

**The Garden of Life.**

BY A. H. GODFREY.

Beautiful thoughts make beautiful lives,  
For every word and deed  
Lies in the thought that prompted it,  
As the flower lies in the seed.

Each of each action lay the thought  
We nourished until it grew  
Into a word, or into a deed,  
That marked our life-work through.

Gracious words and kindly ways,  
Deeds that are high and true,  
Slanderous words, and hasty words,  
And deeds we bitterly rue.

The Garden of Life, it beareth well,  
It will repay our care,  
But the blossom must always and ever be  
Like the seed we're planting there.

"Keep thine heart," the Life-Guide saith,  
"With daily, diligent care;  
For out of it are the issues of life."  
Be they foul or be they fair.

On things that are pure and of good re-  
port  
Our hearts must daily dwell,  
If we would see Life's garden full  
Of blossoms that please us well.

For beautiful thoughts make beautiful  
lives,  
And every word and deed  
Lies in the thought that prompted it,  
As the flower lies in the seed.

**A Short Cruise.**

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RESCUE.

Soon after the stars began to show themselves the moon crept out from behind the fleecy clouds, and the shipwrecked children were able to discern surrounding objects almost as clearly as at noonday.

It must have been nearly high water when the Island Queen was flung stern foremost upon the rocks, at the foot of a precipitous cliff which rose directly out of the sea several hundred yards from the mainland.

The bow of the sloop had received the greatest injury, because the waves could exert their full force upon it; and as little Ellen gazed, eager to note every detail, she saw that all the planking forward had been crushed and riven, while aft the timbers were apparently intact. The bowsprit had been carried away, but the mast still remained standing.

Now the waves hardly reached the wreck, and the rocks were so nearly bare that it would have been safe to venture out upon them. In fact, Master Seabury proposed to do so instantly they were exposed to view; for his terror was so unreasoning that he feared to remain on the shattered hulk any longer than was absolutely necessary.

"You must not go, Thomas Hardy! Indeed you must not go!" the little woman cried, as she clutched him by the coat-sleeve with one hand, while she held the baby firmly with the other. "Those rocks, covered with seaweed, are slippery, and you might be drowned even now, when we are no longer in danger."

"Do you s'pose I'm goin' to stay on this wreck all night?" Master Seabury cried, struggling frantically to free himself.

"But this is the safest and most comfortable place, Thomas dear. There is no longer any fear the vessel will be destroyed, for the waves hardly touch her. Stay with me, like a good boy, and when it is light we'll climb up on that mountain."

"But the water will come back. It only runs down just so far, and then rises again."

"Captain Hiram told us it was twelve hours from one high tide to another, and surely it will be morning before then."

"It seems as though we had been here two or three nights."

"But you know we haven't, Thomas dear. Perhaps it isn't even twelve o'clock yet. We must be patient and wait. Don't you know what Captain Hiram said about patience?"

"I don't want to hear that old plate's name!" Master Seabury exclaimed; and saw that his terror had subsided in a slight degree, he was capable of displaying anger. "If it hadn't been for his miserable vessel, and your foolishness in wanting to go for a sail, we'd be home with mother now."

"Why, I am sure, dear, you were glad

to go when he offered to take us out in the boat."

"I'd rather done something else. It was only 'cause you wanted to go."

"Don't you think, Thomas dear, it would be better if you should sit down here and feel thankful because our lives have been saved? Remember how much danger we have been in, and how secure we are now. First, there was the steamer, when it seemed certain she would run over us. Then came the wind, and our being wrecked; yet through it all God has let us come to this place where we are safe."

"You'd better wait and find out whether we get off or not before you commence being so mighty thankful."

Ellen gave no heed to this ill-tempered remark, but set about doing something to make amends for her neglect of Samuel Abner.

The water had partially run out of the cuddy as the tide receded, and she had but little difficulty in getting sufficient food to satisfy his hunger.

It was impossible to change their drenched clothing, and the night wind was chilling. To pace to and fro on the inclined deck was not an easy matter, but it afforded such exercise as kept her comparatively warm; and little Ellen trudged to and fro, singing to the baby which she carried in her arms, until Thomas Hardy said irritably,—

"I wish you would stop climbin' up

why an immediate move should be made; and he, grumbling as usual, consented to her proposition that they try to make their way up the face of the rock.

It was beyond their power to ascend the ledge to its summit, but they succeeded in gaining a point where it was not probable the water would reach them, and Ellen made Samuel Abner as comfortable as was possible under the circumstances, after which she would have turned her attention to Thomas Hardy, but that he peevishly rejected her proffered assistance.

"I'll sit right where I am till I die, and that's what's going to happen to all of us," he said irritably.

"Captain Hiram will be certain to come now that it is light, and we may as well be patient as to grumble. Will you go down to the vessel for some food, or shall I?"

"Why didn't you bring it with you, and not have to climb up here twice?"

"Because I had the baby in my arms and couldn't, Thomas dear."

"Well, it's your fault we didn't bring it, and you can go after it."

"Will you take care of Samuel Abner while I'm gone?"

"I'll see he don't tumble off the rocks, and that's all I will do. I didn't fetch him into this scrape, so I shan't take care of him."

Little Ellen clambered slowly down the cliff and on board the wreck, return-



ON THE ROCKS.

an' down! What good does that do?" "It keeps me warm. My clothes are very wet."

"So are mine; but I don't make so much fuss about it."

"You ought to, or you'll get cold."

"I'd better do that than be drowned."

"For mother's sake, it is your duty to do what you can to keep yourself from being sick."

"She ought to feel glad I ain't dead."

"Now you are talking foolishly again, Thomas Hardy, and I won't listen to it. It is wicked to be so discontented and peevish after we have had such a narrow escape."

Then, perhaps to prevent any reply, little Ellen began to coax the baby into dreamland by singing; and by the time her limbs were so tired that it seemed impossible to continue the exercise, Samuel Abner was being entertained by the dream-elves, regardless of his wet clothing and forlorn condition.

Ellen crouched against the lee-rail with the representative of the Jones family in her arms, and kindly sleep came to her eyelids at brief intervals during the night, while Master Seabury slumbered peacefully all the while.

On day finally dawned the waves had begun creeping toward the rock once more, and Ellen understood that they must quit the shattered vessel for a refuge on the cliff.

Arousing Thomas Hardy, she explained

ing shortly afterwards with such provisions as had not been spoiled by the salt water.

Thomas Hardy partook of the fruits of his sister's labour without the slightest compunction, paying no attention as to whether she and Samuel Abner had a full share.

Ellen looked at him curiously. "Now what's the matter with you?" he asked surlily.

"Nothing. I was only thinking that the dangers we have passed through have taught me a lesson."

"So they have me."

"What is it?"

"Not to go out sailing with that old pirate again."

"But he wasn't to blame for anything that has happened, Thomas dear. You know as well as I do that the Island Queen wouldn't have been wrecked but for your meddling with the rope which was tied to the anchor."

"That's right! Pick on me same's you always do, an' perhaps I'll make you feel better!"

"I'm not picking on you, Thomas Hardy. You are a fretful and ungrateful."

"Why shouldn't I be?"

"If you don't know by this time, I'm afraid I can't explain; but I'm glad now that I haven't a middle name. I did think that was what children needed, but perhaps it doesn't make any difference."

"I don't know what you're driving at, but by the way you talk anybody'd think I hadn't lifted a finger since we got adrift."

"Perhaps we'd better not say anything more now, for it seems wicked to be almost quarrelling at such a time; and with a little sigh Ellen turned her attention to the care of Samuel Abner.

(To be continued.)

**A CELEBRATED DOG.**

Innumerable stories are told of the hospitality and untiring humanity of the monks of St. Bernard; and the fidelity and sagacity of the well-known breed of dogs, kept by them to assist in their labours, have long been equally celebrated.

The most noted of all the dogs, Harper's Round Table says, that have lived and striven and died in the service of the monks was Barry. This faithful creature served the hospital for the period of twelve years, and during that time he saved the lives of no less than forty persons. His seal was unconquerable. It was his custom, after a heavy fall of snow, to set out by himself in search of lost travellers. He would run along, barking at the top of his lungs, until he was entirely out of breath, when he would often fall over in the snow from sheer exhaustion. No place was too perilous for him to venture into, and when he found, as he sometimes did, that his own strength was insufficient to draw from the snow a traveller benumbed by the cold, he would immediately hurry off to the hospital to fetch the monks.

One day Barry found a child frozen apparently to death between the bridge of Dronax and the ice-house of Balsora. He began at once to lick him, and having succeeded by this means in restoring animation, he induced the child to lie himself to his body. In this way he managed to carry the poor little wretch to the hospital.

When he became too old to get about, the prior of the convent, by way of reward, pensioned him at Berney, and after his death his skin was stuffed and placed in the museum of that town, where it is still preserved.

The little flask in which he carried brandy for the relief of travellers whom he found exhausted in the snow on the mountain is still suspended from his neck.

**ONE GIRL'S LIFE IN A MILL TOWN.**

Annie was ten years old when she was badly burned by an accident with a lamp, and she has never walked since.

I asked her if she ever went outdoors, says a writer in The Atlantic.

"Oh, no," she said pleasantly. "Sometimes, when it's very hot, I get downstairs to the back door. I've never been down street. I've never seen the town. I wish I could see what Main Street is like. I was only ten years old when I was burned, and I'd hardly ever been down street before that time."

I asked her if she could go to drive if I came for her.

"I haven't any clothes of my own," she said, "but I could wear my sister's things."

The mother showed no special interest when I told her that I was coming to take her crippled daughter out. When she was all dressed for her little journey, the driver took her in his arms, and placed her in the open phaeton.

It was a shabby little town, but in it Annie saw the kingdoms of this world, and the glory thereof.

"I don't know how to thank you for your kindness," she said, as she found we were returning.

It seemed cruel to take her back. The driver lifted her with tenderness out of the carriage, and insisted on carrying her up the outer steps into the house.

Annie called out good-bye, and waved a timid farewell from the stairs, and I scarcely noted the mother's face or voice, for the girl's eyes were shining as I think I never saw any other human eyes shine.

"De trouble 'bout advice," said Uncle Eben, "is dat de man who has made a sho-nuff success in life is gin'rally too busy ter stop an' give lessons."—Washington Star.

Hoodooed—Perry Patette—"I seen the new moon over my left shoulder." Wayworn Watson—"That settles it. I'll be the very next place you ask fer work you git it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Ah!" said his mother, as she found him at the preserved cherries, "I have caught you red-handed. I think by the time I get through with you, you will know better." "Yes'm," said the little boy. "I will. I'll use a spoon next time."—Cincinnati Enquirer.