

died, and father, fair beside himself with grief, tore up the roots of the old home she had made so happy. He left the Trading Company, and took us off to a distant settlement, where he set up a pearling station of his own. On our way a storm struck up; such a storm as you Britishers can't picture without knowing the South Seas. We only came in for the tail end of it, but 'twas enough. Others feared worse. We sighted a big lumbering raft in mid-ocean, and when the boat our craft sent out at once reached it they found on it a man and a lad, desperate, starving, nigh insane, more wolves than human beings. They were the leavings of a shipwrecked emigrant vessel that had been knocked about for days and then gone down. When the raft left the shipside it was crowded, but, one by one, men and women, were washed off by the wild seas the raft had shipped, leaving only a boatswain, who clung grimly to life, and a little lad, who was lashed to the planks. That lad, the only one saved out of an entire family of emigrants, was Will Archdale, and that's how he came into our lives. Father took a fancy to him and adopted the boy. He was as smart a chap as ever you saw, and when little Clemmy grew to be a woman she gave him her heart, and they were married. A year later we pearlers had prospered so that Will set up an independent diving-plant. When money comes rolling into one's life—as it sometimes does—it stirs up restlessness. Nothing would satisfy Will but he must take Clemmy and their baby-boy to the old country on a visit.

'Some folk must be born to be drowned, and Will Archdale was one.

'From what you tell me, friends, his bones and poor Clemmy's are lying out yonder at the Reef. But for God's mercy in sending you to my help, mine would have lain beside them in the hungry maw of the sea that has taken so much from us—taken and given!' Aaron put his hand on the crisp curls that poor drowned Clemmy had left behind her—on the 'l'il shaver's' head.

It took days and nights for the dazed pair, Nat and Lyddy, to realize the give and take of the sea.

'Leave Shorehaven!' they cried, when Aaron proposed that they should return to Queensland with himself.

'Let's all go back together,' he said cheerfully. 'Why, what's gold good for but to spend?'

Leave Shorehaven!

The handful of fishing huts constituted the world to Nat and his wife. They stoutly refused. Then they faltered, for Aaron's arm went quietly round Barney's neck, and they knew what that implied, as Aaron meant they should.

The 'l'il shaver is all we have, me and the wife,' Nat whispered hoarsely.

'And he's all I want!' tersely said Aaron.

If the Almighty had taken unto himself, in a stroke, the little life that made their earthly sunshine, Nat and Lyddy would have forced their shaking lips to say, 'Blessed be the name of the Lord,' after admitting that it was the Lord who had taken as well as who had given. But this—it was giving away out of their lives the 'l'il shaver,' warm and living; they were paralyzed.

'Lyddy, my lass,' said Nat, when they two were alone, 'dost remember sayin' as we are all so keeful to look aside for fear we see the finger o' God p'intin' the way?'

When he had said that, Lyddy knew Nat was the first to yield. 'It all do seem to fit in like a pattern,' he went on, shamfacedly; then, plucking up, he added: 'An' it's all the sea's, doin' from beginning to end.'

'No, Nat!' the humbled Lyddy lifted her

head to say bravely. 'Tis God's own doin' I begin to see, and we'll not say him nay. Happen he will be as near to us out away at t'other end o' the earth as here at Shorehaven!'

They said no more in words, and Aaron Forster arranged the rest. A stalwart God-fearing man such as Nat Bray would be God-sent in any clime, and the wealthy pearler knew the worth of such.

So once again the sea was trusted, and, as if ashamed of its sullen storms in the past, it smiled on the little band of four on their way to the great Colony.

To-day, on one of the stately hills that look down upon the blue waters of that magic dream-picture, Sydney Harbor, is the splendid home Aaron Forster's pearling has built for him in his old days. From it he can watch, dancing lightly on the glancing waves, his brand new yacht, 'The L'il Shaver.' Its commander is the Englishman whose eyes hang out, in their vivid sea-blue, the flag of the old Viking blood, Nat Bray.

The 'l'il shaver' himself—for whom great things are in store, seeing he will, one day, be master of all—is busy preparing at college for his future position. He is the apple of Aaron's eye as well as his heir. The warm rush of his youth breaks up the ice-bound stillnesses of age, and to the old man the lad is, also, the 'son of consolation.'

And Lyddy? She, likewise, has found her niche in the new world. Lyddy is Aaron Forster's trusted housekeeper, set up over his stately home to guide it; a real treasure, his friends tell him, whose price is 'far above rubies.' She herself, content and full of humble joy in the 'pleasant places' that nowadays are hers, has come to know and to say, in her own fashion, what a great poet, a mouthpiece of humanity, has said for us in language that at first hearing sounds wanting in reverence, but is not, because we know God can do all things. But we also know he wills that we, small and human as we are, should be helpers as well as believers in the great scheme of life. Therefore, it is a truth, to be humbly received, that—

not God Himself can make man's best  
Without best men to help Him.

## Don't Make the Wrinkles Deeper.

(Mrs. Frank A. Breck in 'Christian Herald'.)

Is father's eyesight growing dim,  
His form a little lower?  
Is mother's hair a little grey,  
Her step a little slower?  
Is life's hill growing hard to climb?  
Make not their pathway steeper,  
Smooth out the furrows on their brows,  
O do not make them deeper.

There's nothing makes a face so young,  
As joy, youth's fairest token;  
And nothing makes a face grow old,  
Like hearts that have been broken.  
Take heed lest deeds of thine should make  
Thy mother be a weeper;  
Stamp peace upon a father's brow,  
Don't make the wrinkles deeper.

In doubtful pathways do not go,  
Be tempted not to wander;  
Grieve not the hearts that love you so,  
But make their love grow fonder.  
Much have thy parents borne for thee,  
Be now their tender keeper;  
And let them lean upon thy love,  
Don't make the wrinkles deeper.

Be lavish with thy loving deeds,  
Be patient, true and tender;  
And make the path that age-ward leads,  
Aglow with earthly splendor.  
Some day, thy dear ones, stricken low,  
Must yield to death, the reaper;  
And you will then be glad to know  
You made no wrinkles deeper.

## 'Here I am, Mother.'

(Thorpe Greenleaf in 'Union Signal'.)

In 1884 I was in one of the Ohio river counties of western Kentucky, and for some weeks stopped at a hotel where a young civil engineer had headquarters. Harry Gendrin was one of those mellow, open natures who have popularity for a birthright, and was soon a favorite in the town and hotel. He liked to come into my room and sing. His voice was a deep bass; my room-mate, Manis, sang a part that I was never musical enough to name; Harry's room-mate, Jervis, sang a rich tenor; and I tried to carry the air. We sang 'Suwanee River,' 'Old Kentucky Home,' and such pieces occasionally, but the old hymn tunes were best adapted to our style of quartette, and I am obliged to say that we made some good music on 'Old Hundred,' 'Sessions,' 'Coronation,' and like pieces.

On one occasion we sang, 'Where is my Boy To-night?' and at its conclusion Harry said:

'If you care to hear the story I will tell you where I first heard that song.'

'Tell it by all means,' said the rest of us.

'I will have to begin by saying that until recently I was a pretty reckless chap. My father has always been a railway prospector and surveyor, and I have been with him in camp ever since I was a mere kid. He is a good man, the leader of a choir in Evettsburg, where my mother frequently sings solos. I never hope to hear anything this side the glory-gates that will satisfy me as well as my mother's voice in the First Cumberland Church, at Evettsburg.

'Father was not careful enough about my companions in camp, and soon I had drifted a long way from the right. But I learned his business, and when I was about eighteen years old he put me to work on one of his jobs. The pay was not large, but it was nearly all clear money, and I was too young to understand the proper disposal of so much. I got into the habit of spreeing when I went to Evettsburg, or when father was not in camp. I managed to conceal the most of my bad conduct from him, while mother never suspected my wild ways, although her pastor and three-fourths of the congregation were well acquainted with my shortcomings.

'Well, when I was about twenty, we reached a point in a job where we had been two weeks in the rain and mud, and got to the end of a section one Thursday noon. Father said that we would have to lay off until the next Monday morning because his plans for the next section were not matured. I determined then and there to put in the best part of the next three days at Evettsburg, on a great old jamboree. So I walked back to the terminus, and the two o'clock freight bumped and banged me forty miles to Evettsburg. Here I disappeared in a saloon down town, and was soon oblivious to surrounding events. The saloon-keeper was careful that my whereabouts should be kept quiet, and bundled me into his own living rooms when I became unable to care for myself.

'Father stayed at his job preparing the next week's work until Saturday afternoon, when he went to Evettsburg to be present at his choir meeting at seven in the evening. His train was delayed, and he went directly from the depot to the church. By a strange destiny, it seemed, mother was selected to sing, "Where is my Boy To-night?" for the evening service.

'On the way home father asked for me, and mother replied that she had not seen me. They both became very uneasy, father with an inkling of the truth, mother with all sorts of nameless dreads. As I did not turn up that night father started a private