

claimed Jane, in a dewy voice of pity.

"They did indeed!"

"Oh! many eyes now are weeping, or doomed to weep, for that ship, while mine are dried. Her name will be known soon enough!"

And, as she looked on her lover, once more did the maiden give way to the strong imagination of the doom which she felt he had narrowly escaped.

"Come, cheer up, Jane—my life is in God's hand; and with Him it rests, whethe. I die on my bed in the cottage at last, or, like many a better man, in battle or wreck. But you are willing to marry a sailor—for better or worse—a longer or shorter date—and no doubt I shall be as happy as any of my mess-mates. Not one of them all has such a sweetheart as thou art—a datiful daughter makes a loving wife."

After an hour's talk and silence, during which Jane Nasmyth had scarcely recovered from a slight hysteric, her father proposed returning thanks to God for Arthur's return. The sailor was a man of gay and joyous character, but in religion he was not only a firm but impassioned believer. He had not allowed the temptations of a life, which with too many is often wild and dissipated, to shake his faith in Christianity; the many hardships and dangers which he had encountered and escaped had served to deepen all his religious impressions; so that a weak person would have called him methodistical or superstitious. He was neither; but he had heard God in the great deep, and he did not forget the voice in the silence of the green and steadfast earth. So he knelt down to prayer with a humble and grateful spirit, and as he felt his own Jane breathing by his side, on her knees, and knew that she was at the same time weeping for joy at his return, neither was he ashamed also to weep; for there are times, and this was one of them, when a brave man need not seek to hide his tears either before his fellow-creatures or his Creator.

After they had risen from their fervent prayer, and a short silent pause had ensued, "How," said the sailor, "are our two Rose-bushes? Did they hang

their heads, do you think, because false rumour sank the good ship *Amethyst*? Come, Jane, let us go and see." And as some hundreds of swallows were twittering on the house-top in the evening sunshine, collected there with a view either of flying across seas to some distant country, or of plunging down to the bottom of some loch near at hand (probably the former), the lovers walked out into the open air—unlatched the little white gate canopied with an arch of honeysuckle, that guarded a garden into which there were no intruders, and arm-in-arm proceeded to the "Bank of the Two Roses." They had nothing now of that sickly and dying appearance which they had showed to Jane's eyes a few hours ago; no evil OMEN was there now—but they seemed likely to live for many years, and every season to put forth their flowers in greater number and in richer beauty.

A NAME IN THE SAND.

Alone I walked the ocean strand;
A pearly shell was in my hand:
I stopped and wrote upon the sand
My name—the year—the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast:
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And so methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me:
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place,
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and been to be no more,
Of me—my day—the name I bore,
To leave nor track nor trace.

And yet with Him who counts the
sands,
And holds the waters in His hands,
I know a lasting record stands
Subscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part has wrought;
Of all this thinking soul has thought;
And from their fleeting moments
caught,
For glory or for shame.

HANNAH F. GOULD.