

STORIES
POETRY

The Inglenook

SKETCHES
TRAVEL

CAUGHT BY THE TIDE.

By Stephen Saunders.

Stanley Forbes and his sister Jessie had spent the afternoon among the rocks at the mouth of the Smugglers' Cave, and had even ventured, when the tide was out, to explore the dark passages of the cave itself.

"Fancy living here, all alone in the dark and the cold!" said Jessie, thinking of her own comfortable home. "I don't think the smugglers can have enjoyed themselves very much, do you, Stanley?"

"Oh, I expect so," was her brother's reply. "You see, higher up, out of our reach, are many large chambers in which they stored their plunder, and there, out of the reach of the sea, they would light big fires, and so pass the long winter nights away very easily. But, Jessie, we must return or we shall have the tide upon us. Oh, look!"

He pointed to the mouth of the cave. Unknown to them, the tide had turned, and was now tearing round the bend like a racehorse. Jessie screamed; but Stanley told her they must scramble on to the platform of rock by which they stood.

"There," he said, "we shall be safe for a time, and must try to attract attention."

With great difficulty they mounted the platform, and Stanley shouted at the top of his voice, and waved his handkerchief, but no one seemed to observe them. Jessie clung tightly to her brother, and laying her head on his shoulder, she burst into tears.

"Oh, Stanley!" she cried, "I'm afraid we're lost, for we cannot climb any higher."

"Cheer up, Jess," said Stanley, trying to comfort her. "I am hoping that someone will see us soon."

"But it will be dark before long. Why didn't we return sooner?"

"We ought to have done so, especially after Fred Austin's warning. He told us to keep a sharp look-out on the tide, but I only laughed, and asked him to give me credit for more sense."

"Surely we shall be missed," said Jessie, "though mother doesn't know we are here, for we promised her faithfully we would never venture near the Smuggler's Cave."

"And we are being punished now for breaking our word," put in Stanley. "It just serves us right, Jessie."

"So it does, but I don't think we deserve to be washed away by the sea."

"Neither do I. In fact, unless I make a mistake, there is a boat under, being rowed towards the cave. Can you see it?"

"Where, Stanley, where?"

"Out there, in the direction of the harbour. Yes, I am right; it is coming nearer, and Fred Austin is rowing it. I can see him plainly now. God has forgiven us for our disobedience, and is sending him to rescue us from death."

It seemed a very long time before the boat came close to them, but it did reach the cave at last, and then Stanley took off his cap, waving it above his head, cheered Fred as he pulled up alongside the rock. Brother and sister soon scrambled into the boat, and thanked Fred Austin over and over again for having saved them.

As he rowed them homewards in the dusk he said, "You've had a narrow escape. The tide would have covered that rock in an hour, and then nothing could have saved you, for, Stanley, the tide is not a thing to be played with. Father has often told me so, and he's an old sailor, and that's why I warned you."

EVA'S SUPERSENSITIVENESS.

By Christina Ross Frame.

"O dear, what have I done now?" said Mabel as she eyed with mook despair a small twisted note lying on her pillow.

"Another of Eva's supersensitive outbursts; they have got to be really wearing. I spent an hour this morning setting her mind at ease in regard to some fancied injury she had received from Carrie; and the same process will have to be gone through again, for, in the meantime, I have in some way wounded her sensitive feelings."

"Preserve me from such a friend!" said Hattie, as she peered over Mabel's shoulder to read the note.

"Why don't you drop her? Do something that will be worth writing notes about, and making a fuss over. Then let her take it out in worrying."

"No," said Elizabeth, bluntly, "that is not the best way, nor the right way. You girls have plenty of tact, and by arguing with her, and laughing at and ignoring her supersensitiveness you will help her to overcome it. It is a form of selfishness, maybe, but I agree with Mabel that it is wearing."

There are many useless bad half-hours for herself, and many annoying ones for her friends and acquaintances. Going half-way to meet worry, tormenting ourselves as to what others are thinking or saying about us, the cultivation of an over-sensitive spirit in our companionships—these will unfit for happiness, no matter how pleasant the circumstances in which we are placed.

Looking at others' actions through the shadows cast by a morbid supersensitiveness, and moody fancy, is an unprofitable business. If this unfortunate trait of disposition is yours, set to work to correct it. Work, that panacea for so many ills, is a step in the right direction. Keep yourself from being idle. Put aside what you have been dwelling upon as slights. Remember that charity suffereth long and is kind, and that life takes its bright or sad shadings from the hues of our own minds.

Halifax, Canada.

BRITAIN LEADS.

When we hear so many jeremiads about the superiority of the foreigner, it is good to come across a vigorous defence of British workmanship such as in this interesting passage, from a book just published, in which German and British workmen are compared:—Although the highly educated Germans know all about the qualities, nature, properties, and production of iron and steel, says a writer in the "Greenock Telegraph," they have not the skill possessed by British smiths in manipulating the metal. So recently as 1906, the Germans being unable, notwithstanding their scientific attainments, to forge such a simple thing as a chain cable, they took to Duisburg some Staffordshire ironworkers to instruct German smiths in the elementary art of welding. The German scientists and smiths could not shut two ends of iron together properly, not even with the aid of their perfected electrical and mechanical appliances. These could only fashion steel to resemble a ship's cable in everything but the quality of withstanding a tensile strain. It is just that vital quality the German product lacks and the British product possesses. Englishmen and Scotchmen know their craft; the Germans know only all about it. This is the essential distinction which differentiates British from foreign workmanship.

THE HANDWRITING OF AUTHORS.

An interesting study is the handwriting of authors, as it indicates to a greater or less degree their personal temperaments. Longfellow wrote a bold, open back hand, which was the delight of printers. Joaquin Miller writes such a bad hand that he often becomes puzzled over his own work, and the printer sings the praises of the inventor of the typewriter. Charlotte Brontë's writing seemed to have been traced with a cambric needle, and Thackeray's writing, while marvelously neat and precise, was so small that the best of eyes were needed to read it. Likewise the handwriting of Capt. Marryat was so microscopic that when he was obliged to mark the place where he left off by sticking a pin in the paper, Napoleon's was worse than illegible, and it is said that his letters from Germany to the Empress Josephine were at first thought to be rough snaps of the seat of war. Carlyle wrote a patient, crabbed, and oddly emphasized hand. The penmanship of Bryant was aggressive, well formed, and decidedly pleasing to the eye; while the chirography of Scott, Hunt, Moore, and Gray was smooth and easy to read, but did not express any distinct individuality. Byron's handwriting was nothing more than a scrawl. His additions to his proofs frequently exceeded in volume the original copy, and in one of his poems, which contained in the original only four hundred lines, one thousand were added in the proofs. The writings of Dickens was minute, and he had a habit of writing with a blue ink on blue paper. Frequent erasures and interlineations made his copy a burden to his publishers.—Scientific American.

OLD TIMES.

Children are greatly interested in the events of their parents' early lives. "Distance," in such cases, "lends enchantment to the view." The grandmother often renders important service to the children by telling stories of old times. Those early days have romantic fascination to the little ones whose life has but recently begun. If the story be one of pioneer life in the olden time, children appreciate it intensely. They become linked to the past by weaving the chain of memory for them, and they gain a sense of solidarity with their ancestors. The family traditions, ideals, and sentiment are conveyed to them, and perpetuated in their thoughts and actions. It uplifts children to be brought into the line of heroic men and women, who stand out on the distant horizon in ideal and beautiful figure. We cannot estimate the effect on the character and standards of children when their ancestors are exalted before them. It is true that such may have been ordinary men and women, but when idealized they become the saints by whose deeds children are impressed and elevated for life's struggle.—The Watchman.

The company which controls all the advertising in New England trolley cars, in compliance with the request of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, has decided to exclude all advertisements of liquor, beer, or other articles leading to drunkenness. It is asserted that the business thus rejected would probably amount to \$180,000 a year.

You cannot count the stars and make mud pies at the same time.
Make your trials stepping-stones to something higher and better.