

and they say they're
've done my work,

whom he addressed,
's door, and set fire
not a fraction of the

r, rushing at Archie,
moment. "Inhuman
h my children, and
aking a clutch at
d, overcome by the

said Archie in dis-
n't a soul above or
old house I should
rry!" said Archie,
ning house.
w away the flames
, and for a minute
room, showing only
ched frame.

: one child was on
round his neck; he
sheeting from the
bed and blackened
rolling round him,
the gallant boy;

an instant; in that
a crash; but not
ring and leap from
the street; the fall
vily burdened, and
ty to fall so as to

raised by the men
rowd had gathered

tunned by the fall;
m; they were too
ne said Harry was

ed Archie, pushing
ead, and I've killed
and speak to me,
and say I'm not a
over the pale face
hand between his
or move.

one of the men;
ad so much spirit

never seemed to
neither."

d.)

ane

nce, makes a good
ve for years used
y of five, and find
ned for it. Some
ainst patent medi-
hurt a medicine
f mysteries to me."

e.

ER.

ve one thousand
"every mite her
; amazing! But
oved Peggy well.

a strong gale was
nd the keeper of
ch all day of the
y coast. To his
hering from the
ill and not good.
n years old, stood
talking to a big,
l strong; dressed
cap.

d roaring on the
lkening, and the
soon housed an-

"Do let me go, father, just for one minute. It looks grand out there; but do you think the vessels will all get in?"

"Run, run, then, for your sea rig, and come along for a short walk; you'll be needed indoors to-night, Peg, I'm afraid; looks like a tussle out there—it's coming fast; strange they didn't anchor sooner. Tell mother to keep plenty of coffee hot, and make the old stove snap; plenty of wood piled up, and plenty of dry, warm clothes."

Keeper West was a hardy beachman, who for forty years had lived within sound of the sea. His especial fitness for the work, his efficient management of his crew of six surfmen, gave him only a record of brave deeds.

From May till September the keepers on the Atlantic coast are in active service as captains of their crews, having entire control of all station property, and direct all operations of the life-saving service. Many of them live in neat station-houses all the year.

Hand and hand Peggy and her father tramped along the beach, the wind almost lifting the small figure off the sand; but Peggy was used to sand and wind, and used to looking for sails at dusk, and used to climbing to the lookout, holding fast to her father's hand in November and February gales. The patrol met and changed at sunset for the evening watch; exchanged checks, and marched on and on, keeping sharp eyes seaward.

A three-masted schooner had anchored a mile out; another and another, like specks in the distance. It grew dark. Peggy ran inside the snug little house where the mother was fastening the storm shutters, lighting the big lamps, putting one in its place in the upper window. Peg hung her wet jacket and cap by the fire, while the kettle sung, just as though there was no storm, and the coffee boiled, and the supper table was laid. A little anxious looking mother, thin and brown, but kindly and efficient in this busy home. It began to rain, then snow; and the chill wind turned them into sleet.

"Won't father come in for his coffee, Peggy?"
"Not yet," replied the little girl; "he and patrolman Dick have gone down half a mile; they saw signals of distress; the schooner looked like a wreck!"

"Let me take a look, child," and the mother climbed the narrow stairway to the roof, where the big glass always lay, but it was too dark to see. The keeper and his men ran to the boat-house. The signal guns came faintly through the storm. They made a fire on the beach, but it burned fitfully in the rain. The red lights flashed scarlet through the sleet, and one after another was rapidly sent up. They saw them from the nearest vessel and fired a gun in response.

The beach apparatus was placed in position; the line shot too far and failed to touch the rocking, tossing schooner. Another and another line, but with sleet and wind they had parted. At last, the little piece of iron carried its life-saving line to the vessel. The sailors drew it on board. The "hawser" was sent next, and then the breeches buoy was put into communication with the brave men on the shore. The first person to land was the captain. He sprang out and exclaimed, "Thank God for these men! I came first to see if I can bring my wife and baby safely over, or will the life-boat stand this sea?"

"No, Captain, no! we'll land you safe and sound, every one, with the breeches buoy," answered Keeper West. "How many of your crew?"
"Nine in all."

Faster than I can tell it, the line swung across the sea and back. This time the pale, shivering wife came in her husband's arms. She was so silent and cold, one strong surfman wrapped her in a blanket and ran with her to the warm house.

It seemed an endless time, but minutes were precious and few when back bounded the buoy with the mate holding close to his breast the little baby, tucked warmly in rugs and wraps. He cowered under the blankets, as they put him in Peg's lap.

It was now two o'clock in the morning. The sea thundered and roared, but the wind had lulled. Out into all these hours had flashed and shone the light from the station, seeming to draw the half-frozen, worn-out men by its very shining, into safety and deliverance! The apparatus was

housed in the boat-house. The men had eaten breakfast and crawled into their warm beds for a nap. Comfort and shelter was always waiting the wrecked.

But the pretty, pale wife of the captain saw nothing of the brightness, nor of the anguish; she lay on her cot tossing and moaning with fever and delirium. Peggy fed the baby warm milk and held him in her small arms all night; and they slept, as only children can.

"Don't fret, sir, the fever will be gone soon; it's only the chill and the wet." But vainly the cheery mother talked to the captain; with the mocking sunlight over the treacherous sea in the morning, delirium increased. A surfman brought the Long Branch doctor, who shook his head and came again that night.

In a low chair, close to the stove, almost behind the woodbox, sat Peggy, flushed and radiant, with Jamie's fat fingers clutching familiarly at her hair and eyes.

The young captain, sick at heart, with his head on the pillow beside his unconscious wife, looked across the room at the picture, and said low, "Mary, Mary, if you could see them now! The little brown mother and our boy—Dear Lord, save her! Oh, save her life for us!"

Two long, watching anxious weeks. The doctor said, "Take her away from the sound of the sea; go to the mountains a month, then take her home. Leave the baby with Peggy."

Earthly blessedness had come to the little mother! She jumped up and down in ecstasy.

There, by the winter sea, Peggy's story began. No dearer one will ever be told to the captain of "The Pearl," and his beautiful wife, Mary, than was told them in the little station on the beach.

"Oh! I've seen you, child, in my sleep and dreams, and in all my pain; I've seen you with my baby in your little arms. Come here!"

Jamie's mother sobbed, and clasped Peggy to her heart. The captain held his boy without a word, and kissed Peggy tremendously, the easy carriage from Long Branch rolled away, amid good-byes and blessings from the sturdy beachmen and the faithful family.

NEW YORK, April 10, 1880.

DEAR FRIENDS:—Make ready to give up the baby, and the baby's little mother. I will be down to-morrow. My wife's father has taken her home to Maine. We will follow them. Don't say no. Faithfully and gratefully, JOHN SOMERS.

This letter was read aloud by Keeper West to "his folks."

"But, mother! how can I go? and they such fine folks, and I've got only one good dress—and—"

"Peggy, wait and see," replied the patient mother, so used to watching and waiting.

Father gave Peggy and the crowing, laughing baby one good look, "hemmed" a good deal, and went to the beach (he seemed to have a cold).

It would all make a big, beautiful book, to tell how the captain captured Peggy with her baby; how she was fitted to the "loveliest clothes!" in New York; how she stayed at the great house in Portland where Jamie's rich grandfather lived, and his pale mamma lived there, too, while the captain went to see about his schooners.

In June, Peggy sailed home with Captain Somers. They landed close by the little sea-home, and the big, strong father in his boat met them with open arms.

And that is how Peggy came by her fortune, for Grandfather Saybrook put one thousand dollars in the bank "for the little Mother Peggy, in the name of James Somers."

Reverence in Churches.

Do not come into church with a broad smile on your face. Do not come into God's house in undue haste. Be in time, so as to collect your thoughts. If you see a relation or a friend a seat or two off, do not smile and nod to him or her. Remember in whose dread presence you stand. Kneel down reverently at once and pray to your Father who is in heaven.

As a preventive of the Grip, Hood's Sarsaparilla has grown into great favor. It fortifies the system and purifies the blood.

Beautiful Lives.

Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action; and that while tenderness of feeling and susceptibility of generous emotions are accidents of life, permanent goodness is an achievement and a quality of the life. "Fine words," says one homely old proverb, "butter no parsnips;" and if the question be how to render those vegetables palatable, an ounce of butter would be worth more than all the orations of Cicero. The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he gives himself for a principle. Words, money, all things else, are comparatively easy to give away; but when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice, it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him. From that sincerity his words gain the force and pertinency of deeds, and his money is no longer the pale drudge 'twixt man and man, but, by a beautiful magic, what ere-while bore the image and superscription of C sar seems now to bear the image and superscription of God.—J. Russell Lowell.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper.—W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

Wise Words.

It is better to sacrifice one's love of sarcasm than to indulge it at the expense of a friend.

A beautiful woman pleases the eye; a good woman pleases the heart. One is a jewel, the other a treasure.

It is always a sign of poverty of mind where men are ever aiming to appear great, for they who are really great never seem to know it.

Sometimes it is hard to tell whether a man is firm in principle or simply obstinate; but the man himself never expresses any doubt.

When we are most filled with heavenly love, and only then, are we best fitted to bear with human infirmity, to live above it and forget its burden.

The art of putting the right men in the right places is first in the science of government; but that of finding places for the discontented is the most difficult.

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time.

The Word of God will stand a thousand readings, and he who has gone over it most frequently is the surest of finding new wonders there.

The Christian Religion.

Unless your religion changes you, makes you honest in business, pious behind counters, temperate at dinner tables, loyal to your country, affectionate to your family, neighbourly in your community, conscientious at the ballot box, patient in affliction, humble, cheerful, hopeful everywhere and always; unless it links you in brotherhood with the poorest of God's children; unless it leads you on errands of mercy to hovels and hospitals and prisons, as well as to cushioned pews and sacramental boards; unless you live Christ on week days as well as worship him on Sabbath days, then we had better take a look into our religious life and see if it will stand the judgment of the Lord Jesus.