

gazing upon his child with a sort of calculating pride. The mate was throwing the log, and Luke Winship had been called up to hold the reel. Just as the glass was turned and the log-line checked, one of the men, who was looking off to windward, uttered an exclamation of surprise, and in turning in the same direction, we saw one of those solitary mountains of water, that seem as though they had been ments in collecting, rolling down upon us. Instinctively those upon the poop grasped the rigging for support, dropping the reel and log-line to take care of itself. Judith, I said, was at the weather backstay, but as she saw the giant sea towering above her, she involuntarily let go her hold and started towards her father; but she was too late. The ship was struck upon the quarter, she reeled and staggered beneath the blow, Judith was dashed to leeward, and on the next moment she was overboard! Her father uttered a frantic cry and sprang to the lee shrouds. The men gazed into the boiling surge where the broken sea was whirling in one wild vortex, but they dared not brave the mad terrors of the scene.

"My child, my child!" cried the frantic father; and while he yet strained his eyes upon the place where the girl was being tossed by the foam-covered sea, a light form brushed past him and plunged into the flood. It was Luke Winship.

"Cut away the life-buoy!" shouted Captain Flaton. "Cut it away quick. Both of them. Down with the helm. Give them a surge to leeward. Cut away the boat-lashings. All hands on deck here. Who'll go in the boat? Spring to the head braces!"

"All hands were quickly on deck. The mate was the first in the stern-boat; I was the second, and five more quickly followed. We got out the oars, and then the falls were eased carefully off till the boat touched the water. We unhooked and started off, and as soon as we were clear, the ship's head yards were braced sharp up, the mainsail clewed up, and she was laying to with her main-topsail aback.

"Luke struck out boldly for the little girl, and though the sea heaved him about most fearfully, yet he reached her just as she was sinking. He caught her by the waist, and with a strength which was surely superhuman to him, he held her head above water. The angry surge had swept off to leeward, and the boy and girl now rose and fell upon the bosoms of the long waves. Both the life buoys were driven past them. Luke's strength began to fail him, but still he held the form of the insensible Judith. He began to waver, and twice his head sank beneath the surface of the running sea; but as he arose the second time, the boat had reached him, and I caught him by the collar of his jacket. He was fairly insensible when

I touched him; but his grasp upon Judith was like a death-grip, and soon they were both safe in the boat.

"We reached the ship in safety. Mrs. Warren had fainted; but her husband caught the form of his daughter and rushed to the cabin, whither Luke was also conveyed, and ere long they were both brought back to consciousness. Mr. Warren pressed the boy to his bosom, and promised to be a father to him, and even the rejoiced mother did not hesitate to look kindly upon the preserver of her daughter.

"It was sometime before Luke recovered; but when he did get about, he went not back to the cook's galley, but waited upon the cabin. He was now allowed to associate freely with Judith; and many an hour did I see them sit together upon the poop, listening to each other's simple stories. Sometimes Mrs. Warren looked nervous when she saw them thus, but she dared not forbid it; public opinion was too strong against the prejudices which she still cherished, though in a modified form.

"We anchored in the Hoogley, and Mr. Warren went to Calcutta. He took Luke Winship with him; and from that morning till to-day I saw him not again. Shipmates, you noticed that man with whom I was talking on the quarter-deck this afternoon, didn't you?"

"Yes," we all returned.

"And you noticed that splendid-looking woman by his side?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well," resumed old Ben, as he brushed away a tear from his bronzed cheek, "that was Luke Winship. That woman was Judith, and she is now his wife. Fifteen years have passed away since we parted at the gangway of the old ship 'Hunter,' but he knew me the moment he saw me, and so did Judith. He is now a rich merchant, doing a heavy shipping business in New York, and is up here on business. He made the captain promise that I should go on shore and visit him tomorrow. 'Ben,' said he, as he shook me by the hand, 'I am rich, but I have never forgotten nor broken that sacred promise I made to my father on his death-bed. And, shipmate, I don't believe he ever has.'"

As the old boatswain's mate closed his yarn, he turned slowly, thoughtfully away, and went below, and soon afterwards we all followed his example. No remarks were made by those who had heard the story, but I could see that the sentiments it had inculcated had reached their hearts, and excited their noble sympathies.

HUNTING UP SIGHTS.

One day as a military man was passing up the steps leading to the State House, he observed a very fat female of middle age, accompanied by two children, evi-

dently from the rural districts, climbing up to the State capitol. The woman, who was very puffy and short of wind, approached a short, thick, but exceedingly sunny-faced gentleman, who seemed to be hurrying up the steps, and inquired "if he could tell her where she could see the governor." The sunny-faced little man replied in an exceedingly courteous manner, "I am the governor, madam; what is your business?" "Nothing, particular, sir, only I have brought my children into the city to look at the sights, and have been to the Aquarial Garden, on the Common to see the soldiers, to the managerie, and have also seen the hippopotamus, and thought we would like now to take a look at the governor." "Well, madam, indulge your curiosity as quickly as possible, as I am in haste," pleasantly replied his excellency. "Come here, your children, and see the governor," shouted the woman to her youngsters; and after a good long stare, the female and her children made a low courtesy, with a "thank you, sir," and left evidently satisfied that they had seen all the sights in Boston.

BEAUTIFUL IDEA.

In the mountains of Tyrol it is the custom of the women and children to come out when it is bedtime and sing their national songs, until they hear their husbands, fathers and brothers answer them from the hills on their return home. On the shores of the Adriatic such a custom prevails. There the wives of the fishermen come down about sunset and sing a melody. After singing the first stanza, they listen awhile for an answering melody from off the water, and continue to sing and listen till the well-known voice comes borne on the waters, telling that the loved one is almost home. How sweet to the weary fisherman, as the shadows gather around him, must be the songs of the loved ones at home, that sing to cheer him; and how they must strengthen and tighten the links that bind together those humble dwellers by the sea!

SELF-SACRIFICES.—There is not one of us who has not a brother or a sister, a friend or a schoolmate, whom we can make better as well as happier. Every day calls upon us for sacrifices of small selfishness, for forbearance under provocation, and for the subjugation of evil propensities. Drop the stone you were about to throw in retaliation for insult; unclench that fist with which you were about to redress some supposed, perhaps some real wrong; silence that tongue about to utter words which would poison like the venom of asps; expel that wicked imagination that comes into your thoughts as Satan came into the Garden of Eden; for if you do not drive that out of your paradise, it will drive you out.