreroom, so that

there will be a warm, comfortable place for the men when they come ashore from the wreck."

The fore or best room was only used on important occasions, for two reasons; one was the fact that it was too large a room to be often used by so small a family, and the second was that Widow Halfrey did not own the largest woodpile in the world. To-night, though, the wood was not spared. Jamie, with a generous hand, piled it on the old-fashioned andirons, and took a deep, genuine delight in watching the fire hang a curtain of flame across the fireplace.

"Tom would like that, I know," thought Jamie, contemplating with great satisfaction the big, bright, cheery fire. "He would say, 'Give the poor sailors a warm welcome for my sake.'"

It would have done the absent brother much good if he could have been at home and gone through the house. In the kitchen he would have seen the generously set table and the coffee-pot on the stove. "Have tea, too, mother," suggested Jamie, "for Tom says some sailors like tea."

Widow Halfrey put her last tea in the pot and set it to simmering gently on the stove.

Then there were the piles of clothing in different chairs, while close at hand was the parlor with its welcoming fire and all the comfortable chairs in the house.

It was good to go through the place and think that for "somebody's brother" Alice Halfrey could say this was all done.

But down on the beach what were the gallant surfmen from the life-saving station doing? Morning was now trying to look out of the ragged curtains of cloud in the east, and it looked on such a sad scene! An ocean in awful turmoil, the huge breakers driving towards the land and boiling in fury all about a doomed vessel upon the rocks.

"We can't reach that craft with our surf-boat," declared the keeper of the life-saving crew. "We must send our shot-line to the wreck, and then rig up our breeches-buoy."

The wreck-gun was discharged, sending a trusty line to the vessel. By its help a stouter rope was run from the shore to the ship, and a breeches-buoy went dangling above the surf. It was a very simple conveyance, only a belt of canvas and cork, and from this belt drooped a pair of breeches.

"Somebody's coming!" shouted the keeper. "Haul away."

Yes, a cargo of one had been packed into the breeches-buoy and was safely hauled ashore.

"Take him up to the Widow Halfrey's!" shouted the keeper.

Passenger after passenger by the clumsy but reliable breeches-buoy line reached the shore, and, fast as they came, they went to Widow Halfrey's. To their expressions of gratitude the mother or Alice or Jamie replied that they had a brother at sea and were glad, for his sake, to do all they could.

Finally, the only man left aboard the wreck came ashore.

"Plucky fellow! He stayed to the last!" cried the keeper.

This man also staggered, weary and chilled, to the Widow Halfrey's. And Alice cried when she admitted him, "Why, if it isn't our Tom!"—*Golden Rule.*

THE DIFFERENCE.

A noble man compares and estimates himself by an idea which is higher than himself, and a mean man by one which is lower than himself. The one produces aspiration; the other ambition. Ambition is the way a vulgar man aspires.—*H. W. Beecher.*

GET A HABIT.

Get a habit, a passion for reading; not flying from book to book, with the squeamish caprice of a literary epicure; but read systematically, closely, thoughtfully analyzing every subject as you go along and laying it up carefully and safely in your memory. It is only by this mode that your information will be at the same time extensive and accurate.—*Wirt.*



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