

THE DYING CHILD.*

REV. JAMES LAWSON, CHURCH, ONT.

COME nearer to my bed, mother,
Why sit you there and weep?
Come sit down by my side, mother,
Before I go to sleep;
I want to talk to you awhile,
(Dear mother, do not cry,
Once more I want to see you smile,
I think I'm going to die.

Then sit down by my side, mother,
And list to what I say;
My voice is growing very weak,
But still I want to pray;
Then mother, kiss me a good night,
And if I wake no more,
You'll know I'm with the angels bright,
Safe on the golden shore.

Soon I must leave you, dear mother,
No more on earth to meet;
But in the world of endless bliss,
We shall each other greet.
The angels now are coming, mother,
I see them in the room!
They're waiting round my bed, mother,
To take me to my home.

My body in the grave may lie,
And moulder with the clay,
Whilst far above the starry sky,
My spirit soars away.
To join the heavenly hosts above,
With them my voice to raise,
And sing of Jesus' dying love,
In sweetest songs of praise.

Good-bye, dear mother, I must go,
My Saviour bids me come,
Farewell to all things here below,
I see my heavenly home.
Hark! hear you not the music swell
In rapturous strains so sweet?
Adieu to earth; dear friends, farewell,
Till we in heaven shall meet.

HOW SURFMAN SAM PATROLLED
THE BEACH.

BY EDWIN A. RAND.

"MAY I go with you?" asked Win Waters, who chanced to be calling at the Life Saving Station near Pebbly Beach, one evening.

"Oh, yes," replied Sam Williams, in his hearty way. "Plenty of room."

Sam was about leaving the kitchen, which was also the living room of the Life Saving Station. The clock on the wall had just blithely sung out, "One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—t-t!" Some of the crew had sleepily stumbled up the short, narrow flight of stairs leading to their quarters for the night. Sims Towle, who, until the appointment of a keeper, was now acting as the head-man at the station, had gone into the boat-room adjoining the kitchen. It was a room about thirty feet long, with a big door mouth in front, and a glass eye on each of two sides. This boat-room contained the big surf boat, warranted to be twenty-four feet in length and not to sink, as it was buoyed up by air chambers at each end. Then there was a cart, loaded with all kinds of apparatus needed for the relief of a wreck, and ready to be rolled out of the boat-room's "mouth" the very moment it was opened. In this room there were also coils of rope, a light line to be shot to a wreck and a mortar for shooting it, a breeches-buoy, a life-car, drawers packed with rockets and coston signals—how many things, indeed! The acting keeper now came out of the boat-room, swinging a lantern in his hand. He was a short, stout man with gray whiskers and blue eyes, and he was dressed in a blue flannel suit.

"You all ready, Sam?" inquired the acting keeper.

"Jest about."

Sam had put on a short, heavy fisherman's jacket and a "sou'wester," and had tucked his trousers into a pair of long rubber boots that an elephant (small one) could have walked in. Beneath the drooping caves of his "sou'wester" protruded a sharp red robe, and somewhere in the rear flashed two bright brown eyes. A long sandy beard fringed like a broom the lower part of his face.

"Here's your time-detector," called out the acting keeper.

"All right," said Sam, picking up a small leather case to which was attached a long leather shoulder-strap.

"And let me see! I b'lieve I have got my coston signal," exclaimed Sam, clapping his hand down on his pocket and proving its contents. The "signal" was a small black package, perhaps three inches long and an inch in diameter. It fitted into a brass socket furnished with a handle. When the handle was pressed down, this drove a sharp rod out of the socket into the signal, striking a percussion cap which ignited a fusee. "Come, Win!" called out Sam, snatching up a lantern.

"Time I was cut on that 'ore beat." He opened the door to let his companion out, closed it, and then halted a minute to get, as he affirmed, his "bearin's."

"There's a moon somewhere, and it isn't dark," he said, looking up to the stars that snapped like small coals on a big, black hearth. Then he looked off on the sea, which was an indefinite mass of darkness, but announced its presence by a steady and rather savage roar-r-r-r! There was a little snow that whitened the rocky rim of the beach along which they slowly trudged.

"What do you say they call you?" asked Win.

"I am a surfman, and that means, I s'pose, good at handlin' a craft in the surf; and then I go on these beats and am a patrolman," replied Sam.

"How many watches do you have at night?"

"Well, the first watch is from sunset till eight, and the second from eight till twelve, and from twelve till four is the third watch, and from four till sunrise, or at eight, is the fourth watch. Then comes the first watch again. We have to go in the daytime if the weather is so thick and hazy that we can't see two miles each way from the station. That's the lookout on top of the station is where we watch on clear days, and we put down each vessel that passes." On they stumbled, over the black, slippery rocks that the tide had lately washed, splashing now through dark pools, then stepping into a patch of soft gray sand, or hobbling over the uneasy pebbles that gave the beach its name. All the while Sam's lantern twinkled faithfully by the side of its master, and Win kept up a persevering fire of questions.

"Do you have many in your crew?"

"We have a keeper and seven surfmen, one bein' cook. I tell ye, Win, on a nowlin' night, it is tough goin' along shore. Once I was an hour and a half goin' a mile. You see, my lantern was blown out, and then I couldn't see."

"How many stations are there in the United States?"

"There were one hundred and eighty nine by the last official report, but there are more now. They are addin' all the time. Here, at this station, we go on the first of Septem-

ber and leave by the first of May, and each man has fifty dollars a month from Government. We have to find, though, our own rations."

"Now, Sam, what would you do if you should see wreck?"

"Wall, I should burn my signal, and hurry to the station, and rouse 'em."

"What then?"

"Wall, we should launch the surf-boat if it wasn't too rough, and if 'twas, we should get out the mortar and the Lyle gun, and fire a line to the wreck, if near enough."

"What then?"

"Wall, we should send 'em a life car or the breeches-buoy, and if they're sensible, they'll come ashore in a 'mazin' quick time."

They had now left the beach, and were crossing a snowy field.

"So quick!" said Sam. "Here we are at the house where I take out my detector."

"In that leather case you carry?"

"Yes. This is an ingenious way, I think, to make us faithful. Do you see that key?"

As Sam held up the lantern, Win caught the gleam of a brass chain that secured a key to the wall of a house. Sam took the key, inserted it in the time-detector, turned it till it clicked, and then, turning it back, withdrew, and replaced it in its niche.

"There, when you heard that click, a little dial inside was struck, and tomorrow mornin' the actin' keeper will take the dial out, look at it, and see the record of my faithfulness," said Sam, proudly.

The patrolman here turned, and, pointing his sharp nose toward the beach once more, followed it faithfully. With him went the battered old "sou'wester," time-detector, coston signal, and all, till, once more, Sam and his young companion were stumbling over the slippery rocks, among the dripping pools, the sand patches, and the ugly boulders and pebbles.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Sam, suddenly and excitedly. The patrolman, who had been slouching along, lazily swinging his lantern, apparently seeing nothing but his rubber boots, and yet in reality watching the dark, treacherous sea closely as a hound would eye an enemy's track, was a very different being now. His figure straightened; the old sou'wester went back as if struck by a big meteorite. Down he set his lantern, out came his coston signal, the rod in the handle was forced down, and up into the night flashed a red light. The rocks, the pools, the sand, the surf, were stained by this warning ray, while Sam danced along the sands, and then slipped down to the edge of the crimsoned, tumbling surf as if a gazelle and not a heavy patrolman were inside the big rubber boots.

"What is it?" asked the astonished Win, who thought Sam had gone crazy.

"Don't yer see?"

"Oh, yes! There it is!"

The "it" was a dark object that Sam pronounced a "coaster," its sails looming up against the starry sky, and moving dangerously near the rocky shore.

"All right!" exclaimed Sam. "She's doin' better! Didn't you hear 'em say, 'Hard up! Put your hel-um up!'"

"Why, no!"

"I tell ye, a patrolman is all ears at such a time."

"All legs, also, I should say."

"Ha, ha! she's all right! Next time, you land-lubbers, try and do better."

"Wonder who those are aboard?"

"Don't know. However, I'd signal if I knew it was my worst enemy."

"Have you any enemies?" asked Win, surprised to know that this good-natured patrolman had any enemy.

"I began to think I had one t'other day," said Sam, as the two slowly walked toward the station. "Our life-saving stations are set off in dees-tricks, and there's a superintendent over each one. Ours came down on me last week—his name's Myrich—'cause he said I'd been drinkin' at the village the night afore, and he could prove it. He said I'd left my name, 'Sam Williams,' chalked on the saloon counter. It wasn't me, for 'bout that time I was down here, as I ought to have been, but I couldn't prove what they called an *alibi*—or lallyby, as a man said—for nobody here saw me jest that hour, as I was outside the house, a-strollin' back of it. Myrich was down on me, and didn't drop me, but put me on probation. Me on probation! I'd scorn to tech the stuff up in the village! I felt pretty hard toward Myrich, I tell ye."

Sam fumed all the way to the station, and yet when Win asked him if he would have burnt that signal for Myrich, Sam's prompt answer was: "I'd have burnt it for a dog, and course I would for Myrich. Mustn't let your feelin's interiere with your duty."

The next day Sam was about entering the station after a walk down Pebbly Beach, when he halted in the door-way. There was the little living room. Between the two windows, eying the east, was the stove. Above it was a wooden frame for drying all kinds of wet things. A cupboard was in one corner, and opposite was a yellow dining-table. Over the table, on the wall, ticked a clock, and a barometer said "Fair." The surfmen were sitting about the stove. Were they all surfmen? Out from this group stepped Mr. Myrich, the superintendent of that life-saving station district. Advancing toward Sam, he said: "Williams, you know I felt obliged to put you on probation the other day, but I learn that I was mistaken in my man—that somebody else by the name of Sam Williams was the chap in that saloon at the village. I learn that you were the patrol who burnt his signal so promptly last night, and I happened to be in that very vessel. I came here to transfer the acting keeper to be the head of another station, and I shall write to Washington that they must appoint you keeper here."

And what could Sam Williams say? Imagine!

"The dynamite party!" exclaimed Mrs. Shoddy, who was reading over the papers. "Dear me, Augusta, we'll have to give one right away before those Smiths hear it. I wonder what it's like!"

"ILLUSTRATED with cuts!" said a mischievous urchin as he drew his knife across the leaves of his grammar. "Illustrated with cuts!" repeated the teacher, as he laid his cane across the back of the mischievous urchin.

* These verses, set to music, can be had at 5c per sheet, or 50c per dozen, by addressing the author.