

colmson had found themselves floating on the same piece of wreckage. They had landed on a barren rock, but as nothing remained to them there but starvation, they had made this raft with floating spars and cordage from the wreck, and trusted themselves to it in hopes of sighting a passing vessel. Only a few biscuits and the dregs of their barrel of water now remained, and the sea seemed as barren as the lonely rock. No sail, no sign of land had they seen. Who can wonder, then, that hope sank in Wilson's breast, and chill and fear and misery took its place?

It was now their fourth day on the raft, six days since the wreck. If no help came in another day, or at most two, starvation would stare them in the face. Or even before that a storm might overturn their raft.

The sun sank and night came on.

'Will you say a prayer, James Malcolmsen?' said Wilson; but before the lad could begin he turned. There was a lurid glow in the sky; it meant storm. Wilson's face became haggard. 'Oh, James, lad,' he cried, 'God has forsaken us.'

'The sea is in the hollow of his hand,' the lad said, steadily.

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The passengers on board the 'Speedwell' looked the next morning on a very different scene from that of the night before. No calm and glassy expanse of sea or golden sky met their gaze, but a tossing waste of angry waters, that leaped like living things against the ship, and black and lowering heavens.

The captain was on the bridge, looking intently through his glass. Between the rollings of the waves he could discern a small black object. Now it rose, and again disappeared; it was difficult to make out what it was like.

At last the captain called one of his officers.

'Take the glass, Jenks! Isn't that a raft with a man on it?'

Jenks looked.

'It is a raft, and with two men on it. Shall I man the boat, sir?'

The men on the raft had now caught sight of the ship. After an awful night of storm and terror, when they, every moment, expected death, hope had dawned. But it was not yet certainty. How could they make themselves seen in such a sea? And even if a boat were sent, could it reach them?

The suspense was too great for poor Wilson to bear; he flung himself on his face on the raft.

'See, man! the boat! the boat!' Malcolmsen cried.

But there was no sound from Wilson.

A voice came from the boat, 'Hello there! Look out for the rope.'

A heavy hawser came whirling through the air; its end fell into the sea a few feet from the raft; James clutched and caught it. Then with his numb fingers the lad bound it round the body of his insensible companion. There was a shout from the boat, and Wilson was hauled through the water into safety.

Once more the rope was thrown, and this time James bound it round his own body.

They were saved, but for many days Wilson lay between life and death. Then he awoke to find himself on a homeward bound vessel.

A week afterwards the two men parted, perhaps never to meet again, for Malcolmsen had accepted the offer of working his way back again on the same ship.

Wilson wrung the young man's hand.

'Good-bye, lad; and thank God for the lesson you've helped me to learn. My life was like our raft, rudderless and without sail; I was "without God and without hope in the world." But now, thanks to his grace, I've given myself to him. So that, wherever we two may be, on land or sea, we are safe in the "hollow of his hand."'

Ethel's White Squadron.

(Susan B. Robbins in 'Little Folks' Paper.)

Ethel has seen the White Squadron many times. She loved to look down on the harbor and see the



THE WHITE SQUADRON.

beautiful white ships on the sparkling water. She would have opened her blue eyes in surprise if anyone had told her she would see anything like this at the farm where she was going to spend a few weeks in the summer. But the very first morning, she came running into the

room where her mother was sitting.

'Oh, mamma!' she cried, 'come quick, and see the White Squadron.'

Mamma opened her blue eyes—they were just like Ethel's—in surprise, and followed Ethel.

They ran down back of the house, past some chicken coops, and down a lane into a pasture. And there on a little pond were ever so many snow-white ducks.

Mamma and Ethel sat down on a big stone and watched them for a long while. Some of them splashed the water; they would beat their wings and the water would fly up like a fountain.

Others would put their long, yellow bills down into the water as far as their little round eyes, and they seemed to find something to eat there.

Sometimes one would step on the grass at the side of the water, and standing up very straight, flap its broad, white wings. Then it would go into the water and float about again.

Once they all made believe they were frightened. They swam to the shore very fast and flapped and ran along the ground, some of them jumping up into the air. Then they all started back to the water, quacking loudly, as though they were laughing at a great joke.

Ethel laughed too. 'I like them better than the other 'White Squadron,' she said.

Over and Over.

'Over and over, little lad,
The same thing over and over;
So sings the robin from his nest,
And buzzes the bee in the clover.

'Every spring I build my nest,
Over and over, bringing
Tiny twigs and wee wisps of straw,
Toiling, dreaming, and singing.

'Every day I search the flowers
To find the hidden treasure;
Over and over, home at night,
I bring o'erflowing measure.'

Over and over, every day,
The sun bursts forth in glory;
Over and over, soft, warm winds
Whisper the same sweet story.

Over and over mother toils,
And plans for one boy's pleasure,
Over and over bears with him
And gives love without measure.

So weary not, dear little lad,
But bravely do your duty,
Over and over; then you'll find
The whole may bloom in beauty.
—'The Children's Paper.'