

ing himself under a large overhanging stone; it fell upon him, and he was found lifeless. His mother bore her grief with a calmness proportioned to its great depth. Her neighbors believed her stunned, and then, seeing the calmness continue, they thought how well she had got over her trouble. But they did not know that in some minds grief can never find utterance, and such was the case with Jenny's. She nursed hers silently, but far too tenderly for her own happiness. Even when many years had fled, when old age advanced, and when the memory of her dead boy might be supposed to be weak and faded, he was still remembered with undiminished love, and his little possessions were treasured in the deal box, from force of habit, which had almost grown into an affection in itself. Those two checked shirts he had worn up to the day of his death, so now it can be better understood why we called it "a sacrifice of feeling," when she made up her mind to give them to Jack.

(To be Continued.)



The Family Circle.

COMFORT

BY CAROLINE MAY.

"Casting all your care upon Him: for He careth for you."—I PETER 5: 7.

He cares for thee, He cares for thee,
Then why these blinding tears,
This aching heart so overfilled
With palpitating tears?

Why grieve because He wills that thou,
Bereft, forsaken, lone,
Should miss for aye their sheltering love
That once was all thine own?

Or why cast down because thy plans,
Thy purposes for good,
Fail of the ends thou dost desire,
Or are misprized, withstood?

He cares for thee, He will not scorn
Thy unsuccessful plans;
Each pure, unselfish aim He sees,
Each secret motive scans.

He cares for thee; He will not fail
Himself to mark the way
Thy feet must take; or point the task
Thy hands must do to-day.

He cares for thee; He will not leave
The heart that trusts in Him,
To desolation and despair,
Along life's shadows dim.

Marvel it is, that He should care,
For in thee there is nought
That could attract the Holy One,
Or claim His tender thought.

No claim—but that He came to save,
And therefore came to cheer,
The saddest and most sinful soul
Of all that sojourn here.

Then cast on Him each grief, each care,
And think not one too small
To roll upon His sovereign love
That weighs and measures all.

—N. Y. Observer.

THE GIRL WHO SAVED THE GENERAL.

BY CHARLES H. WOODMAN.

Far down the Carolina coast lies the lovely island of St. John, where stood, one hundred years ago, a noble brick-buil mansion, with lofty portico and broad piazza. Ancient live-oaks, trembling aspens, and great sycamores, lifted a bower over it to keep off the sun, and a canal their way through the orange-trees

and beds of flowers, spacious walks played hide-and-seek around the house, coming suddenly full upon the river, or running out of sight in the deep woods.

The owner of this place was Robert Gibbes. With his beautiful young wife he kept an open hall, and drew to its doors many of the great and noble people of the times; for he was wealthy and cultured, and she had such charming manners that people loved her very presence. The great house was full at all seasons. Eight children had already come to this good couple, and seven little adopted cousins were their playmates—the orphan children of Mrs. Fenwick, sister to Mrs. Gibbes. He himself was a cripple, and could not walk.

But in those troublous times it could not always remain "peaceful." In the spring of 1779, the British took possession of all the seaboard. General Prevost marched up from Savannah and laid siege to Charleston. Hearing that General Lincoln was hastening on with his army, he struck his tents in the night, and was retreating rapidly toward Savannah. He crossed the Stono Ferry, and fortified himself

treating had been captured by the British, they determined to rescue it from the enemy. Two large galleys were immediately manned and equipped and sent to the plantation, with strict orders not to fire upon the mansion.

Sailing noiselessly up the Stono River, at dead of night, the vessels anchored abreast the plantation. Suddenly, out of the thick darkness burst a flame and roar, and the shot came crashing through the British encampment.

Mrs. Gibbes was in great distress. She knew not, at first, whether it was an attack by friends on the camp, or an assault on the house by the enemy. She ordered the servants to cease their wailing and dress themselves. Then her husband and the children were prepared; and, while the cannon bellowed in quick succession and the noise around the house grew louder, the father and mother consulted what was best to do. It was now evident that the attack was by their own friends, and its object was to dislodge the enemy. But Mr. Gibbes did not know that the house would not be fired on, and he advised instant flight. He was carried to his



JACK IN BED WAITING FOR HIS SUIT.

on John's Island, as the island of St. John's was often called.

For weeks now the noise of musketry and heavy guns destroyed the quiet joy at "Peaceful Retreat." The children, in the midst of play, would hear the dreadful booming, and suddenly grow still and pale. The eldest daughter, Mary Anne, was a sprightly, courageous girl of thirteen. She had the care of all the little ones, for her mother's hands were full, in managing the great estate and caring for her husband. The children never played now in the park, unless Mary was with them; and when the frightful noise came through the trees, they ran to her as chickens to a mother's wing.

After a time, the enemy determined to take possession of this beautiful place. A body of British and Hessians quietly captured the landing one midnight, and creeping stealthily onward, filled the park and surrounded the house. At day-break, the inmates found themselves prisoners.

John's Island was less than thirty miles from Charleston, and when the American officers in the city heard that "Peaceful Re-

chair, and the whole household sallied forth from a back door.

No one was sufficiently protected from the rain. Little Mary had the hardest part, for nearly all the children were in her care. The mud was deep. Some of the little ones could walk but a short distance at a time, and had to be carried—Mary having always one, sometimes two, in her arms. Several of the servants were near her, but none of them seemed to notice her or her burdens. The last horse had been carried off that very day: there was no escape but on foot.

Suddenly, a ball came crashing by them through the trees! Then a charge of grape-shot cut the boughs overhead. They were exactly in the range of the guns! It was evident they had taken the worst direction, but there was no help for it now—it was too late to turn back. In her agony, the mother cried aloud on God to protect her family. Mary hugged closer the child in her arms, and trembled so she could hardly keep up. The Americans were pouring their fire into these woods, thinking the enemy would seek refuge there. The wretched fugitives expected every mo-

ment to be the last. On they pushed through mud and rain and screaming shot

Soon they found they were getting more out of range of the guns. They began to hope; yet now and then a ball tore up the trees around them, or rolled fearfully across their path. They reached one of the houses where their field-hands lived, with no one hurt; they were over a mile from the mansion, and out of range. The negroes said no shot had come that way. Unable to flee further, the family determined to stop here. As soon as they entered, Mrs. Gibbes felt her strength leaving her, and sank upon a low bed. Chilled to the bone, drenched, trembling with terror and exhaustion, the family gathered around her. She opened her eyes and looked about. She sprang up wildly.

"Oh, Mary!" she cried, "where is John?" The little girl turned pale, and moaned: "Oh, mother! mother! he's left!" She broke into crying. The negroes, quickly sympathetic, began to wring their hands and wail.

"Silence!" said Mr. Gibbes, with stern but trembling voice. The tears were in his own eyes. The little child now missing was very dear to them all, and, moreover, was deemed a sacred charge, as he was one of the orphan children of Mr. Gibbes's sister, intrusted to him on her death-bed.

The wailing ceased; there was silence, broken only by sobs, and the master asked:

"Who is willing to go back for the child?"

No one spoke. Mr. Gibbes turned to his wife for counsel. As the two talked in low tones, Mrs. Gibbes called her husband's attention to Mary, who was kneeling with clasped hands, in prayer, at the foot of the bed. In a moment, the little maid rose and came to them, saying, calmly:

"Mother, I must go back after baby."

"Oh, my child," cried the mother in agony, "I cannot let you!"

"But, mother, I must," pleaded Mary. "God will care for me."

It was a fearful responsibility. The guns yet roared constantly through the darkness; the house might now be in flames; it might be filled with carnage and blood. Mrs. Gibbes turned to her husband. His face was buried in his hands. Plainly, she must decide it herself. With streaming eyes, she looked at Mary.

"Come here, my child," she called through her sobs. Mary fell upon her mother's neck. One long, passionate embrace, in which all a mother's love and devotion were poured out, and the clinging arms were opened without a word. Mary sprang up, kissed her father's forehead, and sped forth on her dangerous mission of love.

The rain had now ceased, but the night was still dark and full of terrors, for through the trees she saw the frequent flashes of the great guns. The woods were filled with the booming echoes, so that cannon seemed to be on every hand. She flew on with all speed. Soon she heard the crashing trees ahead, and knew that in a moment she would be once more face to face with death. She did not falter. Now she was again in the fierce whirlwind! All around her the shot howled and shrieked. On every side branches fell crashing to the earth. A cannon-ball plunged into the ground close beside her, cast over her a heap of mud, and threw her down. She sprang up and pressed on with redoubled vigor. Not even that ball could make her turn back.

She reached the house. She ran to the room where the little child usually slept. The bed was empty! Distracted, she flew from chamber to chamber. Suddenly she remembered that this night he had been given to another nurse. Up into the third story she hurried, and, as she pushed open the door, the little fellow, sitting up in bed, cooed to her and put out his hands.

With the tears raining down her cheeks, Mary wrapped the babe warmly and started down the stairs. Out into the darkness once more; onward with her precious burden, through cannon roar through shot and shell! Three times she passed through this iron storm. The balls still swept the forest; the terrific booming filled the air.

With the child pressed tightly to her brave young heart, she fled on. She neither stumbled nor fell. The shot threw the dirt in her face, and showered the twigs upon her head. But she was not struck. In safety she reached the hut, and fell exhausted across the threshold.

And the little boy thus saved by a girl's brave devotion, afterward became General Fenwick famous in the war of 1821.—St. Nicholas.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

"Nearly all the ornaments in this room have a story attached to them," I said to a friend, as she was admiring an exquisite little bust of Charles Dickens that stood on top of one of the book-cases in my library.

"One sunny day last autumn, a little Italian boy came along to my door, with a basket of plaster-of-Paris wares on his head.