

lies fastened securely to the rocks. How soft it feels, how pretty too! "I'll sit down here and watch that star, it's coming nearer! I'll listen for Janie's voice, she said, she would sing to me from her home in the skies." The child drops down on her mossy bed; her white face gleams with a beauty not her own; her tired eyes watch earnestly the brightening star; how near it seems! She sleeps; the tide is setting landward *now*. On and on it comes. Each wave surges nearer and nearer, the rocks beat it back, but on it comes with rush and roar.

O for some hand to rescue the sleeping child from the wild and angry waves. Only the star keeps watch and ward. One long white-crested billow rises higher and nearer than all the rest; the sea-weed, the moss, the child, are together borne on its bosom, and the receding tide bears them far out to sea. One wild cry, one small white hand lifted heavenward, and all is over. The little wanderer by the sea-shore has gone to the home of the angels, and the star shoots out another ray of brightness because of its added glory.

S. E. D.