

cut through their ranks, but not one was big enough or brave enough to try to stop the wild horse. On and on he plunged, but all the time the brave-hearted Kate Bayard clung to the bridle rein, and she swung through the air like a bird at the flying animal's side. Nor did she lose her self-consciousness. She called her horse by name, and her tone was as affectionate and calm as though he were standing still for caresses. A long time he paid no attention to this, and dangers on dangers were encountered and passed through till finally, half exhausted perhaps, the stalwart creature turned his head, neighed, and quickly came to a standstill. Nobody had been hurt, the carriage was whole, some harness had been strained and ripped, the man in the phaeton had fainted—his sufferings and excitement had conquered him.

That man was tenderly cared for by Kate Bayard and her friends, and eventually he went out into the world a well man and in a mind wholly different from that which possessed him on the day he was found a helpless victim of idle boys on a public roadway. No, there is no record of any heroic act by which this rescued man subsequently served her who saved him. Nor was there any need for any such act to add any color to this good thing that Thomas F. Bayard's daughter did.

He whom she lifted up was ever afterward a changed man. He had a history that had something of good in it. The wild son of a New York farmer, he had left college to go South as a soldier early in the war, and had fallen there into bad habits. That, briefly, was his story. Now he is a clergyman of the Methodist Church.

Anchor Watch.

"I OFTEN recall," says an old sailor, "my first night at sea. A storm had come up, and we had put back under a point of land which had broken the wind a little, but still the sea had a rake on us, and we were in danger of drifting.

"I was the anchor watch; it was my duty to give warning in case the ship should drag her anchor. It was a long night to me. I was very anxious whether I should know if the ship really did drift. How should I tell? I found that going forward and placing my hand on the chain, I could tell by feeling it whether the anchor was dragging or not, and how often that night I went forward and placed my hand on that chain! And very often since then I have wondered whether I am drifting away from God; and then I go away and pray.

"Some time during that stormy night I would be startled by a rumbling sound, and I would put my hand on the chain, and find it was not the anchor dragging, but only the chain grating against the rocks on the bottom. The anchor was still firm. And sometimes now, in temptation and trial, I become afraid, and praying, I find that away down deep in my heart I do love God, and my hope is in His salvation. And I want just to say a word to you. Keep an anchor watch, lest, before you are aware, you may be upon the rocks."

Put self last. When others are suffering, drop a word of sympathy. Tell of your own faults rather than those of others. Hide your own little troubles, but watch to help others in theirs.

Burden Bearing.

ONE soft Sabbath morning in spring, a young girl walked slowly home from church, with a thoughtful look in her eyes. The earnest words of the minister had stirred her heart to its depth, and the text, "Bear ye one another's burdens," kept repeating itself over and over again in her thoughts, ever with a deeper significance.

As she neared her home in one of the small streets, the sound of angry crying and loud scolding, brought a shadow over her placid face which deepened, as, on opening the door, she saw her two small brothers perched on chairs in different corners of the room, howling dismally whilst her mother stood in the centre of it, flushed and excited. "What is the matter, mother?" she asked. "What have they been doing?"

"Worrying the life out of me all the morning," was the angry answer, "and when I sent them out into the street for a moment's quiet, what must they do but play soldiers with the Donohue boys. I happened to look out, and there was Tim, with your father's best hat slung around him for a drum, Dick with his umbrella over his shoulder for a gun; so I boxed their ears soundly, and have put them in the corner to teach them better manners than to be disgracing the family on Sunday."

Just then, as though some one had whispered them, came the words of the text again, "Bear ye one another's burdens;" and she suddenly sat down on the side of her bed, and thought for a few moments very intently. As the result of that thinking she went to her cupboard, took down her every-day dress, and exchanged it for the one she had on. By the time this was accomplished the dinner-bell rang, and she went quietly down stairs.

"Why, Mattie," said her lazy, good-natured father, who had spent his morning in bed, "you have changed your Sunday dress; what's that for, is there no Bible class this afternoon?"

"I am not going," said the girl quietly.

"Not back-sliding, I hope," and he laughed softly; for the piety of this young daughter, who, after working hard at her trade through the week, was willing to spend all her Sunday in church, was a source of some little pride to him.

"No," she answered, "but I intend to stay at home this afternoon and amuse the boys, and let mother have the chance of getting a good nap; I am sure she needs it."

"That's not a bad idea," said her father approvingly, "but I wish you joy of your task. The young rascals won't know themselves if they escape their Sunday-afternoon whipping. They are always sure to come to it before suppertime."

"They don't get half they deserve," said the wife, peevishly, "you would whip them every hour of the day, if you had to take charge of them."

"Poor little things," said Mattie, looking at them thoughtfully, "I will manage after this to dress them before dinner, and drop them at the Sunday-school on my way to Bible class; they are quite old enough to go."

It was always a treat to the boys to get into sister Mattie's room, although it was only an attic with sloping ceiling, and little, low windows, that you had to sit on the floor to look out of; but there were stores of painted texts, and picture cards to examine, and books,

and books of children's papers sewed together, that afforded an inexhaustible fund of entertainment. Mattie had no difficulty in amusing them, and although the garret was stuffy and hot, really enjoyed their funny little comments, and their keen appreciation of her stories.

When their mother's voice summoned them down stairs, she arose quickly to change her dress for the evening service. The minister had announced that he would preach the concluding portion of the text, "And so fulfil the law of Christ," and her mind was filled with pleasant anticipations. As she opened the closet door, the thoughtful look came again into her eyes. "That is asking too much," she murmured, "I have given up the afternoon." For a few moments she stood irresolute; then closed the door with a decided hand. "And so fulfil the law of Christ," she whispered.

"Mother," she said pleasantly, as she came down stairs, "I want you to go to church to-night."

"I go to church?" said her mother, "oh, no, that is quite impossible; the boys would murder each other, or have the house burned down before I got back—and besides I have nothing fit to wear."

"Your bonnet is plenty good enough," answered Mattie, "and you can have my shawl, for I shall stay with the boys to-night; I mean this to be a holiday for you. Do go," she said coaxingly, "if only to please me."

"Indeed I shall not let you stay from your church, when you have given up your whole afternoon," answered her mother, "so say no more about it."

"You will take her, father," said Mattie, turning to him with her most winning smile. "Let us make a holiday for her."

"It has been many a year since I have been inside of a church," replied her father. "Well, old woman," he said, turning to his wife, suppose we do go, and pretend to be courting over again; what do you say?"

When Mattie ran down to welcome them on their return, there was a look of rest on her mother's face that quite repaid her for her quiet evening, but her heart overflowed with gladness when her father said with unusual seriousness for him: "You were right about that minister, Mattie; he is a sensible fellow, and has a mighty good face. I guess we have not been fulfilling that law he talked about, as we ought to, lately, and I mean to go and hear him again."

—Olive Leaf.

Life-Cars.

IN a little gray house with a red roof, which stands on a desolate stretch of beach in Ocean County, New Jersey, there hangs an oval iron case which has a singular history. The house is a station of the Life-Saving Service, and the case is the first life-car ever used in the world. Its story is as follows:

After the organization of the Life-Saving Service as a branch of the Government, in 1871, its inspectors visited every part of the coast to examine into the condition of the station-houses and their equipments.

One of these officers was on the New Jersey coast during a heavy storm, when a ship was driven on the bar. He saw the desperate efforts of the surfmen to reach her in their heavy life-boat. They at last succeeded, and took off as many of the passengers as the boat would hold, but in returning, it was swamped by the furious break-

ers, and rescued and rescuers were washed into the sea.

For weeks and months afterwards the inspector went about like a man distraught, intent on devising a model for a boat which should be at once light enough to handle in such seas, and heavy enough not to be overturned by them. The problem was so difficult that he was in despair. But one day he startled his companions by exclaiming, "Swing it on a cable, and put a lid to it!"

The idea was at once carried out. The life-car was made,—an oval, airtight case closed by a lid which screws down, and hung by iron rings on a cable extended from the shore to the ship. On the first day it was used, two hundred persons escaped in it from the *Ayrshire*, a vessel wrecked off the New Jersey coast.

These cars, of an improved shape, are now to be found in every life-saving station. But this old battered veteran is regarded with a touching pride and affection by the brave surfmen.

"She has done good work in the world," they say; an epitaph which we would all be glad to share with the life-car.

A Word to the Boys.

WHAT do you think, young friends, of the hundreds of thousands who are trying to cheat themselves and others into the belief that alcoholic drinks are good for them? Are they to be pitied and not blamed? Do you want to be one of these wretched men? If we are to have drunkards in the future, some of them are to come from the boys to whom I am writing; and I ask you again if you want to be one of them? No! of course you don't! Well, I have a plan for you that is just as sure to save you from such a fate as the sun is sure to rise to-morrow morning. It never failed; and it is not only worth knowing, but it is worth putting in practice. I know you don't drink now, and it seems to you as if you never would. But your temptation will come, and it probably will come in this way: You will find yourself, some time, with a number of companions, and they will have a bottle of wine on the table. They will regard it as a manly practice, and very likely they will look upon you as a milk-sop if you don't indulge with them. Then what will you do? Oh, what will you do? Will you say, "No, no! none of that stuff for me! I know a trick worth a half a dozen of that!" or you will take the glass with your own common-sense protesting, and your conscience making the whole draught better, and a feeling that you have damaged yourself, and then go off with a hot head and a skulking soul that at once begins to make apologies for itself, and will keep doing so all this life! Boys, do not become drunkards.—J. G. Holland.

PROFESSOR to Student—What important change came over Burns in the latter part of his life? Student—He died.

A BOY, smoking a cigar end, became very pale. Throwing the end away, he said to his playmate: "There's something in that cigar that makes me sick." "I know what it is," said the other; "it's the tobacco." Some people don't know what it is makes them feel unwell after drinking. They lay the blame on sundry unproven adulterations of liquor. All the while we know what it is. It is the alcohol.