

"HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE."

(1671.)

BY JEAN INGELow.

The old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three;
"Pull, if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Ply all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde—
The Lord that sent it, he knows all;
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall:
And there was nought of strange, beside
The flights of mows and peewits pied
By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies;
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's fair wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song—
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along;
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking song—

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
For the dews will soone be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslip yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Light-
foot;
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head:
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Light-
foot,
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

If it be long, ay, long ago,
When I beginno to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrow, sharpe and strong;
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
Bin full of floating bolls (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote lie soone,
Save where full fyve good miles away
The steple towered from out the greene
And lo! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds where their sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shoperde jads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
Till floating o'er the glassy sea
Came down that kyndly message free,
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steple shows.
They sayde, "And why should this thing
be?"

What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping down;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne;
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pirates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and maine:
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place."
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, nother!" straight he saith;
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,
With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells beganne to play
Afar I heard her milking song,"
He looked across the grassy lea,
To right, to left, "Ho Enderby!"
They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For, lo! along the river's bed
A mighty cygre reared his crest.
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling banks amaine;
Then madly at the cygre's breast
Plung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came down with ruin and rout—
Then beaton foam flow round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the cygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.
Upon the rooffe we sate that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by;
I marked the lofty beacon light

But each will mourn his own (she saith),
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews be falling;
I shall never hear her song,
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Goeth, floweth;
From the meads where melick groweth,
When the water winding down,
Onward floweth to the towne.

I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
Shiver, quiver:
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling
To the sandy lonesome shore;
I shall never hear her calling,
"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;

and remember how the Pharisees, instead of being glad to hear of this glorious cure, were quite vexed that Jesus had worked the miracle, and how even the parents of the poor man had not gratitude enough to confess the name of him who had opened their son's eyes. But the man who was healed could not be quiet, and said even before the Pharisees: "He is a Prophet!" and that he must be of God or he could not do such miracles.

But I want you boys and girls to give a little quiet thought to the blind man's question: "Will ye also be his disciples?" I don't think he at all expected that any of those proud men wished to be disciples of Jesus. The question was asked, I think, very sadly, as if he meant: "However many times I tell you of the wonderful cure, you will not join me and become his disciples."

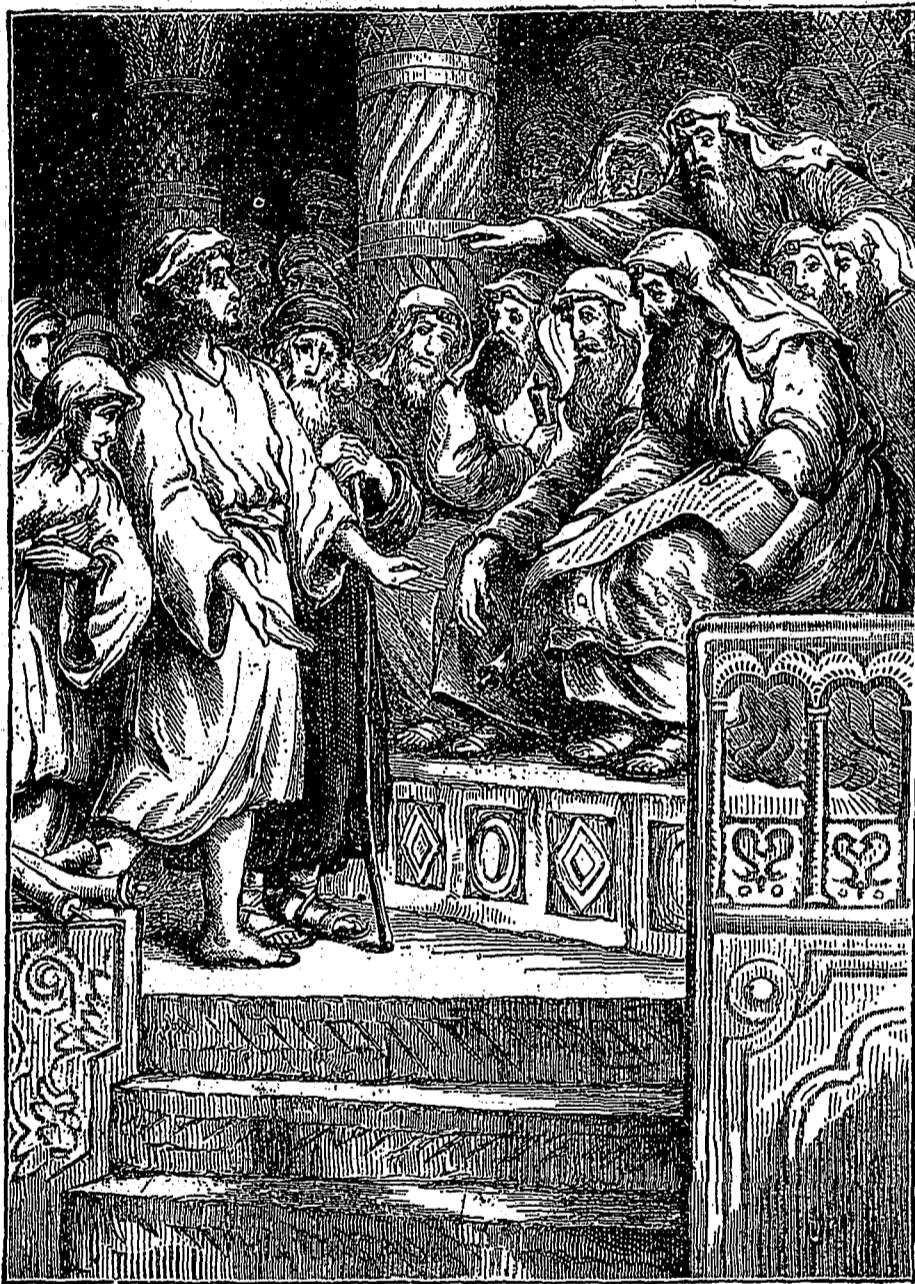
But, dear children, you have often been asked this question in a very different tone, and you will be again. Do you know that hundreds of parents and Sunday-school teachers, and many others who love children will be praying that you may become his disciples. Perhaps some of your friends have done so. It may be that some whom you know declared themselves his disciples on this very Sunday last year, but you hung back. Now, will you not also be his disciples? I believe most children would really like to be good, even those who are most troublesome, and of whom their friends are least hopeful. I remember hearing a good man say how, when he was a very wild, naughty lad, all the time he wanted to be good; and one day when a minister reproved him for something that he had done, to the good man's great surprise the lad turned round and said: "Sir, I'd give my right hand to be a Christian." Now this feeling is the voice of the Good Spirit saying in your hearts: "Will ye also be his disciples?" and you must not stifle that voice. When I see children who have been carefully taught about Jesus, and his claim on them and their service, turn coldly away, or, as I am sorry to say I have seen, sometimes even laugh at those who have spoken to them about their souls, I think,—don't you?—that they are very sadly like those Pharisees who "reviled" the man who said: "Will ye also be his disciples?"

Now I want you who are disciples of Jesus to take a lesson from this man. He was so grateful to his Saviour, that he did not care at all for the black looks and scornful words of those of whom even his parents were afraid. Haven't you sometimes been almost afraid to own your faith even to those who would be delighted and most thankful to hear you confess it—your parents and teachers? And have you ever tried to help your school-fellows and friends to become his disciples? Or have you held back for fear they should laugh at you? Do ask for grace, to "stand up for Jesus," to be brave and wise in winning disciples for him.

And you must seek for grace, too, to be true and steady followers of Jesus. You do not want to be like those disciples of whom we read in the sixth chapter of John and the sixty-sixth verse, that they "went back, and walked no more with him." Jesus says: "If ye continue in My Word, then are ye My disciples indeed," and he has given us another beautiful rule by which his followers are known—shall we try to apply it for ourselves: "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another."—*Sunday Scholar's Treasury.*

WHY IS THE DRAM DRINKER'S NOSE RED?

Because his heart beats about thirteen times oftener in the minute than the heart of one who abstains. The arteries carry blood to the nose quicker than the veins carry it back. The blood, therefore, remains congested in the over-filled vessels, and the nose, and the face as well, becomes habitually red. When a dram drinker's nose meets a sudden current of cold air, it immediately turns purple, and so remains until warm air restores the red color. The red nose is caused by congestion, and it is a true sample of every organ in the body.



THE BLIND MAN'S QUESTION.

Stream from the church tower, red and high—
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awsome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang, the sailor lads to guide
From rooffe to rooffe who fearless rowed;
And I—my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"O come in life, or come in death!
O lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare;
The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That slow strowed wrecks about the grass.
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
To many more than myne and me:

Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow;
Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
From your clovers lift the head;
Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

THE BLIND MAN'S QUESTION.

I once heard the Rev. W. O. Simpson, whom many of your fathers and mothers will remember as a minister whom everybody loved, give a very beautiful address to children on what he called "The Blind Man's Question." If you turn to the ninth chapter of John and the end of twenty-seventh verse, you will see what the question was: "Will ye also be his disciples?" The man was not blind when he asked it, but rejoicing in his newly-found sight. You have often read the story, I dare say,