

breathed. He then gently removed the folds of the mantle about the strangers breast when to his amazement he beheld reclining on the bosom of the dying man a lovely child, but sleeping so still, so passionless, so pure that the watchers could scarcely be convinced that so calm a repose was not the long sleep of death. Gently as with woman's care those rough hardy sailors bore the stranger to the cabin of the "Seabird." The evening sun was giving its parting benediction, to the blue waters when they bore the wanderer to a home on the ocean, noble and brave men vied with other in their care and attention, and woman's gentle hands ministered to the afflicted ones, so strangely thrown upon their care, midnight drew in, no word had passed the stranger's lips, as he lay gliding slowly into the arms of death.

Did you find any papers, said the Doctor to Mr. Aubrey, or any clue by which we may ascertain who our patient is? nothing decisive was the low reply, there was a small pocket book, in it was written in English "Albert of Castile," in another place there was written in Spanish, "thou art safe my Isabella from the pangs of persecution and tyranny, "Oh!" when shall thy child and husband again meet thee" farther on was written in pencil, and in English,

Thy Albert and thy child,
Still borne by breezes mild,
Or rocked by tempest wild,
Onward they sail;

We may be sure, continued Mr. Aubrey, to his breathless listeners that this is a mournful history, Heaven only knows"—he was checked by a deep sigh from the invalid, morning dawned the first streak of day gleamed in upon the cabin as if to mock with its sunny glance the solemn faces of the watchers. At length a low murmur broke from the couch.

Mr. Aubrey bent forward.

"My orphan child, murmured the dying man."

"Has found friends, said Mr. Aubrey."

"Ah, groaned the sufferer, the rock, the deep."

"Oh no! whispered Mr. Aubrey, a father, a mother, a home."

And then between these two men, forming as they did under the circumstances such a striking contrast, between them passed a sign, that sign of distress was quickly responded to, and they were one, not cradled upon the same hearth, not taught by the same mother, strangers to each other till that moment, they realised a glimpse of that glorious unity, "all ye are brethren."

Once more the pale lips unclosed "My child!" Mrs. Aubrey lifted the sleeping child to receive his father's last kiss. I die happy he murmured, and the spirit returned to God who gave it.

Floods of tears fell that summer morning upon the face of the beautiful orphan, eyes unused to tears, unbarred their flood gates, prayers many and hearty rose silently to Heaven that morning. "for all that travel by land and water." Christ's unrivaled words rose to the lips of more than one of those who trod the "Seabird's deck." As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye so unto them.

Standing over the dead body, Mr. Aubrey lifted the orphan child in his arms and pledged himself before God and man to be a father to the fatherless, and to prove as far as frail human nature could a brother born for adversity. Kissing the smiling baby he said "God do so to me and mine also, if aught but death part thee and me."