

THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

HE was a sailor every inch,
His head was covered with curls,
His shoulders were broad and his
arm was strong,
But his heart was as soft as a girl's.
He loved the winds and he loved the waves,
He loved the sky and the sea;
But better than all in the world beside
He loved and cherished me!

"Dear wife," he said, as he stood by the
door,
"We've been married a week and a day,
And home is sweet, but the winds are fair,
And I must sail away.
I shall not fear, though the storms may
blow,
For you'll be praying for me."
I kissed him close, for I could not speak
When Jim went out to sea.

I watched by day, and I watched by night,
For the time seemed long and drear,
Till over the waters I should see
His distant sail appear.
And still I kept alive in my heart
The hope that almost died,
For I knew that he would come back to me
At the turn of the morning tide.

A storm came sweeping through the night,
The winds and waves were high,
They drove the boat across the sea
Under the midnight sky,
Till at last it struck on a hidden rock
Wrapped in the boiling foam,
And Jim and his mates were clinging there
Wrecked within sight of home!

All night the winds were blowing high,
The black clouds gathered fast,
No hope above, and no hope below,
As he climbed the quivering mast;
Till at last the dawn rose up in the east,
"Hurrah! We are saved!" he cried;
"For help will come from the lads on
shore
At the turn of the morning tide."

We stood on the shore, and we wrung our
hands,
For, alas! full well we knew
No boat could live in such a sea
To save the shipwrecked crew.
Jim knew it too. He seized a rope
And leapt into the sea,
"Fear not!" he cried; "I'll save you
yet,
For my lass is praying for me."

Once, twice, thrice, the waves rose up
And dashed him back on the wreck;
Once, twice, thrice, he beat them down
'Mid the cries of the men on deck.
And at last he battled through surf and foam,
And lay at my feet on the sand,
Spent and bleeding, and bruised and dead—
But the rope was fast in his hand!

Oh, Jim, my sailor! I heard the shouts
Of the men you saved from the sea,
But my heart was filled with the voice of one
Who will never come back to me;
Whom I shall not see till my bark puts out
On the midnight sea to ride,
And I meet you again on the shores of light
At the turn of the morning tide!

MARY BRADFORD-WHITING.

A FEW WORDS ON SLEEP.

BY THE REV. H. EDMUND LEGH, M.A.,

Vicar of Steeple Stansgate, Essex.

"**S**LEEP!" we fancy we hear some
one exclaim, "Sleep—a thing
we do every day? It would
indeed be a blessing if it were so! But,
alas!"

'Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened
th

That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids
down

And steep my senses in forgetfulness.'

He who would tell me how I may obtain
regular sleep, sleep every day, would be
a benefactor indeed." Happily cases
like this are the exception, not the rule.

As a general rule, the sleep of the labour-
ing man (who works either with hands
or with brain) is sweet, whether he eats
little or much. It is the abundance of
the rich (such as give the reins to appe-
tite) that will not suffer them to sleep.

"All writers on health," writes Dr. C.
A. Parkes (Professor of Military Hygiene
in the Army Medical School), "notice
the importance of sound sleep. How is
this to be procured? and how much
should be taken? Nothing will ever
secure good sleep but good digestion.
At least three hours should pass after a